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THE WOODS!

HALF a century ago there prevailed an extraordinary mania in Scotland for planting trees. The general bareness of the country, the want of shelter for newly-broken up lands, and the desire for ornamenting estates, offered a sufficient reason for going largely into arboriculture. But other causes conspired. Foreign timber was heavily taxed, and wood of even ordinary kinds was enormously expensive. Wood, therefore, as a growing crop, was believed to be one of the best sources of revenue to landed proprietors. Whether for these or other reasons, planting was carried prodigious lengths in various parts of the country, vastly to the improvement of the climate, and also of general amenity.

Considerable success in a commercial sense, as is well known, attended the efforts of the Duke of Athol and other great planters in the north; and this very success led to still wider enterprises. Thirty years ago—twenty years ago—planting was taken up by the lesser proprietors as a species of duty. It was the fashion to plant, and everybody planted. No sooner did a gentleman purchase an estate than he made arrangements with nurserymen to plant his hill sides, and these were in time duly laid out with fantastically-shaped clumps and belts of trees. Sir Walter Scott, on purchasing Abbotsford, went strongly into this craze for planting; and on various occasions in his writings—more particularly in an article in the 'Quarterly Review'—recommended every man who had the means and opportunity to set trees a-growing on his property. The result, we again say, is a great addition to the beauty of the country. Scotland has been made quite another thing by the operations of its gentlemen planters. We thank them for what they have done, and hope that their example will be followed in such situations as still stand in need of shelter and decoration.

While, however, commending the generally disinterested efforts of planters, the time seems to have come when it may be inquired how their enterprises are likely to prove profitable. One thing we distinctly admit: shelter from plantations has greatly advanced agriculture; and where this is the case a good and proper end has been gained. Beauty, also, is worth not a little. But beyond these two elements there is reason to believe that plantations in many situations will turn out a dead loss and cruel disappointment. In an excellent practical treatise on planting,* the author, a planter by profession, goes into some lengthy

statements to prove that trees, on a calculation of sixty or a hundred years, will be an infinitely more profitable crop than anything else, supposing that the land, for ordinary purposes, is worth only ten shillings an acre per annum. He mentions that in one place an acre of land produced £144 in sixty years from trees, while it would have given only £30 by renting it to a farmer. And so on with various other calculations. It does not escape the notice of this clever planter that the value of wood varies according as the locality may or may not be conveniently situated as regards a ready market for the sale of timber. But a leading and serious defect in his production consists in a want of deliberate advice on this important point. Some little acquaintanceship with trees in the way of property induces us to supply that species of admonition which the work in question, like most other treatises on planting, has unfortunately omitted.

In reading accounts of Canada and other uncleared parts of America, one is apt to be not a little surprised at the valuelessness of the growing timber. Forests of the finest tall trees are spoken of as a general nuisance. Magnificent trees which in this country we should look upon with respect, are viewed with detestation by settlers, and are felled, dragged together in heaps, and burned. The land, in fact, is not of any value till the timber is got rid of. In these extensive transatlantic regions trees are for the most part only of use for firewood, or for limited local purposes. It may be doubted whether, if taken altogether, they are worth so much as a single farthing each. A tree four feet thick worth no more than a farthing! A similar worthlessness of timber is experienced in Norway and Sweden. Travellers in these countries speak of the finest large trees being obtainable for a penny to threepence each—trees which in London would probably be sold for three or four pounds. This worthlessness of timber in Canada and in Norway of course arises from the want of local demand corresponding to the supply, and also the high cost of transit to suitable foreign markets. Overplanting has placed various parts of Scotland in a position, as respects trees, analogous to Canada and Norway. In those districts traversed by railways, or which are in the vicinity of large towns or seaports, or that are the centre of mining operations, wood of smaller and larger growth can be disposed of pretty readily at paying prices; but in situations possessing neither of these advantages, trees of any size are barely worth the cost of cutting down. Larch, fir, ash, elm, oak—all are nearly alike useless—positive encumbrances of the soil. We shall, for example, take a forest situated at the distance of about thirty miles inland from a large town. In that length of road there are six toll-bars, and the

* The Forester. A Treatise on the Planting and Management of Trees. By James Brown, Arncliffe. Blackwood: 1851.

cartage of a load of timber occupying two days will be not less than twenty shillings—a sum double the freight of a ton of goods by sea from St Petersburg. Now, when to this expense of land-carriage are added all other charges—planting, rearing, fencing, thinning, and cutting, with rent of land for a series of years—a price per load is made up which cannot in the circumstances be realised. A few well-grown and peculiar trees may be made to pay; but we are speaking of hundreds of acres of trees, not small quantities of a highly-recommendable quality. In short, the landowner who has a forest on his hands, and is cut off from the world by half-a-dozen toll-bars, may almost as well have as much extent of bare rock so far as direct profit is concerned.

That facts of this nature are beginning to be painfully felt by the sons and grandsons of many great planters there can be little doubt. The hallucination of covering lands with an unsaleable article is in the course of explosion, much to the distress of families who had reckoned on a different result. To aggravate the hardship of extensive tree-owners, ploughs, harrows, and some other agricultural implements which were formerly made of native hardwood, are now constructed of iron; so that, in the situations to which we refer, an ash or elm tree, unless of vast age and size, is probably of no more worth than one of fir or larch. Larches of moderate size for what are called 'country purposes'—that is, for making palings or hurdles—are indeed the only things saleable, but at prices which it seems a burlesque to mention.

In the course of last summer it was our fortune to cut down and try to sell sixty thousand trees in order to thin certain woods. Larches, Scots firs, and oaks were those principally cut. All were about twenty-five years' growth, and generally they were about the thickness of a man's leg; some smaller, where they had been too crowded. The larches were cut and peeled by contract for 27s. per 1000, and the Scots firs were cut for 15s. per 1000. The cost of cutting the sixty thousand was L.63, 8s.; and adding the charges for cartage, and all other expenses, the entire outlay was L.79, 8s.

How to dispose of the great loads of trees that lay scattered about among the woods was now the difficulty. There the fallen timber lay; and as we looked at the unconscious heaps of trees that lately bloomed in all their leafy honours, we felt as if we had done a cruel thing. However, the question was now how to sell these murdered innocents. Our factor, a shrewd man of business—every laird, great and small, must have his factor—recommended an auction. 'Roup them,' said he; 'public competition is the thing.' Accordingly, on a day in June, a roup was called by means of bills on every kirk door within a sphere of ten miles; post letters were despatched to farmers; and in the nearest burgh town the roup was announced by tack of drum. The great day came, and with it a crowd of some thirty to forty persons at an appointed place among the woods. As we advanced to the spot the scene that presented itself was picturesque and original. Men in gray plaids were seated on mossy banks talking gravely of country matters; here and there lay a shepherd with his dog; two or three rural carpenters were inspecting the lots; and the factor's clerk, with book and pen in hand, and an inkhorn at his buttonhole, stood ready for business. At our approach the auctioneer, a tall, aged carle, who had gone through hundreds of things of the kind, called out that the roup was going to begin; and to shew that time was up, he appealed confidently to a silver watch as thick as a moderate-sized turnip.

All gathered themselves slowly to their legs; two or three mouths interchanged stumpy tobacco-pipes, and several noses took snuff. There was a general screwing up to business. At this important crisis, the auctioneer

winked, as a signal for us to have a private word with him.

Speaking low: 'Have you got the whisky?' said he.

'What whisky?'

'Why the whisky for the drams to be sure! Unless each get a dram and a biscuit, nothing will be done!'

'Never heard of such a thing,' said we; 'the people come to buy wood, not to drink.'

'Well, well, do as you like,' replied the rustic Nestor; 'only I can tell you this, that unless they are primed they won't fire. Many of them want to buy, but they have not got their blood up; and unless they have a little spirits to warm them, they will hardly be brought to give a bode. I ken the lads doon hereaway fine.'

A pretty fix this! We must either make the people half-tipsy, or see the loads of timber remain undisposed of.

To cut the difficulty, the onus of the transaction was thrown on the factor. He might do as he liked. The factor judged it prudent to supply 'refreshment'; some of the audience had come ten miles, and were a good deal tired—it was such a warm day, &c. A gilly was despatched for a few bottles of spirits and a batch of biscuits. The intelligence, loudly announced, that refreshments were coming, acted like magic. The master of the ceremonies lifted his staff, which acted the part of a hammer; and the bidding began. A shilling for that lot—eighteenpence—two shillings. Here a pause.

'What are you waiting on now, gentlemen—go on!' said the auctioneer coaxingly.

'You have not told if there is to be any discount for ready money,' cried a voice briskly.

'Oh, I forgot that!' was responded. 'There is to be sixpence a pound discount for cash.'

There was a murmur of approbation, and half-a-crown was twice bidden. 'Going to be a brisk sale,' whispered the auctioneer to us encouragingly. (One lot after another was knocked down; and if little money was going, there was no deficiency of jokes.)

'Aih, Charlie, that's a capital lot; ye'll hae nae want o' parritch sticks.'

'I wadna wonder, Tum, but ye're gaun to set up as a grand timber-merchant; there will be nae speaking to ye.'

'Come, Sandie,' cried the auctioneer, 'here's a lot for you; what d'ye say—a shilling to begin with?'

Sandie mustered courage to bid a shilling.

'I'll gie ye a ha'penny mair,' said a smart little man.

'Honts,' said the auctioneer, laughing heartily, 'keep that for the brode* the morn. We canna take a bode under a penny!'

From heap to heap the company straggled on, ascending the hill, and pausing ever and anon to chat, laugh, snuff, and do a little in the way of purchasing. At length having come to a steep part of the road, which was cut roughly through the woods, a discussion broke out on a matter of serious concern. Amidst the murmur of voices that reached us through the trees, one was heard louder than the rest: 'I'll no buy another bawbee's worth unless you lend me the slype.'

'Weel, weel, Charlie,' replied the old auctioneer soothingly, 'ye'll get the slype, I'se warrant. Where is he himsel?'

Perceiving that we were in request, we made our appearance.

'Will ye lend the slype?'

'The slype!—what's the slype?'

'The slype!—no to ken the slype, and you have got such a gude ane too!'

'Then be so good as explain what it is.'

'Losh, sir, no to understand what a slype is!'

There were looks of extreme surprise all round. We

* Collecting-dish for the poor at the church door.

were evidently held to be very small for our ignorance of woodland affairs. The factor, as in duty bound, came to the rescue.

'The slype,' said he, 'is a kind of sledge for bringing timber down from high places on the hills, where a cart with wheels could not be taken.'

'But I do not know that I have a slype.'

'Yes, you have one, lying somewhere in the farm-offices: shall I promise the loan of it?'

'By all means.'

Pacified respecting the slype, the sale went off, and came to a finish when still a good way from the top of the hill.

'A capital day's work this, sir,' said the auctioneer as we walked home part of the way with him. 'The clerk tells me the sales will come to at least twenty pound, and a' as gude as paid!'

Thereabouts, certainly, was the sum-total. There were one hundred and seventeen lots disposed of, consisting, in the aggregate, of twenty-three thousand trees, cut and ready for putting on cart or slype. After paying all expenses, the auction hardly realised the outlay. But the history of the affair is not ended. Despite the strong temptation of sixpence per pound discount, many of the lots were never claimed. The sale took place in the middle of June, and at Christmas the snow fell on various unremoved masses of timber—a melancholy exhibition. Of course, there might have been legal prosecution. But who would worry himself about such a trifle? The result, one way and another, satisfied the sentiment. Any more sales of wood by auction was out of the question; and the remainder of the lots were disposed of privately, some in barter, and others for money. The creditor side of the account was considered by the neighbourhood as exceedingly favourable. It showed for sale of wood and bark L.101, 14s. 6d.; leaving a balance over outlay of L.25, 9s. 6d., besides a lot of trees retained for home use.

'You may think yourself well off,' said every one. 'A penny a piece is considered a good price for trees in this quarter; and if you clear the expense of cutting them down and removing them, it is reckoned a great matter.'

A great matter certainly! Our eyes were opened to the grandeur of arboriculture. As many trees as a horse could draw on a cart were sold for eighteen-pence, though, to do the transaction justice, some cartloads brought as high as half-a-crown and three shillings. The whole affair was amusingly absurd, and presented a fine instance of the fiddle-faddery in which country gentlemen usually busy themselves. To see how far the joke might be carried, we invited a country carpenter, who wanted some good firs, to inspect a lot of upwards of forty years' growth. Capital tall sticks they were—not your thinnings. The offer which this judicious artisan made for them was—threepence to sixpence each. Had he cleared the two acres of land which they covered, we should probably have pocketed somewhere under thirty shillings. 'Why, you do not mean to say that threepence is all the worth of that tree?'

'Yes, I do,' replied the dealer in timber; 'there is little demand for wood of that kind here, and so much of it can be had that the prices going are a mere trifle.' Exit carpenter, and no sales.

Such are the experiences of a tree-owner, who should be glad to know what he is to do with a hundred and twenty acres of as 'fine thriving timber' as ever graced an advertisement, or formed the subject of eulogy of a reporter on plantations. There are the trees, green, beautiful, the embellishment of the landscape. Growing and growing, year by year they are seen adding to their bulk, towering on the hill-sides, and offering a choice of solitary walks, deliciously fragrant and cool in the summer heats. But how is the primary and

continued cost of these fine woods to be realised? Thirty miles from a market! Six toll-bars! No sophistry, no poetry can get over these hard truths. Far beyond the legitimate demands for shelter and ornament, these pleasant woods, the pride of the wild, are valueless—a miserable consequence of that imprudent taste for planting which a number of years ago knew no limit but the power of satisfying it.

THE BARONESS PAFFZ.

We found ourselves doomed to the unpleasant task of lodging-hunting at a peculiarly unpropitious season for those who desired to combine economy with comfort and respectability; the monster Exhibition having extended its influence even to the quiet, far-away regions of Bloomsbury. The notifications of 'Apartments to let' in the windows of houses in the almost grass-grown streets of that once-fashionable locality far exceeded any number within the memory of 'the oldest inhabitant,' evincing how the anticipations of a harvest of unusual profit, arising from the expected influx of visitors to the metropolis, had contagiously spread. In the course of our progress we turned down a short blind street, where the houses were few, of moderate size, and more cheering outward aspect than the larger and dingier mansions of the immediate neighbourhood. We singled out one whose windows looked bright and clean, and where the announcement of accommodation was displayed on a small card in very minute characters—so minute as scarcely to be decipherable, and causing us to hesitate before making application at the door with the usual question, 'Can we view the apartments?' However, our doubts were speedily dispersed by a neat young handmaiden, who replied to our timid summons with considerable alacrity, inviting us to walk in, and to walk up to the first floor. This we did, and found ourselves in what was of course denominated the drawing-room—and what a tale we read by scrutinising the contents of the room! I turned over these sad pages of reality, which interested me much, for I saw we were in the abode of faded gentility, and not in a regular lodging-house. There was scant antique furniture, preserved with the utmost care and scrupulous cleanliness; touching attempts at decoration and embellishment; fine muslin curtains, so exquisitely darned that the darning stood in the stead of embroidery; and all presided over by an air of poverty indescribable, which made one shiver and feel cold at the bare idea of becoming an inmate. Ancient annuals were arranged methodically on a far more ancient table, and in the midst stood a splendid china bowl, evidently the pride and glory of the house. It was indeed a beautiful thing, while a solitary card reposed in its depths; and shall I confess that we had the curiosity and impertinence to peep at this bit of pasteboard? It had been so often cleaned with India-rubber that the printing was beginning to be obliterated; but still fairly distinguishable were the letters which formed the words—

'Sir Thomas Crumpton, Crumpton Court.'

I had just returned this honoured relic to its painted nest, when an individual rapidly entered the apartment, talking in an equally rapid, excited manner, without once stopping to take breath, and requesting us to step down to the dining-room, 'where aunt was, and also a fire.' The individual alluded to, whose quick motions we now followed down the stairs we had so lately ascended, was a small-sized female, apparently about fifty years of age. She had remarkably fine dark eyes; but otherwise the pinched, meagre, not to say starved expression of her countenance, was absolutely painful to contemplate. Her dress was formed after the obsolete mode, when waists were just under the arm-pits, and four breadths of silk were reckoned the allowance

for a full, handsome skirt! But her headgear—what words may describe that? What fashion, what country, what age, did it belong to? She wore no covering save her own hair—and but few gray ones were perceptible—but that was all braided on the crown of the head, to resemble a basket containing flowers—artificial flowers of foreign and antique manufacture. The flowers were faded; the dress was darned, like the curtains; the gloves were mended—oh! so well and beautifully mended!—and yet the little, odd lady looked like a gentlewoman, and we felt convinced was one to all intents and purposes. She chattered without ceasing in the easiest, most confidential way, and introduced us to her aunt as if we had been familiar acquaintances instead of strangers seeking for London lodgings. The aunt was twin-sister in appearance to the niece, notwithstanding a score or so of years' seniority; the dining-room was twin-ghost of the drawing-room, save that there was no china bowl; but to make up for the deficiency, a spinet—surely 'the first of the spinets'—stood in one corner: it was open, too, as it recently played upon; and a niece handful of coal smouldered in the brightly-polished grate, originally of moderate dimensions, but confined into a handbreadth space by false back and sides. 'They wanted society; we were the very parties they desired to have'—flattering and embarrassing to us—they had never let lodgings before—of that we felt sure—but seeing so many others put up bills, and people of high respectability, too, they thought that, just by way of a little variety, they, too, would try their luck at letting part of their house—a house they had occupied for nearly thirty years.' Aunt and niece spoke both at the same time; and to our half-uttered sentence: 'We fear the apartments will not suit us,' exclaimed in chorus: 'We shall be delighted to receive you; we do not doubt your giving us unexceptionable references; pray do not apologise.' And we had some difficulty in making the poor old souls comprehend that we must search farther before coming to a decision; but when they named an exorbitant sum for even handsome rooms in a good situation, and named it, too, as a nominal rent, in the simplicity of their hearts—for the sake of being beneath an unexceptionable roof, exchanging a rather mysterious glance, we thought it better to plead inability to meet it than to wound their feelings. But it would not do: they had taken a fancy to us, it was clear, and, for the sake of such pleasant company, would meet us in any way! Aunt and niece whispered together for a few moments; and then the elder lady, drawing herself up majestically, said, with an air of dignity and importance that was never surpassed: 'Sir Thomas Crumpton of Crumpton Court is a relative, though a distant one, of ours, and I am the Baroness Paffz; though, since I lost my husband thirty years ago, and left a magnificent west-end mansion to reside here and bring up my orphan niece, I have dropped my proper title, and am recognised by the humble and commonplace one distinguishing the mass, even as plain Mrs Paffz.'

We bowed to the baroness, and really endeavoured to throw all the respect we could into our demeanour, for we had no inclination to laugh, or to hold up to derision the antiquated gentlewomen, who took our respectability on trust, and so unintentionally flattered our self-respect by their perfect confidence. We could not get away from them—we must see the bedrooms. Alas! for winter weather with those shreds of blankets, curtains, and carpets! We must test the powers of the 'instrument,' once so famed. They doted on music, and it should always be at our command. Then they told us how they had lived here for thirty years—thirty long years—visiting no one, and being visited by nobody—(yes; Sir Thomas Crumpton had called upon them once!)—seeing no sights save the high wall opposite, over which the apple blossoms towered now,

but hadn't when they first came; never walking out save to church—they were bad walkers: no books, no papers; only this old spinet to enliven their solitary, monotonous lives. They never hinted at poverty or privation, though the baroness sighed when she spoke of former splendours. At length we made our escape, though only by promising to call again, and give our final answer, 'Which we do hope—oh, so much!—may be in the affirmative!' exclaimed both aunt and niece, as we warmly shook hands, and parted like old friends. The great wonder to us was, how they had ever brought their minds to let lodgings; but as our acquaintance ripened, the facts of the case became more fully divulged.

The Baroness Paffz, in the days of her prosperity, had undertaken the sole charge of a destitute orphan nephew and niece, when she suddenly found herself a widow in reduced circumstances (the Baron Paffz held a diplomatic appointment, and lived up to his income.) Her nephew Desmond at that time was still at Harrow school. He was a high-spirited, handsome lad, equally the darling of his sister Clarissa and his fond aunt. Sir Thomas Crumpton was the only influential relative they had; but when reverse of circumstances overtook them, he looked coldly on those whose friendship he had formerly courted. However, he appropriated one of his freehold houses, at a low rent, for the use of the baroness and her niece: she would accept nothing more; nor was she aware, as we afterwards found, that twenty pounds a year were remitted by the niggardly baronet on the rent. He also articulated Desmond to a lawyer; and Desmond brought home every day to the blind, dull street his bright anticipations, and a spirit pining for freedom. 'Poor fellow! it could not last; he could not endure the confinement and monotony of such an existence, for he had been a pampered, spoiled boy, and promised by the deceased baron a commission in the Guards!'

He at length disappeared; and months of torturing suspense passed over, the two lone women hearing nothing of his fate. They thought not of his selfishness in thus deserting them; they only pitied and loved him the more. Sir Thomas Crumpton was indignant in the extreme at young Desmond's conduct, and took this opportunity of 'washing his hands' of his poor connections. At length a letter came from the truant, and with trembling hands and streaming eyes the sister and aunt thankfully received it. Desmond was in India; he had worked his way thither on shipboard, and his prospects were brightening, after intense suffering and privation. Another letter, and another, each more hopeful and cheering than the last: Desmond was in the high road to fame and fortune, and in a few years would return to them a rich nabob! Fond dreams—illusive anticipations! The letters ceased, they heard no more, and for twenty-three years these patient souls had existed on hope. 'Desmond must be still alive.' No tidings could they gather of his death in those distant regions; still he would return to them, wealthy and powerful—for what were twenty-three years after all? Clarissa was still a girl to Aunt Paffz, and the baroness lived on memories of past happiness. Changes went on around them, but there was no change in them. A room was kept in constant readiness for Desmond's return, but the moth and decay will make themselves heard; and how fervently they wished for means to redecorate that chamber. The same idea had struck them both, though it was a long while ere they found courage to communicate it to each other—the idea of imitating the example of their neighbours, and putting up a bill signifying that part of their house was to let. The Baroness Paffz was the landlady, Sir Thomas Crumpton was their relative, and select and aristocratic must be the inmates they received! The emolument arising from this proceeding was to be entirely

devoted to the reparation and embellishment of Desmond's chamber—Desmond, the anxiously and daily looked for!

Clarissa still warbles the songs which Desmond admired when he was a boy, for he will like to hear them again, she says; she wears the headdress in which *then*, he proudly said, his pretty darling sister looked still prettier. Each knock at the door causes her to dart to the window and peep through the blinds to ascertain who it is; and often she says to Aunt Patz, that she *almost* trusts their boy may not come just at this juncture, as he mightn't like to see the ticket up, and she would like to have his room fresh and nicely done up for him.

Poor things! my heart throbs in sympathy as I listen to their oft-repeated anticipations, for we are great friends, and I often refresh myself by going to see these out-of-the-world women. In their case, hope deferred has not made the heart sick—not unhealthy, or feverish, or even impatient. They are inured to waiting; they literally feed on hope; and when it is withdrawn, they will speedily fade and wither doubtless. But will it ever be withdrawn? Will they not depart this life with the hope yet warm in their yearning hearts that Desmond and they are surely about to meet again? It has sustained and cheered them in adversity, and who would wish to destroy the innocent hallucination? It is not, indeed, impossible—such things have been heard of—and Desmond, after a twenty-three years' silence, may turn up! We have never regretted our labours of lodging-hunting, since they brought us into contact with these interesting old ladies; no other visitors penetrated so far as the retired street where they reside; and after a few weeks they decided on taking the modest card of 'apartments to let' from the casement, lest Desmond should return. When he does, we will promise to add a little supplement to this romance of real life; and, in the meantime, may we, under hopes deferred, prove as patient, faithful, and resigned!

THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

'I CANNOT comprehend it,' exclaimed Monsieur Vieuxtemps, a French gentleman standing near the Crystal Palace on the 1st of May, as soon as the subsidence of the cheers which greeted the Queen permitted him to be heard. 'I am told—and I can readily believe it—that there are a million of human beings in and about this glorious park, and among them exiles, refugees, visitors of every nation and degree, and yet there are certainly not more than three or four hundred soldiers to be seen! Where shall I find the secret of this multitudinous homogeneity—this grave enthusiasm—this order without force—this freedom without licence—this antique, hearty, but unservile loyalty; where seek the *mot d'enigme* of this marvellous riddle?'

As I happened to be one of a small group thus indirectly addressed, I said: 'You must not forget, Monsieur Vieuxtemps, that there is a reverse side to this gay picture—profound shadows, but the gloomier for the brilliant lights with which they are contrasted. In yon vast, half-deserted city, which has poured forth this multitude of well-dressed holiday-makers, there are hundreds of wretched homes and pining hearts'—

'Of course—of course,' broke in the impatient Frenchman; 'that must be the case, I imagine, in all competitive societies; and the only question appears to me to be—whether struggle, which is the life of a people, should, because of the frequent injustices which grow out of it, be exchanged for inert languor—moral death? But it was not of this I was either speaking or thinking.'

'You wish to know who built the Crystal Palace?'

'Nonsense,' rejoined M. Vieuxtemps, a little tartly. 'Everybody knows that Paxton designed, and Fox and Henderson erected it.'

'Technically correct; but who set the thing agoing, and now supports it? The multifarious potentate who really does everything in England; and if you have a mind to see him in his representative form, I shall be glad to introduce you.'

'Let me go with you, and be brought face to face, also, with your parliament,' interposed one of the group, Herr von Blunderblast, fresh from Faderland.

This was agreed to; the hour and place of meeting arranged; and we separated.

'It will be a splendid building, no doubt, when finished,' said M. Vieuxtemps, when at the appointed time we met in New Palace Yard. 'A fitter residence for monarchs than to echo the boisterous clamours of a turbulent democracy. The façade on the river side, which I have seen, is very beautiful, and, I am told, nine hundred feet in length.'

'Yes: the czar of all the Russias when here is said to have called the work "a dream in stone." It is certainly a splendidly-enriched edifice.'

'And the cost already incurred is, I understand, enormous,' said Herr von Blunderblast; 'nearly two millions and a half sterling—a fabulous sum to any but English apprehensions.'

'When one reflects upon the gorgeous character and costly decorations of the building, both within and without; that it stands upon a bed of concrete fifteen feet thick, and covers nine acres of ground; that one of its massive towers, the Victoria, will reach a height of three hundred and forty-six feet, the two others not much less; that the octagon court or central hall alone contains two hundred and fifty tons of stone, fashioned into one roof—surprise at the magnitude of the bill of costs vanishes at once.'

'I think the style of architecture,' observed M. Vieuxtemps, 'is badly chosen. The Gothic is very well adapted for a cathedral, for a temple dedicated to the solemnities of religion, but a secular palace should be erected after the sublime models of classical antiquity.'

'I am sorry to say I must agree with you. The edifice is certainly not only in a wrong style of art, but is invested with a flippancy in the way of ornament that is very toy-like and unsatisfactory. However, never mind the outside. Let us walk on. Now, we are in Westminster Hall, deeply interesting from historical circumstances. But let us hasten through it. We are now near the object of our search. You new and as yet unfinished archway at the further end of the Hall will form a portion of the lobby and entrance to the new Houses of Parliament; those doors on our right lead, as the letters on them indicate, to the supreme courts of law and equity. It is right, in pursuance of the task I have undertaken, that we should glance through them, for there can be no question that to the high character of the presiding judges, their perfect independence of the crown, the firm and impartial manner in which justice—costly, it is true, but still justice—is administered by them, under the check of freely-challengeable juries—the great writs of habeas corpus, mandamus, quo warranto, prohibition, with which they are armed—have greatly aided to produce that feeling of entire security, of individual right, without which the vast industrial energies of this

country would never have reached their present development."

"What odd costumes! The judges and counsel look like mediæval portraits just stepped out of their picture-frames."

"Yes: this wig-and-gown costume always suggests a sensation of the ludicrous to strangers; but John Bull—a man half made up of habits, precedents, and traditions—is not one to discard a custom of antiquity merely because it may appear odd and out of place."

"These high functionaries are doubtless of noble family and descent," remarked Herr von Blunderblast sententially. "The English aristocracy are well-known to monopolise all dignities."

"Not certainly in our courts of justice. Almost all our legal dignitaries have risen from the middle classes. The law in this country is a laborious and exhausting profession, and men are seldom urged to the exertions it exacts save by the sharp spur of necessity. The chief-justice in this court—Lord Campbell, a peer of parliament—is a Scotch gentleman who owes the eminence to which he has attained entirely to his legal acumen, unconquerable industry, and vast general talent. It is but a few years since he boasted to his Scottish constituents that he was still "plain John Campbell." The chief-baron of this next court—the Exchequer of Pleas—is a relative of the General Pollock, a soldier of fortune, whose Indian exploits you may have heard of. On his right sits Baron Parke, perhaps the ablest legist this country can boast of. The Common Pleas need not detain us—it is but a reflex of the others; nor this Vice-Chancellor Bruce's court—unless it be to remark, *en passant*, how difficult it is to believe, in the presence of the courteous gentleman and distinguished judge who presides, that Chancery can be the hateful and ruinous thing it is."

"Vraiment!" observed M. Vieuxtemps. "The tearing claw of equity does appear to be concealed beneath a smooth and very beautiful exterior."

"This is the Lord High Chancellor's Court. You observe the judge?"

"Yes: a square-headed, decisive-looking man—his cerebral organisation indicative of indomitable energy and keen analytical thought."

"That is Lord High Chancellor Truro, who began life as an attorney. He is now at the head of the administration of the law in this country, and, after the princes of the blood-royal, the first subject in the realm."

"That appears to justify," said M. Vieuxtemps, "a remark I read some time ago in a speech of the British prime minister, which puzzled me a good deal at the time. It was to the effect that in continental countries the aristocracy is the despair, but in England the hope of talent."

"A catching sentence, my dear sir, but to be taken with reservations. Talent in this country, with the exception of forensic, parliamentary, or military talent, has slight chance, I believe, of the peerage. But here we are in Westminster Hall again, and it is now quite time we were on our way to the committee-rooms of parliament. They are completed; but the present temporary entrance is in Abingdon Street, nearly opposite Westminster Abbey gate. We can go through by this last door on the right of the Hall."

We soon reached the small archway in Abingdon Street, strode along the wooden passage, and ascending the seemingly interminable stairs, at last reached the long and splendid corridor in which the committee-rooms of both Houses are situated. Many of the doors were labelled with the titles of the committees, all of the Commons House, sitting within.

"Who appoints these committees, and what are their functions?" asked Herr von Blunderblast.

"They consist of a varying number of members

nominated by the House, to inquire into and report upon the merits or demerits, technical and substantial, of private bills, which are usually passed or rejected according to their report; to decide upon petitions allegative of the undue return of members; and, in short, to inquire into and report upon all matters relative to the administration of the home, foreign, colonial, and financial affairs of the country which the House may choose to investigate. The House also deputes to them its own power of sending for "persons, papers, and records."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Herr von Blunderblast, "that these House of Commons Committees can compel ministers, diplomatists, field-marshal, generals, to attend and answer questions relative to the affairs and secrets of their departments?"

"Certainly I do. There was a committee last year sitting to examine into the administration of affairs at Ceylon, and they have published a large "blue book," containing the result of their inquisition. Another is now occupied in investigating the conduct which the government have pursued towards the Cape of Good Hope. But look at the labels on the doors. What do you read?"

"Law of Mortmain; Copyhold Emfranchisement Bill; County-rate Expenditure Bill; Law of Partnership; Customs; Ordnance Survey (Scotland); Great Central Gas Company—Why, all the affairs of the country appear to be regulated by this omnipotent House of Commons!"

"That is strictly the case. The business of the Commons has immensely increased of late years. One reason of this is, that in the Commons must originate all money bills—all bills levying rates upon the people for any purpose whatever; the Peers neither having the power to initiate or change such bills in the slightest degree; they must be either consented to or rejected *en bloc*. This practice necessarily results from the constitutional axiom, acquiesced in by the Lords after many struggles to avoid so great a surrender of practical power, that the Commons are the "granting," the Lord—the "assenting" power. In 1671 the Commons passed a resolution that in them alone lay "the fundamental right" in the matter of taxes and supplies—"the measure and the time." There is no professional man who works harder during the session than an active member of the House of Commons."

"What do they get for all this worry and work?" asked M. Vieuxtemps.

"Honour and distinction—nought else. The honour and distinction of writing M.P. after their names."

"I shall never comprehend this money-grubbing, money-contamning, queen-shouting, freedom-loving people," murmured Herr von Blunderblast, "as long as I live—never!"

"This is No. 4 Committee-room. Let us go in; but mind you speak in whispers only when in presence of a fragment of the Honourable House."

"Those everlasting horse-hair wigs again!" ejaculated M. Vieuxtemps.

"Those two gentlemen are counsel learned in the law, who appear for the supporters and opponents of the measure now under investigation."

"What is the measure?"

"It is a private bill that has been petitioned for, and of no kind of interest. Let us rather go into this apartment, where a committee is sitting on a case of election bribery. You will perhaps be amused: the grief and shame belong to us alone."

"Oh, *par exemple*!" exclaimed M. Vieuxtemps when, after about an hour's attendance in the crowded room, we once more stood in the corridor. "But this is scandalous."

"The practice of bribery is a foul blot upon our electoral system; but, except in the spread of education, I know not where an efficient remedy is to be found."

'But the thing is childish and absurd. Here it is proved that needy electors receive a stipulated amount of gold from a person whose name is given; they are also seen swilling beer and spirits; they vote for a particular candidate; and yet the lawyers—the committee—declare that they have no idea, no legal idea, of where the money and the drink came from!'

'A very proper decision in the absence of legal proof.'

'But the overwhelming moral presumption!'

'Wo to the country which, in judicial investigations, discards the strict, inflexible rules of evidence, to be guided by overwhelming moral presumption! No instrument more potent than that, be assured, to let in the most tyrannous wrong and injustice. What, if such a rule obtained in these committees, would there be to prevent a candidate, certain of being defeated, from bribing, through an indifferent party, two or three electors to vote for his opponent, and thereby vitiate his election? But come, it is near four o'clock, and we had better take our places in the waiting-room to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons.'

'How shall we obtain admittance?' asked M. Vieuxtemps.

'Some of the members we shall find about the library will give us orders. I have never found any difficulty in procuring one.'

'I begin, I think,' observed Herr von Blunderblast, as we retraced our steps towards Abingdon Street, 'to comprehend something of this antique picturesque monarchy we saw the other day, with its heralds, knights, peers, banners, and devices; and your matter-of-fact, prosaic, and, I have little doubt, effective modes of controlling or neutralising its ancient prerogatives and attributes. Our people, it is already clear to me, have studied only the husk and shell of your system, not its inner and vital life.'

'You continentals certainly labour under some strange fancies respecting our monarchical system. You take us up too literally. We are a curious mixture. Notwithstanding the vastness of popular will, the wearer of the crown, as a centre of authority and fountain of honour, has still immense influence, and in no instance has it been, perhaps, more signally and beneficially displayed than in beating down the vast amount of sinister objection that was raised against the proposed and now triumphant display in the Park. But here we are at the outer door leading to the temporary Commons' House.'

The orders of admission were easily obtained, and we ascended the half-dozen steps on the left of the passage to the Commons, and took our seats in the waiting-room. 'Always,' said I, 'take this seat on the right, just at the head of the stair. The police of the House will only permit us to proceed to the gallery in the order in which we sit, commencing with me. We are therefore sure of a front seat, and the gallery altogether will only hold about sixty.'

'What is that painted on the door yonder?' asked M. Vieuxtemps, who was rather near-sighted.

'"Members' Smoking-room: no Strangers Admitted."'

'Ah, then, the Honourable House does smoke. Hallo! What's that—tinkle, tinkle? What does the bell mean?'

'That the Speaker has entered the House, and his chaplain commenced reading prayers.'

'There it goes again! What may it now betoken?'

'That prayers are over. If a House is made, the gallery will be immediately opened.'

'What do you mean by making a House?'

'If there be forty members present, the House will be constituted; if less than that number, it will be *ipso facto* adjourned. But we are called—it is all right.'

'What a shabbily-fitted House!' said Herr von Blunderblast as soon as we were seated—'with its

plain straight rows of benches just rising one above the other, worn green leathern seat-cushions, and wooden galleries supported by rude square posts!'

'These are fittings erected since the fire, which you no doubt heard or read of; and as the new House will soon be completed, it has not been thought worth while to incur any great expense for a merely temporary purpose. The two long side-galleries are members' galleries. That at the farther end, behind and above the Speaker's chair, is assigned to the reporters for the press.'

'Then that gentleman with the great wig on, seated in the porch or chair, with the royal arms over it, is Mr Speaker?'

'Yes; and the gowned and wigged gentlemen sitting just before him at the table are principal clerks of the House.'

'On the table I perceive lies the mace which Cromwell bade his soldiers take away.'

'True. The House is getting full. There are in all 656 members, since the borough of Sudbury was disfranchised: 498 for England and Wales; 53 for Scotland; and 105 for Ireland. But it is rare that anything like the entire complement are present. The Ministerial side of the House is on the Speaker's right—the Opposition on his left; but there is much confusion in this respect just now, on account of the number of independent sections of parties into which the House is divided.'

'What are those two red boxes on the table opposite each other for?'

'They are placed there for the reception of papers necessary to the ministry and the leader of the Opposition. The first lord of the treasury, Lord John Russell'—

'Which is Lord John Russell?' broke in M. Vieuxtemps with vivacity—'that short, slight-made gentleman, with his hat pulled over his eyes, or nearly so, and with his legs crossed and arms folded?'

'Yes; and Sir George Grey, much taller, but not with a more intellectual face, is on this side of the noble lord. On the same form or seat there now happen to be sitting the secretary of state for Foreign Affairs, the chancellor of the Exchequer, and the first lord of the Admiralty. Over against them, and directly in front of the other red box, sits in what appears to be a profoundly meditative posture—the honourable member for Buckinghamshire, who'—

'Ah!' exclaimed M. Vieuxtemps, his dim historical recollections suddenly bursting forth—'John Hampden!'

'No—no—no, my good friend! I said, hastening to correct so strange an anachronism amidst the suppressed fitters of the persons around us; 'not John Hampden, but a very accomplished and brilliant debater, and now the recognised leader of Opposition—Mr D'Israeli.'

'Who is the gentleman standing behind one of the small green baize tables placed crossways on the floor, about a fourth of the way up the House?'

'Those tables on each side the gangway mark the bar of the House. The member speaking is reading a report to the House of one of the committees. They are always read there, and so are messages from the Queen when brought down by a minister.'

'But where is the tribune?' asked M. Vieuxtemps—'I do not see it.'

'There is none; the members speak from their places, merely taking off their hats when they rise; and if more than one rises at once, whoever is named by the Speaker, proceeds. The formality and fuss of a tribune would never answer in a House where there is such a mass of briefly-reported but important business-speaking going on in the early part of the sittings.'

'Who is that gentleman with the dress-sword at his

side, just coming down the House?" asked Herr von Blunderblast. "I saw that, like all the others, he bowed slightly on passing the Chair."

"That is the sergeant-at-arms of the House of Commons. Armed with the Speaker's warrant, he arrests members or others accused of breach of privilege—holds them in custody, or conveys them, as may happen, to Newgate or the Tower. He can obtain any amount of force necessary for the execution of the orders of the House."

"That is a formidable power in the hands of a popular assembly."

"It is a necessary power, without which the functions of the House, as the grand inquisition of the realm, could not be carried on."

"I observe," said Herr von Blunderblast, "that many members have a number of rolls of papers in their hands. What may they be—their speeches?"

"No—petitions, which they will in a few minutes present to the House, in the order in which the Speaker calls their names."

"One gentleman with a very white head, on the right hand, about half-a-dozen seats above the bar, has a barrow-load of them."

"He is one of the members for the city of Dublin, and Ireland takes a great antagonistic interest in the chief question for debate this evening."

"What are they doing or saying?" whispered Herr von Blunderblast after a few minutes' silence. "One of the clerks at the table hands document after document to the Speaker, who says something—then writes something on it, and returns it to the clerk. I cannot make out what he says except perpetual "ayes" and "noes," amidst the buzz of the House. The members are conversing with each other—not attending to the Speaker."

"The business now going on is merely of a routine character. The documents handed to the Speaker are private bills essentially decided upon by the committees to which they were referred. They are merely now passing through *pro forma* stages. That last was a railway extension bill. The Speaker read its title, and then said in a breath: "The motion is that this bill do now pass those that are for it say ay against it no the ayes have it." He then writes, as you saw, the decision on the bills, and returns it to the clerk."

"Yes; but those everlasting ayes and noes only come from the Speaker's lips. Nobody else says ay, and nobody else says no: how, then, can the ayes have it?"

"It is, as I told you, a matter chiefly of form. Did any member object, he would rise, state his objection; there would be a discussion, and perhaps a division. These bills, therefore, are really passing without a dissenting voice. But, see, they begin to present petitions. The member states the place from whence the petition comes, the purport of its prayer, and about the number of signatures attached; he then, as you see, walks up and places it on the table. Sometimes, on his motion, the prayer is read at length by the clerk."

"Look, that centre clerk is pitching them all under the table at his feet as fast as they arrive," cried Herr von Blunderblast in much too loud a tone, though fortunately unheard by the gallery official.

"He is cramming them into a large, dark-coloured bag," I answered, "See, here comes an officer of the House with one already full."

"What, then, in the name of common sense, can be the use of petitioning? Nobody is listening: it is all buz—buz; and the petitions, placed one moment on the table, are the next crammed into a huge bag and carried out of the House!"

"They are referred to the Petitions' Committee, by whom the substance of the prayer, and the number of petitioners, are recorded and printed, with the votes

and proceedings, for the use and information of the members."

"What is that cross-firing now going on?" asked M. Vieuxtemps.

"Members putting questions of which they have given notice to the chiefs of departments, and the replies of the ministers."

"Wh-e-e-e-w!" whistled Herr von Blunderblast, but fortunately not too loud. "Then a ship-chandler who has contrived to get into parliament may badger and worry the first lord of the Admiralty, as that tall member yonder is doing now?"

"No doubt of it. Any M.P. is an exceedingly important personage; and this is one of the reasons the office, though unattended with a farthing of remuneration, is so eagerly sought after. Fancy the swelling importance, the immense delight of Mr Dobbs, who has by industry and integrity amassed a fortune, and obtained the suffrages of his fellow-townsmen, but is still perhaps at first rather shyed by the local aristocracy, finding himself questioning lords, snubbing right honourables, and possibly reading in the county paper a leader commencing thus: "The important information elicited, or rather, we should say, forcibly wrung, from the noble lord at the head of the Treasury by our talented and esteemed member, John Dobbs, Esq.""

"Hallo!" interrupted Herr von Blunderblast, "the Speaker has left the chair, and they are hiding the mace away under the table!"

"It has been moved and carried that the Speaker leave the chair, in order that the House should go into committee. When that is the case the mace is removed, and the House in committee sit under the presidency of a chairman: in this instance Mr Bernal, who has taken his place, you perceive, at the table, by the clerks."

"What is the *rationale* of this curious proceeding?" asked M. Vieuxtemps.

"This: all public bills, except those relating to taxation or spirituals, which must be grounded upon a previous resolution of the whole House in committee, pass, if successful, through the following stages:—Leave is given to introduce the bill, and it is read a first time; after an interval of an indefinite number of days, it is read a second time; another delay occurs; and then, as to-night, the House goes into committee on the bill, with a view to its examination, clause by clause, line by line, word by word. In committee, a member may speak upon one question as often as he chooses; when the Speaker is in the chair, only once. When the business of the committee is terminated, it is moved that the chairman report progress, and ask leave to sit again; which, if carried, has the effect of bringing the Speaker back to the chair. The House then resumes, as it is called; the mace is replaced on the table; and the business of the assembly goes on as before."

"Those thundering "hears!" they are the "cheers" which I have seen marked in the journals," observed M. Vieuxtemps. "How stirring they are; and what a roar at times sweeps over the House!"

"Yes; an animated debate in the Commons is an exciting affair. Men who can take an effective part in these combats of giants seldom quit the arena unless compelled to do so. Do you mark how fine, how true, how ready the collective ear of the House is? The slightest trip, especially of an ambitious rhetorician, and what an instant explosion of derisive shouts! Dulness the House is often patient of, but inflation, vanity, conceit—never! It is a slippery and difficult floor to stand firm and erect upon, and requires very peculiar powers. Gentlemen, and there are a few, who speak well-reasoned, philosophic pamphlets, are the bores, the pests of the House. They cannot be laughed down, and the only remedy is to let them talk

to empty benches. That which best succeeds is the conventional, but bitter personality—the polite, subdued virulence, which strikes the antagonist rather than his argument. There! It was nothing but a brilliant sarcasm, but with what effect it flashed across the House, awakening as it passed an explosion of exulting or indignant echoes!

We remained silent for some time—the debate lulled, or rather was continued by less effective speakers, and presently Herr von Blunderblast nudged me sharply on the side. 'How's this?' he said; 'we seem to have just caught that white-headed old gentleman's eye, and he is ordering all strangers to withdraw.'

'The House is about to divide, and we must be off!'

Out we went—and the first out, foremost now, were ranged in due order for re-entrance by another door.

'What did they put us out for?' said Herr von Blunderblast, who was somewhat ruffled.

'The fact is, my good sir, we were not supposed to be there at all! No stranger has any right to be present during the deliberations of parliament.'

'Were they, then, not really members who gave us the orders?'

'Certainly they were; but the Speaker, in accordance with one of our numerous conventional fictions, is supposed not to be aware of the presence of strangers in the Honourable House; and should any member call his attention to the fact, they are at once ordered to withdraw.'

'What an utterly ridiculous absurdity this appears to be!' said M. Vieuxtemps.

'Appearance in this case, as in many others, is deceitful. The custom, absurd as it may appear, has its uses. The late Mr O'Connell, by its means, easily defeated a conspiracy on the part of the reporters to burke his speeches. He had them all regularly turned out every evening the House sat; and as the purchasers of newspapers must have the parliamentary reports, the gentlemen of the press were obliged to give in. There is another apparent absurdity and contradiction: a gallery is set apart for reporters, and yet it is a breach of privilege, punishable by imprisonment, to publish the debates. This seeming absurdity has also its uses. The understanding of course is, that the proceedings shall be fairly reported; that no one shall be libelled or ridiculed by the pretended report of a speech. Should such an offence be committed, the printer of the newspaper, as the law now stands, may be summoned to the bar of the House, and summarily punished, technically for publishing the debates, but really for the libel or slander. Were it otherwise, the Honourable House would have to pursue the offender in a court of law, to the manifest loss of its dignity and prestige.'

'I shall never comprehend it!' murmured Herr von Blunderblast once more. 'Never!'

We were soon in, and soon out again. Again we returned, and presently were again excluded.

'What is the meaning of all this?' exclaimed Herr von Blunderblast, who was getting very hot and furious.

'The minority—about forty to four hundred—will not permit the bill under discussion to be further proceeded with to-night; and are moving adjournment after adjournment.'

'Then why, in the name of common sense, do not the majority put an end to such obstruction?'

'To be sure!' exclaimed M. Vieuxtemps. 'Why do they not vote *la clôture*—the close of the discussion, or speech-making?'

'Simply because the majority have no power to do so; and God forbid they ever should have! Nothing more deplorably evinces the utter want of comprehension on the part of continental nations who have copied the externals of our representative system, than

that precious *clôture* of theirs; a mode whereby a majority, not satisfied with outvoting their opponents, of enacting laws to which the people represented by the minority decidedly object, gag them into the bargain. M. Guizot, the year before last, gave his valuable opinion, before a committee of the House appointed to consider whether any means could be adopted of shortening the debates, grounding himself of course upon the great constitutional experience of France, that *la clôture* was a sufficient and quite unobjectionable remedy; whereas anything more dangerous, more likely to damage irretrievably the representative form of government, could scarcely be devised. It would not at all events do here. There is a tradition that John Lambton—Black Jack, as he was familiarly called in the north, afterwards Earl Durham—once moved that "fresh candles be brought in," as an amendment upon an obnoxious measure which the ministry of the day were endeavouring to hurry through the House—of course only the more emphatically to mark his determination that the matter should not be so hurried.'

'According to your doctrine,' rejoined M. Vieuxtemps, 'a minority might defeat any and every measure to which they objected.'

'Just as the Commons might upset all government by refusing the necessary supplies, the Lords refuse to pass any bill sent up to them; the Queen veto every measure concurred in by the two Houses. These extreme rights exist; and a government of legislative compromise—the safest of all modes of progress—is the consequence. The practical result of the right of the minorities in both Houses is to insure ample discussion; and you may be sure of this, that nothing is more politic than to allow a beaten party to have their full say. But, *adieu!* it is useless to re-enter the gallery merely to be turned out again, and we had better be jogging homewards.'

'It is a piece of many-coloured patchwork this governmental system of yours,' said Herr von Blunderblast as we emerged into the street, 'which I can comprehend, though dimly as yet, may practically answer much better than more surface-perfect schemes. But you have not explained how the army—after all, the true force—is to be effectually controlled by speeches, votes, bits of parchment.'

'Oh, the Honourable House has a charming contrivance for that purpose: the Bill of Rights declares that standing armies in time of peace are illegal.'

'Illegal! Why, your standing army numbers upwards of one hundred thousand men!'

'Just so; because every session there originates in the Commons what is called the Mutiny Bill, which, first reciting the unquestionable illegality, enacts that, for various reasons, the crown may, *for one year only* from that date, levy, maintain, and martially govern regular troops. That act not renewed, the soldiers might walk off to their homes; the corporal, harshly dealt with, if so minded, might knock down his captain with impunity; and the entire army, in fact, would fall at once and utterly to pieces.'

'Then the Mutiny Bill is necessary indeed!'

'It is so; but you have yet much to learn. To-morrow, remember, we visit the Lords.'

'A picturesque and magnificent edifice,' said Herr von Blunderblast, looking, as we shook hands, at the new palace, but thinking, I could see, much more of its inner life than its exterior aspect; 'and yet many of the people who have erected and still maintain it deny that it possesses either beauty or excellence.'

'That is true; but it is not the Victoria Tower, nor the flowering capitals, nor the carved vaultings, which any of my countrymen in their heart of hearts object to: they are merely of opinion that the clustering columns which support the building should have more shafts. They may be right or wrong; but at all events

the shafts, to be either safe or useful, should be in some degree prepared and fitted for the purpose. Good-by!

THE BEAR-STEAK.

A GASTRONOMIC ADVENTURE.

THE Englishman's predilection for a beefsteak is almost proverbial, but we fancy it would take some time to reconcile John Bull in general to a bear-steak, however much we might expatiate to him on its excellence and the superiority of its flavour over that of his old-established favourite, however confidently we might assure him that the bear was a most delicate feeder, selecting the juiciest fruits of the forest and the most esculent roots of the earth for his ordinary nourishment. It might be supposed that this dislike to bear's flesh as an article of food arose from our national aversion to everything that is outlandish; but the following gastronomic adventure, related in the pages of a modern French traveller, proves that our frog-eating neighbours find it just as difficult to surmount their aversion to feeding on the flesh of Master Bruin as the most sturdy and thoroughbred Englishman among us.

M. Alexandre Dumas, after a long mountainous walk, arrived about four o'clock one fine autumn afternoon at the inn at Martigny. Exercise and the keen mountain air had combined to sharpen his appetite, and he inquired from the host, with some degree of eagerness, at what hour the *table-d'hôte* dinner was usually served.

'At half-past five,' replied the host.

'That will do very well,' rejoined M. Dumas; 'I shall then have time to visit the old castle before dinner.'

Punctual to the appointed hour the traveller returned, but found to his dismay that every seat at the long table was already occupied. The host, however, who appeared to have taken M. Dumas, even at first sight, into his especial favour, approached him with a courteous smile, and, pointing to a small side-table carefully laid out, said: 'Here, sir, this is your place. I had not enough of bear-steak left to supply the whole *table-d'hôte* with it; and, besides, most of my guests have tasted this bear already, so I reserved my last steak for you: I was sure you would like it.' So saying, the good-natured host placed in the centre of the table a fine, juicy-looking steak, smoking hot, and very tempting in appearance; but glad would the hungry traveller have been could he only have believed that it was a beef, and not a bear-steak, which now lay before him. Visions of the miserable-looking animals he had seen drowsily slumbering away existence in a menagerie, or covered with mud, and led about by a chain, for the amusement of the multitude, presented themselves to the traveller's eyes, and he would fain have turned away from the proffered treat. But he could not find it in his heart to be so ungracious as to express a dislike to food which the host evidently considered as the choicest delicacy the country could afford. He accordingly took his seat at the table, and cut off a small slice of the steak; then screwing his courage to the sticking-point, and opening his mouth wide, as if about to demolish a bolus, he heroically gulped the dreaded morsel. 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.' He had no sooner achieved this feat than he began to think that bear-flesh was, after all, not quite so bad a thing as he had expected. He swallowed a second morsel. 'It was really the tenderest and most juicy steak he had ever tasted.' 'Are you sure this is a bear-steak?' he inquired of the landlord.

'Yes, sir, I can assure you it is,' replied the good-natured smiling man as he hurried off to attend upon his other guests at the *table-d'hôte*. Before he returned to M. Dumas at the side-table, three-quarters of the steak had disappeared; and, highly gratified at finding

his favourite dish was so much approved of, he renewed the conversation by observing: 'That was a famous beast I can tell you; it weighed three hundred and twenty pounds.'

'A fine fellow indeed he must have been,' rejoined the traveller.

'It cost no small trouble to kill him.'

'I can well believe that,' rejoined M. Dumas, at the same time raising the last morsel to his mouth.

'He devoured half the huntsman who shot him!' added the loquacious landlord.

Hastily flinging aside the loathed morsel which he had just placed within his lips, the traveller indignantly exclaimed: 'How dare you pass such jokes upon a man when he is in the middle of his dinner?'

'I can assure you, sir, I am not joking,' replied the landlord: 'I am only telling you the simple truth.'

The traveller, whose appetite for further food of any description whatever was by this time effectually destroyed, rose from table, and with a look of horror, begged that the host would acquaint him with the particulars of the tragedy which had now acquired in his eyes so painful an interest. The good man, nothing loth to hear himself talk, yielded a ready acquiescence to this request, and continued his story as follows:—

You must know, sir, the man who killed this bear was a poor peasant belonging to the village of Fouly, and named William Mona. This animal, of which there now only remains the small morsel you have left upon your plate, used to come every night and steal his pears, giving a special preference to the fruit of one fine pear-tree laden with bergamottes. Now it so happened that William Mona unfortunately also preferred the bergamottes to all other fruit. He at first imagined that it was some of the children of the village who committed these depredations in his orchard, and having consequently loaded his gun with powder only, he placed himself in ambush that he might give them a good fright. Towards eleven o'clock at night he heard a distant growl. 'Ho, ho!' said he, 'there is a bear somewhere in the neighbourhood.' Ten minutes afterwards a second growl was heard; but this time it was so loud and so near at hand that he began to fear he should scarcely have time to reach a place of refuge, and threw himself flat upon the ground, in the earnest hope that the bear would be satisfied with taking his pears instead of devouring himself. A few moments of anxious suspense ensued, during which the bear, passing within ten paces of the terrified peasant, advanced in a straight line towards the pear-tree in question. He climbed it with the utmost agility, although its branches creaked beneath the weight of his ponderous body; and having secured for himself a comfortable position, committed no small havoc among the luscious bergamottes. Having gorged himself to his heart's content, he slowly descended from the tree, and returned in tranquil dignity towards his mountain home. All this had occupied about an hour, during which time had appeared to travel at a much slower pace with the man than it did with the bear.

William Mona was, however, at heart a brave and resolute man, and he said to himself, as he watched his enemy's retiring steps: 'He may go home this time, if he pleases; but, Master Bruin, we shall meet again.' The next day one of his neighbours, who came to visit him, found him sawing up the teeth of a pitchfork, and transforming them into slugs.

'What are you about there?' he asked.

'I am amusing myself,' replied William. The neighbour, taking up one of the pieces of iron, turned it over and over in his hand, like a man who understood such things, and then said quietly:

'If you were to own the truth, William, you would acknowledge that these little scraps of iron are destined to pierce a tougher skin than that of the chamouls.'

'Perhaps they may,' replied William.

'You know that I am an honest fellow,' resumed Francis (for so was the neighbour called): 'well, if you choose, we will divide the bear between us; two men in such a case are better than one.'

'That's as it may be,' replied William, at the same time cutting his third slug.

'I'll tell you what,' continued Francis, 'I will leave you in full possession of the skin, and we will only share the flesh between us, together with the bounty offered by government for every bear that is killed, and which will give us forty francs a piece.'

'I should prefer having the whole myself,' replied William.

'But you cannot prevent me from seeking the bear's track in the mountain, and placing myself in ambush on his passage.'

'You are free to do that, if you please.' So saying, William, who had now completed the manufacture of his slugs, began to measure out a charge of powder double in amount to that usually placed in a carabine.

'I see you intend to use your musket?' said Francis.

'Yes, of course I do; three iron slugs will do their work more surely than a leaden bullet.'

'They will spoil the skin.'

'Never mind that, if they do their work more effectually.'

'And when do you intend to commence your chase?'

'I will tell you that to-morrow.'

'Once more, then—are you quite determined not to let me share the chance with you?'

'Yes; I prefer managing the whole matter myself, and sharing neither the danger nor the profit—*chacun pour soi*.'

'Farewell, then, neighbour—I wish you success.'

In the evening, as Francis was passing Mona's dwelling, he saw the huntsman quietly seated on the bench before his door, engaged in smoking his pipe. He once more approached him and said:

'See, I bear you no ill-will—I have discovered the bear's track, therefore I might lie in wait for him and shoot him, if I pleased, without your help; but I have come once more to you, to propose that we should attack him together.'

'Each one for himself,' replied William, as before.

Francis knew nothing of Mona's proceedings during the remainder of that evening, except that his wife saw him take up his musket at about half-past ten o'clock, roll up a bag of gray sackcloth, place it under his arm, and leave the house. She did not venture to ask him what he was about; for Mona, in such cases, was apt to tell her to hold her tongue, and not trouble herself about matters which did not concern her.

Francis had really in the meantime tracked the bear, as he had said he would. He had followed its traces as far as the border of William's orchard, and, not liking to trespass upon his neighbour's territory, he then took up his post on the borders of the pine-wood which lay on the slope of the hill overhanging Mona's garden.

As it was a clear night, he could observe with ease from this spot all that was going on below. He saw the huntsman leave his house, and advance towards a gray rock, which had rolled down from the adjoining heights into the centre of his little enclosure, and now stood at the distance of about twenty paces from his favourite pear-tree. There Mona paused, looked round as if to ascertain that he was quite alone, unrolled his sack, and slipped into it, only allowing his head and his two arms to emerge above the opening. Having thus in a great measure concealed his person, he leaned back against the rock, and remained so perfectly still that even his neighbour, although he knew him to be there, could not distinguish him from the lifeless stone. A quarter of an hour thus elapsed in patient expectation. At last a distant growl was heard, and in less than five minutes afterwards the

bear appeared in sight. But whether by accident, or whether it were that he had scented the second huntsman, he did not on this occasion follow his usual track, but diverging towards the right, escaped falling into the ambush which Francis had prepared for him.

William in the meantime did not stir an inch. It might have been imagined that he did not even see the savage animal for which he was lying in wait, and which seemed to brave him by passing so closely within the reach of his gun. The bear, on his side, appeared quite unconscious of an enemy's presence, and advanced with rapid strides towards the tree. But at the moment when he rose upon his hind legs, in order to clasp the trunk with his fore-paws, thus leaving his breast exposed, and no longer protected by his broad and massive shoulders, a bright flash of light illuminated the face of the rock, and the whole valley re-echoed with the report of the doubly-loaded gun, together with the loud howl which proceeded from the wounded animal. The bear fled from the fatal spot, passing once more within ten paces of William without perceiving him. The latter had now taken the additional precaution of drawing the sack over his head, and rested motionless as before against the face of the rock.

Francis, with his musket in his hand, stood beneath the shelter of the wood, a silent and breathless spectator of the scene. He is a bold huntsman, but he owned to me that he fairly wished himself at home when he saw the enormous animal, furious from its wound, bearing straight down upon the spot where he stood. He made the sign of the cross (for our hunters, sir, are pious men), commended his soul to God, and looked to see that his gun was well loaded. Already was the bear within a few paces of the pine-wood; in two minutes more a deadly encounter must take place, in which Francis was well aware that either he or the bear must fall, when suddenly the wounded animal paused, raised his nostrils in the air, as if catching some scent which was borne by the breeze, and then uttering one furious growl, he turned hastily round, and rushed back towards the orchard.

'Take care of yourself, William—take care!' exclaimed Francis, at the same time darting forward in pursuit of the bear, and forgetting everything else in his anxiety to save his old comrade from the terrible danger which threatened him; for he knew well that if William had not had time to reload his gun, it was all over with him—the bear had evidently scented him. But suddenly a fearful cry—a cry of human terror and human agony—rent the air: it seemed as though he who uttered it had concentrated every energy in that one wild, despairing cry—an appeal to God and man—'Help! oh, help, help!' A dead silence ensued: not even a single moan was heard to succeed that cry of anguish. Francis flew down the slope with redoubled speed, and as he approached the rock, he began yet more clearly to distinguish the huge animal, which had hitherto been half-concealed beneath its shade, and perceived that the bear was trampling under foot, and rending to pieces, the prostrate form of his unfortunate assailant.

Francis was now close at hand; but the bear, still intent upon his prey, did not even seem aware of his presence. He did not venture to fire, for terror and dismay had unnerved his arm, and he feared that he might miss his aim, and perhaps shoot his unhappy friend, if indeed he yet continued to breathe. He took up a stone and threw it at the bear. The infuriated animal turned immediately upon this new and unexpected foe; and raising himself upon his hind legs, prepared to give him that formidable hug, which the experienced huntsman well knew would prove a *last embrace*. Paralysed with fear, his presence of mind had wellnigh deserted him, when all of a sudden he became conscious that the animal was pressing the point of his

gun with its shaggy breast. Mechanically almost he placed his finger upon the lock, and pulled the trigger. The bear fell backwards—the ball had this time done its work effectually. It had pierced through his breast, and shattered the spinal bone. The huntsman, leaving the expiring animal upon the ground, now hastened to his comrade's side. But, alas! it was too late for human assistance to be of any avail. The unfortunate man was so completely mutilated, that it would have been impossible even to recognise his form. With a sickening heart, Francis hastened to call for help; for he could perceive by the lights which were glancing in the cottage windows that the unwonted noise had roused many of the villagers from their slumbers.

Before many moments had elapsed, almost all the inhabitants of the village were assembled in poor Mona's orchard, and his wife among the rest. I need not describe the dismal scene: A collection was made for the poor widow through the whole valley of the Rhone, and a sum of seven hundred francs was thus raised. Francis insisted upon her receiving the government bounty, and sold the flesh and the skin of the bear for her benefit. In short, all her neighbours united to assist her to the utmost of their power. We innkeepers also agreed to open a subscription-list at our respective houses, in case any travellers should wish to contribute a trifle; and in case you, sir, should be disposed to put down your name for a small sum, I should take it as a great favour.

'Most assuredly,' replied M. Dumas, as he rose from the table, and cast a parting glance of horror at the last morsel of the bear-steak, inwardly vowing never again to make experiments in gastronomy.

WEovil BISCUIT MANUFACTORY.

A YEAR or two ago we gave a short account of the celebrated biscuit manufactory of Mr Carr at Carlisle, where machinery of an ingenious kind was made to do wonders in the way of turning out vast quantities of small fancy biscuits, which formerly were made only by hand. We have now the satisfaction of presenting a notice of the not very dissimilar process of biscuit-baking pursued at Weovil, in the south of England; a place known by public report through the frequent visits of Her Majesty in passing to and from Osborne House.

At Weovil are produced biscuits for the royal navy, and there, as at Carlisle, the motive power is a large steam-engine, whose agency is visible in all parts of the establishment. The services of this engine commence with the arrival of a cargo of wheat under the walls of the building; and we should have a very imperfect notion of the ingenuity displayed in the establishment if we did not examine some of the earlier processes. Let us, then, begin with the beginning; and having observed that the wheat is lifted by a steam-worked crane from the lighter to the uppermost floor, let us descend to the floor below, and examine the first process to which it is submitted—that of cleaning. The grain supplied from above flows in a continual stream into one end of a cylinder of fine wirework, about two feet in diameter and ten in length, which revolves steadily in a horizontal position. A spiral plate runs through the interior of this cylinder, dividing it into several sections, and thus forming a sort of Archimedeian screw. The revolutions of this cylinder carry the grain onwards through its whole length, so that in the passage any particles of dirt that may have been mixed with it fall through the interstices of the wirework. The effectual character of this operation is exemplified by the quantities

of dirt deposited from wheat which to all appearance was clean before entering the cylinder; the grain thus thoroughly cleansed, descends another stage to the grinding-room (for the wheat is ground on the premises), where ten pairs of millstones are worked by the same steam-power. There is nothing peculiar in the process of grinding; but the manner in which the flour is afterwards collected deserves notice. As it flows from the several stones, it is led into horizontal troughs, along which it is propelled by the action of perpetual screws working in each trough. The contents of all the troughs are brought to one point, whence, by means of a succession of plates or buckets revolving round a wheel on the principle of a chain-pump or dredging-machine, the flour is lifted to the storey above, where it is cooled, sifted, and put into sacks, for removal to the bakehouse. It is not long since we observed in a newspaper the announcement of an invention for collecting and saving the impalpable powder which flies off in the process of grinding corn, and which, containing the purest portions of the flour, has hitherto been wasted. This saving has not yet been effected at Weovil, as our whitened appearance on leaving the mill-room sufficiently testified; but, doubtless, the zeal and ingenuity that has introduced the improvements we are describing will not stop short while anything remains to be done.

We now arrive at the bakehouse, the principal theatre of Mr Grant's ingenuity. We are in a large room on the ground floor—it may be one hundred and twenty feet in length, lofty, and well lighted, the centre portions of which are occupied by machinery of no very complex aspect; and it may be a dozen men and boys, slipshod and barearmed, are moving here and there amongst it. There is no bustle, no confusion; and notwithstanding the unceasing movements of the machinery, very little noise. We are at once sensible that we are witnessing a scene of well-organized industry; but we can hardly persuade ourselves that we see the whole staff employed in converting flour into biscuit at the rate of one hundred sacks per day. In the midst of the general activity, the eye is caught by the figure of one man whose attitude of repose contrasts strangely with the movements going on all round him. He seems to have nothing to do but to lean listlessly with one or both of his elbows on the top of a sort of box or chest, much resembling an ordinary stable corn-bin, which stands against the wall at the left of the entrance; yet that occupation will not account for the menly state of his bare arms; let us look into the bin, and see if we can discover anything. The bottom of it is filled with water, just above the surface of which, extending from end to end, we see a circular shaft armed with iron blades, crossing it at intervals of two inches apart, and protruding six inches or more on each side of the axle, at right angles with it, and with each other. In one corner of the bin is the mouth of a pipe, which, even whilst we look, discharges an avalanche of flour into the water; at the same moment some invisible power causes the shaft to revolve—slowly at first, that the light dust may not entirely blind us; then, as the flour becomes more and more saturated with water, rapidly and more rapidly, until the whole is thoroughly mixed up together; and in the space of four and a half minutes, one hundredweight of flour is converted into dough. The revolutions of the shaft now cease, and our hitherto inactive friend proceeds to transfer the contents of the bin to a board placed to receive them, in masses

resembling in shape Brobdignag pieces of pulled bread. Again, we see that the surface which a moment since was free from mark or indentation, is now scored all over in hexagonal figures. The lower side of the plate, in fact, consists of a bed of sharp-edged punches of hexagonal form, reminding us in appearance of a gigantic honey-comb, which at one blow divides the dough into single biscuits, leaving no superfluous material except the trifling inequalities of the outer edges. Twenty-four whole biscuits, with a due complement of halves, are cut out at one stroke, each of which is at the same time impressed with the broad arrow of Her Most Gracious Majesty. We now see why the old circular form of the biscuit has given way to the hexagonal. The latter shape manifestly economises labour in the manufacture and space in stowage, while it is hardly more liable than the former to waste by breakage. When it is borne in mind that before the introduction of this machinery every single biscuit was separately kneaded, shaped, and stamped by hand, the extent to which the productive powers of the establishment have been increased may be imagined.

We have now arrived at the last stage of the process, and must for a time lose sight of the biscuits; but we will accompany them to the mouth of the oven. A range of nine ovens occupies one side of the building, but only four of them are ordinarily in use. We are informed that one man attends to two ovens. We notice that the fires by which they are heated are continually burning in one corner of them, even while the baking goes on; so that as soon as one batch of biscuits is withdrawn, the floor is ready for another. A light frame, on which are deposited the trays of biscuits as they issue from the stamp-office, is wheeled up to the oven: the trays are transferred by the baker to the mouth, and thence, by means of a long pole armed with a hook, pushed to the farthest recesses of the oven, where they are carefully ranged side by side, to the number of twelve, when the cargo is complete, and the door is shut upon them. Formerly it was the work of two men to charge the oven; one wielded the peel, which the other supplied with single biscuits; and we have watched with much amusement the unerring accuracy with which constant practice had enabled the latter to hit the mark from a distance of several feet. The new mode is perhaps more prosaic: but not only is the saving of labour great, but it is easy to conceive that the action of the heat can be regulated with more uniformity under it than under the tedious system of introducing and removing the biscuits singly. In fourteen minutes the baking is completed; and thus, in twenty-eight minutes from its first admixture with water, we have a sack of flour weighing one hundred-weight converted into the like weight of biscuits, fit for immediate consumption. A subsequent exposure of two or three days to the high temperature of a room over the ovens, is all that is required to render them fit for packing and storing. We have stated that at present four only out of nine ovens are in use; and the hours of working are from 7.30 A.M. to 2 P.M. Even this limited amount of work is more than sufficient to keep up the requisite supply of bread for the navy; and it is frequently found necessary to stop on alternate days, to prevent the stores accumulating beyond what is desirable. If the whole force of the establishment were set in motion, it would easily, our guide informs us, supply 10,000 men with half a pound of meal and half a pound of biscuit per day. The quality also of the bread is improved, by the uniformity with which all the processes of making it are conducted under the operation of the machinery.

We do not know whether the apparatus we have been describing is in use in any other establishment: probably it is. There seems no reason why it should not be brought into general operation. Though few, if any bakeries can have to supply so large a demand as

that of the Royal Navy, there must be many of sufficient extent to make it worth while saving labour at the cost of the machinery; and though at Weovil it is only applied to making biscuit, the principle of it would seem applicable to the manufacture of any kind of bread. The great labour of the baker is in kneading. The process that effectually kneads flour and water would work equally well if other ingredients were mixed with those primary elements. Due regard being had to the rights of the inventor, we would wish to see his machinery widely employed in private as well as public establishments. It might prove a powerful ally in the cause of cheap bread. It might also be worth the consideration of brickmakers whether the machinery here described might not be advantageously applied to the purposes of their business. There seems a sufficient similarity in the two processes to render such an application of it very practicable. We trust that Mr Grant, the ingenious inventor of this machinery, has received from the authorities some substantial acknowledgment of his valuable labours.

Our object has been to describe the process of making biscuit, as carried on at Weovil. There are many other objects of interest in that establishment, but this is the chief. An inspection of the whole, however, will well repay the curious visitor, and will satisfy him that whatever ground there may be for charging the administrators of our national means of offence and defence with ignorance, imbecility, and extravagance, in the important branch of the commissariat at least neither economy nor efficiency has been neglected.

JHELLABORE.

A PERUSAL of the adventures of Moran Shillelah in a recent number of the Journal has recalled to my Old Indian mind certain reminiscences of a creature who, although in many respects unlike the Irish idiot, closely resembled him in one point; namely, in the devoted and reciprocal attachment between himself and his teacher and protector. As he used to be an object of sympathy in his own town and neighbourhood, a short account of him may perhaps not be uninteresting to a British reader, although the residence of my poor hero was a far distant land.

Chinsurah, situated on the right bank of the Hoogly, and close by the ancient town of the same name, was once the seat of Eastern riches and grandeur; and at the time of which I speak there still existed many remains of decayed wealth and reduced Mogul aristocracy. But with this we have nothing to do, except in so far as Jhellabore* (so the poor maniac was generally styled) was of Mogul descent; but who his parents were, or what their station in life was, I never then thought of inquiring; nor do I recollect that I ever heard his real name; and indeed, although he used to be an object of almost daily sympathy and consideration, I could never have suspected that after the lapse of so many years his image would remain so strongly impressed on my aged brain.

All I knew of Jhellabore was, that he was an orphan, and that he had been placed by his father in charge of a respectable moollah,† who kept a school, and with whom he resided when I first knew him. The moollah had many scholars; but none like Jhellabore: for a Mogul he was fair, and really a beautiful boy, with hazel eyes and curly locks, and slender and delicately made almost to effeminacy. He soon learned to read Hindostanee and Persian; and throwing away his primer and childish stories, he took to studying the beautiful and enthusiastic poets of the East. His mas-

* Signifies decked out. 'Hraw' is perhaps nearer the meaning.

† Priest. These priests are kept by rich men to read the Koran daily in their family, and in case of sickness and trouble, at their bedside.

ter, who had the same taste, gave him every encouragement. Jhellabore divided his time between reading his favourite bards and strolling in a neighbouring flower-garden. He might constantly be seen among the gorgeous and strong-scented plants of his sunny clime, reposing in arbours of chemelleis and bellas, or tending the Persian rose or rich white ghonderaj (the king of odours), till the moon shone out in her silvery splendour; and oft would he stand as if transfixed, gazing on the spangled sky, and chanting sonorous and impassioned verses from Hafiz or Saadi.

Doubtless, the impassioned youth's ardent admiration of poetry and flowers, combined with his zeal as a scholar, occasioned his aberration of mind. His imagination was nurtured at the expense of his other faculties. He read and felt till he conjured up aerial visions, the most vivid of which seems to have been a female form of heavenly birth—a houri, with whom he was in love. He became, in short, an Oriental nympholept. At last, when his reason was completely undermined, and he could no longer study—he was then about eighteen years of age—he used to wander about in his favourite garden, clean and tastefully arrayed, with his beautiful black hair hanging in ringlets. He never wore the Mohammedan dress, as he disliked long sleeves and thick clothing. His *dhotee** was of the most beautiful muslin, dyed of some fanciful hue, sometimes rose-colour, sometimes sky-blue, and a silver-edged handkerchief encircled his waist. Over his shoulders was thrown a scarf of the same materials, and dyed to harmonise with his *dhotee*. In all this, notwithstanding the unhinged state of his mind, he continued to shew much taste and refinement. The garlands of flowers round his neck and upon his breast were too numerous to be counted, but they were never faded or soiled. A yellow champala flower stuck behind his ear contrasted well with his black locks, and a bouquet of roses or a punka† of *bela* buds was in his hand; and a pair of neat buff-leather slippers completed his picturesque dress. He seldom walked out alone in the evenings, but had generally some young gay Mogul companions with him. With these he would enter into conversation, but would occasionally come to a stand-still, and exclaim, with eyes fixed on the heavens, 'Beautiful, rosy-lipped enchantress!—goddess of indescribable loveliness!—I greet thee!' 'Whom do you see?' was sometimes asked. 'It is my Pori—my beloved—ask no more!' was the answer.

The moollah seemed to have regarded the orphan not only as a pupil but as an adopted child, and they had become strongly attached to each other. His death was deeply felt by Jhellabore, and was probably unmixed with selfish regrets, though by this event he was left without support. But Jhellabore was a general favourite, and his young friends took care to supply him with finery, flowers, and a little money; so his days glided on as before, and he never thought of to-morrow. The patron of the deceased moollah had no doubt been an opulent man. The little dwelling and schoolroom had been his gift to the teacher, and after his death they seemed to have become the property of Jhellabore, for there he continued to abide. Adjoining there was also an old-looking tomb—that of the patron, surrounded by a light open-worked trellis-wall, such as may be seen in white marble around the tomb of Montaza, in the Taj Mahal at Agra. Within the enclosure was a vacant space for another grave, and here the moollah was also buried, and a similar tomb built over him; and so, united in death, the rich and the poor, the protector and the protected, rested together near the scene of their earthly labours.

After the burial-ground had been neatly finished and

decorated, a divan and carpet were placed in it by some charitable hand. Upon these Jhellabore rested when weary, and there, three times a day, he read the Koran, and performed his devotions; and this, notwithstanding his derangement, he could do with propriety and solemnity. The former proprietor of the ground might have rested disregarded and forgotten but for Jhellabore the maniac. There, for his sake, many a passer-by stopped to see the marks of his devoted love to his earthly benefactors and his God.

* Many a copper coin was cast, many handfuls of cowries were scattered upon the two whitewashed graves, along with wreaths of sweet-scented flowers, while heaps of little horses* of baked clay lay piled up in one corner. Often have I and my dear old father contributed our *adhdalah*, or half rupee, at the *sainted* shrine (for such it had now almost become), and marvelled how good frequently accrued from evil; for in all this the Christian could not but trace the finger of God, whatever might be thought of it by the Moslem or Hindoo. As darkness came on, Jhellabore lit his gay-coloured lanterns of tale and gilt paper; and at the head of his master's grave, under the hollow pillar surmounted by a turban, always blazed a cherang or lamp, with sweet-scented oil, while *loban* or frankincense exhaled its odours around it, and there, during the warm season, Jhellabore would fall asleep.

What became of Jhellabore eventually I know not. Perhaps he was of too ardent and excitable a temperament to be long for this earth. I left the place, and other objects occupied my mind, yet the recollection of the youthful enthusiast is still fresh in my memory.

Before I take my leave of Jhellabore, I may remark that his countrymen—many of whom are superstitious and illiterate—ascribed his insanity to the influence of supernatural beings. His wanderings among the flowers at eve was pronounced bad, very bad! Every plant and almost every flower in the East has a mythic or romantic tale attached to it, or belongs to some genius or deity. And to pluck flowers, or even to touch plants and trees at dusk, when all the good and evil spirits are supposed to be abroad, is always forbidden, especially to the young and beautiful.

MEMS FOR MUSICAL MISSES.

Sit in a simple, graceful, unconstrained posture. Never turn up the eyes, or swing about the body: the expression you mean to give, if not heard and felt, will never be understood by those foolish motions which are rarely resorted to but by those who do not really feel what they play. Brilliance is a natural gift, but great execution may be acquired: let it be always distinct, and however loud you wish to be, never thump. *Practise* in private music far more difficult than that you play in general society, and aim more at pleasing than astonishing. Never bore people with ugly music merely because it is the work of some famous composer, and do not let the pieces you perform before people not professedly scientific be too long. If you mean to play at all, do so at once when requested: those who require much pressing are generally more severely criticised than others who good-humouredly and unaffectedly try to amuse the company by being promptly obliging. Never carry books about with you unasked; learn by heart a variety of different kinds of music to please all tastes. Be above the vulgar folly of pretending that you cannot play for dancing; for it proves only that if not disabling, you are stupid. The chief rule in performing this species of music is to be strictly accurate as to time, loud enough to be heard amid the noise of the dancers' feet, and always

* *Dhotee*—a piece of cloth without seam, about 10½ feet long and 6 feet broad.

† Fan.

* These horses may be seen near every mosque or shrine where a Moslem mendicant takes up his abode. They are typical of the Borsak, Mohammed's charger, and of the holy horse on which the faithful are to ascend to heaven at the day of judgment.

particularly distinct—*marking* the time: the more expression you give, the more life and spirit, the better will your performance be liked: good dancers cannot dance to bad music. In waltzes the first note in the bass of every bar must be strongly accented. In quadrilles the playing, like the dancing, must be gliding. In reels and strathspeys the bass must *never* be running—always octaves—struck with a strong staccato touch; and beware of playing too quick. In performing simple airs, which very few people can do fit to be listened to, study the *style* of the different nations to which the tunes belong. Let any little grace be clearly and neatly executed, which is *never* done brilliantly or well by indifferent performers of a higher style of merit. Make proper pauses; and although you must be strictly accurate as to time, generally speaking, it should sometimes be relaxed to favour the expression of Irish and Scotch airs. Beware of being too sudden and abrupt in your *nationalities*—caricaturing them, as it were—which ignorant and sometimes indeed scientific performers often do, totally spoiling by those ‘quips and cranks’ what would otherwise be pleasing, and which sounds also to those who really understand the matter very ridiculous. Do not *alter* national airs: play them simply, but as *full* as you please, and vary the bass. In duets, communicate your several ideas of the proper expression to your fellow-performer, so that you may play into one another's hands—give and take, if I may so express myself; and should a mistake occur, do not pursue your own track, leaving your unfortunate companion in difficulties which will soon involve yourself; but cover it as well as you can, and the generality of listeners will perhaps never discover that one was made, whilst the more sapient few will give you the credit you deserve.

As regards singing, practise two or three times a day, but at first not longer than ten minutes at a time, and let one of these times be before breakfast. Exercise the extremities of the voice, but do not dwell long upon those notes you touch with difficulty. Open the mouth at all times; in the higher notes especially, open it to the ears as if smiling. Never dwell upon consonants. Be distinct from one note to another, yet carry them on glidingly. Never sing with the slightest cold or sore throat. Vocalise always upon A; and be careful to put no B's before it. Never take breath audibly. Begin to shake *slowly* and steadily. Practise most where the *voce di petto* and the *voce di gola* join, so as to attain the art of making the one glide imperceptibly into the other. The greatest sin a singer can commit is to sing out of tune. Be clear, but not shrill; deep, but not coarse.

When you intend to sing, read the words, and see that you understand them, so as to give the proper expression. Let all your words be heard: it is a great and a common fault in English singers to be indistinct. Study flexibility. Practise both higher, louder, and lower than you sing in public; and when practising, open the mouth wider than it would be graceful to do in company. Do not change the sound of the letters; sing as if speaking as you can. It is better to sing *quite plain* than to make too many turns and trills: these, when attempted at all, should be executed very neatly. Study simplicity: it is better to give no expression than false expression. Never appear to sing with effort or grimace; avoid affectation and every peculiarity. Never sit when you sing, if you can possibly help it, but stand *upright*. Give more strength in ascending than in descending. Do not suffer yourself to be persuaded to sing soon after eating. Accidental sharps ought to be sung with more emphasis than accidental flats. The Italian vowels *a* and *i* have always the same sound, but *e* has two different ones: the first like the *ai* in *pain*; the other like *ea* in *tear, wear, or swear*. *O* has also two sounds:

one like *o* in *tone*; the other like the *au* in *gaudy*. Articulate strongly your *double consonants* when singing French or Italian. The voice is said to be at its best at eight-and-twenty, and to begin to decline soon after forty, when the more you strain and try to reach the higher notes that are beginning to fall you, the quicker you hasten the decay of your powers. Children should never be allowed to sing much or to strain their voices: fifteen or sixteen is soon enough to begin to practise constantly and steadily the two extremities of the voice; before that age, the middle notes only should be dwelt upon, or you run the risk of *cracking*, as it is termed, the tones. Never force the voice in damp weather, or when in the least degree unwell: many often sing out of tune at these times who do so at no other. Take nothing to clear the voice but a glass of cold water; and always avoid pastry, rich cream, coffee, and cake, when you intend to sing.

A SOLITARY KINGDOM.

ON Sunday morning, the 9th December 1849, at three A.M., we made the island of St Paul's, the southernmost of those twin rocks which frown in solitary grandeur in the midst of the Indian Ocean. The order was given to get the pinnace out, and away we went, steering for a conspicuous sugar-loaf rock, some 150 feet in height, which marked the entrance of the harbour, or, more properly, the lagoon.

After pulling for about half an hour, we reached the entrance of the harbour, where we descried a flagstaff displaying French colours, and several wooden houses, the residence of the owner of the island and his crew. Having volunteered to act as interpreter, I felt rather ‘unfrocked’ at hearing a loud hail, in capital English, ‘Boat ahoy!—keep well in with the shore, and come up to yonder wharf’—instructions which we followed implicitly, and soon jumped on to the dry land. We were received by three or four ugly-looking Madagascar negroes, who led us up to ‘the captain,’ whom we discovered surrounded with his lieutenants and people, apparently in grave deliberation. There was no mistaking his Gallic face, and I forthwith addressed him in French, stating the name of our ship and her destination, and requesting a supply of vegetables and poultry. He immediately invited us, with a certain rough *empressement*, into his house, and offered us breakfast, composed of Dutch cheese, potatoes, cold fowl, biscuit, and bad rum. The calls of hunger being satisfied, and a cursory inspection of the premises duly accomplished, we sallied out to explore the dominions of our new friend.

The island of St Paul's (for whose correct latitude and longitude I beg to refer to Horsburg) is *merely* the crater of an extinct volcano, extending ten miles in length and four or five in breadth. The crater now forms a circular lagoon, enclosed by steep and rocky walls from 800 to 700 feet in height, covered with a stunted vegetation of scrub, fern, and coarse grass. It is rarely visited by shipping, though lying directly in the track of vessels bound to Australia and the South-Sea fisheries. I did not learn how it first happened to be occupied; probably some freebooting adventurer was attracted thither by its merits as a fishing station. The lagoon forms a safe and commodious harbour for small craft, the bar at its entrance being covered at flood tide with ten or twelve feet of water. The present owner is a Frenchman, who had long been engaged in the trade between the Mauritius and Bourbon and the Cape of Good Hope; but having got into some trouble with the revenue officers, fled to the island in a small schooner of about sixty tons, manned by Madagascar slaves; and finding it occupied by a Pole named Mieroslowski (a brother of the Hungarian hero), he bought it of him for the sum of 2000 dollars; and forth-

with hoisting the tricolor, set up a petty sovereignty under the protection of his native flag. Here he instituted a system of rigid discipline, by means of which he contrived to keep the command of his wild followers, and train them to regular work. His ability and energy enabled him to conquer the natural difficulties of his new abode, and he now derives a handsome money income from the produce of his fisheries, making three or four voyages annually to Bourbon or Port Louis, where his old scores had been effaced by the hand of time.

The French Revolution of 1848 brought some change in his calculations, inasmuch as his black slaves all became free, and he is now fain to hire, at stated wages (which, however, are moderate enough), the labour of those poor devils, who were his property before. I was surprised to see no women on the island; and inquiring of him how it came to pass, he told me he had brought some with him at first, but they were the cause of so much quarrelling, that he had found it impracticable to govern his kingdom so long as they were in it, and he therefore shipped them back to the place whence they came. The inhabitants of the Rock consisted therefore of himself and two mates, two other Frenchmen, a half-caste boy, and fourteen Nossibé blacks—the ugliest looking negroes I ever beheld. They seemed to lead a not unpleasant life, with plenty to eat and little to do—the luxuries of the island being biscuit and tobacco, which they cannot always procure. Cows, goats, and rabbits roam about the rocks; and the cheerful cackling of hundreds of fowls forms a homely feature in the otherwise wild and rugged ensemble.—*Abridged from 'The Empire,' a new Sydney journal.*

KEAN AND GARRICK.

Edmund Kean was a great favourite of Mrs Garrick, the widow of the celebrated actor. Whenever it was desirable that a new performer at Drury Lane should make a hit, the committee used to bring the venerable old lady out to her private box, to say he reminded her of David. She said so, and this went the round of the papers accordingly. In the case of Kean she spoke honestly. He did remind her of her husband, and was nearer to him by many degrees than any actor she had ever seen, although both agreed he could not play Abel Dragger. Once in conversation he complained to her that the papers made terrible mistakes as to his conceptions of character, readings, points, and other peculiarities. 'These people,' said he, 'don't understand their business; they give me credit where I make no effort to deserve it, and they pass over the passages on which I have bestowed the utmost care and attention. They think because my style is now and appears natural that I don't study, and talk about the sudden impulse of genius. There is no such thing as impulsive acting; all is studied beforehand. A man may act better or worse on a particular night from particular circumstances, but the conception is the same. I have done all these things a thousand times in country theatres, and perhaps better, before I was recognised as a great London actor, and have been loudly applauded; but the sound never reached as far as London.' 'You should write your own criticisms,' replied the old lady; 'David always did so!'—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A HINDOO FAMILY.

It often happens, especially when there is a little property in a family, that what we would call a dozen families live together, and are esteemed by the Hindoos as one. We once knew a family of this kind which consisted of about sixty members. There was the old man, the patriarch of the family, his four sons and their wives, and ever so many grandchildren of both sexes. All these lived in one house, and had one purse and one table. One of the old man's sons was in government employ; another was a mollah, and taught English gentlemen the native languages; the eldest, as the

father could not then attend to business, was steward of the family, made all the purchases, and received the earnings of the other branches of the family; another son was a hanger-on without employment. The grandchildren of the male sex were either writing gratis as candidates in government offices, or at school, or at home, according to their respective ages. Several of the eldest of these again were also married, and had their wives with them. Many such families as this are to be found still among the Hindoos, where European intercourse has not disturbed the natural course of native society.—*Indian Paper.*

'I AM WEARY—TAKE ME HOME.'

THE pageant was imposing, and the gay assembled throngs,
With plaudits loud and rapturous, rewarded siren songs;
The players donn'd their regal robes as mimic kings and queens—
Ah! gold is oft to tinsel changed when view'd behind the scenes!
I knew there was one sadden'd heart which made an inward moan,
In all that goodly companie—for that heart was my own.

A chord was touch'd—a nerve was thrill'd—yet 'twas no dulcet strain,
Awoke the spell old strains can weave—wild memories of pain;
But 'twas because a little child, a fondled child, was nigh,
That recollection wander'd back to scenes and days gone by;
Supported by a mother's arm, to rest her drooping head—
'I am weary—take me home,' the engaging prattler said.

No longer that gay scene I saw—the song I heard no more—
For I was bounding merrily across a greensward floor;
And angel forms that flew away in young life's happy hours,
Disported with me once again all garlanded with flowers;
But when the lambs were in the fold, when gloaming hour had come,
The whisper came as surely—'I am weary—take me home.'

The vision changed—I stood within a dear familiar room;
'Twas darkened, and I long essayed to penetrate the gloom:
With silent awe I recognised a white-robed suffering saint
Waning towards eternity, with scarce a mortal taint;
She spoke with patient sweetness (surely angels waft such sighs)—
'I am weary—take me home'—then on earth she closed her eyes.

I gaze upon the stage of life—I know its tinsel glare,
Its hollowness and falsity, its promises so fair.
Its scenes of misery I view with sympathising heart,
Yet in its bright illusions never more to play a part.
Life's day is short—I rouse from sleep—for gloaming hour doth come,
When the pleading prayer ascends—'I am weary—take me home.'
C. A. M. W.

FRUITS.

Fruits are more acid in the morning than in the evening, because the sun's rays decompose their carbonic acid, and make them part with their oxygen, of which they do not gain a fresh supply until night.

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T I M E.

TIME is the life of God. We speak of eternity as if it were something contradistinguished from time; but it is merely a term to express our inability to imagine a beginning or an end to time. We cannot indeed imagine time as otherwise than eternal. Sublime thought! and sublime also in no small degree is our connection with it, even limiting our consideration of that connection to the present form of our existence. We can look but a little way forwards or backwards, and find even in that restricted range of vision much obscurity and doubt. Yet how grand to be able to extend in any degree whatever our notion of merely passing time—that in which we happen to live! It is like extending our very life itself. Upon this depends most of the pleasure which men have in historical or antiquarian research, and also in the investigations of geology, which may be called the antiquarianism of the pre-human world. The animal knows and can learn nothing of such things. The ignorant man, who lives only for the day, and in the day, is in the like predicament. It is the privilege of the studious and reflecting man of an advanced civilisation to know them, and to feel how greatly they exalt and expand his terrestrial being.

A zealous scientific inquiry into the past is of such modern date that our retrospect cannot as yet be considered as very clear or precise. It would be rash to lay great stress upon any of its deductions. It is interesting, however, to find that the general tendency of the research is to shew mundane things as of much longer endurance than was formerly supposed. Geology has already seen at an end all objections to the vast chronology which it seeks to establish for the world before man became its ruling inhabitant. Each of its many formations represents an enormous portion of time. Take that of the coal strata alone. If it be true, as most geologists now believe, that each bed of coal is only the last form of a bed of moss—that is, a decayed forest—how great must be the space of time involved in the production of the entire coal series, which in many places is composed of scores of such beds! Look again to the phenomena of disintegration, or the wearing away of rocks. The forming of a cliff by the beating of the waves is a process which we may well see, from the slowness of the operation before our eyes, to involve a great space of time. The wearing back of the Niagara fall from Queenstown to its present position has been estimated as requiring not less than twenty thousand years. Yet these are but the operations of the yesterday of geology. They are only the minutes of its day. And as the science goes on, more and more of such minutes are continually being found,

and inserted in the ever-increasing round. Well may the geologists talk of millions of years as involved in the history of that mere crust of the earth with which they deal!

To a perfectly corresponding purport is the voice of historical research. The commencement of the Egyptian monarchy, and consequently of a system of civilisation in that country, is now taken back many centuries before its former date. Some speak of nearly four thousand years before Christ, and none speak of fewer than four-and-thirty centuries. This is the result of an inquiry into hieroglyphical memorials. But that is not the only means by which we may supply the defect of expressly-written records. The scientific antiquary has dug into the earth for a chronicle of unlettered man, resembling that which geology supplies regarding the lower animals. He finds that all round the coasts of Europe, where civilised nations now dwell, there existed nations for a long series of ages prior to their getting either pens to write or iron wherewith to form implements of offence or of utility. Some came sooner to the use of these articles than others; it is, however, not less than three thousand years since, in some of them, that change took place. Now, in all of these countries there was a period when men, knowing not iron, made use of bronze (an alloy of copper) as a material for such implements. They could *found*, not *inlegantly*, but they only employed a comparatively unsuitable metal which chanced to occur in a form much more suggestive of its useful qualities than iron. This Bronze Age was one of long duration, though till lately its very existence was unknown. It is a chapter which we have to add to the written history of all European nations; but it is not the only one. Previous to this age, which was one involving some refinement, at least as far as that may be inferred from the state of the arts, there was a ruder one—a lower and earlier formation, as it were—a still older palæontology of the human race. The European nations could then only fashion arrow-heads and war-hammers, knives and chisels, implements for war, the chase, and domestic convenience, as well as ornaments for their persons, out of stone—the pebbles and flints which lay beneath their feet, and the first and readiest of all available materials. The series of events is most natural—the simplest labour and rudest expedients first; next something significant of an improved ingenuity and reflection. But what we have here to do with is the great and almost indefinite extension of human history by such means. The oldest of civilised nations appear to have had to pass through these prior stages, each expressing a long period. As

to Egypt, in particular, the memorials of a Stone Period are traced in the knives of obsidian, and other mineral implements, which, with the characteristic perseverance of religious usages, continued to be employed in embalming after better implements had been obtained for other purposes. Now, add to Egyptian history first a Bronze Period, and then a Stone Period, and it must be seen that we take back the actual commencement of the business of humanity in that region to a point earlier than the most fabulous historians could have ventured to dream of. It is as likely to be ten thousand years ago as five or six. And, after all, was this the oldest group of people describable as a nation? That the human race has lived longer on the earth than even the last-mentioned sum would indicate is manifest from other considerations—as, for example, the slowness of the process of modification by which various sections of the human family become distinguished from one another. If all men have come from one centre and one type, the space of time which would be required for enabling them to put on those peculiarities of figure, style of visage, and, above all, complexion, which we see they have retained with so little change throughout our thirty or five-and-thirty historical centuries, must have been immense. On such a point we can only go by vague impressions; but it does not appear very irrational to suppose that two hundred centuries may have elapsed—if not more than even that—since first the Maker of man placed him upon the earth.

When the results of scientific research are presented in even this imperfect form, if they only suffice to extend the reader's ideas of the duration of this mundane frame of things, they will surely be admitted to make good our starting proposition. It was at first thought ill of that the world was represented as being elder than six thousand years; but now that we have learned to think of it as so much older, how poor does the former idea appear! We must all feel that an ancient world is most correspondent to the Ancient of Days, by whom it was created.

While our contemplative connection with Time is made so grand by our sense of the antiquity of things, it must be admitted with a sigh that our actual or practical connection with it—still limiting our considerations to the present form of our being—is in some measure rendered disheartening by the same cause. When we think of humanity alone having lasted so long, and only advanced as yet to the point which we see, we become painfully aware of how small significance and efficacy is a generation of our race. The life of man was always seen to be a short-lived flower; but now it becomes proportionably much more so than ever. The most ardent seekers of reform and improvement are thus taught how little they can expect to accomplish in a lifetime, and how little of the results of their endeavours they can hope to look upon with earthly eyes. They take up the cause from others, and to others it must be resigned. This has always been, to a certain extent, known and admitted, and it involves some elevated views of human nature; for is there not something sublime in this zeal of working for results by which others are to benefit? To continue diligent in such working, when even more sensible of the shortness of individual life in proportion to the great movements of humanity, is so much the more grand. Not that men can justly be said to work on such a disinterested principle; but we know that in the very passions they obey in their efforts to advance in that indefinite improbability which forms the great distinguishing feature of our race, and which has so often been misdescribed as perfectibility, they are under the guidance of an Almighty Will which has arranged our destinies. Clearer knowledge as to the duration of time will never greatly alter the dispositions implanted in man. The individual coral polype works for the building up of

the great fabric which it requires myriads of creatures like itself to complete. Man works in the same way with respect to the great ends appointed for his race by the Creator, whether knowing much or little of the proportion which his single handiwork bears to the great design.

Perhaps there is an error in our ordinary way of contemplating human life. The egotism of man makes the seventy years' span of the individual appear as of the first consequence, and he naturally deprecates the brevity of the period, as with it begins and ends his concern with this world. But the succession of generations is a determinate arrangement attending organised things, for which there must have been powerful reasons in the councils of Omnipotence: continual renewal, it may be surmised, is necessary for the preservation of that portion of nature in a right and efficient condition. The single life appears on this view as an unimportant accident in the case. It might be more just to contemplate the life of a species, or even the life of all the species that were from first to last to occupy any particular planet—an idea at which we may well arrive after seeing it so amply demonstrated by modern science—had such instruction not been afforded through another channel—that both our own species had a beginning, and there was a time (much earlier) when this globe sustained no sort of living thing. Undoubtedly, if we remove our contemplation from the generation to the tribe or species, and think of each of these as one existence, and see how long that existence comparatively is, we must admit that the frail creatures tenantry the earth come into a more respectable relation to time than might have previously occurred to our minds.

While we may be allowed to indulge in such speculations—granting they be entitled to no better name—it is very certain, on the other hand, that man's chief business, as far as his present form of being is concerned, is with the term of individual existence. Let him stretch his soul backward into the farthest past, or forward into the remotest future, still to this little space on the Great Circle his thoughts must come home. Here really dwell his Interests and his Duties. Here must he approve himself a faithful servant of the great Master, if ever. It is most interesting to contemplate, as far as such a thing can be made objective, man going through this little space of time, busy with a thousand matters which seem to him of vast consequence, while viewed in relation to the whole of time they would sink into inappreciable trifles—overlooking all this their character in the grand relation, and rightly doing so, since otherwise the business of the world—the interests of the race at large—would be misconducted. Small, indeed, are the concerns of many: the tilling of an acre, the attending to some small part of a machine, doing some little piece of service to a superior, repeated in its trivial details every blessed day till the end; and yet how fitting and well that such little matters are not merely accomplished, but accomplished often with a gusto and a spirit that redeems them from commonplace! The humble creature feels as if he were doing great things for himself; and is he not really doing so, when he is clearly taking the part assigned by his capacity and the accidents of his birth in the great plan which God has willed? There are also touching views of time as regards the individual. It brings him domestic changes, many of them sorrowful. Sometimes he has a grief which he thinks can never be cured: Time lays on his soothing hand, and the wound closes. He cherishes a memory, and seeks to give it immortality: the stone, though outlasting the feeling, forgets its tale in twenty years, and no one can then say for what it was raised. And yet who would wish to assure a fellow-creature in the first burst of a righteous grief, that in a few months or years it would be forgotten?—or who would think of interposing to prevent that vain

effort to commemorate one who is solely distinguished in the eyes of affection? Times without number has the grief been felt and the affectionate recollection expressed, and yet it is but in the few recent cases that anything has been preserved. When the mourners themselves have disappeared, who are to keep alive the loss and the grief? What a grave of once-felt woes and heart-breakings is the past! Still it is part of nature that these things should be; and God, we may be assured, looks with compassion on distresses of which he knows the evanescence, and which by did by none but himself will remember to have ever existed.

TALES OF THE COAST-GUARD.

THE SMUGGLERS' HOSTAGE.

ONLY one of the seamen wounded in the brush with the smugglers' previously narrated recovered.* The other, James Norton, having been hit grievously on the left knee-cap, it was found necessary to take off the leg, and the poor fellow sank under the operation. The most energetic measures were, it may be supposed, immediately adopted to bring the guilty parties to justice. The government offered a large reward to any one—excepting, of course, those who fired the fatal shots—that would give information leading to the conviction of the offenders, and an active inquiry was at once set on foot, and vigorously carried on throughout the neighbourhood. The result was the apprehension of a number of persons to whom suspicion pointed, and the ultimate committal of five of them to the Winchester March asize on the capital charge. It was, however, very doubtful that we had secured one of the chief culprits. There was no evidence that the men in prison were owners of the goods attempted to be run, were armed at the time, or in any way concerned in the affair, save as temporary helpers; and even on this last point the proof with regard to two or three of them was by no means clear. From the blood-tracks leading to a considerable distance, discovered the morning after the affray, it was certain that the hurried and random shots of the seamen must have taken severe effect upon several of the fugitive contrabandists, but not one of these wounded men could be found; and it was greatly feared that the deaths of the two men would remain unavenged. Once during the preliminary investigation I thought we had a chance of letting daylight in upon the confused and foggy business. I was called out of the justice-room at Hamble, where the depositions were being taken before several of the county magistrates, to see a woman who said she had an important communication to make to me in private. This woman, a slightly person, with a clear, healthy, open English look, though now overcast with bitter grief, I had frequently seen before, and knew her to be the wife of one of the prisoners, Richard White by name, the youngest, and, as I thought, the least implicated of them all. They kept, I knew, a chandler's shop at Hythe, on the south shore of the Southampton River, and just on the skirts of the New Forest. But for one or two self-betraying words dropped in the flurry caused by his sudden apprehension, there was really nothing against him except that he had been seen in close, covert discourse with two of the other prisoners on the evening the unfortunate collision took place. His wife, I found, had been terribly scared by a remark of one of the magistrates, and the instant we were alone, she asked me with a hysterical whimper, if I really thought they would hang Richard.

'There cannot be two opinions about it,' I promptly replied, desirous of deepening the impression made upon her. 'In fact, morally speaking, I look upon him as half-hanged already.'

'Oh dear!—oh dear!' sobbed the woman. 'What, for mercy's sake, is to be done? Suppose,' she added hesitatingly—'suppose Richard to be willing, would he, do you think, be allowed to turn king's evidence?'

'He knows, then, who the rascals in chief are, where they are to be found, and'—

'I did not say that,' she hastily interrupted. 'I did not say that: I only meant supposing—suppose Richard'—

'Oh, never mind supposing!—don't think to bamboozle me with supposes!' I sharply rejoined. 'Persuade your husband to make a clean breast of it whilst there is yet time—if indeed it be not already too late,' I added, as the door of the justice-room opened, and the prisoners, handcuffed and strongly guarded, came out—'for both he and his companions are, I suppose, fully committed for trial.'

The wife screamed violently at the sight of her manacled husband—a youngish, meek-faced chap, looking as if butter would scarcely melt in his mouth—and endeavoured to embrace him, but was roughly pushed back by the constables. The examination, I found, had been adjourned till the next day, when the prisoners would be again brought up for the formal completion of the depositions.

Mrs White again approached me, as, after a few minutes' conference with the magistrates, I was leaving the place. She was yet paler than before, but had ceased whimpering; and there was a feverish light in her eyes which I thought indicated that she had taken a resolution, though seemingly a painful one.

'I worked, sir, as you are aware, many years for Miss Warneford before I married,' began the woman; 'and as she knows me to be honest and trustworthy, I thought perhaps you might be willing to help us through this trouble?'

'There is nothing like helping one's self, Mrs White, depend upon it,' I answered, 'in this as in every other trouble. Your husband can steer clear of the gallows without my assistance.'

'Are you sure, sir, that if Richard could point out where the men who shot Bailey and Norton are to be found, he would himself get clear?'

'There cannot be a doubt about it, and pocket the reward into the bargain.'

'No—no. God forbid! We'll have no reward—no blood-money!' she added with a shuddering whisper; 'not if it was the Indies of gold! We'll sell all, and leave this part of the country. When can I see Richard?' she resumed after a brief silence—'see him alone, away from the evil companions who have brought this shame upon him. I can persuade him, I know, to save his own life and mine.' Without further preface I conducted her to the solicitor for the prosecution, and it was arranged that she should have an interview with her husband early on the following morning previous to the final examination of the prisoners.

I was early in attendance at the temporary court-house the next day, where I found Mrs White sitting alone in a small waiting-room in a state of fevered yet dumb anxiety and fear. It was already whispered that her husband was to be admitted evidence for the crown, and the wife had sought the concealment and refuge of the anteroom from the scowling looks and muttered threats of the numerous groups of people waiting outside for the appearance of the prisoners. It was clear to me that she herself wavered in purpose and resolution, and, but for the belief instilled into her that there was no other mode of saving her husband from the gallows, would at once have retracted the solicitations to which it was understood he had reluctantly yielded. The moral code of the amphibious inhabitants of the coast did not, it must be borne in mind, affix any very deep stain upon the act of shooting the two seamen. It was done, according to them, in hot blood and self-defence, and though to

* Journal, No. 389.

be regretted for the victims' sake, was by no means to be looked upon in the light of a common or deliberate murder. This state of opinion of course branded the expected betrayal of his comrades by Richard White as a dastardly crime of the blackest dye; and when he was brought up, a yell of execration burst forth which completely unnerved him, and I greatly feared that the necessary disclosures would not be made. As he was passing the door of the waiting-room where his wife sat cowering with shame and terror, he stepped eagerly towards her, seized her almost fiercely by the hands, and exclaimed in a shaking voice: 'I cannot do it, Martha—I can't, and I won't.' The poor woman burst into tears, and with a choking voice, as she clung round his neck, urged him, though flatteringly, to save his own life—hers—that of their child. The pleadings of the wife and mother were again successful—the more easily, perhaps, that the hootings of the mob had ceased, or at all events could not be heard where he then stood. The prisoner was immediately conducted before the magistrates, and I went in at the same time. The chairman briefly assured him that if he should be the means of bringing the men who actually slew Batley and Norton to justice, there could be no doubt the king's pardon would be extended to him. White trembled very much while thus addressed, and his changing countenance plainly shewed how violent were the conflicting impulses by which he was alternately swayed and dominated. At last he spoke, but the first faint, husky words were interrupted by the vehement yet indistinct cry of a woman; and then his wife burst into the room, wildly exclaiming: 'No, no, Richard—don't—not a word, for God's sake—not a word!' The apparently frantic woman, before any one could interfere, reached, threw her arms round her husband, and whispered something, with rapid and smothered accents, in his ear, which it was immediately plain would deprive us of our witness. The woman's inflamed, disordered aspect was perfectly maniacal; and the moment she saw that White comprehended her meaning, away she flew out of the room with the same wild hurry she had exhibited on entering. The suddenness of the thing took everybody completely by surprise, and excused the fault of the constables in permitting her to approach the prisoner. After the lapse of a few minutes White was again asked if he had any statement to make: 'Only,' he doggedly answered, 'what I've said afore—that I am innocent of the sailors being shot, and mortal sorry for it too!' Nothing further could be got out of him. The angry and menacing warning of the chairman produced no impression; and finding both threats and expostulations useless, White was finally committed with the other prisoners, to take their trials at the Hampshire assize on the charge of wilful murder. The woman's extraordinary behaviour had been caused, it was conjectured, by a communication made to her by a seafaring man a minute or two after her husband had gone into the justice-room. She had instantly, on leaving the court-house, taken boat for Hythe.

Weeks wore away, and the month of January had arrived without bringing any additional fact to light in connection with the affair. In the meantime I had been zealous and active in my vocation, but although tolerably successful, not nearly so much so as I conceived the many sources of private information I had in various ways contrived to obtain, the carefully arranged and boldly-executed schemes I had devised, and the perseverance with which I followed them up, entitled me to expect. The smuggling fraternity proved keener hands than I had judged them to be, not unfrequently taking the wind suddenly out of my sails when upon the most ingeniously-contrived tack, and at the very moment I was hugging myself upon assured success. This remarkable sagacity in penetrating my designs, when just on the eve of fulfilment, gave rise to numberless hazy suspicions which I was exceedingly

anxious to clear up, and it was not long before a very unexpected and remarkable opportunity of doing so occurred.

I was fond of wild-fowl shooting, and occasionally used to amuse myself with a duck-gun upon the Southampton Water, chiefly off Marchwood and Millbrook, up towards Redbridge, where tolerable sport was frequently to be found. One afternoon, when thus engaged, accompanied by one of the cutter's crew, in a small hired boat, it suddenly came on about half-past three to snow furiously. I had gone rather high up the river, and as the tide was flowing, the pull back to Southampton in such bitter and blinding weather was an unpleasant and laborious one. I took an oar just to keep myself from freezing, and we had reached off Cracknor Hard, near Marchwood, when I caught sight of a large boat, whose character and present occupation could not be mistaken. She was about to creep up, as it is called, a number of tubs sunk there under adverse circumstances perhaps, or in order to their being fished up and secured at the first favourable opportunity. There could be no doubt with respect to the business in hand, as I could distinctly see two men, about two hundred yards apart on the shore, waving their arms to shape the boat's course to the exact spot where the tubs had been deposited. The mode by which the contraband confederacy manage to place a precise and—the great point—an invisible mark, where a boat or larger vessel may find it prudent to sink her cargo, is simple and ingenious enough: two persons on shore, standing two or three hundred yards apart—the boat or vessel being about midway between them—first carefully mark the places on which they stand, and then each of them notes the object on the opposite shore in line with the boat and himself. It is obvious that the two men have but to stand again in the same places, and wave the boat into line with the distant object—to the point, in fact, where the line of sight of both meet and cross, and the exact spot will be ascertained and reached. If there be no opposite shore or distant fixed objects, the operation is more difficult and uncertain, but to clever and practised hands a star will suffice. This process in trigonometry was now going on; and considering that we were near the shore, and almost within call of assistance—that there were but five men in the boat, all probably unarmed, whilst we had a loaded duck-gun and a pair of double-barrelled pistols, which the frequently sudden exigencies of the service had taught me never to be without—and that, moreover, the Nelson school in which I had graduated instructed its pupils not to count adverse odds too curiously, I determined to make one amongst them—two, rather, if the man with me, who had only about a couple of months previously entered on board the *Rose*, should prove worth anything, as of course I supposed he would.

Our two oars were at once unshipped; and first ordering the man to take the gun and lie close in the bow of the boat, I seated myself at the stern, and sculled quietly stem on towards the smuggler. The atmosphere was so thick with the driving snow and fast-falling darkness, and we glided so noiselessly through the water, that I nothing doubted of closing unobserved with the busy and preoccupied smuggler, when that rascal Rawlings jumped suddenly to his feet, exclaiming in a loud voice: 'They have mizzled, sir; let me help pull!' and then seizing an oar without waiting for a reply, he made a circle with it through the air, and let it fall heavily into the row-lock. Sure enough they saw us plainly enough now, and were off in a crack, and at a speed which rendered pursuit both hopeless and absurd. Rawlings, unable to face me, kept his eyes fixed in the direction of the smuggler; and upon reflection I was rather glad he did so, as my first impulsive movement, with the half-formed intention of throwing him overboard, had thereby, I thought, escaped his notice. A

few moments restored my habitual self-restraint, and I said as calmly as I could: 'They are off indeed, and it is quite useless striving to overtake them. Do you take both oars, and pull as quickly as you can to the near steps of Southampton quay.' He did so, and I presently bethought me of discharging the gun, since there was no longer the chance of a shot either at ducks or smugglers. It happened, I could not conceive how, that the mouth of the barrel had become choked with snow, and it consequently burst, about twelve inches down, scattering the fragments in all directions. I was unhurt, but Rawlings uttered a sharp cry of pain, dropped the oars, and clapped his hands to his forehead. A jagged piece of iron had struck him there, and the wound, though I could see not at all a serious one, bled profusely. He either was, however, or pretended to be in great pain, and I determined on landing at Cracknor Hard, and getting the hurt looked to. This was done. A Marchwood practitioner examined the wound, stanching the hemorrhage, and jestingly remarking how fortunate it was the iron had struck so slightly-susceptible a part as the head, pronounced the injury to be unimportant. This opinion the man did not at all coincide with. He still appeared to suffer greatly, and I agreed that he should sleep at the public-house—the only one there—for that night at all events, and if not quite restored, the next also; but to report himself on board on the day following at the latest. This arrangement effected, I walked to Hythe, and there took boat for the *Rose*, then lying about three miles farther down the river, very earnestly employed the while in running up various trifling matters previously logged against Rawlings to a certainly significant though still perplexing sum-total. There was, however, I did not doubt, a good time coming, and that I determined patiently and very watchfully to await.

I had arranged to dine the next day and spend the evening with my sister and a few friends; and accordingly, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, I arrived at Pear-Tree Green. Important news awaited me. Mrs White had been there in a state of great agitation, to request that I would cross over to Hythe as soon as it was dusk, where, on landing, I should be met by a girl in a red shawl, who would conduct me to her. It was necessary, she left word, that I should be alone, and not in uniform, but well armed; and that it would be advisable a strong party of the cutter's men should be ordered to lie within hail off the Hythe landing-place. Fortunately the boat which had brought me to Itchen had not yet proceeded on its return, and I immediately sent for the coxswain, Tom Sawley, a man in whom I had entire confidence, and gave him directions in accordance with Mrs White's suggestions. I then swallowed a hasty dinner, changed my dress, crossed over the ferry, and it being quite dark when I reached the Southampton Quay, at once embarked in a wherry for Hythe. A girl in a red shawl was, I found, waiting on the Hard, and the instant I had landed, she walked smartly away. I followed, and she led on in the direction of Fawley. We had left the village about half a mile behind us, when the girl gradually checked her hitherto rapid pace till I had come up within speaking or rather hearing distance. She then, still continuing her walk, and without looking round, said: 'That whitewashed cottage yonder on the right, Captain Warneford, is the place where Mrs White expects you. Take no notice of me, and walk in without knocking. There may be people watching us now.' The cottage pointed out was about a couple of hundred yards ahead, and there was no other habitation that I could see near it. I walked on as the girl directed, lifted the latch, and there, sure enough, stood Mrs White alone, as pale as a spectre, and shaking with nervous agitation. It was a wretched place, with a clay-floor, and the only articles of furniture visible in the dull light of a penny candle were a crazy three-clawed

round table, two broken rush-bottomed chairs, and a rusty iron fender and poker. This was not, be it understood, Mrs White's home.

'Now, then, Mrs White,' I said after a brief recognition, 'bear a hand, if you please, with whatever communication you intend to favour me with. I trust also,' I added, finding she did not answer so quickly as, in my impatience, I thought she ought to have done, 'that you will keep this time a steady, straightforward course, and not suddenly double and run off when least expected to do so. You know what I mean.'

'I do; and presently I will tell you why I acted so strangely. I have now to inform you that the men who are believed to have killed Batley and Norton are within two miles of this spot. They are four—though one, Tom Etheridge, need care little now for earthly kings or justices. He is dying, if not already dead. They were all wounded by pistol-shots. Three have been for some time recovered, and to-morrow night they quit the Forest, I think, for the Welsh coast, if you permit them to do so.'

'If it depend on me, my good woman, you may be sure that Winchester, not Wales, will be their destination.'

'One of the cutter's men, Sam Rawlings, is a confederate of the smugglers.'

'By Jupiter, I have thought so!' I interrupted. 'The impudent rascal! But never mind, go ahead.'

'The boat which he risked a good deal yesterday, he says, to prevent falling into your hands, is that in which they propose to take their departure, Rawlings with them, who is determined not to trust himself again on the deck of the *Rose*.'

'He is right: but go on—who are the others?'

'The chief of them is Daniel Squibb: you must have heard of him.'

'Frequently, and always as a hardened, reckless ruffian with whom the trade of smuggling is but an occasional, and, compared with others he indulges in, a respectable occupation.'

'That,' said the woman in a low voice and with a perceptible shudder, 'is, I believe, quite true. The others, besides Etheridge, are Harry Withers and William Stokes. You must also know them by name at least.'

'I do. And now what is to hinder us from summoning the men, who no doubt by this time are off the Hard, and securing the fellows—but two miles distant you say—at once?'

'That cannot be,' promptly rejoined the woman in a peremptory tone. 'That cannot be, Lieutenant Warneford. You must first meet those desperate men alone.'

'Alone! You must have lost your senses to propose such a thing!'

'It would be no wonder if I had,' she sadly replied; 'and I have no doubt that I shall do so if you fail me. I cannot think you will: you are known to be a daring man, and in a close hand-to-hand struggle must, I should think, from sheer personal strength, as well as frequent practice, be more than a match for any ruffian, however powerful.'

This very complimentary speech took me thoroughly aback. 'Why, what the deuce, Mrs White,' I cried, 'are you talking about? I am not certainly so likely to faint at the click of a pistol-lock or the flash of a cutlass as a school-girl; still I have by no means the enthusiastic love for close hand-to-hand encounters with desperate men which you appear to suppose.'

'I will explain,' said the agitated woman, 'as briefly as I can. You must recollect my little boy—you have frequently seen him at Miss Warneford's?'

'Ay—a little rosy-cheeked fellow, four or five years of age.'

'Yes,' ejaculated the mother with a spasmodic cry of grief. 'He, the light, and joy, and hope of my life, has been taken from me!'

'Dead!'

'No, no; but worse—far worse I fear, but that I trust in you. You remember the morning my husband was to have told the magistrates where the men whose names I have mentioned might be found?'

'To be sure I do, and the fool's trick you caused him to play us and himself.'

'It was no fault of mine. The rumour that Richard intended to turn king's evidence was—how I know not—in everybody's mouth hours before he had promised me to do so. A minute after my husband entered the justice room with you, a man came to me and whispered that my child had been secured as a hostage, and was at that moment in Squibb's power, who had sworn to kill him should the hiding-place of the ruffians be discovered through my husband's or any other person's information. The villain would, I knew, keep his dreadful word were he certain of being hacked in pieces the next moment for doing so. I hastened home in a state almost of frenzy, to find the terrible statement true. The child had been wiled away, no one I dared question knew by whom, or how, or when. He is still in Daniel Squibb's power, and should they be attacked, the first victim would, I well know, be my child. I have since ministered to their necessities like a slave, in the hope that when they left the place my boy would be restored. Yesterday I was told by Squibb himself that he should, for fear of accidents, take the child away with them; and if he does,' exclaimed the unfortunate creature with a wild bitterness of grief, 'I should never see him more—never, except perhaps at the hulks, or the gallows, for which he would be fitly trained. Save me, Lieutenant Warneford,' cried the frantic woman as she fell on her knees and strove to grasp mine—'save me from that living death: my boy from the horrible fate which must else overtake him. You have faced death a hundred times for mere honour's sake, and will you now shrink back when humanity, compassion, generosity, pleading for a helpless, brokenhearted woman—for the menaced life, far more, the menaced soul, of an innocent child—implore your help?'

This was certainly a very delightful predicament to find one's self suddenly and unexpectedly placed in, and I must say that I was quite as much puzzled and confounded as excited and distressed. Here was a little woman, certainly somewhat, and yet not much above her class, all at once endowed with, and breaking into a strain of pathetic and reproachful eloquence for my especial benefit; and for the benevolent purpose, as it seemed—for I as yet hardly comprehended what she was exactly driving at—of inducing me to sacrifice my own life in order to afford her a chance, and a poor one, of saving her son's!

Still the woman's agony of grief affected me, and I said as I raised her up: 'If you can shew me, Mrs White, that there is a fair chance of success, it will be another matter. What is it you propose?'

'This!' she answered with great readiness. 'The girl you saw will go for the men. The instant they arrive you, I, and they will set out together. The sailors must stop at a spot within about three-quarters of a mile of Squibb's and his companions' hiding-place. You and I will go on. I shall enter the place with a message from Ilawlings, whom I saw about three hours ago. They are without any light at night; I can secretly introduce you into the building, and place you in concealment close to Squibb and the child. I will then return for the men. We will approach as silently and swiftly as possible, and when near you will hear this.' She whistled a bar of a popular tune. 'It is their private signal-whistle, and will not alarm them. When the rush takes place, Squibb will endeavour to seize and slay the child; but a brave and powerful man like you will surely be able to shield the boy, even against all three of the ruffians, during the very short time that will elapse before they are completely overpowered?'

'Upon my word, Mrs White,' I said, 'you have sketched a very pretty play, which I have no doubt would go off to the entire satisfaction of everybody except the person you propose honouring with the principal part. Why not let the seamen approach, in the first instance, within call of the fellows' hiding-hole? That would greatly diminish the risk.'

'That would never do,' she said; 'they would certainly be discovered, and the child would be at once massacred out of revenge.' In short, she had such a multiplicity of replies to all I could urge against the scheme, and was so vehement in her entreaties, that seeing that it was not an altogether desperate undertaking, and remembering how anxious the gentry at headquarters were to secure the slayers of the two seamen, which object could not be accomplished without Mrs White's aid, I at last agreed to try the venture.

'You give me your word of honour as a gentleman,' said Mrs White, 'that after I have shewn you where to find Squibb and his comrades you will not attack them in any other mode than that upon which we have agreed?' I gave the required pledge; the girl in the red shawl, furnished with the necessary credentials, started off to summon the men; and the instant they arrived we made silently, in a zig-zag direction, towards Fawley, keeping ourselves as much as possible within the shade of the forest trees. After about twenty minutes' march the men were halted, and Mrs White and I proceeded alone.

She stopped as we were about to emerge into a more open part of the forest. 'Look there!' she whispered. 'You see the farm building in the direction of the light beyond?' I nodded assent. 'It is there the men you seek are sheltered. The farmer to whom it belongs,' added the woman with a meaning smile, 'has never been near it since Squibb happened to find the key in the outer-door, and no one would think of suspecting so very respectable a man of harbouring smugglers. Now, Lieutenant Warneford,' she continued with great seriousness of manner, 'attend to what I say. There is a man always looking out from an upper loft. You see the hedge on the right: crawl along the further side of it, and make cautiously for the gable-end of the building. There is a small door there which I will gently open. A few feet within there is a ladder leading to the place where the men lie, but you will be concealed from them by a number of trusses of hay and straw: the seamen must rush in at the large gates, of which I have got a duplicate key.'

Having thus spoken Mrs White moved swiftly off, leaving me, I must confess, in no very enviable state of mind. Her scheme, ugly enough at first view, did any thing but improve upon more intimate acquaintance, and I had half a mind not to proceed further with it. There were, it seemed, four sturdy ruffians, including the look-out—now for the first time heard of—to contend with; and should I be discovered before the arrival of the seamen, the result could scarcely be problematical. Nevertheless, sustained by the professional contempt of danger in which I had been reared, the knowledge that I possessed remarkable skill with the pistol, and the recollection of many perhaps greater perils successfully overcome, I ventured on, and in about ten minutes found myself close by the door at the gable-end. So far all was well. I could hear a confused murmur of voices within, but nothing distinctly. At last the door gently opened, and Mrs White appeared at the aperture. She was, I saw, ghastly pale and trembling with terror now the moment of trial had come, bravely as she before talked of the business. Her finger was on her lip, and she motioned me to go in. I did so as softly as if I had been treading on eggs. The door closed behind me, and it was black as the inside of a tar-barrel. In a few moments my eyes became better accustomed to the darkness, and perceiving the ladder—a weak,

slight affair—I placed my right foot softly upon one of the lower rungs, which, the instant my weight was fairly upon it, snapped short in the middle with a loud crack. 'What's that?' cried one of the fellows in a fierce voice, apparently a few inches only overhead. 'It's me,' promptly replied Mrs White, who was standing just without the door, listening in terrified silence. 'Do you want me?' 'Not I,' returned the surly savage; 'only mind you don't forget—for I don't like your looks, as I told you—that upon the first alarm I'll blow this young un's head off as sure as my name is Daniel Squibb. I say,' he again called out after a few moments' silence, 'what time did you say Sam Rawlings would be here?'

'About ten o'clock he said,' answered Mrs White. A grunt of satisfaction was the only reply. The door again closed, and I, with better fortune than before, noiselessly ascended the crazy ladder. A small corner of the floor, I found on reaching it, was partitioned off from the rest, as Mrs White had stated, by trusses of hay and straw, behind which I crawled, and after a while contrived to get a view of the amiable party to whom I found myself in such dangerous proximity. The moon shone brilliantly in upon them, and I could see their features distinctly. They were all dressed and armed with pistols stuck in their waist-belts. The great brawny figure of Daniel Squibb was stretched upon a heap of straw, covered by some dirty blanketing, and by his side lay a young child—fast asleep, I thought, judging by the natural ease and grace of his reclining posture. Two others, Stokes and Withers, were sitting half up in similar beds, and farther on lay a fourth. It required but one look at the white, rigid, pinched features, and open blindly-staring eyes, to recognise it as the recently-deceased, untended corpse of Etheridge, whom I had frequently seen. Excepting frequent pulls at the black bottles, one of which stood by the side of each of the living men, there was nothing done or said for some time. At last Squibb, happening to look in the direction of the dead body, said with a half shudder: 'Throw a blanket over the face, Harry; it ain't pleasant to look upon, specially just now.'

'It's a good thing though,' resumed Squibb, after another suck at the brandy bottle—'it's a good thing he's gone. We can be off now without any fear of leaving him to peach upon us. But for that we might have nizzled two or three weeks ago.'

'Ay, Matey,' replied Withers, 'that's true, but I misdoubt Mother White.'

'So do I; but this young fellow here will keep her within bounds. She don't seem to have any notion that we are off to-night.'

'I don't think,' said Withers; and the trio relapsed into silence, broken only by the *glug glug* of the liquor they swallowed, as it glided out of the necks of the bottles down their seasoned and unslakable throats.

Mrs White expected to return with the men in about half an hour; but that time had long past, and still they came not. I was becoming feverishly impatient, when the signal-whistle was heard, instantly replied to by the look-out in the loft above.

'Who can this be?' said Squibb. 'It's not time for Rawlings yet, according to Mrs White.'

The three fellows rose and listened anxiously, and I observed Squibb take a pistol from his belt and cock it.

The look-out man now made his appearance. 'It's only Rawlings,' he said.

'All right!' echoed Squibb, evidently greatly relieved, and returning the pistol to its place.

Presently I heard footsteps approaching by the way. I had entered. The only thing apparently now to be done was to sell my life as dearly as I could, and I collected myself in the dark corner where I was shrouded for that purpose. The new-comer stepped briskly up;

and without pausing to look round, made his way over the hay and straw to his friends.

'You are early, Sam,' remarked Squibb. 'White's wife said you would not be here till ten o'clock.'

'I wasn't going to tell her exactly when I was coming or we were going.'

'All right!' interjected Squibb with an approving nod.

'Dick Hessel's boat will be off Luttrell's Folly at twelve o'clock to-night precisely,' added Mr Rawlings.

'That's capital, Sam!' replied the chief of the gang. 'And you, I suppose, mean to shove off with us?'

'That I do indeed. The skipper smells a rat, and I shall be brought up with a round turn when least expected or desired if I don't make myself scarce, now I have an opportunity.'

'I should like to catch that Mr Warneford,' said Squibb with a bitter, venomous accent, and his blood-shot eyes, inflamed with drink, sparkled with deadly ferocity—'I should like to catch that fellow within a couple or so of yards of this little barker'—and he again drew forth and flourished a long pistol—'some fine night with nobody but ourselves within sight or hearing, and if I didn't drill a neat hole through his canister, it would be a pity, that's all.' The other fellows savagely coincided in Squibb's pleasant aspiration.

'It was a bold stroke entering on board the *Rose*,' continued Rawlings; 'but it's getting much too risky now, so that—Hollo!—who's that, I wonder?'

It was a repetition of the signal-whistle, and, judging by the tremulous weakness with which it was given, I guessed by whom. The five fellows—for the look-out had not returned to his perch—became rigid and breathless with eager attention. The whistling was repeated. 'That's Martha White,' said Squibb: 'what but mischief can bring her here again?' He then grasped the little boy, who had been for some time awake, with fierce violence by the hair. 'Dare to whimper,' he said in low, deadly tones, 'or breathe louder than usual—only dare!'

'Lend me a back,' said one of the fellows, 'that I may look out at the window.'

'Hark!' cried Squibb. 'There is some one unlocking the front gate. Who should that be? Look over the stairs, Stokes—quick! quick! By all the devils, if it be, as I suspect, I will blow this imp's brains out whatever be the consequence—quick!' and the ruthless savage held the muzzle of the pistol within six inches of the head of the boy, who seemed dumb with terror.

I hesitated for a moment how to act. To shew myself, and rush upon the scoundrel, would in all probability precipitate the child's fate, Squibb now being at a distance of four or five yards from me. Adopting another expedient, in full reliance upon my oft-tried skill and coolness, I took deliberate aim at the ruffian's head, steadying my arm upon a haytruss, and waiting only to be sure as to who the new-comers were.

'Who is it?' again fiercely demanded Squibb. 'Speak, will you?'

'Betrayed!' shrieked Stokes. 'The coast-guard are upon us!'

As the first syllable left the man's lips I fired. The report was followed by a frightful yell from Squibb. The bullet had struck his right jaw and broken it. He whirled round with the sudden agony, and the pistol in his hand dropped harmlessly on the floor. The next moment all was uproar, confusion, and dismay—the loud shouts of the sailors, the frenzied screams of the woman, and the maledictions of the smugglers, who, after a vain show of resistance, essayed to escape by the way I had entered, mingling in deafening uproar and confusion. They were all secured except Rawlings, who contrived to escape; and very luckily for him that he did so, or unquestionably the reward for

his share in the business would have been an hour's dangle at the yard-arm. The instant I shewed myself *Squibb*, though frightfully mangled, and for some moments stunned with pain, snatched another pistol from his belt, covered me, fired, missed, and I immediately grappled him. He was a burly, powerfully-framed man, but he was so enfeebled by drink, his recent illness, and present wound, that I pinned him to the floor almost without an effort; and as soon as the bustle was over he was properly secured, and carried off, foaming and blaspheming with rage. Mrs White hugged her child, so fortunately rescued, with convulsive passion, while incoherently pouring forth joy and thanksgiving to Heaven and blessings upon me.

The prisoners were tried and found guilty of the capital charge, Richard White being admitted as approver, but neither of them suffered the extreme penalty of the law. They were all, however, transported—three for life, and the others for varying terms. White and family removed, I believe, to London. They never claimed the reward.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

A BEARING July day, which in many an inland place would have been far too hot to admit of exercise, but which was rendered delightful by the invigorating influence of the sea-breeze, was that which I selected for a view of the bogs in their summer beauty; yet although the said sea-breeze had wonderful effect in mitigating the heat of the atmosphere, I thought it wise to keep still during the early hours of the day, and not to start on my expedition until after an early dinner. I also considered that the pleasure of my ramble would be enhanced if I indulged myself with a donkey to take me to the scene of action, so that I might not arrive there fagged and heated by a rather over-long walk, and thereby in some degree unfitted for making the serious attack which I meditated on the treasures of the bog. Behold me, then, at about four o'clock, with my botanical case slung to the pommel of my saddle, and my donkey-boy armed with a basket and trowel, for the purpose of securing any roots I might wish to get, and with my mind full of cheerful visions of coming pleasure, setting forth on my expedition. I chose the shady lanes through Knowle, considering that by so doing we should be less exposed to the rays of the sun, and proposing to return by the heathy hills when the cool air of the evening would be streaming over them.

Our course lay through a succession of true 'Devonshire lanes,' lanes which are so devious, and lead into each other in such a manner that you may not unfrequently, after walking for an hour, find yourself at the very point from which you set out. We, however, were no novices, and made no false turnings. Passing through a deep cut in the red sandstone rock, high banks of which—clothed at intervals with hawthorns and other plants and flowering shrubs, and on which I am told the apple-moss (*Bartramia pomiformis*) grows—rising on each hand, and the sand lying so deep under foot as to make it difficult to get on, we at last entered on a verdant lane, and fell on the course of the most limpid of brooks, some five or six feet wide, along the side of which—but, alas! the side out of our reach—stood a rank of most noble foxgloves (*Digitalis purpurea*), hanging their spotted purple bells over the water, mixed with groups of elegant ferns, some erect, others drooping and feathering the edge of the stream with their verdant foliage, the whole array so beautiful that I

could scarcely turn my eyes from it. And then the scintillations of light which glimmered on the waters as its bustling little waves caught the sunbeams breaking through the leafy trees above added new beauties to the scene; and as each little wave caught the light in its turn, and then hastened on into the deeper shade beyond, yielding the gilded passage to another, which as rapidly passed by, it read me a moral lesson on the fleeting nature of the brightest of earthly honours.

My first discovery of Daleage was merely accidental, for I had never heard that such a place existed. I was riding over the hill, when a sudden turn in the by-road I was pursuing brought the lovely little spot into sight. Just before me lay a small patch of richly-wooded ground, the trees in their full spring verdure, and under their shadow stood a group of picturesque cottages, with all the usual adjuncts of labourers resting at their doors, surrounded by their children—cows assembled for milking, &c. &c. It was quite a Gainsborough scene. Above the little orchard which flanked the cottages lay a sort of petty turn, overhung by beautiful trees. I found, on a nearer view, that this was in fact merely the brook widened, and forming a milldam, around the edges of which wild-flowers had congregated, apparently undisturbed for ages. From this dam flowed the brook whose course I had been following, which, after passing through the village of Budleigh Salterton, eventually joined the sea just opposite my cottage. What a treasure is a clear-flowing brook! From its little spring-head, where the peasant fills his water-can, or waters his flock, on it flows over rock, bog, or plain, through wood and wild, to the fair meadows, which become fairer from its reviving presence. As it widens, it becomes perhaps a harbour for the speckled trout and other fish, which tempts the angler to linger beneath those noble oaks and elms which grace its border; and then it ripples in a slow shallow stream over the pebbles and stones which obstruct its course, forming a pleasant and safe place for the cottage children to dabble with their bare feet, and to swim their little boats. A little farther on it may extend itself into a dam, and turn the mill-wheel, thus benefiting the whole district through which it passes; and after affording to many a rustic family a bountiful supply of that element so needful to life and comfort, on it goes, its banks ever fringed with flowers, and its course marked by its fertilising influences, straight on its appointed course to the river or sea, which is its ultimate destination, exhibiting as it flows a striking emblem of the course of a quiet, healthy-minded Christian, walking in his appointed path, and striving to do good to all around him, his unobtrusive life noticeable only from the marks of usefulness and the kindly charities which flow out on all within the sphere of his influence.

The brook-side and the hill are all a maze of flowers, and the bog a perfect 'paradise of dainty devices.' So I leave Jack, my donkey, to browse among the fern leaves, and in defiance of mud, make my way down to the water's edge. But oh the disappointment I experience on finding that the flowers which looked so temptingly attainable are all ensconced behind an edge of black bog, mud, and water! There is the beautiful bog-bean (*Menyanthes trifoliatum*), with its great trefoil leaves, and lovely fringed blossoms by the hundred, all but within reach; but even with the aid of a crooked stick, and advancing till I get such a taste (as Paddy

would say) of the black mud, that further care of my dress is superfluous, I cannot gather them myself! Like Cowper—

'With cane extended, far I sought
To steer them close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand!'

Alas! no water-spaniel had I to help me to get my water-lily; so making a virtue of necessity, I agreed that George, my donkey-boy, who had long been pressing such a stop on my attention, should take off his shoes and stockings, and wade into the mud; and now nothing hindered me from the delight of possession, and large handfuls of the exquisite flower were safely landed, and stowed away in my tin-case. The bog-bean, or marsh-trefoil, as it is sometimes called, is of the natural order *Gentianeae*, and contains throughout the plant that strong, bitter principle which makes some individuals of this species so valuable in medicine. The *menyanthes* itself is used among the peasantry, especially in the Highlands, for a tonic decoction, and is also not unfrequently employed as a substitute for hops. The flower is very elegant—its calyx is firm and sturdy, divided into five segments;—as is the corolla, which is formed of one petal, and its disk covered with white, threadlike fibres, which look like a most delicate white fringe. The texture of the petal is like that of a lily, and its hue a soft flesh colour, tipped with red. The flowers grow in racemes—that is, numerous flowers, each on a separate footstalk, and arranged on a common flower-stalk—the stem rising from a sheath at the base of the leaf. The leaves are ternate, or divided into three leaflets, which are slightly toothed, and both in colour and texture, though not in form, resembling those of the common broad bean. The flower-stalks rise from ten to fourteen or sixteen inches in height, and the leaf-stalks are nearly as long, but not so upright in their growth. The plants are gregarious; and where they grow at all, they spread freely, forming large groups, the roots being so densely matted as even sometimes to render firm the ground of the bog where they grow. And this fact reminds me, that a little digression on the best means of safely effecting an inroad on a bog may not be amiss, and may save a young beginner in the art of bog-trotting sundry discomfitures. In the first place, then, *never* on such an expedition wear any attire which it would distress you to get well muddled. In shabby clothes you are above minding such trifles as a stumble or even a downright fall into the mire; but woe to the lady who ventures into a bog in a handsome dress! Her temper and spirits will surely sink even lower than her feet, and all the flowers she may gather will not compensate for her anxiety and loss of composure. Then make it a rule never to plant your foot on any spot which looks tempting, and presents a dainty carpet of moss and sun-dew: be sure that where the pale green and red are most brilliant, and the surface looks the most lovely, there lies below a deep pool of the blackest mud and coldest water, into which your foot will sink to a depth enough to reach your ankle, if not to plunge you forward, so that the other foot will follow the leader, and make you a spectacle to behold! and very likely you will not escape without leaving one of your shoes at least at the bottom of the mire. Now all this may be in a great measure avoided by carrying a good, strong, and long stick in your hand, and testing with it every place whereon you may think of stopping. Then take it as a rule, that those spots where the roots of rushes or ferns have been so long established as to make a sort of bristly hillock, will be safe footing; and if you place one foot on one of these, then, supporting yourself with your stick, draw the other carefully after it, and from thence feel for your next landing-place, you may tra-

verse a great part of a bog, and come in contact with some of its richest treasures, without being much the sufferer; but, with all care, bog-work is and must be dirty work; and the only plan to feel at ease when bent on exploring, is to wear shabby clothes, and be provident enough by carrying with you some clean shoes and stockings, with which, in some cottage or thicket, you may replace your wet ones, to avoid all chance both of cold and discredit.

After we had sufficiently supplied ourselves with the coveted flowers, my boy George and I parted company—he to scour with his bare feet the less accessible parts of the bog, and I to pursue my more modified course how and as I could; whilst Jack, all exultant, enjoyed festival, and cropped the herbage round him. One of my first spoils was a delicate little yellow-blossomed flower, with soft, downy leaves, which was quite new to me. It had rounded leaves and creeping stems about six inches long—the whole plant prostrate and hairy. I found, on my return home, that it was the marsh St John's wort (*Hypericum elodes*), a plant by no means common even in bogs, to which it is entirely confined. The whole tribe of the *Hypericineae*, of which I hope hereafter to give a general sketch, is very interesting to me; but the *Hypericum elodes*, though on examination evidently a true scion of the stock, does not at first sight seem to bear the characteristic marks of that tribe. One of my next discoveries was the pretty lesser scullcap (*Scutellaria minor*), which though by no means so handsome as its congener, *Scutellaria galericulata*, is an elegant little labiate plant, and by no means common. Its height is from four to six inches, the flowers of a pale-reddish purple, and the lower lip white, dotted with red. The common scullcap grows about a foot high, and the flowers, which are much longer than that of *S. minor*, are of a bright-purplish blue. It is exceedingly pretty. The concave form of the upper lip of both species, which much resembles that of the monk's-hood, seems to have suggested the trivial name, as that member of the corolla would form an elegant little cap or hood for some fairy's head!

I was now again following the course of the fair little brook, which, running from the hills above, trickled over the bog to the milldam—its very clear water imbibing a yellow hue and a brackish taste from the character of the soil which lay below it, and its banks inlaid with mosses, asphodel, bog pimpernel, and other bright flowers; and ever as I stooped to gather one of them, my sense of smell is regaled by the very peculiar, and to me pleasant, odour which rises from the watery earth, and clings to every leaf and flower that I cull from its bosom. Whether this odour proceeds from the earth or the water, or exhaled from the plants, I know not: it may be the result of the decaying vegetable matter which lies below. But whatever it is, it pervades the whole ground, and everything gathered in a bog partakes in some measure of it. The evening was now getting on, for much time had been lingered away by the ferny brook, and in other ways; and the sun began to cast deeper and longer shadows from the trees, and the birds to pour forth their even-song of delight in fuller and richer strains; and as I stood there all alone, and surrounded by hills and trees, and water and flowers, I could scarcely refrain from exclaiming—

'Strange! there should be found
Who, self-imprisoned in their proud saloons,
Renounce the odours of the open field
For the unscented fictions of the loom;
Who, satisfied with only pencilled scenes,
Prefer, to the performance of a God,
The inferior wonders of an artist's hand!'

Though close to cottages and their inhabitants, the spot whereon I stood was like a mountain solitude, and long did I stand contemplating it, and neglecting the

main business of the hour—that of collecting. But was I not collecting? I was indeed—not plants, but thoughts! treasures of thought on which to fall back at an aftertime; and pictures—not such as I could hang on my walls, but those which would fill my mind and memory. I was collecting from the song of birds and the murmur of the water, from the scent of flowers and the beauties of sunshine and shade, of hill, and vale, and tree, rich boards of thought, and grateful remembrance, which have since cheered and refreshed me.

But my reveries were disturbed by George, who came splashing through the morass at full speed with a huge bunch of heterogeneous articles flourished high in air, and his 'Here, ma'am, please what's this? and this?' soon recalled me to my botanical self. Among other things—some of interest, and others worthless—he displayed a noble handful of the beautiful and delicate butterfly orchis (*Habenaria bifolia*). It was not my first introduction to this interesting plant, which is not confined to bogs, but may be found also in woods. But as many of my readers may not know it, and as it grew in this bog in greater profusion than is common, I will venture to give its characteristics; and in so doing I shall be obliged to enlarge a little on those of the whole of that wonderful and curious tribe, the orchideæ.

The leading peculiarity of the orchis tribe is, that its column consists of a stamen, a style, and a stigma, all grown into one solid body. The anther is formed of two vertical cells, in each of which is a mass of pollen; the style is thick and short; and the stigma a shining, moist depression in front, under or between the masses of pollen. The genera vary exceedingly in the structure of the different parts, but in the consolidation of the style and stamen they are agreed, and this forms the characteristic of the orchis tribe. The arrangement of the sepals of the calyx and the petals of the corolla are so very singular as to leave it doubtful to a common observer which is which; and these parts are in many of the species so disposed as to assume the form of some animal or insect. In England we have not above sixteen varieties of the true orchis; but the ophrys, which is of the same natural order, has many of the same peculiarities of form and character—the leading difference between the two genera being, that in the orchis the nectary is elongated into a tubular spur, of which the ophrys is devoid. Many of our most curious insectivorous flowers, which are called orchideæ, belong, in fact, to this genus. The beautiful bee orchis (*Ophrys apifera*), the fly orchis (*Ophrys muscifera*), the late and early spider orchideæ (*O. arachnites* and *O. aranifera*), and the drone orchis (*Ophrys fucifera*), all of which are more or less rare, belong to the genus ophrys; whilst the monkey, the lizard, and the frog (*Orchis tephrosanthus*, *O. hercina*, and *O. viridis*), belong to the orchis family. The *Aceras antropophora*, or green-man orchis, though closely allied to the orchis, is not one. Its corolla when spread out closely resembles the human form, whence its name. Then there is the elegant little flower *Neottia spiralis*, the 'ladies' tresses, which also ranks among this extensive tribe: this may be found in August and September, its straight and leafless stem rising abruptly from the earth, with its small, highly-scented flowers, of a greenish hue, disposed on short footstalks spirally along the upper part of the stem. The curious 'listerae,' or 'tway blades,' are congeners, and well deserving notice, as are many others of the tribe, which we cannot now notice specifically, but among which are some of the brightest ornaments of our fields and woods in spring and summer, and also some of the most lusciously-scented of those which regale our sense of smell. In foreign countries the orchis tribe is far more extensive and wonderful than in our own colder climate. In Europe, the species all grow on the ground in meadows or marshes, hills or woods; but in tropical

lands these glorious flowers are seen in all their beauty; and, 'seated on the branches of living trees, or resting among the decayed bark of fallen trees, or running over mossy rocks, or hanging above the head of the admiring traveller, suspended from the arm of some monarch of the forest, they develop flowers of the gayest colours and the most varied forms, and often fill the woods at night with their mild and delicate fragrance.' Humboldt says: 'The orchideæ enliven the clefts of the wildest rocks, and the trunks of tropical trees blackened by excess of heat. This form, to which the vanilla belongs, is distinguished by its bright-green succulent leaves, and by its flowers of many colours and strange and curious shape, sometimes resembling that of winged insects and sometimes that of the birds, which are attracted by the honey vessels. Such is their number and variety, that to mention only a limited district, the entire life of a painter would be too short for the delineation of all the magnificent orchideæ which adorn the recesses of the deep valleys of the Andes of Peru.' Klotzsch reckoned 3545 species of this wonderful family as known at the close of 1848, and doubtless multitudes more have since been discovered. But though this tribe is so varied and attractive in form and scent, it possesses, I believe, but few species which are of the slightest use to man. One is the vanilla, which is used to flavour creams, &c. and which is a pod of a kind which, in the West Indies, creeps like ivy on walls and trees; and there is one other, the shoemaker plant (*Cypripedium Andersonii*), whose stems afford a gluten which the Brazilians use for sticking thin sheets of leather together. Still, the tribe is most interesting indeed.

The glowing descriptions which we meet with in books of this family of plants would almost be enough to lead one to abandon the comforts of home, and roam in distant lands for the mere purpose of realising such wonders. But even in England it is a glorious tribe. Though many of the species of the orchideous family may be more curious than that of which I first spoke, the *Habenaria bifolia*, there is, I think, none more truly elegant and attractive. By Linnaeus and others it is called *Orchis bifolia*, but by Hooker and other modern botanists *Habenaria bifolia*. The root of this plant is an undivided tuber tapering downwards; the stem in general from twelve to eighteen inches high, though I have seen it in moist woods exceeding two feet: it has two root-leaves of a long-shaped oval, from between which rises a semitransparent stem, crowned with a long loose spike of large yellowish-green flowers of wax-like texture and very peculiar form. The lip of the nectary is lance-shaped, and not more than half as long as a threadlike tubular spur which hangs down behind the blossom, and gives it its peculiar character. The sepals of the calyx, which are of the same pale-greenish hue as the petals, spread downwards, and the complete corolla has somewhat the form of a small butterfly; its insectivorous appearance is not, however, so marked as that of the fly and bee orchideæ, some specimens of which might really deceive one into the idea that the blossom was a fly or bee pitched on a stalk. I never see the butterfly orchis without being reminded by it of some tall fair girl, whose growth has overshot her strength, and whose fragile form indicates a fear that she is not long for earth. Another of the characteristics of this sweet flower may tend to carry out the illusion, and happy for the fading girl if it is indeed found in her. When the sun goes down, and the shades of evening descend, this flower throws out from its pale blossom a fragrance so rich and powerful as to pervade the whole air for a considerable distance. So have I seen a fair young creature, when the shades of sickness were spreading round her, and the bright things of earth were fading from her sight, pour out from some hidden source a sort of moral fragrance in the

atmosphere which surrounded her sick couch, making all who breathed it feel that she was more precious to them, and her influence more refreshing to their souls in those twilight hours of existence, than she had ever been in the bright sunlight of her more vigorous life—even as that sweet evening-scented flower has a greater value when its perfumes are poured forth on the night than when its daylight colours delight the eye. And whence comes this sweet influence? Whence the patience, and meekness, and gentleness, the spirit of love and holiness, which, like sweet dropping balms or Eastern gums, thus impregnate the moral atmosphere of the sickbed with soul-subduing fragrance? Surely it can only be from the influence of God's Holy Spirit dwelling in the heart, and imparting to it of the nature of Him whose very name is 'as ointment poured out!'

The rarer kinds of orchids are not to be found near Budeigh Salterton, at least I have never seen any of them there except *Orchis pyramidalis*, which is rare in some places. Those I have found are, *Orchis maculata*, *O. maculata*, *O. morio*, *O. pyramidalis*, *O. latifolia*, and *O. conopsea*. Nor have I found any other of the orchideous family there except the ladies' tresses (*Neottia spiralis*). The bee orchis abounds on the more western parts of the coast, and I shall not soon forget the delight I have felt in seeing a whole hillside as thickly covered with this beautiful little flower as I have seen fields with cowslips. I had large handfuls gathered for me, and my vases filled with them for two or three succeeding summers, without seeming to lessen the multitudes which sprung up in every direction; but such profusion is not common, a scattered gleaming being all that can be had in any locality I at present know.

Before I left the bog, I found fine specimens of *Alisma ranunculoides*, the lesser water-plantain, with its pale, purple tripetalous blossoms, which is not common, and many other specimens of interest, but, warned by the lengthened shadows, I now bethought me of returning homewards. Setting my boy, therefore, to catch Master Jack, who appeared by no means to relish leaving his pleasant browsing, I retreated to one of the cottages, and after obtaining leave to change my bog-stained shoes and stockings for some dry and clean substitutes which I had brought with me, and obtaining a piece of brown bread and a cup of milk (from the cows whom I had seen assembled for milking) for my self, and another for George, I set forward on my homeward road; but not over the hill, as too much time had been already expended to leave sufficient for me to botanise its heaths and other produce. I therefore return by the lanes, only crossing the little rivulet, which now meets me again. I rejoin the high road at a point a little farther from the village than that at which I had left it; and in so doing I pass a little triangular spot of ground, presecuting one of those strangely-arbitrary arrangements which all conversant with the habits of plants occasionally observe. This spot of ground is only separated from the little enclosure where I found the *Equisetum sylvaticum* (as mentioned in a former paper) by a mere belt of wood, and the soil, &c. appears to be exactly of the same character as in that enclosure; yet here, throughout the year, I find scarcely one flower similar to those which grow there; there are in it no orchises nor polygala—neither hyacinths, equisetum, nor potentillas; the only thing which abounds there is the lovely blue forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*), a plant wholly unknown to the little enclosure where the above so enamel the ground! These arbitrary arrangements are very common, though to me wholly inexplicable. I have known rich banks of violets in one field, whilst in the next, apparently exactly similar in soil and aspect, not one was to be found; a circuit of fields golden with cowslips, whilst one poor, solitary field lay between, in which not a single root could be found; and so with other flowers. But I linger too long, and the rising moon admonishes me that it is high time to

hasten forward and get home; so, sending Jack into something like a trot, I make my way down the village, now all alive with those just released from business, and seeking the sweet, cool evening air, and arrive safe, though tired, at my cottage door.

EMIGRANT SHIP 'WASHINGTON.'

In describing lately the excellent accommodations on board certain vessels bound for the Canterbury Settlement in New Zealand, we alluded to the wretched treatment occasionally experienced in emigrant ships from Liverpool and other ports to America. It is proper to remove any doubts that may be entertained on this subject. A notion prevails that the government emigration officers—one of whom is stationed at each principal port—protect the interests of passengers, and generally save them from being ill-treated during their voyage. It is nevertheless clear, that in spite of the interference of these functionaries, and also in defiance of strict legal enactments, passengers of a humble class are on many occasions treated with extreme barbarity. It is indeed sickening to reflect on the discomforts, misery, pain, and even premature death, arising from no other cause than the brutality of officers commanding emigrant vessels. Unfortunately, the misconduct of these persons is in some instances beyond the jurisdiction of English law. They sail under a foreign flag, and can be proceeded against only in the courts of their own country: in which case there may be said to be a complete denial of justice; for what emigrant, on arriving at his destination, will take the trouble and be at the expense of waiting months, perhaps years, to prosecute a delinquent skipper?

One of the worst cases of this kind which has come into public notice is that lately detailed in a Return to the House of Commons, ordered 19th February 1851, respecting the emigrant ship *Washington*. Drawing our information from this parliamentary paper, the following is the account of the affair:—

Mr Vere Foster, a person of respectable character, who appears to be engaged in the shipment of emigrants, had heard numerous accounts of the improper treatment of passengers to America, and to satisfy himself as to their truth, took the extraordinary step of becoming himself a steerage passenger in a vessel sailing under the American flag bound for New York from Liverpool. The ship was the *Washington*—a remarkably fine vessel of 1600 tons burthen, with two good passenger decks, each between seven and eight feet high, and well-appointed in every respect. Her crew consisted of thirty-one men, three boys, and five officers—namely, the captain and four mates—and she had on board upwards of 900 passengers, whose sleeping berths were a shelf along each side of the whole length of the two decks, with low boards dividing the shelf into berths all of one size, and each containing from four to six persons. One end of the upper deck was divided off as a separate apartment, containing twelve enclosed cabins, each having two, four, or six berths, and each berth containing two persons. The passengers in this part of the vessel paid a somewhat higher price—namely, £5 instead of £3, 15s. or £4. Mr Foster occupied one of four berths in a cabin of this kind. Each passenger in the ship had a contract-ticket, in which certain provisions were stipulated for, with a supply of water daily, and right of cooking. Some extra provisions, which cost 10s. 6d., were taken on board by Mr Foster and his companions in the cabin. All things being nearly ready for departure, the passengers were inspected by a surgeon, and ordered on board. We shall now allow Mr Foster to tell his own tale, which he does in a letter to Lord Hobart, dated 'Ship *Washington*, 1st December 1850:—

'All the passengers who arrive at Liverpool a day or more before the sailing of an emigrant ship have to be

inspected by a surgeon appointed by government, who will not allow any one to go on board who has any infectious disease of a dangerous character. I passed before him for inspection, which occupied only one or two seconds. He said without drawing breath: "What's your name? Are you well? Hold out your tongue: all right;" and then addressed himself to the next person. We were again all mustered and passed before him on board the ship while sailing down the river.

"There was no regularity or decency observed with regard to taking the passengers on board the ship: men and women were pulled in, any side or end foremost, like so many bundles. I was getting myself in as quickly and dexterously as I could, when I was laid hold of by the legs and pulled in, falling head foremost down upon the deck, and the next man was pulled down upon the top of me. I was some minutes before I recovered my hat, which was crushed as flat as a pancake. The porters, in their treatment of passengers (naturally), look only to getting as much money as they possibly can from them in the shortest space of time, and heap upon them all kinds of filthy and blasphemous abuse, there being no police regulations, and the officers of the ship taking the lead in the ill-treatment of the passengers.

"The *Washington* went out of dock on the 25th [Oct.], and anchored in the river. I went on board on the next day, and witnessed the first occasion of giving out the daily allowance of water to the passengers, in doing which there was no regularity: the whole 900 and odd passengers were called forward at once to receive their water, which was pumped out into their cans from barrels on deck. The serving out of the water was twice capriciously stopped by the mates of the ship, who, during the whole time, without any provocation, cursed and abused, and cuffed and kicked the passengers and their tin cans; and having served out water to about thirty persons, in two separate times, said they would give no more water out till the next morning, and kept their word. I gently remonstrated with one of the mates, who was cuffing and kicking the poor steerage passengers, observing to him that such treatment was highly improper and unmanly, and that he would save himself a great deal of trouble and annoyance, and win, instead of alienating, the hearts of the passengers, if he would avoid foul language and brutal treatment, and use civil treatment, and institute regularity in the serving out of the water, &c.; but he, in reply, said that he would knock me down if I said another word. I was happy to find, however, that my rebuke had the effect of checking for the moment his bullying conduct.

"Provisions were not served out this day, notwithstanding the engagement contained in our contract-tickets, and notwithstanding that all the passengers were now on board, the most of them since yesterday, and had no means of communication with the shore, and that many of them, being very poor, had entirely relied upon the faithful observance of the promises contained in their tickets, the price of which includes payment for the weekly allowance of provisions.

"While a steamer towed the *Washington* down the river on Sunday, 27th October, all the passengers were mustered on deck, and answered to their names as they were called over by the chief clerk of the agency-office at Liverpool. This formality was for the purpose of ascertaining that there was no one on board but such as had tickets. One little boy was found hid, having made his way on board, thinking to escape notice: he was sent ashore. On the 28th we were so fortunate as to have a most favourable breeze, which carried us out of the Irish Channel, being that part of the voyage in which we expected the greatest delay.

"On the 29th I went the round of the lower deck with the surgeon of the ship, observing him take down the numbers in each berth. These berths are constructed

to hold four persons, and would conveniently hold five persons; some of the berths had four persons in them, and some as many as six. I observed that the doctor noted down in many instances persons between the ages of fourteen and sixteen as under fourteen—that is, as not adults, although it is expressly stated in our tickets that fourteen years of age constitutes an adult, and any one above that age is paid for extra as such. This was for the purpose of making a saving in the issuing of provisions, as half rations only are served out to passengers under fourteen years of age. The doctor remarked to me at the time, that as regarded the issuing of provisions, sixteen years of age was considered on board the *Washington* as constituting an adult.

"On the 30th October no provisions had yet been served out, and the complaints of the poorer passengers in the steerage were naturally increasing, as they had no means of living, excepting on the charity of those who had brought extra provisions. [At the request of the passengers Mr Foster drew up a letter to the captain, representing the ill-treatment from want of provisions. This letter, however, only produced a few savage words in reply, and the writer of it was called a rascal and a pirate for interfering. At length, on the 31st of October, provisions were issued; and Mr Foster, on weighing various rations, found them deficient.]

"On Saturday, 2d November, groceries were issued for the first instead of the second time to the passengers: the six persons in my cabin received all their provisions together. We got 6 oz. of tea instead of 12 oz.; nearly our proper allowance of sugar; and 1½ lb. of molasses instead of 3 lbs.; and no vinegar. We have as yet received no pork, though we should have received our second weekly allowance of pork to-day.

"On Thursday, 7th November, flour, biscuits, oatmeal, and rice were issued in the same proportion as before, excepting that the flour was a little under the allowance. I was looking on during nearly the whole of the time, and could see that the quantities were the same to each person. The six persons in my cabin received—8 lbs. of oatmeal instead of 30 lbs.; 8 lbs. of flour instead of 6 lbs.; 8 lbs. of rice instead of 12 lbs.; 8½ lbs. of biscuits instead of 15 lbs.

"On Saturday, the 9th November, an allowance of pork was issued for the first instead of the third time: the six persons in my cabin got 6 lbs. When one of the occupants of berth No. 180 came up for his pork, not knowing that another man from the same berth had just received for the whole of its occupants, the first mate instantly ran at him, and hit him with his clenched fist, and with a rope's end, about the face and head, and then added: "If any other — annoys me, —, I'll smash his head for him!" Whenever provisions are served out, a sailor stands by with a rope's end, and capriciously lays about him, with or without the slightest provocation. The captain never appears to trouble himself in the slightest degree about the passengers, nor even ever to visit the part of the ship occupied by them. The first and second mates, the surgeon, and the man specially appointed to look after the passengers, and the cooks—all these very seldom open their lips without prefacing what they may have to say with horrible oaths.

"I hear occasionally some of the passengers complain to the first mate or to the captain of the favouritism shewn by the passengers' cooks to those who give them money or whisky, and who consequently get five or six meals cooked daily, while those poor passengers who have not the money to give, or who do not give, are kept the whole day waiting to have one meal cooked, or can have only one meal cooked every second day. In my own case, on one of the first mornings of my being on board, the cook took up my kettle of water, which had been waiting one hour and a half to be put on the fire, and said to me: "What are you going to give me to cook that for you?" I replied

that I intended to take my chances the same as the rest of the passengers, and was contented to take my proper turn in having my victuals cooked, for that if I paid for a preference in having them cooked, I should be monopolising a right which is common to us all at the expense of those fellow-passengers who were not able to pay. The cook then put down the kettle again, saying: "That — fellow is not going to pay up, so his kettle may wait." The captain's cook cooks for those passengers who give him 10s. or 12s. each person for the voyage, and a great many do so. I did not, for I wished to place myself as much as I conveniently could in the same position as the general run of my fellow-passengers. I find now, that either in consequence of good words in my favour from some of those passengers whom I have had small opportunities of being of service to, or in consequence of an appreciation of my fairness in taking my proper turns—though I am well able to pay for doing otherwise—or of my aiding him by remonstrances to keep the galley (kitchen) from being too crowded, and to keep order, the cook now favours me as much as if I did pay him. Asked the third mate where we were, and received the same reply as usual—that he could not tell. No one knows the whereabouts of the vessel except the captain and first mate, and they keep that a profound secret from the ship's company and passengers. No groceries were issued, as they should have been this day.

13th November.—I have spoken frequently with different sailors, asking them if this was the first time of their sailing in this ship. All answer yes, and that it will be the last; and some of them express an opinion that the first and second mates will get a good thrashing at New York.

14th.—Provisions of oatmeal, biscuit, flour, and rice, were issued this day as usual. I weighed what was given to four adults and a boy occupying one of the stowage berths. They received 10½ lbs. of oatmeal instead of 22½ lbs. due; 4½ lbs. of biscuits instead of 11½ lbs. due; 4 lbs. of flour instead of 4½ lbs. due; 5½ lbs. of rice instead of 9 lbs. due.

17th.—I heard the doctor say: "There are a hundred cases of dysentery in the ship, which will all turn to cholera; and I swear that I will not go amongst them: if they want medicines, they must come to me!" This morning the first mate took it into his head to play the hose upon the passengers, drenching them from head to foot; the fourth mate did the same a few mornings ago.

18th.—A three-masted vessel in sight, going in the same direction as ourselves; this is the second vessel only that we have seen since leaving Liverpool. About noon a heavy squall came on, which split the fore-top-sail and staysail.

A delicate old man, named John M'Corcoran, of berth No. 111, informed me that on Sunday last he had just come on deck, and, after washing, was wringing a pair of stockings, when the first mate gave him such a severe kick as he was stooping, that he threw him down upon the deck.

A passenger, having a family with him, told me that one of the first days after coming on board the doctor applied to him for a present, saying, that of course he was paid for his services to the passengers, but that to those persons who liked to give him anything, of course he should pay more particular attention; the passenger then gave him 2s. 6d. He applied in the same manner to Mr Homer, of cabin No. 8, who gave him 1s. The doctor then said: "And there was that glass of castor oil of the other day, for which you owe me 6d.," which Mr H. then gave him. The doctor has no right to charge for any medicines, but has, I am told, received a great deal of money on board in the same way. The first mate beat one of the sailors severely this evening with a rope.

21st.—A violent gale commenced this evening.

22d.—The gale became perfectly terrific; for a few minutes we all expected momentarily to go to the bottom, for the sea, which was foaming and rolling extremely high, burst upon the deck with a great crash, which made us all believe that some part of the vessel was stove in. The wave rushed down into the lower deck, and I certainly expected every moment to go down. Some of the passengers set to praying; the wind blew a perfect hurricane, so that it was quite out of the question to attempt to proceed on our proper course. We therefore scudded before the wind, having up the main-topsail close reefed and the fore-topsail staysail only. The water which had rushed upon the deck remained there to the depth of several feet; it was got rid of by breaking holes in the bulwarks with a hatchet. The whole sea was a sheet of foam. Towards nine p.m. the gale began to be less, though still violent, and moderated during the night.

25th.—Another child, making about twelve in all, died of dysentery from want of proper nourishing food, and was thrown into the sea sewn up, along with a great stone, in a cloth.

We passed some ships' spars this and the following day, belonging perhaps to vessels which may have suffered in the late gale.

26th.—Tea and sugar issued to those who lost any during the late storm. I and my two mess-companions received our allowances together, receiving between us 2 oz. of tea and ½ lb. of sugar.

30th.—The doctor came down to the second cabin in company with the first mate; and to display his authority, drew himself up and swelled himself out excessively tremendous, roaring out: "Now, then, clean and wash out your rooms every one of you!" adding the most horrible oaths.

2d December.—A beautiful day and a favourable breeze; took a pilot on board.

Many of the passengers have, at different times during the voyage, expressed to me their intention of making a public complaint respecting their ill-treatment on board this ship; so, to meet their wishes, I wrote a few lines, which were signed this evening by 128 persons.

3d.—A few of the passengers were taken ashore to the hospital at Staten Island, and we arrived alongside the quay at New York this afternoon. The 900 passengers dispersed as usual among the various fleecing-houses, to be partially or entirely disabled for pursuing their travels into the interior in search of employment.

6th.—I met this day with some friends of mine, who came out two months ago in the *Atlas*, with 415 passengers. They describe the treatment of the passengers on board that vessel by the officers as considerably worse than what I have related respecting the *Washington*.

I have since met with passengers whom I sent out in the *Washington* on her previous voyage, and I learn from them that no provisions were served out during the first fortnight of her voyage, and that no meat was served out during the whole of her voyage: I have also met with passengers whom I sent in the *Wm. Rathbone*, whose treatment by the officers and as regards provisions was similar. It is one of the same line of packets.

Here follows a comparison of the provisions due, and the provisions received by each passenger during our voyage of thirty-seven days, showing a great deficiency.

The foregoing statement, as has been said, formed the subject of a letter to Lord Hobart, the writer of it remaining in the meanwhile in America. Lord Hobart transmitted Mr Foster's letter to the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, who instituted inquiries at Liverpool through the government emigration officer at that port. The result, as it appears, was—that there could be no redress. Legal proceedings against the captain of the *Washington* at New York had been con-

templated by Mr Foster; but he was dissuaded, on account of the delay and expense of doing so. Under those circumstances, the commissioners apprehend that nothing now can be done until at least the arrival of Mr Foster in England; and even if he should then be prepared to take proceedings against the officers of the ship, it seems very doubtful whether any English court would have jurisdiction in the matter.

Supposing Mr Foster's statement to be correct—and we have seen no cause to doubt its accuracy—it is evident that the humbler class of emigrants on board certain vessels are exposed to the grossest misusage without the slightest practicable remedy in law. On this account the press can but do its duty in spreading a knowledge of the fact, and in recommending emigrants to exercise all reasonable caution in arranging for their passage. One thing more might possibly be done: at each principal port a number of respectable and benevolently-disposed persons might form themselves into an association to investigate the trustworthiness of advertisements addressed to emigrants, and to recommend no emigrant to make an engagement with any shipping concern without previously communicating with the association. Some such organisation might perhaps bring refractory and selfish skippers to their senses.

SNAKES AND SNAKE-CATCHERS.

THE snake with its tail in its mouth, in Egypt a symbol of eternity, is in India a simple fact. In that country the circle embraces both heaven and earth; it sweeps through the whole mythology, from Mahadeo, the god of the Serpent, and Doorga, his consort, decked with coils of snakes instead of chains and jewels, to the hundred-headed snake who bears the lord of the universe, and the monster whose task it is to churn the waters of immortality. This mythological series descends upon the mountains and forests to the north of India, where it becomes the Dhorah—a mighty reptile fifteen feet long, and thick in proportion, which our Old Indian has seen carried on the shoulders of several men in procession. Thence rolls the serpent-fold, in every kind of variety, over the fields and gardens, through the houses, in the bath, in the scullery and store-room, in the very bed, till it comprehends the whole circle of Hindoo life.

Well do I remember, quoth she, the commotion which the finding of a small snake's skin occasioned in our family circle. Was children—alas! I was then a child—could not enough admire its transparent texture, the regularity of its scales, and its smooth and glossy appearance; and our wonder increased as we observed how dexterously the skin must have been slipped off, just as Juliet might have withdrawn from her smooth hand the glove that Romeo wished to be. Thus uninjured the shining skin lay before us—a small slit alone indicating where the wearer of this beautiful integument had crept out. After our excitement and admiration had somewhat abated, I perceived my dear old father's countenance become somewhat clouded.

'Mhaghan,' cried he at last to the servant in waiting, 'call Hurroekchund Baboo;' an intelligent individual, who was often taken into our cabinet councils, and who was much esteemed for his urbanity and uprightness. 'Well, Baboo,' said my father, as soon as the old man made his appearance, 'do you know that I am harbouring a snake and these children under the same roof?'

'How is that, Sahib?' said the Baboo; 'this must have come to pass very recently.'

'Well, look at this skin;' it was found early this morning before the floor of our sitting-room. You know we constructed flues last year under the room to keep it dry, and put bars before the open cavities to prevent vermin from taking possession of them; and

now I see two of the bars have disappeared—a fact which, taken in connection with the appearance of the skin, is a sufficient proof that a serpent must have got in. I wish you to advise me how to get the intruder captured and killed.'

'Sahib,' replied the Baboo, 'I could do that readily enough; but allow your old servant, a worshipper of Sheeva, to intercede for an animal he holds sacred. I see very well that this is the skin of a kurait, comparatively a harmless snake. It has no stamp of the spectacles on its nose. That snake, Sahib, will prove a good genius: he came to seek your protection, and has laid his skin at your door to tell you so. Take me as bail for once, and rest assured that, instead of doing you harm, he will clear your room of those disgusting toads and frogs which sometimes jump upon your feet at dusk, and will devour the mice which eat Missy Baba's gingerbread, and kill also the musk-rats, of which she has such a horror.'

'Oh, papa!' cried I, looking imploringly in my father's face; 'think of those horrid musk-rats that go shrieking like evil spirits at night through our bedrooms, and spoil everything in our pantry and cellars—even the wine, which is carefully sealed with wax and rosin! Let us by all means leave the serpent alone, to deal with them as he pleases.' My father could not help smiling.

'Well, Baboo,' said he, 'I will for once take your bail, and also allow Christina's eloquent appeal to soften my heart—so let the snake live.'

We neither heard nor saw anything more of the intruder for about twelve months, but found, as the Baboo had prognosticated, a vast diminution in all the vermin kind; when another skin, prettier than the former, but nearly double its size, was found laid upon the same spot. The Baboo was sent for again in a hurry.

'Ah Sahib,' said he, addressing my dear father, 'my good genius, I fear, is now about to take his departure. He is grown restless, and is gone to seek for a partner; and as his old skin was grown painfully tight, he has slipped it off by making a rent on the top of his head. See how ingeniously he has hooked it against that slight roughness on one of those little iron bars.'

'I am glad,' said my father, 'to hear that you think the snake has taken his departure. We shall say no more about him then, and I shall have those bars replaced, to prevent any of his congeners from getting into his lodgings.'

This was done, and snakes were almost forgotten, except at such times as we looked at our pretty cast-off skins, until one morning our poulterer made his appearance with a woful countenance and a low salaam.

'Khodawund,' said he, folding his hands, 'the pigeons will not come down from their perches to-day to eat, and the rabbits have hidden themselves in their hutches.'

'And what is that owing to, my good man?' asked my father.

'Khodawund, I suppose a snake must have frightened them last night, and if you order an investigation, the sheitan (satan)—for the poulterer was a Mohammodan—will be found lurking about the premises. Suppose we get a real snake-catcher, and not one of those pagie (mean fellows), with their gourd flutes, and have peace restored in my department?'

'By all means,' replied my father; and a bona fide snake-catcher soon made his appearance.

Black as a coal was the skin, frizzled, woolly, and crisp this hair, and flat and ill-favoured the countenance of this Bugdee, obviously a man of the lowest caste. Such countenances are found in all the ancient Hindoo excavations, and they grin and goggle from the shoulders of all the gigantic idols of olden time. The present olive-coloured, straight-haired Hindoo seems to be of a different race from the excavators of the

first temples, and the chisselers of the first graven images.

The snake-catcher came, provided with two implements, which served the same purposes as a spade and crowbar, although of rude manufacture. He seemed to set about his business in a very scientific manner. He inspected the ground all about him very carefully, looked if there were any traces of a creeping thing upon it, pried into every hole he came to, took a little of the earth in the palm of his hand, and even tasted the loam and smelled it. At last having come before a larger hole than we had yet seen, the entrance of which was very smooth, and looked as if some slimy stuff had dried upon it, he paused, and said:

'Sir, here we shall find the snake.'

'What is to be done now?' asked my father.

'We must dig, sir, if you have no objection.'

My father had none, and as he was anxious to have the enemy caught, operations were begun immediately. The hole was considerably widened, and after the man had dug about three feet deep, sure enough an immense gokhoorah (cobra de capella) was seen coiled up.

'Oh,' said the man, 'there he is! I know from his beautiful purple coat, shining scales, and his whole appearance, that he is the dhimorah (the gentleman snake.) Now, shall I seize him?'

As soon as he had uttered these words the snake, as if understanding to what his discourse tended, spread out his frightful head, with the well-known marks of spectacles, and made a dart at the man with his beak-like mouth. The Bugdee avoided the dart, watched his opportunity, and seized the snake by the back of the neck, upon which the monster coiled itself in many folds round and round his muscular arm.

'That water-jar—quick, quick!' cried the man. 'This fellow will paralyse my limbs. Away with him into the pot! I may not slay him, for if I did the gods would never allow me to capture another.' The snake disappeared in the pot, the mouth of the vessel was covered firmly with a piece of cloth, and a stone fitted close upon it.

'Now,' said the man, 'we shall dig a little farther, and no doubt discover the female, and find also either her eggs or her young.'

And so it proved. A few strokes with the spade brought the female snake to light. She was of a much paler colour than the male, and not nearly so large. Having had a good feast on the pigeons during the night, she was rather sluggish, and sat brooding upon three eggs almost asleep. The snake-catcher pounced upon her as he did upon the other without much ceremony; and having squeezed her so tightly by the neck as to make her open her jaws, he displayed to us her horrible fangs. The eggs were of a dirty white colour; and upon being broken, they exhibited the same bloodshot appearance as a hen's when they have been sat upon for a time. We had scarcely flattered ourselves with so much success; so the Bugdee was handsomely rewarded, and dismissed, after he had obliterated all the traces of his, to us, wonderful feat.

'And now,' said my father, 'to-morrow, my dear girls, we shall see what those mook snake-catchers can do. The mourry-wallah (poulterer) will bring us to-morrow one of the ogres with the gourd flutes.'

At ten o'clock, accordingly, the magician made his appearance. I could not but be struck by his savage looks, matted hair, ochre-stained dress, and the hieroglyphics of red and white paint which were neatly and carefully drawn on his forehead and arms. He looked wildly about, and asked if Bahib had sent for him.

'To be sure I have,' was the reply: 'but what have you got there?'—pointing to his basket.

He lifted the cover with a curl of the lip. 'An empty basket of course,' was his reply.

'And are you alone?' asked my father again; 'and have you no snakes hidden about you?'

'I despise all human aid,' growled he, raising himself to his full height; 'and as for snakes, examine the fakere's dress, and be convinced.'

But this was not done, for we saw we had offended the man; and my father contented himself with telling him in a conciliating voice to begin his work. And this was done by blowing a long protracted blast upon his flute, to the music of which we all marched towards the palanquin shed. There we came to a stand-still, and the magician said: 'Here, assuredly, is a snake: will you hear him?' We of course assented, but at the same time laughed at the idea of hearing a snake. 'Whether the work of ventriloquism or not, however, we certainly did hear something like the tones of the landrail. The man then stooped, took up a handful of dust, and assuming, if possible, a more savage air than he had before displayed, gave out some mysterious incantation which no doubt was in Sanscrit. I shuddered, but could only distinguish the word *bunsrum*, which means 'denizen of the wood.' As soon as this incantation was finished came a sort of 'crick—crick—crick!' The magician now began to wave his body, shake his head, and play on his flute what he fancied a most seductive blast, till, directing our attention to a heap of boards, we did actually see a pair of fiery eyes, and a sharp, forked, protruding tongue. The snake came forth by degrees, and advanced nearer and nearer to the sound of the flute, till his charmer, with great dexterity, seized him, and deposited him in the basket. Two other snakes were caught in nearly the same manner, the last being minus an eye, which of course attracted our notice.

'Snakes,' said the man, 'although they wound and slay other animals, are vulnerable themselves, and, even like man, they have their feuds and their enemies; for instance, the kite, the stork, and the subtle little neulah.'

We allowed him to slip all he captured into his basket, for not a scale of the snakes would he allow to be injured; and having handsomely rewarded him, we gave him leave to depart. Then only our magician became gracious, and he presented my father with a little greenish stone, which he assured him was a sovereign remedy against the bite of the snake.

'And now, sage mounth,' said my father, 'as you are about to depart for ever, reveal unto us whether this be not all glamour? Have you not in some way contrived to deceive our senses?'

The magician grinned horrible a ghastly smile while he replied: 'If I have, I have done it cleverly; and no one is bound to bear witness against himself.'

We heard the next day that he had been at our missionary minister's, at the schoolmaster's, and at the music-master's, and that at each of the places he had caught three snakes, one of which was always minus an eye!

TELEGRAPH OF THOUGHT.

THREE literary productions have been sent to us this week from countries far apart—one from Italy, one from China, and one from New Zealand, which have all, we think, strong claims upon the interest of our readers.

The appearance at Florence of a new Italian journal called the 'Rivista Britannica,' appears to us to be a circumstance peculiarly worthy the attention of those who watch with interest the social progress of nations.* The object of this journal is to transfuse English thought into the veins of Italian society, with the view of promoting a freer and healthier circulation. The result sought after is not proposed to be obtained by

* Rivista Britannica, Giornale Mensuale, raccolta di Articoli tratti dalle migliori pubblicazioni Inglese. Fascicolo I. Firenze: Tipografia Italiana, 1851.—[The British Review, a Monthly Journal, composed of Articles from the best English publications. London Agent, P. Rolandi, Horners Street.]

translating books, but articles—by sending through the Italian mind that common current of reflection and information which is the very life of the English intellect. In the introduction the editors, one bearing an Italian, the other a Scottish name—the Chevalier Sebastiano Fenzi and James Montgomery Stuart—remark, that England alone has been exempt from the almost general fate of Europe—to struggle for freedom—to seem to win the fight for a moment—and then to fall back, having gained nothing more than a shadow. It seems to them that the achievement of liberty is useless without the capacity to enjoy it in an orderly manner; and that the best preparation Italy can make is to study the popular literature of a nation possessing so eminently this capacity, and offering so excellent a *point d'appui* for those who would develop the elements of Italian society.

Under these convictions, they propose that the new journal shall be composed of such translations from English periodicals as will give a faithful reflection of the existing state of art, science, literature, and social life in England; and they invite the sympathy and support of the Italian public to an undertaking which they believe will not only furnish a useful and agreeable volume, but serve to correct prejudices and remove antipathies. Their materials will consist of narratives, articles on physical and natural science, machinery, &c.; travels and geographical sketches, literature and art, &c.; besides an original review of English works relating to Italy. The contents of the first fasciculus now before us are as follows:—'Adventures in the Fiord,' by Harriet Martineau; 'Terrestrial Magnetism,' from Chambers's Edinburgh Journal; 'Foreign Reminiscences of the late Lord Holland,' from the Edinburgh Review; Herschel's 'Siberia and California,' from the Quarterly Review; and a review of Ogilvy's 'Traditions of Tuscany,' in verse, with poetical translations of the extracts.

This undertaking we think is worthy of all encouragement; and we are quite of the opinion expressed by the editors, that a free interchange of thought is still more important than a free commercial intercourse between nations.

The second work alluded to is published at Ningpo. It is of a narrow folio size, neatly stitched as a pamphlet, with a thin cover of yellow silk. It is entitled the 'Philosophical Almanac,' by D. J. Macgowan, M.D., and is printed in Chinese, with numerous diagrams, in the 48th year of the 75th cycle of sixty, or 4488, being the 1st year of the reign of H. I. M. Hien Fung.

The main object of the work is to communicate to the Chinese a knowledge of the principles of the electric telegraph; and as an introduction to the subject—necessary to them—there are added essays on electricity, galvanism, and magnetism. But this indoctrination has no reference to the establishment of an electric communication with Peking; the benefit it seeks is intellectual, not physical; and the fluid of thought it conveys is intended to awaken the Chinese mind from the torpor of ages.

To this ancient people their ancestors are deities, to whom they pay divine honours; and it is necessary to prove to them that in the course of the last 2000 years the world has learned something, and that we of these last days are in some respects wiser than Confucius. This must be the foundation of all teaching in China, where at present it is unlawful for the human mind to advance one jot beyond the wisdom of their ancestors. The decomposing power of the galvanic battery is explained, the author tells us, for the purpose of shewing the fallacy of so much of the philosophy and mythology as is connected with the theory of the five elements; reference being also made to facts in astronomy, optics, chemistry, and anatomy, which in like manner scatter to the winds their notions relative to planets, colours, metals, and viscera, of which the

Chinese enumerate five each.' The work, it will be seen, is conceived in a wise and healthy spirit, and is even tolerable in the execution. Dr Macgowan will deserve well of China and of mankind.

The third literary production is the first number of an English newspaper, published under peculiar circumstances at the antipodes. In September last, our readers are aware, four emigrant ships sailed from this country with the view of founding the Canterbury Settlement in New Zealand. It was late in December before those pilgrim fathers arrived at their destination—an uninhabited bay surrounded by a desert; but here, on the 11th of the ensuing month—before twenty human habitations were in existence—appeared the 'Lyttleton Times,' a well-printed paper of twenty-four columns folio, with its page of advertisements, its leading article, its notices to correspondents, its shipping news, its local intelligence, its poets' corner, its market prices, and its police report. Formerly, it used to be said that wherever the English went, the first thing they did was to establish a tavern: now we have changed all that—the chief necessary is a newspaper, and the stirring character of the age demands, above all things, expression. We wish every success to the 'Lyttleton Times,' and to the settlement of which it aspires to be the organ.

CŒUR-DE-LION'S STATUE.

A COLOSSAL EQUESTRIAN BRONZE FIGURE, BY THE SCULPTOR MAROCHETTI; NOW PLACED OUTSIDE THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN HYDE PARK.

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED! crown'd serene
With the true royalty of perfect man;
Seated above the blessing or the ban
Of half-articulate crowds that gaping lean
To trace what the out-of-date word 'king' may mean.
See there! What needs that iron casque's star-rim,
Defined against the sky, to signal him
A monarch—of those monarchs which have been
And are not! Read his mission'd destinies
In the full brow majestic, kingly eyes;
The strong, still hands, each grasping rein or sword;
The mouth in very sternness beautiful;
Behold a man who his own soul can rule!
Lord o'er himself—therefore his brethren's lord.

'O Richard! O *mon roi*!' So minstrels sigh'd;
The many-centuried voice dies faint away
In silence of the ages dim and gray.
We know not but those green-wreath'd legends hide
A coarse, foul truth, that soon had crumbling died
Beneath our modern times' everer air.
What matter! Giant statue, rest thou there!
Shadowing our Richard of chivalric pride;
Or if not the true Richard, still the type
Of the old regal glory, fallen, o'er ripe,
To rot amid the world's new blossoming.
Stand! imaging those lost heroic days,
Until our children's children come and gaze,
Whispering with reverent awe: 'This was a king!'

A NICE SUMMER DRINK.

Before my departure from Macon, I supped in the large room of the hotel. I had frequently observed the singular mixtures which many of the Americans make at their meals: I here observed that a gentleman, after calling for a glass of milk, deliberately shook a portion of the contents of the pepper-box into it, and having added a teaspoonful of salt, stirred the whole together, and drank it. There is certainly no accounting for taste, but this, among all the strange compounds which I met with in the United States, was the most extraordinary.—*Colonel Cunningham's Glimpses at the Western Republic.*

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SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1851.

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AN ADVENTURE IN THE WILDS OF ROSS-SHIRE.

Most persons who speak of the Highlands of Scotland are thinking of Perthshire with its Trossachs, Tay-mouth, and Dunkeld, or at the utmost, of Inverness-shire and the Caledonian Canal, which places they may perchance have visited through the help of steamers, coaches, and droskies. These are familiar districts of Great Britain; but there are wilds beyond, which few penetrate—the vast sterile tracts of Western Ross and Sutherlandshire. Besides the English sportsmen whose enthusiasm carries them wherever a wing or a fin is to be seen, few know aught of that region beyond what they may have learned from a casual and indifferent glance at a map. Yet it is the district in which perhaps absolute wildness is the best exemplified in our island. Mountains most grand, inlets deeply intersecting the land, lovely lakes, and wide-stretching moorlands, mingle to form a haunt, one would think, for only the eagle and the roe-deer, but which, nevertheless, contains a large population of sheep and cattle, and also many human beings; more of the latter, indeed, than it is desirable to see in such a situation. The population, however, is in patches, generally where a mountain-skirt of green land is to be found. In many parts you may wander for a whole day and not meet a single person, or see the smoke of a cottage.

Led by curiosity respecting a point in physical geography, or I might more aptly say, superficial geology, I lately found my way past all the usual haunts of the Highland tourist. Loch Alsh and Loch Carron I had left behind as comparatively Lowland and southern districts. A mail car brought me to the head of Loch Marec, and there left me at the extremity, as it were, of civilisation; for it went no farther. Then I passed along the border of Loch Marec by a road only made last year out of the 'Destitution Fund.' A splendid lake it is, bordered by magnificent storm-scarped mountains, the lower regions of which presented me with what I felt to be the first purely natural wood of a picturesque character I had ever seen; and how admirable a thing is such natural wood! So harmonious with the scenery, so just enough and no more, so feathery, so well arranged—I never can again look on a 'plantation' with any patience! Then I came to Gareloch, which is part of the same range of beautiful country. Then to Polewe—a lonely village where fishing is carried on, and where I was induced to have recourse to a boat in order to get farther north. My boat adventure was in itself an odd one; but I must not dwell upon it. Suffice it to state that I was becalmed at sunset on the western ocean, and spent

most of the night in Loch Broom, not reaching Ullapool till four in the morning.

I was now where I had desired to be—in the midst of a range of mountains which has heretofore engaged a good deal of the attention of geologists, on account of the very peculiar circumstances which have evidently attended their formation. From Quenaig in Sutherlandshire, southward, to Applecross in Ross-shire—a space of seventy or eighty miles—this line of mountains extends, each standing wholly apart, and very much separated also from any eminences in the general plateau from which they spring, most of them bold and narrow towards the west and north-west, and more sloping in the opposite direction, and all of them reaching to a height of from 2500 to 3500 feet above the level of the sea. Now the remarkable fact regarding these mountains is, that they are composed of sandstone strata, arranged horizontally, or at a slight inclination to the horizon, so that in their sides and ends they bear the appearance of a Titanic masonry, and one could almost imagine some of them to be enormous cathedrals or castles crumbling into ruin. It is perfectly evident that they are the relics of a sheet of what is called the Old Red Sandstone, which has originally extended over the same space of ground, and all the rest of which has been swept away. It is accordingly a magnificently significant and readily intelligible example of that process known by geologists under the term, *denudation*. The hills are hills of denudation, and the intermediate spaces are valleys of denudation. The most unreflecting pursuer of grouse must be struck by the extraordinary appearances which are thus presented to him. One such person told me that, on first approaching the base of Sool Vein in Assynt, he could hardly resist the belief that he saw before him a lofty building of regular courses of masonry, which had been erected by the hands of some aboriginal race of giants long passed from the earth. Sool Vein rises from a platform of gneiss to a height of nearly 2000 feet, and, in its forest-shortened form from the west, I can compare it to nothing but an exaggeration of the Bell-Rock Lighthouse, which narrows from the base to about a third part up the sides, then becomes perpendicular, and ends in a dome-shaped cap.

Near Ullapool there is a grand example of these sandstone mountains, bearing the name of Benmore or the Great Mountain; but as this name is common in the Highlands, it is further distinguished from the district in which it lies as Benmore-Coygath.* One sees it

* This mountain is in a district which politically forms part of Cromartyshire, though detached from the principal part of that county; but in physical geography it may well be considered as part of Western Ross-shire.

rising in a long-extended screen of dark frowning precipices over certain intervening ranges of gray and sterile rock. Having resolved to make an inspection of the mountain, I took a pony to carry me over the six miles intervening between the village and its base. A young man came along with me to take charge of the pony while I should be upon the hill, and I also provided myself with a couple of biscuits and a small quantity of spirits. For my original intention of spending three or four hours on the hill, and then returning to Ullapool to a late dinner, this arrangement would have been sufficient; but I afterwards found that both a guide and a larger stock of provisions would have been necessary. Leaving the pony and its attendant at a shepherd's house near the base of the hill, I commenced ascending at one o'clock, and quickly overmastered some of the frontier ridges, though they were somewhat more troublesome than I had expected. While sheltering myself for a few minutes under a rock from a passing shower, I found myself in close proximity to a ewe which was standing with a gentle watchfulness beside her dead lamb. The little creature had probably fallen from the overhanging cliff and been killed. I thought of the beautiful allusion to such an incident in Scott's poem of 'Helvellyn,' but without imagining that before night I was to run nigh to repeat in my own person the history of the subject of that poem. In the wilderness such little circumstances evoke sympathies for which there appears to be no place amidst the busy haunts of men. Sometimes in clambering along these pathless highlands, where one might almost forget that there is a populous world to be returned to, I have been surprised at the appeal made by even a little wild-flower, when, resting for a moment, the wanderer sees such an object by his side. The wild violet, perhaps, or the harebell—ten thousand chances to one against its ever being seen by human eyes, yet not the less beautiful in consideration of that slight expectancy—not the less exemplifying the wondrous skill of the Maker of the great and the small. The well-known lines of Gray are of course apt to occur at such a sight; but I must confess that my predominant feeling is one of deep interest in the contemplation of the mechanism and business of life going on in circumstances which so strikingly mark its independent place in creation. The humblest wild-flower blooms not for man or any other creature as a primary object: it lives and blossoms for itself under the God who made it.

On getting to the rear of the mountain, I soon found myself descending into a deep valley in which lay a series of lakes, and the opposite side of which was formed by an isolated hill of no marked character. I had to descend a precipitous hollow, or corry, as it is called in the Highlands, often indebted for progress to the rough heather which grew from the interstices of the rocks. It is a scene of utter desolation; yet here was something which science rendered to me as eloquent as any written history. Curving outwards from the front of the hollow through which I had descended were two great ramparts or ridges of loose stones, one smaller than and within the other. Some acquaintance with the Swiss Alps enabled me at once to detect that these were *moraines*—examples, namely, of the bands of debris which glaciers bring down from the mountains, and leave encircling their own terminations. The climate is not such now as to produce a glacier in the corry which I have described, but it

had once been so; and here were the loads of rubbish which that glacier had deposited at its skirts—first the outer and larger being for a long period its limit, and then for a shorter period the inner and smaller. Such curious memorials of a past state of things are to be found in various parts of the Highlands; but they are not common.

Under the impulse of curiosity I extended my walk round the isolated hill, and then began to cross back through the valley, intending to shorten my walk by passing over the ridge of Benmore at one of its lowest points, and so returning to the shepherd's house. But I had now expended a considerable portion of my strength, and its renewal was not to be looked for, as by this time my stock of provisions had been exhausted. To ascend, therefore, a rough steep corry of about eight hundred feet in height was a severe task. With dreadful toil, and after many pauses, I did attain the summit, when to my surprise, instead of looking down the other side of a ridge as I had expected, I found myself on a table-land of heath and moss, over which the wind swept with unobstructed keenness. It was like one of those strange transitions effected by magic in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and for some time I was totally unable to account for it. At length I apprehended that Benmore, instead of being one simple ridge, is a triangular piece of table-land with two precipitous fronts. I swiftly traversed the upland moor, and bending towards the left, came in about half an hour to the brink of what I believed to be the opposite precipice, although in the scenery below I vainly endeavoured to recognise the country which I had left at mid-day. With great difficulty I descended a rough corry for four or five hundred feet, and then became aware that I had made a mistake, and was only returning to the valley at the back of the hill. It was now between six and seven o'clock, and my strength was much diminished; yet as there was nothing else to depend upon for getting home, an exertion must be made. With incredible pain I reascended the mountain, and was once more upon the table-land, the form of which, by the aid of my pocket compass, I now understood. Feeling unfit to encounter any more ascents, I declined an adjacent hollow in the summit which might have given a straighter way home, and walked for about a couple of miles along the moor in order to turn the flank of the mountain; thus at length completing my original design. At that point there was a splendid look-out upon the outer portions of Loch Broom and its many islands, over which the sun was beginning to go down; but no habitation met my eye: I had still the sense of being far from human aid and succour. There was in view, indeed, a portion of the bay beside which I remembered the shepherd's house was situated, but it was evidently some miles distant; and behold the intervening country was composed of huge longitudinal hills, only inferior to the mighty Benmore itself—a circumstance for which I was totally unprepared, as I had not thought that these ridges extended so far. I may here mention, that during the whole day I had never met or caught a glimpse of any human being. The district is merely a sheep-walk, over which it is not possible for even the shepherds to pass very frequently, and I think I was told that, for some particular reason, none of them had that day been abroad upon the hill.

I now began to feel that the circumstances were of a critical nature, and repented the imprudence of venturing alone and so ill-provided into such a desert. But for these uncomfortable reflections, the situation was one well calculated to excite admiration. I was now on the talus of debris under the black seamy cliffs of the finest side of this stupendous mountain. It stretched for several miles along, a grand bulwark of nature, marked with the tear and wear of elemental wars during numberless ages. In front lay a long gray hill, the surface of which was composed of large sheets of

smooth abraded rock, interspersed with a meagre vegetation. In the distance lay Ben Gualish and the other mountains of the two Loch Brooms, a scene of unbroken sterility and grandeur; while it was just possible in the middle ground to obtain a peep of the softer scenery around that bay to which I would so fain have returned. For some time I passed along the sheep-tracks on the face of the mountain, descending occasionally from one to another, till at length it occurred to me that I might fail to surmount the frontier hills, and that it was best to try to turn their flanks by keeping near the sea. I therefore left the front of Benmore proper, and, crossing the stream in the trough or valley below, passed obliquely up the opposite ridge. In due time I came to the extremity near the sea, but found it appallingly steep and apparently impassable. I was on the verge of a precipice, all but impending over the restless element, which, even on this comparatively calm night, kept up a continual roar below. In the state of exhaustion to which I was reduced, and the desperate aspect which the case was assuming, I felt for a moment that to have fallen over these cliffs and been at rest in the bosom of the deep would have been less of a calamity than such an event usually appears. At this crisis, however, a ray of hope shone forth, for I espied a small footpath passing along the face of the cliff underneath. A footpath must lead from one human haunt to another. In one direction it would probably take me to the shepherd's hut.

By this time it was half-past eight o'clock, and I felt an attenuation and languor not to be described. It may here be explained that walking over such a district is a very different kind of exertion from that of promenading in a street or a country road. From the roughness of the ground, it is necessary to leap, to clamber, to slide, and thus the whole system is strained and shaken to a degree which in a few hours tells severely upon it. Under such violent exercise, perspiration streams from the body, and drops from the hair and eyebrows. Having now been in this state for several hours, with a superaddition of excitement arising from anxiety, I felt as on the borders of a fever. What helped to strengthen this impression was the raging thirst which I experienced. At every one of the numerous rills of pure water which crossed my path, I took two or three handfuls, and yet the drought was never in the least quenched. I recollect at that time collecting a few crumbs from my satchel and trying to eat them, when it appeared as if the salivary glands had been utterly dried up, for the bolus remained dry and unswallowable in my mouth until I obtained a little water to slake it.

By doubling back a little way—how hard a doubling back appears at such a time!—I reached the footpath, which proved one of fearful difficulty, sometimes passing up little precipices, sometimes crossing little morasses, almost always ascending, for it soon appeared that much high ground was still to be passed over. I was now able to walk only forty or fifty yards at a time. At the end of every such space, I lay down, or involuntarily tumbled down on the heath, and remained there a few minutes to recover breath and strength. Twice or thrice a flash of sleep, as I may call it, passed over my exhausted powers, each having its little momentary dream; a phenomenon very interesting, but also very alarming, as to have fallen completely asleep in such circumstances would probably have been fatal. I remember reflecting at one of those intervals of rest, of what value would have been a bottle of wine and a biscuit—how much even a bowl of milk would have been worth! I felt too that, if a bottle of wine could have been obtained, the first impulse of nature would have been to drink it off at one draught. Some large portion of one's entire means in life might willingly have been rendered for one of those

refreshing succours. It is when thus thrown forth from the social scene, and left exposed to the merciless energies of physical nature, that man feels how weak he absolutely is, and how, without some ultimate trust in the Almighty source of his being, that being is but as a straw upon a whirlpool. I am unwilling to treat my adventure in an exaggerating spirit; it was, after all, perhaps, only remarkable as an unusual occurrence in the life of one accustomed to dwell amidst the comforts of the highest civilisation. But since I am relating it to all, I feel that I ought not to suppress some reference to the solemn feelings which passed through my breast while running what I believed to be a risk of tragical death.

The adventure occurring near the summer solstice, and in the fifty-eighth parallel of latitude, the sun fortunately kept above the horizon till about nine o'clock. At a different season of the year, darkness supervening at an earlier hour, I certainly could not have escaped. It was now past nine, and the light was beginning to wane—an addition of no small magnitude to my anxieties, but at the same time a stimulus to the jaded faculties. It was at this time that, casting my eyes over the gray rocks everywhere surrounding me, a curious deception of vision for a moment occurred. Methought I saw two human figures standing motionless on the hill above me. They seemed like a man and his wife, and appeared to gaze calmly down upon me. It was but for a moment that this appearance lasted; but it was vivid enough to make me renew my gaze at the spot, to ascertain if there really were any living beings so near me. In the excited feeling of the moment, my mind reverted to superstitious tales which speak of the spirits of those who may be presumed to feel the greatest interest in us, making an appearance before us at times of extraordinary peril. On a searching examination of the spot, it quickly appeared that the figures were merely the effect of some peculiar form and colouring of the cliffs. The footpath, after being twice or thrice lost in bogs of fresh vegetation, or over crags where I failed to mark its course, became finally untraceable, and I had then to move as I best could over ground encumbered with large blocks and masses of moss, guided only by my general sense of the form of the country. I thought I could not then be far from the desired place of rest, but feared to believe it, knowing how apt a stranger is to be deceived in his estimates of a hitherto untrodden district. At length, on succeeding with great difficulty in surmounting a considerable steep, I attained the face of the hill, whence I could see the shepherd's house below. My troubles were at an end. I reached the door of that humble mansion at precisely ten o'clock, having been engaged in violent exercise, without adequate support to the system, for fully nine hours.

I found that the man had gone home with the pony in despair of my taking that mode of returning; but the shepherd and his wife proved as ministering angels. They gave me food and rest, with every demonstration of sympathising kindness, and sent me home to Ullapool next morning greatly recruited, though I did not feel quite recovered for three days. My worthy hostess at the village had been in such concern for me, that she was about to have had a search instituted, when fortunately my reappearance saved her the trouble.

Some years ago, when rambling with a few geological friends in North Wales, I used to join in the laugh at the Snowdon guides, who were sure to ply you with what they called 'frightful examples' of the danger of ascending that mountain without a guide. But I begin to think that frightful examples are not quite to be laughed at. I am also beginning to suspect that geology is a somewhat rough study for a gentleman on the borders of fifty, and that I must leave it to younger men, and look with more respect upon the quiet walk or safe fireside. There must first, however, be some

explication of the discoveries which this and similar rainbows have enabled me to make respecting an agent which has powerfully affected the face of the earth in former times.

R. C.

A WORD ON PIANOFORTES.

The pianoforte is the most popular musical instrument of the day. The facility with which a very respectable amount of skill in performing upon it may be attained, and its admirable adaptation for an accompaniment to the human voice, have contributed to render it a general favourite. It is to be regretted, however, that much ignorance prevails with regard to the constitution of a piece of mechanism now so generally to be met with in our domestic circles, and that so little caution or judgment is exercised in the selection, and so little care in the treatment of it. From what we observe in the houses of our friends and neighbours, or wherever we go to enjoy a musical treat, we see that information on the subject is almost universally wanting, and that a serious waste of money is continually occurring from heedless precipitancy in the purchase and subsequent neglect in the treatment of pianofortes. With the view of obviating these evils, in some degree at least, the following few facts and suggestions are submitted to the consideration of all whom they may concern.

And first, as to the choice of an instrument for family use. There is no question that the grand piano, both in regard to durability and power, is at present the most perfect form of the instrument. Taking into consideration the actual cost of manufacture, it ought also to be relatively the cheapest, instead of being, as it is, the dearest instrument. The high price, with the shamefully enormous profits it includes, is only maintained through the limited demand—a demand which is never likely to become very general, owing to want of space in our dwellings for the convenient stowage of a mass pre-eminently unwieldy and unsightly, notwithstanding all the artistic talent that has been put in requisition for its ornamentation. The upright piano, under which term may be included all sizes, from the tall cabinet to the dwarf piccolo, is fast superseding both the grand and the square for family use; and in consequence of the increased demand, more improvements have been made in the manufacture of instruments of this description than in any others. But whatever description of instrument may be chosen, considerable caution is necessary, especially if economy is to be kept in view, in making the purchase. There are certain well-known names which have stood high in the profession for many years, and if the intending purchaser have not sufficient judgment of his own, and no friend upon whose judgment he can rely, he cannot do very wrong in purchasing of one of these long-established firms, with whom it may be said with some degree of truth, that a bad instrument is the exception, and not the rule. But in this case he will inevitably pay for his own satisfaction the price which the makers set upon their reputation, *plus* the value of the instruments. But it is by no means the case that all the skill in the manufacture of pianofortes is monopolised by the great names. Admirable instruments are daily put forth by men of small repute, quite equal in all imaginable respects to those of the most renowned manufacturers, and which may be bought by those who have skill to select at a fair and reasonable price, yet yielding a good profit to the makers.

As a general rule, a piano for family use should be one of the simplest construction. If it be constructed on sound mechanical principles, it ought to be strong enough to bear the tension of a good thick wire throughout, without the cumbersome addition of steel bars and plates of metal, and hollow copper tubes, such

additions being for the most part nothing better than so many costly catchpennies, which serve the double purpose of enhancing the price of the article and cloaking the ignorance of the manufacturer, who is not unfrequently driven to have recourse to them from a deficiency in knowledge of the true principles of his art. For domestic use a piano of moderately crisp touch is to be preferred—not one offering no resistance to the finger, by the use of which a slovenly and ineffective style of performance would be engendered, nor one on the other hand that demands a momentum of five or six pounds per key to elicit the full force of the note. The present practice of banging upon the key-board with a vigour which would astonish a pauper engaged in the comparatively easy occupation of breaking stones upon the road, has compelled the manufacturers to protect the reputation of their instruments by mechanically diminishing, by the operation of various contrivances, the momentum of the hammer which strikes the string. A 'brilliant finger' is no longer the desideratum with a performer it once was; the united force of arms and shoulders is brought into play; the rigidly distended digits are displayed aloft and dashed down upon the keys with a savage furor altogether out of keeping with the sentiment of music and song; and all the while the enthusiastic performer imagines that by the display of such antics, and the cost of so much perspiration, he is eliciting the fine qualities of his instrument, and never dreaming that his superfluous labour is wasted in overcoming the resistance of so much lead or leverage, which the manufacturer has erected as a barrier to his destructive propensities. How far this senseless system is to be carried there is no saying, or whether it will be thought necessary by and by for a young lady to go through a course of gymnastics as a previous qualification for the study of music, or a little preparatory exercise at a blacksmith's anvil. One thing is certain—the manufacturers have the best of the rivalry, and can, if they like, adapt their pianos to the fisticuffs of an Amazon without the additional cost of a single sixpence.

With regard to the tone of the instrument to be selected for purchase, any written instruction would be of little service. To tone, in the proper sense of the term, the pianoforte indeed has no claim. In this respect an experienced ear is the best guide; and the taste of the purchaser, who should be aware that loudness is not always the best quality, may influence the selection.

There is one thing yet to be said with regard to the purchase of a pianoforte, and that is, that it should be made with the maker himself, or with some well-known respectable and accredited agent of the maker. It is not generally known that something precisely analogous to the copying of pictures, and palming them off as originals, is carried on upon a large scale in the manufacture of cheap and so-called second-hand pianos. Copies of instruments bearing the names of the first-rate manufacturers, put together by men out of work, or unwilling to work at journey-work, are planted about in all directions, as well in the metropolis as in other large towns. Drapers, hatters, hosiers, gloves, hairdressers, milliners, and a host of others, have pianos to sell—the property of a lady who has left town; and a vast number of middlemen, who advertise daily in the London papers, drive a thriving trade by the sale of false and spurious pianofortes, made by untaught bunglers at the cost of from £10 to £15, and sold at a profit of cent. per cent. as the second-hand goods of the most eminent manufacturers. Some of these middlemen in a large way of business assume a very high standing, and affect the pretensions of unquestionable integrity—giving warranties with their goods, the only advantage of which is that at the end of six months, if not satisfied, you may change a bad bargain for a worse. Cabinet-makers, too, have taken to

the construction, or rather to the metamorphosis of pianos, in the hands of one of whom the writer saw not long ago one of Collard's 'Pianos for the People' undergoing the process of investiture in a new garb of rosewood and carving, preparatory to sale as one of that maker's most finished productions. From such facts as these, with which one might fill a sheet, the reader will perceive that his best protection against fraud and sophistication is to have recourse at once to the maker or his accredited agent for the purchase of a genuine instrument.

But supposing the piano wisely selected, bought, and safely housed at home, the next thing is the question of its treatment; and here the greatest ignorance appears practically to prevail. Wherever one goes, he sees the piano exposed to a thorough draught, or if not, its exemption is the effect of accident rather than of design. The worst, and unfortunately the most favourite position, is opposite the fireplace, and in the track of the constant draught between the door and windows. Every fresh current of moist air carries the cause of rust to the metal, and through the expansion and contraction consequent upon an ever-varying temperature, the strings are never in tune long together. Again, the leather and buffing, by being alternately wet and dry, become hard in the course of time, even when not used at all. This is not the worst: through the shrinking that follows the hardening of the leather, a destructive friction ensues, which, in spite of the black-lead used to guard against it, wears away the substance of the leather at the lower end of the 'stickers,' or conducting-rods, where, in upright instruments, these rest upon the 'hopper,' and a dismal sound like the rattling of dry bones is very speedily the consequence, forming no very agreeable accompaniment to the performer whenever he or she sits down to play, though it may be inaudible to others at a distance. This uncomfortable sound is due to the shrinking and wearing away of the leather from friction, in consequence of which the communication is broken between the key and the hammer which strikes the strings—the hopper having to traverse the space lost through shrinking and wear, and striking the lower end of the conducting-rod with an audible blow. The buffing or balze, moreover, upon which the keys rest, also shrinks and hardens from the same causes, and thus it frequently happens that an instrument which is hardly used at all becomes unfit for use through the ignorance or negligence of the owner. Other injuries of a similar nature ensue from the same causes, which it is not necessary to mention here. It is true all this would occur in the course of years under the best management, and even with the best instruments; but in careless hands this inevitable deterioration will be accomplished in fewer months than it would in years of prudent care. The best place, then, for the piano in the parlour or drawing-room is assuredly somewhere away from the current of air that runs constantly from the door to the window. In a recess on either side of the fireplace, or against the wall fronting the windows, or in some position the least liable to atmospheric currents, is the best place, as well for the instrument as for the performer.

An instrument that will keep in tune is, however, after all, the grand desideratum. This, in the present state of our knowledge on the subject, is unattainable; although an approach to something like it may be secured by the exercise of a little care and prudent expenditure in the outset. All who have paid any attention to the phenomena of strained steel wires know that there is a tendency in a wire which has long been strained to a certain pitch to remain at that pitch, and even to return to it, or towards it, if suddenly altered. Thus if you tune a wire sharper than it should be—say a quarter of a note, by way of experiment, and keep it up to that pitch for a fortnight, and

then let it suddenly down the quarter of a note, it will again grow sharper in the course of twenty-four hours, as though striving to regain its lost note. Now here is a hint for the treatment of pianos, and one which the writer has followed repeatedly with advantage. It appears plain enough, from the principle here suggested, that if a piano were well and regularly tuned for the first year or two—say every month, or oftener, for the first year and a half—it would acquire a tendency to remain in tune, and behave better in that respect ever afterwards than if no such care were taken. This may appear somewhat fanciful, but it has been shewn by experience to be true. Of course this treatment would not prevent an instrument from being affected by sudden variations of temperature, though it would in a considerable degree modify the effects of such variations. Among professional tuners of pianofortes, the man who gets through his work correctly in the shortest time is generally to be preferred. An instrument which is long under the operation of tuning is not the likeliest to remain long in tune. The best tuners tune 'hard,' as it is technically called—that is, with a smart stroke upon every key, and drawing the wire at once up to the required pitch, making little alteration afterwards. It would be well if Lord Stanhope's principle of tuning were generally followed, by which the 'wolf' is equally distributed throughout the scale. The result is extremely agreeable and pleasant to the ear, though the effect of some music is very much altered by it—the distinguishing characteristics of the several sharp and flat keys being thereby in a great measure done away. It is not usual, however, to meet with a tuner who will trouble himself with Lord Stanhope's plan, and still less so to find one who succeeds in the attempt, if induced to make it.

It is greatly to be regretted that pianos are as yet far too expensive for general use among the humbler classes. With the present mode of manufacture there seems no immediate prospect of improvement in this particular. As yet every part of the mechanism, as well as the exterior fabric, is made by hand, and then put together by finishers, who work for high wages, and spend an immense amount of time, pretty much at their own discretion, in chipping, shaving, adjusting, and regulating, to apparently very little purpose; the major part of which tedious and expensive ceremony might be abolished, at least in the production of instruments for popular use, by the adoption of a simple uniform plan of construction, carried out with the precision which the use of machinery in the fabrication of the different parts would ensure. But the magic power of machinery has never yet been brought to bear upon this department of manufacture; and the wonder is, seeing that large and princely fortunes are annually made through the great and increasing demand for these instruments, that such is the case. There seems no reason why a pianoforte should not be as cheap as a clock. The mechanism of the one ought not to be more expensive than that of the other; and the adjustment and regulation of both are perhaps of about equal difficulty. The great cause of the difference in the cost of the two is doubtless that while the clock is made very much by the means of machinery, the piano is entirely the produce of manual labour.

In connection with pianofortes, a word or two may be allowed in regard to the despised old harpsichords, thousands of which are yet extant, and are occasionally offered for sale at prices less than the value of the cases that contain them. Let their possessors pause before they deliver them to be broken up: it is not generally known that they may be converted into charming instruments at the cost of a few shillings, and the exercise of a little ingenuity and labour. The following extract from the writer's musical experience may be of use to some possessor of a harpsichord disposed to repeat his experiment.

A quarter of a century ago, having an old harpsichord in my chamber, I resolved, at the suggestion of a friend, to convert it if possible into a sustaining instrument for the performance of slow music. This intention was accomplished in the following manner:—By means of a common treddle, somewhat similar to that of the travelling knife-grinder, and, like that, worked by one foot, a stout silken thread was made to revolve round the whole of the strings horizontally. This thread had been previously well soaked in resin dissolved in Spirits of wine, and thus qualified to act as does the bow of a violin upon the strings. It must be remembered, that in the harpsichord the two strings which are in unison are throughout separated by wider spaces than the other—just the reverse of what is the case with pianofortes. This wide interval gives room for the 'jacks' to play up and down; and each jack being furnished with a slip of quill on either side, twangs both the strings in unison as it rises from the pressure of the key. Having cut away the quills from the jacks, I made a small inverted arch in the top of each, large enough to allow of the revolution of a small brass wheel about the diameter of a pen, and grooved at the edge for the reception of the silk thread. The wheels were turned from a stair-rod by a watchmaker for a trifling charge; and the axles upon which they revolved were short stout needles inserted in holes carefully drilled through the centres of the sides of the arches. By this contrivance, whenever the jack rose by the touch of the finger on the key, the small wheel rose between the strings, and pressed the resined thread (revolving horizontally by the action of the treddle) against both the strings, producing a tone resembling nothing so much as that of the Æolian harp, and capable of increase or diminution by the sole pressure of the finger on the key. It answered admirably for very slow music, but hung fire so much that any attempt at a moderately-rapid passage produced no sound at all. For chants and andante movements it was well adapted; and when it passed out of my keeping on my leaving England, it made the tour of the country in company with a travelling exhibition, where, being played behind the curtain, it was the source of no little speculation to the public. It may be only right to mention, that owing to the string being necessarily kept rather tight to insure its revolution, there was constant danger of breaking it by touching too many notes at a time; but this danger might be obviated at the present moment by the use of an elastic string of vulcanised caoutchouc spun with cotton or silk. Such an instrument would of course be entirely unsuitable for general practice, but for persons advanced in life, or for mechanics with joints stiffened by hard labour, and with but little time for the practice of music, it might prove a pleasant and useful companion, especially as but very little skill is required to make it 'discourse most eloquent music.'

OTTERTON COTTAGE.

In a picturesque Devonshire village, situated on the banks of the river Otter—which, after playing all sorts of vagaries hereabouts, quietly debouches into the sea at a few miles' distance—resided, some score of years ago, an elderly gentleman named Borradaile, with his wife and daughter. Otterton Cottage, Mr Borradaile's abode, was the mansion of the neighbourhood. Highly ornamented both within and without, it arrested the gaze of the passer-by, who, according to taste, viewed it with an air of approbation or otherwise. The simple country-folks pronounced it a 'rare fine place,' and Madam Borradaile a 'rare fine lady,' and they spoke the truth, for both the domain and its mistress were as fine and full of pretension, lacking real merit, as smiling meads and foolish heads could make them. Even Mr Borradaile was very fond of her home,

though she by no means admired it; and being a pretty girl of twenty, and moreover an only child, it may be supposed that she was much indulged and petted. She was, indeed, her worthy father's darling and delight; and well did Lucy repay his affection by her dutiful conduct and forbearance: for Mrs Borradaile was her step-mother, and not more than fifteen years Lucy's senior. It was to this lady's love of show and decoration that Otterton Cottage owed its flaunting appendages: she having a weakness for everything that seemed to her to savour of gentility, and an unwearied desire to approach patrician usages and patrician society in general.

She had been married to Mr Borradaile for ten years, and was still a really attractive woman, and would have been yet more so, had not a mincing gait and studied manner, meant to be particularly easy, detracted from her charms. Her little fortune of five hundred pounds had been safely lodged at the local bank by Mr Borradaile, when he made the winsome Nelly Peel his second wife; but to hear Nelly talk of 'her fortune'—it was under her own especial control and at her absolute disposal—one would have imagined that twice five thousand at least was in the bank. However, Mrs Borradaile romanced about 'my own money'—and a marvellous long way it must have gone certainly to procure so many substantial luxuries and comforts of all descriptions; and if Mr Borradaile ever refused to gratify any whim or caprice—which, kind soul! was rare indeed—then Mrs Borradaile whimperingly declared: 'it was hard, with her fortune, that she could not do as she liked.'

'Your fortune, Nelly, my dear!' would her husband good-humouredly exclaim: 'why sure it has a wondrous power of stretching itself out, or it would have all disappeared long ago.' But the point was gained, and the five hundred pounds continued safely deposited in its accustomed place; for all Mrs Borradaile's wants were supplied with a liberal hand.

Mr Borradaile had made his money in trade—a circumstance which his wife could endure no allusion to. Her deceased father had been a Lieutenant in a marching regiment, and she once had danced in the same room with an earl's daughter! No wonder Mrs Borradaile boasted her aristocratic reminiscences! Lucy was a patient listener, and if she smiled, it was in a kindly way at her stepmother's foible; for Lucy had learned by heart the blessed lesson of true Christian charity, and was always anxious to hide the bad qualities of others under the shadow of their good qualities. Nevertheless, Lucy Borradaile was sorely tried; for she had a certain dear Cousin Charles, who was in a mercantile house in London, and sometimes ran down to Devon to visit his relatives, and to him, and to his cousinly attentions to Lucy, Mrs Borradaile had a decided antipathy. 'He was of low origin,' the aspiring lady said, 'besides being poor.'

'But, my dear,' replied her spouse, 'Charles is my nephew, and a good, honest, industrious fellow.'

'But not a fit husband for your daughter, Mr Borradaile, I presume,' responded Nelly, tossing her head. 'She might look higher, I should think.'

'Well, well, Nelly, perhaps so,' dubiously answered Mr Borradaile, scratching his bald pate in an absent manner; 'perhaps so—but Charlie is a fine, good lad, nevertheless.'

Mr Borradaile strongly leaned towards his nephew; nor was he blind to the mutual attachment of the young folks; but there was time enough; and Lucy was a decided belle; and she herself might change her mind, and look higher too. He reasoned thus, because his wife badgered him about Charles; for he was an easy man, and desired peace and quietness above all things. When Charles came to Otterton Cottage, Mrs Borradaile assumed all the airs and graces of a theatrical queen on the barn-floor—talked at him, patronised him, or else was absolutely rude.

But Charles bore all with smiling good-humour, which only tended to provoke the lady to wilder flights.

'I really wish, my dear Mr Borradaile,' said his wife one evening when they were alone, Lucy having gone to drink tea at the vicarage—'I really *do* wish, for Lucy's sake, that you would exert yourself, as I am so often asking you to do, and write to this niece of yours, the Honourable Mrs Ivor, and ask her to come and see you during the summer months. Then, in all probability, she would ask us back again to Ivor Lodge, or to B— Square; and consider the immense advantages such an invitation would combine—such an introduction into high society! Oh dear me! I declare it puts me all in a flutter to think of it.' Now, do, my dear, write to the Honourable Mrs Ivor at once. She is your niece, and a deal more worth paying attention to than that stupid, vulgar Charles Worthington.'

'Charles is neither vulgar nor stupid,' Mrs Borradaile, I beg leave to say,' replied Mr Borradaile angrily; 'and I won't allow him to be called so by anybody. And as to my niece, whom I have never seen—this Honourable Mrs Ivor—if report speaks true, she is an extravagant, flippant creature, not worthy to be named in a breath with Charlie—the honest, fine lad. Besides, you know as well as I do, that if I were fool enough to write, she wouldn't take any notice; for depend upon it she has been taught to be ashamed of having an uncle in trade; for her father's family were as silly as they were proud.'

'But you are not in trade now, Mr B.,' replied his wife; 'and I'm sure if the Honourable Mrs Ivor came here and saw'—'me' she was going to say, but 'Otterton Cottage' was substituted—'and saw Otterton Cottage, she would be delighted with its elegance, and not ashamed to claim relationship with the owners.'

'My dear Nelly, you talk like a foolish woman,' said Mr Borradaile peevishly, for he was tired of the incessant boring about this 'honourable' niece. 'Rest assured that Mrs Ivor is far too immersed in her own concerns, in gaiety and fashion, to bestow a second thought on her Devonshire relatives or their elegances. Why it was only the other day that you read an account in the papers of a magnificent fête she gave at Ivor Lodge; and how can you be such a goose as to suppose she would care about this poor place?'

'Ay, ay, it's all very well, Mr B.,' persevered the lady; 'but didn't I read soon afterwards that report said she was in debt and involved? for we didn't doubt that "I," and the stars after it, signified "Ivor," and she a widow too.'

'Well, poor thing, I hope not,' replied Mr Borradaile; 'for she has a noble jointure, though indeed I fear she is a careless one. But I have been told she has a kind heart, although nurtured in a bad school. Don't let us talk about her any more.'

But this command, often repeated after such conversations as the foregoing, was never attended to; and Mrs Borradaile continued to talk of the Honourable Mrs Ivor, and to worry her husband on all occasions, until at length he began to give way, and promised that if she would behave well to Charlie he would 'think about penning a letter to his unknown niece.' He kept his promise; thought about it for many weeks; fidgetted himself almost into a fever, but accomplished the heavy task imposed, and despatched a clearly-written missive to the honourable lady, introducing himself to her notice, mentioning his wife and child—the latter with fond affection and pride—and concluding with the assurance of a hospitable and cordial welcome to Otterton Cottage whenever she liked to come and make acquaintance with her mother's brother. It was a manly, good letter, and no one could have read it without being convinced of the single-hearted benevolence of the honest writer.

Mrs Ivor was the child of Mr Borradaile's only sister,

who had eloped from a boarding-school with the penniless cadet of a noble family: the young wife did not survive the birth of their child, which was taken charge of by its father's offended parents in consideration of the poor baby's desolate state; and their son being compelled to join his regiment abroad, fell a victim soon after to the climate.

Her mother's brother, her only maternal relative, was not permitted to hold any intercourse with Julia de Vere—such intercourse would have been contamination to the De Veres of Vere Hall! At an extremely tender age Julia was espoused to the Honourable Mr Ivor—a wealthy scion of a wealthy race—and found herself a rich, young, and well-looking widow ere she had completed her twenty-fourth year. Rumour had made free with her name; and though no disgrace attached to it, yet that she was a most flighty and extravagant woman of fashion there could be no doubt. But then she was an honourable, and a woman of fashion! Talismanic words to Mrs Borradaile! To be able to speak of 'our niece the Honourable Mrs Ivor' was the delight of her life; to be able to speak to her would be the summit of human felicity! With a beating heart she accompanied Mr Borradaile to the post-office, and witnessed the important letter dropped in its appointed receptacle.

'When will an answer arrive, and what will it be?' she mentally ejaculated. 'If she does agree to come, we must have a new French bedstead in the spare room. And, let me see, pink silk drapery, relieved by soft white muslin, will be the thing; and a toilet-table to match.' And, deep in cogitation concerning suchlike weighty matters, Mrs Borradaile returned home in unusual silence.

But many weeks passed over, and the golden grain waned, and the mellow fruits were ripe, and still no letter came in reply; but Nelly declared 'she did not despair.' Mrs Ivor was doubtless so much engaged that she had not a moment to answer her uncle's epistle. It had been a prolonged 'season' they knew from the public prints; but Mrs Ivor would migrate like the rest of her class, and why might she not turn her steps towards Devon? So Mrs Borradaile lived on hope; and hope in this case, though long deferred, proved more substantial than usual.

A letter was delivered to Mr Borradaile one fine morning when he was at breakfast, sealed with the Ivor crest, written in a cramped hand, but couched in pleasant terms, bearing the signature of Julia Ivor. Mrs Borradaile was in raptures, for the honourable lady declared that she had long been solicitous of making their acquaintance; and concluded by telling her 'dear uncle,' that in a week's time from that day she would be with them at Otterton Cottage, and sojourn for such a period as her numerous engagements permitted. No possibility now, alas! of preparing the new French couch, with its pink silk and white muslin draperies! What a bustle and confusion prevailed in the cottage for the next few days!—what a state of restless excitement Mrs Borradaile was in! 'How would Mrs Ivor come? Of course in a travelling chariot-and-four! Where were they to accommodate her retinue? How were they to amuse the gay lady?'

The momentous time arrived, and to the astonishment of everybody the great lady not only was punctual, but made her appearance in a humble hired chariot and pair, without even a female attendant. Yet to make amends for this apparent want of state, her personal equipments were extremely dazzling—bright colours, jewels, drooping feathers, and satin sheen, not being quite in keeping with the faded vehicle from which she alighted. She was a tall, slight woman, with delicate features, and a pair of small prying black eyes, which, with inquisitive avidity, wandered 'here, there, and everywhere,' unceasingly. She was evidently desirous of making a favourable impression; and there was a

flutter of feather and flounces, and a curtsying and a speechifying, which betrayed the requisite emotion; but when, with what Mrs Borradaile termed 'high-bred nonchalance,' she threw herself on a sofa, applying a scent-bottle to her nose, it was with an air of display and affectation which ill assorted with the affectionate obsequiousness of her manner.

'Really,' whined the honourable guest, 'that terrible conveyance has jolted me to death, so unaccustomed am I to that style of travelling.'

'Then why did you travel so, my dear?' bluntly demanded Mr Borradaile, who was regarding his niece with a puzzled look, which she did not appear quite to relish.

'Why, you see, my dear sir,' replied the lady in soft patronising tones, 'I thought it might inconvenience you had I brought a carriage or servants. So I determined to come in a homely, quiet way, and not to disturb your routine of charming cottage-life.'

'I am sure it is very kind of you to come at all,' said Mrs Borradaile, with eager attention unshawling her guest, and frowning at her husband to be silent. But Peter Borradaile was not always to be silenced even by Nelly, so he sturdily answered his fine lady niece in his own honest fashion.

'As to your inconveniencing us, that is out of the question, my dear, for there is carriage room and stabling for more than you would have brought had you studied your own comfort ever so much. But you'll know better another time. And now, tell me who you are considered to resemble, for your poor mother, my sister Bess, had blue eyes, and—and—I'm assured you will think your old uncle the tradesman a vulgar fellow, and fit only for going back to his shop, when he says that you are a *little* bit older looking than he expected to see you!'

The Honourable Mrs Ivor appeared much shocked by this rude speech, and her face was suffused with scarlet, as she answered quickly: 'The life I have led, uncle, accounts for it: one of the fashionable world must not be judged beside fresh blooming rustic dancels.' Here she looked admiringly at Mrs Borradaile and Lucy, adding: 'Your natural rouge would be coveted by my beautiful though pallid friend the Duchess of C—.'

This was the climax: here was the friend of the Duchess of C— being bored by Peter Borradaile, and perhaps disgusted at the first onset!

'You do make such odd speeches, Mr Borradaile,' said Nelly deprecatingly. 'Pray excuse him, nudam'—this to Mrs Ivor—he often says quite as homely things to me.'

'Do call me Julia,' minced the reclining lady. 'My beloved friend, Lady Annabel, always does; and you know, besides, I am your niece.' And from that time forward the most amicable footing of intimacy existed between the two ladies, increasing daily as they knew more of each other. Mrs Borradaile was 'aunt,' and the Honourable Mrs Ivor was 'Julia'; but Julia did not take to Lucy, and she whispered in confidence to 'dear aunt,' that Cousin Lucy was 'decidedly plebeian.' Now Julia's little prying black eyes never seemed to like meeting the open truthful gaze of sweet Lucy Borradaile: Lucy was so quiet, unobtrusive, and at the same time so self-possessed, that it was impossible for affectation or impertinence to make way with her. And the impertinence and affectation of the Honourable Mrs Ivor became more conspicuous each day and hour she passed at Otterton; and ere she had been their guest a week, hysterical affections much disturbed the equanimity of Mr Borradaile, particularly as Julia began to hint about an 'anxious and harrowed mind.'

'Poor, dear love!' whispered Mrs Borradaile to her good man, 'she has been so extravagant; but she has such elegant taste and fine discrimination that we must look over such unimportant matters. We must

help her out of her difficulties, Mr B., by careful counsel and the loan of a fifty pounds or so.'

'Fifty pounds!' cried Mr Borradaile; 'I wish fifty may do: she has asked me for a deal more than that already.'

'No! Has she though?' replied Nelly with an expressive shudder. 'Poor, dear love! she tells me her villa is the most unique thing in the world, and I am to stay there at Christmas, and the Duchess of C—, and Lady Annabel too. She means of course to include you, Mr B., and Lucy in the invitation; but we must do our best to cheer her up ere she leaves us.'

And the best was done to cheer up the troublesome fine lady ere she departed on her travels, which in three weeks from the date of her arrival she deplored it was her 'hard destiny to do.' This announcement, however, seemed to have been hastened by the arrival of Charles Worthington, who found still less favour in the eyes of Mrs Ivor than in those of Nelly herself. After his appearance the honourable dame became more and more restless; till after being closeted for some time with Mr Borradaile, she informed the circle generally of her determination to quit 'beautiful Otterton' the next day. Charles and Lucy exchanged smiling glances as Mrs Ivor bewailed 'her doom'; she 'so adored the country,' and 'was so supremely happy with them.'

'Well, my dear, then you must come again,' said Mr Borradaile in the simplicity and kindness of his honest heart; 'and don't pay us such a short visit—you know that Devon is a fine place to economise in.' This was said in a significant voice, meant to be very expressive.

'Ah, my dear, excellent uncle!' said the lady; 'you are all coming to me at Ivor Lodge to pass Christmas; my dearest cronies, the Duchess of C— and Lady Annabel, are to be of our party. You, too, Mr Charles, I shall be happy to see with your relatives.'

Charles bowed gravely, and thanked the honourable dame for her invitation.

Mr Borradaile was evidently relieved when his niece departed; and although Charles and Lucy uttered not a word against the absent, yet they too obviously threw off an irksome restraint which it had been impossible to divest themselves of in the presence of their late guest. Mrs Borradaile also was supremely happy, the Honourable Julia was her 'beloved niece'; Julia had presented her, too, with a gay brooch, and the anticipation of the coming Christmas was an Elysian dream!

But when the festive season approached, and no tidings were heard of Mrs Ivor, despite her promise to her 'dear aunt' of corresponding regularly—then did Mrs Borradaile wax wroth, and become forgetfully exceedingly, to the manifest discomfort of her worthy husband.

'Why don't you write to Julia yourself, Mrs B.?' said he: 'that would be the shortest way of settling things; and tell her *you* don't forget her invitation to eat roast beef and plum-pudding.'

'Upon my word, Mr B.,' responded his spouse, brightening up, 'that is not a bad idea of yours—though I shan't be so vulgar as to name roast beef and plum-pudding!'

Mr Borradaile, who was endeavouring to get through the newspaper, here made a sudden exclamation as his eye caught a paragraph which he pointed out to his wife, saying at the same time: 'This accounts for my niece's silence, and I think you had better write to her at once, Nelly. She didn't mention, when she quitted us, that it was her intention to sojourn in Paris—that sink of extravagance—or I don't think I should.' But here Mr Borradaile checked himself, and again applied vigorously to the paper.

The paragraph alluded to was merely a statement, under the head of fashionable intelligence, of the Honourable Mrs Ivor's return, after a prolonged sojourn in the French capital, and her intention of enter-

taining a distinguished party of friends at Ivor Lodge during the ensuing Christmas.

'Dear Julia! no wonder she forgot to write in dear delightful Paris. I can perfectly excuse her!' And Nelly forthwith sat down and penned a neat and affectionate billet to her 'dear niece,' reminding her of the nearness of the happy time when they were to have the felicity of paying her a visit, and in a postscript, delicately alluding to a little matter of business between the two ladies.

What was Mrs Borradaile's rage and mortification, Mr Borradaile's surprise, and Lucy's sympathising concern, on a few carelessly scrawled lines from 'Julia Ivor' being received through the post, enclosing poor Nelly's note, and politely regretting that she had opened a missive evidently designed for some one else, but which she now hastened to return.

'This is not my cousin Julia's writing,' said Lucy, examining the letter; 'she wrote a curious, round, cramped hand, as if slowly and with some difficulty; but this is dashed off in true patrician style.'

'Nevertheless, Lucy, it is from Mrs Ivor, sealed with her seal, and dated Ivor Lodge—there is no mistake! The impudent mix!—what can she mean? Does she mean to cut us?'

'Cut us? nonsense, Mrs B.,' exclaimed her husband. 'There is some queer mistake, depend upon it. Why, how can you suppose she would cut us, as you term it, when she is in my debt a good five hundred pounds, which she wheedled me out of, to help, she said, to free her from some pressing difficulties?'

'Five hundred pounds from you, Mr B.!' cried Nelly in dismay: 'impossible, she never dared do such a thing.'

'Dare or not, Mrs B., she got it, and I wish I may get it,' replied Mr Borradaile sighing.

'Oh the cunning jade!' screamed Mrs Borradaile; 'she's got my five hundred too! I drew it out of the bank for her, and she faithfully promised to pay me before Christmas, and gave me this brooch as a pledge. I'll keep her secret no longer—her debt of honour indeed, to the Duchess of C—, which my fortune went to pay! Mistake or no mistake, I'll have my money back, if I set off for Ivor Lodge, and face Madam Ivor myself!'

'Be pacified, Mrs B.,' said her spouse gravely, for he was considerably staggered by what his wife had unfolded; 'you should not have given so large a sum, even to my niece, without consulting me, and it was wrong of her to play upon your weakness, and borrow it. But no doubt all will be right, and we must clear up this strange mistake. You remember Julia asking Charles to visit her at Christmas; I shall write to him at once, mentioning what has happened, and request him to call at Richmond, see Julia, and clear it up.'

'What a capital plan, papa!' cried Lucy: 'there is nothing like going to work in a straightforward, plain way.'

'I wish every lady thought so, my darling,' replied her father. 'Your mother and I would be richer by a thousand pounds just now.'

'La! Mr B., do you think the money isn't safe?' cried Nelly. 'She is your niece, you know; not mine, thank goodness!'

Mr Borradaile was a wise man, and he never recriminated; so he only gave a sly smile, which, however, said a great deal, but held his peace.

Charles Worthington, after a slight delay, answered his uncle's letter in person. 'Well, Charles,' was the eager greeting, 'have you been to Richmond?'

'Yes,' was the quiet reply.

'And have you seen Julia Ivor?'

'Yes,' in the same tone.

'Well; and what does she say for herself?'

'She says that she is very sorry for you.'

'Sorry!—what the deuce is she sorry about? Is she a bankrupt, Charles?'

'No, sir,' said Charles smiling; 'far from that, I should think.'

'Then what is she sorry about—and what is all this? Do explain at once, and in few words, for I see plainly there is something wrong.'

'There is, indeed, my dear uncle; and you have been most shamefully robbed.'

'Robbed!' exclaimed Mr and Mrs Borradaile in chorus—'robbed!'

'Yes, I fear so. To make a painful matter short, let me tell you that your niece, Mrs Ivor, is quite incapable of such proceedings as the false Mrs Ivor was so successful in. The fine lady whom you entertained here was no less a personage than Penelope Smith, the handmaiden of the real honourable lady, who is a charming personage despite her foibles; for she severely blames herself for the careless habits which afforded such opportunities for the clever but evil-disposed Pen to carry out her knavish projects.' Charles then went on to say, that Mrs Ivor frequently desired Penelope Smith to open her letters, and burn those which were of no interest or consequence: in short, Pen was her idle lady's right hand. But Pen was found out in an intimacy with a notorious swindler, and Mrs Ivor threatened to discharge her if she did not immediately give up so disreputable a suitor. After some demur, Pen promised to do so; but this was merely a subterfuge; for to her mistress's surprise she suddenly notified her intention of quitting Mrs Ivor's service, just as the latter was on the eve of setting off for the continent. Mrs Ivor was very angry and annoyed, but she comforted herself with the reflection that in Paris she could easily procure an abigail less faithless and quite as expert as Miss Pen. So Penelope Smith was instantly dismissed, and Mrs Ivor had since heard that she had gone off to America with the vagabond, at whose instigation, doubtless, she had played off her impudent trick on the Borradailes, suggested to her fertile imagination on reading Mr Borradaile's epistle to his unknown niece, and also from perhaps having heard rumours of Mrs Ivor's maternal descent, thus corroborating Mr Borradaile's expressions of their being strangers, yet such near kin.

'The name of Borradaile is one,' said Mrs Ivor to Charles, 'which has haunted me in dreams as a dim memory of childhood.'

'Yet you were not aware that it was your deceased mother's maiden name,' replied Charles.

The lady's face darkened as she spoke with a sigh: 'I have always feared to ask aught concerning that dear parent; for I was always forbidden, in a threatening and mysterious manner, so much as to allude to my mother or her family.'

'She was, however, the sister of a good man and an upright,' replied Charles warmly; 'and the fault of an early and thoughtless marriage is the only one you have to blush for when your mother is named.' Here Charles ceased, for Mrs Ivor was weeping and much affected; but ere he quitted her a full explanation of past circumstances ensued, when she expressed an earnest desire to know her maternal uncle and Cousin Lucy. 'Moreover,' said Charles, 'she entreats you all to keep your appointment with the "Honourable Mrs Ivor," your humble servant being included in this real and hospitable invitation.'

'And my five hundred pounds,' cried Mrs Borradaile—'am I never to see that again?'

'I fear not, madam,' replied Charles with a comically serious face.

'Well, then, I'll have nothing to do with fine ladies, real or pretended, any more. Not I, indeed! I'll be bound the mistress is as bad as the maid, and she'll be borrowing our cash by and by. No, no; I've had enough of honourables—and my own fortune gone for ever!'

'My dear Nelly,' said her husband kindly, 'I would

cheerfully have paid down five hundred pounds to cure you of that little besetting weakness—a love of fine folks. So never mind; you shall be as rich as ever; and I'll return into the bank your whole 'fortune' in your own name. As to my share of the loss I don't regret it, if it gives me such a niece as Charlie here describes. We'll keep our merry Christmas, however, at Otterton among our own people and our own poor; although I think it just possible that Julia Ivor may be induced to join us early in the spring. What say you, Charlie, my lad?"

Charles laughed, and sweet Lucy blushed, and Mr Borradaile was immensely facetious; but the why or wherefore was not explained, and Nelly said it was 'very odd to jest when a thousand pounds had been made off with.'

But many serious words are spoken in jest; for with early spring came the real Mrs Ivor, to be present at the celebration of Lucy's nuptials with Charles Worthington, and looking almost as pretty as the fair bride. Ere she quitted Otterton, Julia had succeeded in reconciling Mrs Borradaile to one fashionable lady at least, and in making Uncle Borradaile promise to bring Nelly with him on a long summer visit to Ivor Lodge, not to meet the Duchess of C—— and Lady Aunabel, but personages of far more importance to them all—even Mr and Mrs Charles Worthington.

ATMOSPHERIC WAVES.

THE term atmospheric waves is one which of late years has not unfrequently appeared in print in the reports of the British Association and other scientific publications, without, however, conveying to the minds of the majority of readers other than a vague notion of its import. The phenomena which it indicates are nevertheless of a singularly interesting character, giving us, in what is as yet known of them, an insight to some of the movements of the great aerial ocean which surrounds us.

One of the facts revealed to us by the barometer is, that the pressure of the atmosphere is undergoing continual modifications, now rising to a maximum, then descending to a minimum, at longer or shorter intervals. The maximum of pressure has been found by experience not confined to any special locality, but manifested over a wide region at one and the same time, forming, as it were, a continuous line, sometimes of great length. Extended observation has shown that the readings of a barometer at one station are intimately related to similar readings at another, and all subordinated to some great natural law, the operation of which is not yet made out with certainty. Its manifestation is seen in the elevation and depression of the mercury: for example, at the most westerly of a series of stations the barometer may indicate a maximum of pressure; it passes over and is absorbed at the next in order; and so on *seriatim* until it has been traced at the whole number.

According to Professor Dove, the north and south aerial currents being converted into south-west in the one hemisphere and north-west in the other, by the rotation of the earth, these directions would probably be found to apply to the barometric movements. But another set of currents has been detected as acting directly at right angles to the former, and the continued crossing and interference of the one with the other may be regarded as a cause of the apparent complexity of meteorological phenomena. A distinction, too, is to be made in the character of winds: some are winds of 'translation,' others of 'oscillation,' and will bear a comparison with 'oceanic currents and tide streams.' The first are monsoons and trade-winds; the last, as Sir J. Herschel observes, 'take their rise in local and temporary causes prevailing

over great areas simultaneously, the principal no doubt depending on the prevalence of cloud or clear sky, rain or dryness over great tracts for several days or weeks in succession. But once produced, and an extensive atmospheric undulation once propagated, a wind or system of winds dependent on such undulation necessarily arises also.'

Representing the maximum pressure at different stations, as above observed, by a line, it is found to have an advancing movement, caused, there is reason to believe, by an undulation, and so similar to the movements of the waters of the ocean, that the term *atmospheric wave* has been applied as most expressive of the peculiar action and effect. With maxima for wave-crests, and minima for troughs or hollows, we may thus ascertain the extent and duration of a wave; taking care, however, not to confound the movement with that of the wind. The advancing form, it must be remembered, is associated with a molecular movement—the former indicated by the barometer, the latter due to the wind.

The inquiries hitherto made into this interesting branch of natural science, and first set on foot twenty years ago, are mainly due to the British Association. So actively were they at first taken up, that by the year 1844 there were more than seventy stations of observation, embracing Europe from north to south, with an outlier or two in Asia. A large mass of observations was speedily collected, involving so severe an amount of labour in their reduction and discussion as to cause most of the observers to shrink from the task of further research. The papers by Mr Birt, published for several consecutive years in the reports of the British Association, contain the sum of much that has been done in this and other countries; while those by M. Quetelet, secretary of the Academy of Sciences at Brussels, comprise a series of highly valuable results and suggestions.

Starting with the observations of 1835, Mr Birt shows that the hollow or trough of an atmospheric wave was vertical over Brussels at three A.M. on one of the recorded days, and over London at eleven A.M. on the same day, having been eight hours travelling westward from one to the other, at a rate of nearly thirteen miles an hour. For want of other stations beyond the two extremities, it was not possible at that time to determine the length of the wave. Afterwards a line traced from Markree in Ireland, passing through London, Brussels, and Geneva, to Gibraltar, showed a marked progressive relationship among them. It was observed, however, that at times the Irish curve separated itself from the general law, as though disturbed by some cross wave; at others a sudden rise or 'dislocation' appeared at Gibraltar, assignable, as was supposed, to the 'immense radiation' of the African continent. In December of the same year, so regular and systematic was the rise of the mercury along this line of stations, that, in Sir J. Herschel's words, 'to take in an effect of this nature, we must enlarge our conception of an atmospheric wave till it approaches in some degree, in the extent of its sweep and the majestic regularity of its progress, to those of the tide-waves of the ocean.'

A correspondence has also been noticed between Oxford and London, Geneva and Turin, Cadiz and Gibraltar. On one of the days in September 'a perfectly well-marked and definite atmospheric wave passed over the British Isles and the west of Europe, the crest of the wave having a direction nearly N.N.E. and S.S.W., and its progress being from W.N.W. to E.S.E. The half-breadth of the wave, which occupied twenty-six hours in its passage, covered a space extending from Oxford in a direction perpendicular to that of the west, to a point not far from Halle in Wirtemberg, which gives, by rough measurement on a map, about 540 miles, and a velocity of about 21 miles per hour.'

The general results obtained from the discussion of

the observations at that time were the having traced 'distinct barometric waves of many hundreds of miles in breadth over the whole extent of Europe—that is to say, at least over an area having Markree in Ireland, Cadiz in Spain, Parma in Italy, and Kremsmünster in Austria for its angular points. Not only the breadth, but the direction of the front, and the velocity of progress of such waves, were clearly made out.'

In June of 1836 a wave presented itself which was from nine to ten hours in passing from Markree to Halifax in Nova Scotia—a fact which led to further observations on both sides the Atlantic. A comparison of the Greenwich observations for 1840-41 with those made at Toronto in the same period, shewed that a general resemblance existed between the two: at each place the mercury had risen above thirty inches in every month. So clearly was the result established, that by taking a maximum of the one it was possible to predicate the maximum of the other at an interval of a few days, the difference of time being the time required for the passage of the wave. It further appears, on strict examination of the readings obtained at Greenwich, that 'twice in each month the barometer passes a maximum above, or but very slightly depressed below thirty inches, but more usually above.'

The interval between the occurrence and recurrence of the highest and lowest readings is occasionally protracted beyond what at first sight may appear to be the regular period. Thus between the January and February minima of 1841, 36 days transpired; and 31 days 16 hours between the September and October maxima of the same year. Assuming that the maxima are crests of waves, 'sixteen waves traversed England, having a mean interval between their crests of 14 days 5 hours,' in the seven months between February and October. In all of these a certain symmetry is apparent, and by a little scrutiny the type or normal wave for different countries, or different localities in the same country, may be found. Where irregularities occur, they are chiefly due to geographical position: the more the surface of a country is broken up by hills or mountains the less of uniformity will there be in the atmospheric currents. Besides which, any one system of waves is exposed to interference from different systems, or other physical causes. It is obvious that trustworthy facts can only be eliminated by attention to these disturbing causes. A few data, types for given localities, and lines of greatest symmetry, have already been established. In November 1842, one of the latter extended from Dublin to Birmingham, Brussels, and Munich. In 1845 its course was along the southern shores of England.

With regard to the direction of waves, this is deduced from observation of the times when the maxima pass stations widely distant from each other, the order varying as the 'axis of translation' varies. Taking Greenwich, Prague, and Munich—waves from W.N.W. pass Greenwich first, and the other two places almost simultaneously, a considerable time afterwards: these exhibit, therefore, simultaneous maxima. From S.S.W. Greenwich and Munich are simultaneous: S. by W. the order is Munich, Greenwich, Prague; and S.E. Munich, Prague, and Greenwich. The line of direction for Central Europe is from the coasts of Belgium, the Netherlands, and North Germany, to the frontiers of Austria, where it converges at the extremity of the Tyrolean Alps, from whence it is prolonged, and rises to the north of the Black Sea beyond Moscow. This distance, according to M. Quetelet, is travelled over in two days, at the rate of from six to ten leagues an hour—being more rapid in proportion as the surface of the land is free from inequalities.

The system for European Russia is comprised in Dorpat, Petersburg, and Kasan. The observations in the first two accord well together, while Kasan appears to be connected also with the system of the Ural, and

forms a meeting-point for the two sets of curves. In Russian Asia the stations as yet are few, but the waves are found to traverse the great plains of the north from Pekin to Nertchinsk with marked regularity. It is worth notice, that although no close or evident relation exists among these localities, there are yet points of resemblance; for on counting the maxima and minima of any two curves for three months, there is found nearly always the same number. Parma and Pekin, so widely separated, shew a remarkable similarity on being compared.

As though to render the analogy with tide waves of the ocean more complete, certain 'nodal points' have been ascertained, round which the atmospheric waves and the winds revolve. After long-continued observation of the barometer at Brussels, the steadiness and gradual change in the height of the mercury, that city has been found to be a node. Greenwich is also a node, as regards the wind, for there, as stated by Mr Airy, the vane 'makes five revolutions per annum in one uniform direction.' On the other hand, Edinburgh is conspicuous 'for inequalities and abrupt fluctuations.' Turin is affected by the nearness of the Alps; 'Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Tangier are subject to an anomalous rise and fall of the mercury between midnight and sunrise, which interferes with and often counteracts and overcomes the regular tendency to depression in that interval—a peculiarity which is probably owing to the proximity of the great radiating surface of the African deserts.'

The troughs of the waves represent parallel lines of least pressure; consequently in them the molecular movement is strongest, and a lateral movement is induced towards them. The wind would be comparatively feeble at the crest, and by the passage of the crest over any given place the current of the foremost trough would be replaced by that of the hindmost, and in this way is explained the calm which occurs, and the sudden reversal of wind during the passing of an atmospheric wave, and the fact that the force of the wind increases as the deeper hollow of the wave advances.

Among the phenomena under notice there is one singularly remarkable—that known as the great November wave. From some cause as yet unexplained, a marked symmetrical wave occurs in this particular month year after year. In November 1842 a wave was fifteen days in passing over London, the transit of the crest occurred on the 18th; in 1843 it was on the 14th, and almost identical in contour with that of the former year. It came earlier—October 27—in 1844; and in 1845 again on November 14th; in 1846 on the 9th, but with some deviation from what had been before observed—the curve, though of the average length, being very flat, owing to the steadiness of the mercurial column through the entire period, with one exception, at more than thirty inches. At the same time subordinate waves of interference were clearly indicated, coming from the N.W. and S.W., and meeting and crossing at Brussels—another verification of its nodal position. In this November wave Mr Birt considers that we have the type of the barometric oscillations for that period of the year. The rise and fall of the wave are so nearly alike; they occur in the two weeks nearest the middle of the month; the undulations which disturb the symmetry of outline are always five in number; at the setting in of the wave the barometer is low—under twenty-nine inches. There are one or two exceptions to the rule here specified, but not sufficient to invalidate it. Eleven years' observations shew the crest to have passed within five days of the middle of the month, while from a series continued through fifteen years, it appears that a remarkable depression of the mercury occurs on the 28th. 'When dealing with undulations of such extent, it is by no means a visionary speculation to consider the possibility of tracing them over the whole of our globe; nay, perhaps of obtaining evidence

of their performing, tide-like, two or more revolutions round its surface.'

That there are tides in the atmosphere is pretty clearly determined by the meteorological observations taken at St Helena during several years. The conclusion has been come to from the fact, that on that island the mercury is higher every day 'when the moon is on the meridian above or below the pole, than when she is six hours distant from the meridian on either side.' The effect is minute, but not, on that account, the less real.

As to the origin of atmospheric waves, it is admitted that the heated air of the equatorial regions, after its ascent and cooling, descends in the polar regions. The dispersion of this cooled air may give rise to the aerial waves; their propagation would accompany the currents, from the pole to the equator, and in our hemisphere from north to south. Or the cooled air may diffuse itself immediately around the pole, and if it form, as it were, a complete canopy, the waves would be continuous under every longitude, and passing any given station, might be traced all round the globe. But contrariwise, should the diffusion of the cooled air take place at some distance from the pole, instead of forming a continuous circle, and propagating itself by extension, it will be a sector having its angle more or less open. The sectors, by penetrating or insulating each other, would produce as a result a rapid series of undulations at the points of contact.

According to M. Quetelet, the latter is the most probable explanation of the phenomena; the observations indicate rather several distinct waves than one continuous. As before observed, the question is complicated by the influence which a secondary system of waves exerts on the principal one; lessening, or at times nullifying, the maximum. Yet there seems no reason to doubt that certain undulations, continuous but irregular, do circle round the pole. In Northern Europe and Siberia a system extends from north to south, the waves of which may be regarded as sectors of different arcs not having precisely the same centres, nor yet at the same instant the same radii. From the juxtaposition of these partial waves there will result a general undulation, making the entire circle of the pole in every latitude, advancing in certain places towards the south, in others retreating towards the north, whereby the stations in the circle would be continually recording a succession of waves.

THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

M. VIEUXTEMPS and Herr von Blunderblast were punctual to their appointment—time, two o'clock p.m.; place, by Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square—and we forthwith proceeded down Parliament Street.

'Does the House of Lords assemble so early?' asked Herr von Blunderblast.

'Not often as a legislative body: it is now sitting in its judicial capacity only. The House of Peers is the final Court of Appeal from Chancery, and writs of error lie to it from the Courts of Queen's Bench in England and Ireland, and the Supreme Courts of Scotland.'

'A miscellaneous kind of Cour de Cassation,' remarked M. Vieuxtemps with quite a perceptible sneer. 'An assemblage of bishops, admirals, generals, parvenu merchants, must constitute an admirable tribunal for deciding in the last resort vexed and intricate questions of law or equity.'

'The House of Lords exercises higher judicial functions than your Cour de Cassation, and the certainly absurd theory of such a court of appellate jurisdiction is much modified in practice. It is true that every peer who has subscribed the parliamentary roll has an undisputed right to attend and vote upon all judicial decisions, but the judgments in point of

fact are invariably pronounced by the law lords alone who have heard the arguments: by the lord chancellor for the time being—by ex-chancellors, vice-chancellors, and judges who happen to be peers. Amongst others, at the present time, by Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Campbell, Denman, Cranworth.'

'This merely voluntary refraining from the exercise of a right on the part of the mass of the peerage,' said Herr von Blunderblast, 'may answer very well in fair weather, when only ordinary questions of law are in dispute, but scarcely, sir, I should think, when decisions involving political and party results are in the balance.'

'It should seem so, but the fact is otherwise. This was proved on a somewhat recent and famous occasion. The late Mr O'Connell was convicted of sedition, and fined and imprisoned by the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin. A writ of error, impugning the legality of the proceedings in that court, was brought, and the judgment was reversed by the House of Lords—that is, by the votes of three law lords, Cottenham, Denman, and Campbell, against two, those of Lyndhurst and Brougham. When the judgment was given there were many peers in the House vehemently opposed to O'Connell, and who thought the judgment of the court below ought to have been maintained. One Irish peer cried, "Non-content," when the question was put by the lord chancellor, and rose to insist upon his strict right to divide the House; but the cries of "Order, order!" which arose on all sides, compelled him to forego his intention; and judgment, the effect of which was the immediate liberation of O'Connell, was pronounced. So entirely a thing of growth, of precedence, and habit, as I have before told you, is this constitution of checks and balances under which we live.'

'A very illogical haphazard system it appears to me,' said M. Vieuxtemps.

'Quite so: it is no more symmetrical than a granite rock.'

'But pray,' persisted the systematising French gentleman—'pray how was it that the law or statute by virtue of which the peers sit as a judicial body did not prescribe in terms the practice which the good sense of the Lords alone induces them to adopt?'

'For the very excellent reason that the House does not exercise judicial functions by virtue of any special law or statute. It is a jurisdiction purely founded on precedent, custom—a remnant of the all-embracing authority exercised by the House when it was the "Magnum Concilium" of the realm, and it would not even now bear much straining. The Lords had a narrow miss of losing this appellate jurisdiction of theirs at about the same time that the Commons, in the reign of Charles the Second, deprived them of their claim to "original jurisdiction."'

'Indeed! How did that happen?'

'In this manner: One Skinner sued the East India Company before the Peers for alleged wrong and oppression, and obtained five thousand pounds' damages against the Company, the plea in bar of jurisdiction having been overruled. The corporation appealed to the Commons, who reported, "that the Lords, in taking cognizance of an original complaint, had acted illegally." The Peers, highly indignant, in their turn, resolved, "that the House of Commons entertaining the scandalous petition of the East India Company against the Lords' House of Parliament was a breach of their Lordships' privileges," and following up their resolution by deeds, fined Sir Samuel Barnardiston, chairman of the Company, and member of parliament, five hundred pounds. He refused to pay, and the Lords committed him to prison.'

' Bravo!' exclaimed M. Vieuxtemps. 'That was acting with vigour and decision—ever the true secret of success.'

'Perhaps so when the opposing forces are pretty

equal in substantive power, but availing little to either of the other estates of the realm in a contest with the Commons."

"Well, but what," said Herr von Blunderblast, "did your famous Commons do? Did they send a troop of cavalry to liberate their member by force?"

"Not they. But having resolved that to bring "original" suits before the Peers was illegal, they directed the sergeant-at-arms to seize Skinner, and shut him up in Newgate for "contempt" of the Honourable House; and the ultimate result was the liberation of Barnardiston without payment of the fine, and the suppression of the original jurisdiction of the Lords; it being well understood that the Commons would send any and everybody to Newgate, by warrant of Mr Speaker, who should bring, or assist in bringing, an original suit before the Peers."

"Upon my word!" said Herr von Blunderblast, "a very decisive mode of action, and, I doubt not, much more effectual in the long-run than horse, foot, and artillery. But you were saying the Peers, about the same time, had a narrow escape of losing the appellate authority, the exercise of which we are about to witness."

"In 1675 their lordships, in proceedings in the appeal case of Shirley *versus* Sir John Fagg, compelled members of parliament to appear as respondents. This the Commons pronounced a breach of privilege, and the ever-ready sergeant-at-arms seized four counsel who had pleaded in the cause before the Peers, and committed them to Newgate for contempt."

"They did!" exclaimed M. Vieuxtemps; "but where was the king that he did not interfere to prevent so audacious an act of arbitrary power?"

"I am sure I cannot say; for aught I know—in the words of the nursery rhyme—

"The king was in his palace, counting out his money;"

but wherever his majesty might have been, neither the king, "nor all the king's horses, and all the king's men," could get a prisoner for "contempt" out of the clutches of the Commons during their session. Even the writ of *habeas corpus* is powerless to do that; and were it not so, I do not well see how they could efficiently exercise many of their highest functions—the impeachment, for instance, of great officers of state, and the supervision of the law courts, the judges of which they can compel to appear at the bar of the House to answer for neglect or corruption in the performance of their duties. The Lords, however, tried a fall with the Commons, and another illustration of the necessary result following a collision between the vessel of porcelain and that of iron was afforded. They directed the gentleman usher of the black rod, their executive officer, to liberate the four counsel: he did so. The sergeant-at-arms, by order of the Commons, retook them, and for better security lodged them in the Tower. The Lords armed their gentleman usher of the black rod with a writ empowering him to release the barristers by force from their new custody: the lieutenant of the Tower applied to the House of Commons for instructions, and was ordered to retain the prisoners in defiance of any command to liberate them not issuing from themselves. The final upshot of these complicated disputes, which lasted over several years, was, as I have stated, the loss of the original jurisdiction of the Peers, and the permitted retention of the appellate functions, saving, of course, "the undoubted privileges of the Commons." But here we are in Abington Street once more, and at the temporary entrance of their Lordships' new House.

"Shall we be admitted without orders?"

"There is no necessity for any order when the House is sitting as a court of justice. By the way, if any of your friends should merely wish to see the interior of the House, they can do so on every Wednesday and

Saturday, by application at the Lord Chamberlain's Office just below, on this same side of the way. Any decently-attired person can have a pass-paper by merely giving his address in writing. But let us in."

"Those eternal wigs again!" said M. Vieuxtemps *sotto voce*, as we reached the space below the bar of the gilded gorgeous chamber.

"They are arguing an appeal from a Chancery judgment to the House of Lords."

"But where is the House of Lords?" inquired Herr von Blunderblast.

"Those three gentlemen seated on the scarlet-cushioned benches are the House of Lords on this occasion. Three peers suffice to make a House; and three being present, the House is complete."

"A curious House!" remarked M. Vieuxtemps, after having listened to and watched the proceedings for about a quarter of an hour. "One of the three peers sitting in judgment upon the decree of a lord chancellor is busy with a newspaper; another is reading a letter; and the third, who alone appears to listen, every now and then starts up, walks about the House with his hands in his pockets, and interrupts counsel in the strangest manner."

"The peer reading the newspaper is a captain in the royal navy; he absorbed in the letter is a general officer; and the third is the law lord, who is hearing and will decide this appeal. The two others have been caught, and retained merely to make a House, and will have no more really to do with the decision than you or I."

"Look!" hastily whispered Herr von Blunderblast; "the law lord has shot out of the House by the red curtain yonder."

"He has retired for a short time only; and as proceedings are necessarily suspended during his absence, you have leisure to look around and give me, slightly above your breath, your opinion of this dazzling chamber."

"A splendid place certainly; but"—M. Vieuxtemps paused. "But what an overpowering glare of gilding and lavish ornament! The stained windows are powerless to shade or soften such a mass of gilded chairs, gilded pillars, gilded galleries, gilded candelabra, gilded ceiling, red cushions, red curtains, red woolsock—for that enormous square ottoman in front of the Queen's chair of state, with its enamels and crystals is, I conclude, the woolsock—red, blue, and gold colour, in lavish profusion! It is certainly a very dazzling, glittering chamber; but hardly suitable, it seems to me, for a hall in which legislative business is to be transacted."

"It is the Peers' House you will remember—the chamber in which Her Majesty meets and addresses the two Houses. The Commons' House will have little or no gilding; and, after all, it is solid oak which the glittering gold-leaf covers and conceals."

"Surely," said Herr von Blunderblast, "this chamber could not contain the British peerage, between four and five hundred in number?"

"Certainly it would not seat them. The benches on each side, with red morocco cushions, will hold about two hundred and fifty; then there are the cross-benches in front of us; and the light, elegant, side-galleries. But it is very seldom indeed that half the peers are present. The custom in this House of voting by proxy, except in committee, tends of course greatly to diminish the average attendance."

"The chair on the right of the Queen's is, I perceive by the triple plume above it, intended for the Prince of Wales. Has His Royal Highness yet occupied it?"

"Not yet; but I daresay it will not be long before he takes part in the splendid pageantry of opening or proroguing parliament."

"That must be a magnificent scene, and a very

trying one, I should suppose, to a young female sovereign.

Her Majesty appears in it to great advantage, enacting her part in the gorgeous ceremonial with inimitable dignity and grace—a grace and dignity which lessons could not teach. Her reading of the speech is singularly fine, purely intoned, and clear, effortless, and musical as a silver-bell.

The House is, I suppose, generally full upon such occasions?

It has always been so during this reign. The rise of the House when the Queen enters, thronged as it is with peers and peeresses, gorgeously arrayed in stars, garters, feathers, diamonds, naval and military uniforms, bishops in lawn sleeves, foreign diplomats covered with orders and crosses, is magnificent; and after Her Majesty is seated, her ladies and pages have arranged her splendid robe, and she commands her faithful Commons to be summoned, there is another, and especially if she be there to prorogue the parliament, a far more impressive character of power impressed upon the scene. Mr Speaker enters, followed by a mass of unruly members, jostling each other for a good place, and filling to overflow the space below the bar in which we are now standing. As soon as silence is obtained, the right honourable gentleman addresses the Queen, enumerates the chief labours of the session, and concludes by presenting the Supply and Appropriation Bills, reserved for the occasion, and prays Her Majesty's assent to them; which assent is accordingly given in the old formula used only for this particular bill:—"La Reine remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur b n volence, et ainsi le veut"—("The Queen thanks her good subjects, accepts their gift or benevolence, and so wills it.") One feels that those ordinarily-attired men, with their supply-bill, are the many-shafted column which supports and gives height and true magnificence to the richly-capitalled, the gorgeously-domed edifice, which, with all its incongruities, stretches its ample and majestic roof over one of the noblest societies of freemen the world has ever witnessed.

But surely the Peers are the Upper, the Commons the Lower House? remarked M. Vieuxtemps.

In name, yes. The shadow has remained, though the substance has long since departed. The Lords' House, albeit, has still deep roots in the tenacious soil which it once overshadowed. Its historic names, vast wealth, unquestionable patriotism, and moderating influence upon the possibly too hasty speed of legislation, maintain, and will long maintain it as a virile and independent estate of the realm; but in substantive power the Houses have gradually, during the last five hundred years, changed places. I will give you an illustration of the silent revolution in this matter which has occurred. Forms with us, provided they be only forms, and in reality not injurious, are very, very slowly discarded. Thus it happens that when the Houses disagree with respect to changes in any measure under discussion, and mutually appoint 'managers' to meet each other and explain on both sides the reasons of disagreement, the Lords' managers, on meeting the Commons' managers, sit down with their hats on, the Commons remaining upstanding and uncovered. The Lords of course being gentlemen as well as peers, immediately the custom is vindicated, uncover, and the Commons seat themselves. Well, in a room belonging to the Peers' House where this *bizarre* ceremony had been exhibited, there were placed, or were about to be placed, last year, by desire of the Peers, three pictures by Landseer, of which the cost was a few thousand guineas. The Commons, who approach their Lordships uncovered, refused them this trifling gratification: the money was struck out of the miscellaneous estimates, and the Peers obliged to forego their pictures.

It does not require such an instance to convince me that our pretended monarchy is but a rampant demo-

cracy, its plebeian limbs concealed beneath ornined robes, and its truculent brow veiled by a royal diadem,' said M. Vieuxtemps.

That, my dear sir, is a gross exaggeration, permit me to say: the aristocratic element is very powerful in this country, and the monarchical principle, as we understand and honour it, remained not only erect, but unshaken amidst the crash a year or two ago of falling thrones and dynasties.

The royal assent is not always given to bills in the terms you have mentioned? said Herr von Blunderblast.

No; there are three other forms. To an ordinary public bill the form is, "La Reine le veut" ("The Queen wills it.") To a private bill: "Soit fait comme il est d sir " ("Let it be done as desired.") To a bill embodying a petition or declaration of a *right*, as in the time of Charles the First, the form is "Soit droit fait comme il est d sir " ("Let right be done as desired.")

I wonder, said M. Vieuxtemps, these vestiges of Norman domination should be retained: they must tend to keep alive humiliating recollections.

Humiliating fiddlesticks! Oliver Cromwell, to be sure, abolished them, and gave his assent to laws in plain English, but the old form came back with the Restoration; and here, by the by, is the law lord back again, and as neither of us has, I suppose, any overpowering desire to listen to further eloquence in the matter of this Chancery appeal, we had better adjourn to Bellamy's for the hour or so which will elapse before the Peers sit as legislators.

Bellamy's! What is Bellamy's? asked Herr von Blunderblast.

A highly constitutional institution connected with the House of Commons, and domiciled in the same building: in other words, a very excellent hotel, in which members take dinner, wine, punch, and refuge from long speeches, quite certain that the division-bell will summon them in time for the most important part of their duties: Bellamy's is also, I am happy to say, open to other persons, not being members, who have "money in their pouch."

After we had dined, it was time to return to the House of Lords. I had provided myself with peers' orders, and we, consequently, the House being assembled, were soon in the Strangers' Gallery, very inconveniently situated behind that of the Reporters.

Ah! there is the lord chancellor we saw the other day seated on the woolsack, said M. Vieuxtemps; but who is that big-wigged gentleman on the crimson ottoman in front of him?

That is Mr Baron Parke, come, I suppose, to read a unanimous judgment of the judges of the Common-Law Courts upon some point submitted to them by their lordships. It is so: hark!

Do the Peers always govern themselves by this opinion? asked Herr von Blunderblast.

It is very rarely they do not. One exception was O'Connell's case, before mentioned, a great majority of the judges having pronounced the proceedings of the Irish court to be perfectly legal. This Mr Baron Parke, however, dissented from that opinion. When the judges are not of one mind they attend and deliver their opinions *seriatim*.

That is a bishop, I suppose, remarked M. Vieuxtemps, 'on the upper bench to the right of the chancellor; but how is it he does not wear his mitre?

His lordship, being the junior bishop, has attended to say prayers. As to mitres, the bishops of the English established church only wear them on their coach-panels and signet-seals. That venerable-looking peer on the same side of the House, who is presenting a petition, is the president of the Council—the most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne. Nearly opposite to him you observe a peer of something more than fifty years of age; his eye on fire with youthful energy, and his

whole countenance alive with an expression of fearless combativeness: that is Lord Stanley, the present leader of Her Majesty's Opposition in the Peers.'

'A man of nerve,' observed M. Vieuxtemps. 'That is perceptible at a glance. But how thin the House is! and how inanimate and solemn compared with your boisterous, excited Commons!'

'There are between twenty and thirty peers present, and that is quite an average House. There is an immense difference between speaking before so sparse and unenthusiastic an audience as this and addressing the House of Commons. The reporters, however, supply their Lordships with an immense audience; and the reader of the debates little imagines that the fiery speech, interspersed with "loud cheers," "repeated cheers," was perhaps addressed to five or six elderly gentlemen only.'

'What is this interruption?' asked M. Vieuxtemps, as Sir George Grey, accompanied by several members, appeared at the bar with several bills passed by the Commons.

'It is the House Secretary,' I answered, 'presenting, in the customary form, various bills passed by the Commons. The clerk, you perceive, takes them; their titles are announced in a loud voice; a record of their presentation is entered on the Lords' journals; and they are frequently, if public bills, read a first time at once. The Lords send their bills or messages to the Commons by two messengers in Chancery.'

'Who is that peer talking privately with the lord chancellor?'

'An Irish representative peer; but I forget his name for the moment.'

'Irish representative peer—what is the meaning of that?'

'The Irish and Scottish peerages do not sit in this House individually: they choose a certain number of their order, as settled by the Acts of Union, to represent them. The Irish representative peers—twenty-eight in number—are chosen for life; the Scottish—sixteen in number—for each parliament. The Crown has power to add to the numbers of the Scotch and Irish peers in this House, but English peers Her Majesty may create *ad libitum*.'

'What, then, becomes of the independence of the House of Peers if the Queen can at any moment swamp them by new creations?' asked M. Vieuxtemps.

'The unlimited right of the Crown to create peers is one of the weapons, in the armoury of the constitution, which can never be wielded except in extreme cases, in which the ministers of the sovereign are supported by an overwhelming majority of the Commons. The only instance I remember of the creation of peers, specially for the purpose of swamping a hostile majority, was by Sir Robert Walpole, who induced the monarch to create twelve in one day for that purpose: a witty peer of that day asked them whether they intended to vote individually or by their *foreman*: nevertheless it is essential the power should be lodged in the Crown. The mere menace of exercising it dissipated, a few years ago, a very great danger to the state.'

'Who is that stooping, white-headed gentleman, whom everybody greets and shakes hands with? I cannot see his face.'

'If you had seen it, you would not have asked the question: that is the world-famous Duke of Wellington. He seats himself, you perceive, on one of the cross-benches, and he has, I daresay, fifty or sixty proxies in his pocket, to be used as unto him seemeth fit. He exercises a vast moral influence in this House; but since the death of Sir Robert Peel, in whose legislative wisdom he appears to have placed implicit confidence, he has meddled very little with active politics.'

'The debate is very gentlemanly,' observed Herr von Blunderblast; 'very courteous, and strangely dull.'

The Peers fight with the gloves on—to borrow an illustration from one of your national sports—whilst the Commons appeared to strike with mailed hands, and draw blood at every stroke.'

'Yes; and see, decorous and gentle as it has been, it is already over: the House is about to adjourn, and we must begone.'

'Well, gentlemen, how say you—have I redeemed my pledge? Is a free constitution compatible with a great monarchy, M. Vieuxtemps?'

'Well, perhaps; *mais*— A shrug of the shoulders completed and pointed the sentence.

'And you, Herr von Blunderblast, are you satisfied that an effective military system can coexist with the supremacy of a representative government?'

'Yes—that is, if it hath grown up during centuries, and entwined itself with the habits, traditions, manners, thoughts—with the life of the people, as it were, the humblest as well as the highest—but the thing I see can no more be made, manufactured, than a tree can.'

'It is certainly a wonderful piece of mosaic,' said M. Vieuxtemps.

'And it built, you will admit, the Crystal Palace?'

'Yes, in a certain sense; *mais*—' said M. Vieuxtemps.

'There is a great deal of truth in that,' remarked Herr von Blunderblast simultaneously with M. Vieuxtemps; '*aber*—'

'Charing Cross! Bank!' shouted the conductor of an omnibus just passing. This invitation, reinforced by a few sharp drops of rain, drew us into the 'bus, and the discussion of M. Vieuxtemps's '*mais*,' and Herr von Blunderblast's '*aber*,' was by tacit consent postponed *sine die*.

SLAVE-MARKET OF NEW ORLEANS.

The town or city of New Orleans has several particular races in it, speaking different languages, and living in separate parts of the town. One class speak French, have French manners, French-built houses, French hotels, and French names to their streets. Another class invariably speak English, and are either from England, or originally of English families. Then we have the working black population (or slaves) of the African race. Most of them are quite black, with the flat nose, thick lip, and the woolly hair peculiar to this people. The climate agrees with them, and they invariably look fine, healthy, happy, strong creatures. They are all born in America, but of real African blood. Many are sold here every day—sometimes hundreds change hands in a few hours. To a Briton the sight is of course repulsive. But such is the state of things here, that you must keep perfectly quiet, and make no remarks, or else you are sure to get into trouble; for most persons, male and female, consider that they have a perfect right to act according to the laws of these western states, and buy and sell men, women, and children as they think proper.

When a young man is called up on the auction-platform, he looks about him, and does not appear to care much. Perhaps he may not have been very well pleased with his late master, and thinks he may get a better.

'Come along, my fine young fellow!' says Mr Deard, a short, thick man, with a red face—the best auctioneer here. 'That's it! Why, my friends, you can see at once that he is as powerful as an elephant, and as active and quick as an Arabian. What's your name, my fine fellow?'

'Samson, sir.' (They never have any surname.)

'Now, gentlemen, how much shall I say for this fine-grown, healthy, powerful young man, Samson? Excellent name for him—descriptive of his qualities. Now, gentlemen, give me a bid—a bid—a bid!' '500 dollars.' 'Thank you—500 dollars only is bid for one of the finest men I ever sold. Youth, health, power, and

character, all in his favour. I assure you, gentlemen, that he is worth 1200 dollars at this present moment. Look at his build, limbs, chest, carriage! 600 dollars now bid—600—600—600! Double it, my friends; come—come! '650.' 'Thank you; 650—650.' '750.' 'Now, that is more creditable.' '800.' '800 bid; 900—900; now, my friends! Gentlemen, you will never have such a chance again—only 900! 900 once—900 twice—900—900—900!' '950.' '960.' '960—960—960!' '1000.' 'Now, gentlemen, 1000 only is bid for this valuable, splendid young man, free from all blemish, disease, or vice, as prescribed by law. Now, gentlemen, are you all done? Surely not letting him go at this price! However, I cannot wait. Are you all done, gentlemen? 1000 once—1000 twice—1000 thrice! Mr Jefferson, he's yours! Samson, there's your master! and poor Samson is led away to misery or comfort, to ill usage or to kind treatment, just as it may happen. No help for him whichever it may be.

This sum was £200, a dollar being generally calculated here at four shillings. Then we had some girls and young women sold in the same way.

'Come up, Lucy! Now, gentlemen, here we have a fine specimen of everything desirable in a good servant—young, healthy, active, and industrious; can cook, wash, iron, wait at table. In fact, she is highly recommended to our attention, and is guaranteed free from all blemish, disease, or vice, as prescribed by law.' Poor Lucy was knocked down at 600 dollars—£120. These were both high prices. The men under thirty years generally sell for about £140 to £160, and the women under thirty, from £80 to £90. When above forty they are not worth more than half that price.

Such persons as the above do not care much about being sold. They are generally purchased, or at least many of them, by persons who hire them out as servants to families; and many of them have good places, and may get hired out to go to the same street, or near to where they were before. But a very different feeling is manifested at a sale of slaves belonging to a plantation. Their old master, always kind to them, may have died, or failed; and to see fifty or sixty of the slaves brought to auction is a horrible scene. All of them, old and young, may have been born on the same estate, and become endeared to one another. They think of the happy plantations, the snug little wooden whitewashed cottages surrounding their master's dwelling and garden, the summer-evening meetings, when they played the banjo, sung their native songs, and danced their cheering reels with light feet and lighter hearts; for a negro with a good master is extremely happy: being clothed, fed, comfortably housed, and well cared for. But now they are all about to be sold, and torn from each other. They are standing in rows in the auction-mart, ready for any rude hand to examine them, feel their muscle, criticise their shape, their height, their strength, or healthy appearance, and, opening their mouths with finger and thumb, inspect their teeth. A middle-aged man and woman may be seen standing together: moist are their eyes, anxiously they gaze around them—they are the picture of helplessness. They know the awful doom of separation that may be pronounced in ten minutes between them and the handsome family that cluster around them; but that doom they cannot alter or control. The sons and daughters, old enough to know what awaits them, press close together, with full eyes and still fuller hearts; while the young favourites are rejoicing, in perfect innocence, in the clothes which they are docketed out in for the day, to enhance their appearance and their value; and they gaze with pleasurable amusement at the novelties of the scene, like a child at the pageantry of a funeral—the trappings of the horses, and the plumes on the hearse that bears to the grave the remains of a parent. They are at length called up; and although husband and wife go together, the

children are all taken from them, and sold into different districts; and as the mother tries to look at their retreating figures through eyes blinded with tears, she knows that in a few years they are probably fated in their turn to endure the same agony—

'And thou, my son, yet have a son for doom'd a slave to be,
Whose mother, too, must weep o'er him the tears I weep o'er thee!'

FAREWELL!

• Dark spots there are in sunny places,
Thorns on the stems of flow'ers fair,
Clouds overshadowing beauteous faces,
Young bosoms harbouring fear and care;
Mingling with tones of mirth and gladness,
We hear the dull funeral knell,
'Mid pleasure's like the voice of sadness
Sighs mournfully, 'Farewell! farewell!

'Farewell to summer's gentle breezes,
To friendship's whispers, gentler still;
Our frames the breath of winter freezes,
Our souls are 'numbed by scorn and ill.
Farewell, once gay and fragrant flowers;
No dewdrop gilds the drooping bell;
So dried by grief, these hearts of ours
Can scarcely mourn, Farewell, farewell!

Welcome to him the smiling morrow
Who toises through the weary night,
Welcome to every child of sorrow
The joyful sound—'Behold the light!'
Then how can hearts by anguish given,
Too sharp, too deep for song to tell,
Forebear to pant, to pine for Heaven,
Where none shall cry, 'Farewell, farewell!'

S. C.

HOW AND WHAT COMPOSITION.

Speed in composition is a questionable advantage. Poetic history records two names which may represent the rapid and the thoughtful pen—Lope de Vega and Milton. We see one pouring out verses more rapidly than a secretary could write them; the other building up, in the watches of the dark, a few majestic lines. One leaving his treasures to be easily compressed into a single volume; the other to be spread abundantly over forty-six quartos. One gaining fifteen pounds; the other a hundred thousand ducats. (One sitting at the door of his house, when the sun shone, in a coarse coat of grey cloth, and visited only by a few learned men from foreign countries; the other followed by crowds whenever he appeared, while even the children shouted after him with delight. It is only since the earth has fallen on both that the fame and the honours of the Spaniard and the Englishman have been changed. He who nearly finished a comedy before breakfast, now lies motionless in his small niche of monumental biography; and he who, long choosing, began late, is walking up and down, in his singing robes and with laurel round his head, in the cities of many lands; having his home and his welcome in every devout heart, and upon every learned tongue of the Christian world.—*Willmott's Pleasures of Literature.*

NAMES OF FLOWERS.

The flower *Dahlia* was so named from a Swedish botanist called Andrew Dahl, and should therefore never be pronounced as if it were spelt *Dahlia*. *Camellia* should have both *ll's* pronounced; it was named after Jo. Kamel, a Jesuit, whose name is latinised (*Camillus*). *Arbutus* should be accented on the first syllable: see Virgil's *Eclogues*.

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THE LADIES' GUILD.

WHEN society began to emerge out of the darkness of the Iron Age, the gentler sex enjoyed its fair share of the elevation. Women, indeed, received from chivalry even an undue predominance, and the strength and valour of men crouched, as if with the fabulous instinct of the lion, at the feet of beauty. The women of that time, however, are not correctly appreciated in ours. It is the custom to regard them as mere painted puppets, set up by the fantastic spirit of the age as a mark for skill or bravery, and with no more authentic claims to our respect than the silken banner of the joust, where they 'rained influence and adjudged the prize.' It is not generally known, or is always forgotten, that that very banner was worked by female fingers, and that many of the luxurious trappings of chivalry, which contributed more to the advancement of society than the gallant but foolish blood that bespattered them, owed their existence to female industry and ingenuity. Even so early as the eleventh century, the women of England were so famous for embroidery that in that age it was called 'English work,' just as in ancient times it was 'Phrygian work;' and among others we read of Matildis, an Englishwoman, distinguished for her skill in dyeing purple, and adorning robes with gold, gems, paintings, and flowers.

In the following century this reputation continued, and the names of the fair workwomen which have come down to us belong always to the aristocratical class. Christina, Princess of Margate, who lived in the year 1189, was a capital hand at such matters; and a mitre and pair of sandals which she embroidered were declared to be perfect 'wonders.' They were presented by the abbot of St Albans to the pope of that day; and thus the loftiest head and holiest toe in Europe were clothed by English female industry.

In the fourteenth century, however, we arrive at a more interesting epoch, when women stand prominently out among the ingatherers of that true harvest of the Crusades, which consisted in the establishment of industry upon the ruins of feudalism. The knights had been beggared by their extravagance; property had changed hands; and skilled artificers of all kinds felt themselves to be men—that is, when they were not women. But a great proportion of them were women; and as such they inherited, in a modified manner, the immunities bestowed by chivalry upon their grandmothers, and were allowed privileges forbidden to the men. Male artificers were tied down to one profession; but the same law secured the liberty of women—a liberty which they seem to derive from the

charter of nature itself—to do as they thought fit. A man was fixed for life to his loom, or his anvil, or his last; but a woman might try the whole circle of the trades till she found one to her taste, and then go round again out of sheer feminine love of variety. In the records of those gallant days we find female brewers, bakers, weavers, spinners, embroiderers, and others employed in various works in wool, linen, and silk. They were distinguished by the female termination *ster*: thus a brewster, backster, webster, means a woman who brews, bakes, weaves.

In the middle of the fifteenth century the female manufacturers in weaving, carding, spinning, and other branches of industry, are particularised in a public document. This is a resolution of parliament, in which the prohibition of English cloths in the Netherlands is complained of as being hurtful to our industrious countrywomen. But sometimes parliament—so unlike the parliament of our own enlightened time!—required to be reminded of its duty; and in the year 1457 we find the silkwomen of London memorialising the legislature, in good-set terms, on the injury they sustained from the free importation of foreign goods of the kind by which they themselves got their living. We may fancy the meeting at which this memorial was got up—the resolutions, the speeches, the indignant appeals, the shrill screams of laughter, defiance, or applause! But the agitation was successful; and the parliament which had complained so pathetically of a similar step taken by the Low Countries, indulged the ladies with a prohibition in their turn. The same favour was shewn to them in the year 1463; but the time was now at hand when women should stand no more upon their industrial rights, real or supposed, but come before the country, when they came at all, in the character of victims, mendicants, and castaways.

It would be impossible to describe the process by which they were elbowed out of their employments by the other sex, because this was so gradual as to be hardly perceptible except in its results. But one curious circumstance attended it; namely, that when men installed themselves in the places of women, they retained the feminine appellations, and became browsters, backsters, websters, and so on. One only of the names remained peculiar to the fair sex—spinsters; and the law to this day appears to suppose the word to designate an employment followed by all unmarried women.

The chivalry which in one age made women objects of worship, and in another age removed the interdictions from their industry which shackled that of the men, has changed its form in ours, but not its character. We take them now entirely upon our own hands.

We consider work—except among the lower classes—a kind of degradation; and no matter how many of them may fall to our lot as individuals, we feel bound in honour to bring them up in idleness. This is very generous no doubt, but it is the ignorant, unreflecting generosity of a *preux chevalier*. It fancies that there is no change, no death in the world; it stakes the very subsistence of the objects of our solicitude upon a single hazard; it throws them for life upon sympathy, forbearance, kindness; and it accustoms them so much both to the idea and the reality of dependence, that in frequent cases many years of the higher spirits of the sex pass away in a hopeless but bitter and indignant struggle with what they conceive to be their social destiny. As for spirits of the commoner kind, their time and thoughts are occupied with the change from one dependence to another, which is the only consolation offered to their hopes. Marriage with them is the grand alternative; but marriage too seldom accompanied by that which truly consecrates it—the spontaneous love of the proud and free.

The exemption of women from the law of work is in certain classes in England one of the greatest of our social evils; and it is the more puzzling that it seems to have grown out of the advancing civilisation of the time. In our own immediate day, however, a kind of reaction seems to be at its commencement. We hear of some female authors by profession, some female artists, engravers, decorators of various kinds; there are likewise actresses and singers, who by their private characters give respectability as well as beauty to their branch of art; and there are constantly advertisements appearing—many of them fraudulent no doubt, but still indications of the turn the public mind is taking—offering professions to gentlewomen by which they may be able to support themselves in independence. All this, however, bespeaks as yet only the necessity of the case, and the craving for relief it elicits; for in reality no perceptible change has taken place in society. What is wanted is a more open agitation of the question of female employment, and an example offered in the respectable middle classes, of a nature fit to dispel for ever the prejudices which render the position of woman in society so sad and so anomalous.

For this reason we have been as much interested by the prospectus of an association called the Ladies' Guild as we were a short time since by that of the Literary Guild. The prospectus complains that hitherto almost the only resource of educated women has been tuition, and proposes a 'novel and interesting plan,' by which combination may accomplish 'what individual effort could never achieve.' This plan is for ladies to assemble in a school of instruction in London, where, for the nominal sum of two shillings per week (to meet necessary expenses) they may become mistresses of a certain decorative art, protected by patent, and their productions in which will be sold for their own benefit. Ladies in the provinces are likewise invited to this common centre, where they may form an associated home in connection with the Guild, and thus 'live at a far less cost than any individual can do in a separate position.' There is something extremely seductive in this idea; and if Miss Wallace, the amiable and gifted patentee, who consecrates the fruits of her genius to the disenfranchisement of her countrywomen, were but as correct in her political economy as she is in her philanthropy, it might even be regarded as the solution of a great problem. But unluckily the production referred to, however beautiful and elegant, is a thing of mere taste and fashion; and even were it otherwise, there is no such thing as forcing an article into general consumption. In its unlimited invitation to lady-workers, the Guild,

to use a homely phrase, puts the cart before the horse: it produces supply before demand has arisen. It is not too late, however, to remedy this inadvertence. Let the number of ladies be strictly limited at first, and a fair trial given to the manufacture; and when the demand increases, so far from there being any difficulty in meeting it, the supply will seem to come of nature and necessity.

Although the Ladies' Guild, however, cannot be considered to meet the exigencies of the time, it goes a certain way towards it: it is that most important of all stages—the first step. It countenances female industry, and it offers a field for it which may prove—and we hope will prove—of considerable magnitude. The substance Miss Wallace works in is luckily of a kind to disarm many feminine prejudices; for the gentility of the work is unquestionable. Even in the fourteenth century, when the first manufactory was established in France by permission of Philip de Valois, it was considered that persons of the best families might follow the employment without losing caste. This idea was confirmed by the government itself, for in public deeds such manufacturers were styled 'gentlemen of the art and science of glass-making'; and the privilege of forming one of these establishments was bestowed upon a person near Lyons as a reward for military services rendered at the battle of Agincourt. We must not, however, be betrayed by these circumstances into forming any extravagant notion of the article then produced. It was nothing more than window-glass that was achieved by these 'gentlemen,' and that only in round plates, with a *boudine* or eye in the middle, affording at the utmost a square of eight inches. The colour of this glass was yellowish, variegated here and there with bubbles; and it is supposed that the desire to hide such deformities originated the custom of painting the small squares framed in lead, which formed the church windows.

The Ladies' Guild, however, have now very different materials to work upon; and we may form some idea of the results produced under Miss Wallace's patent from the following description taken from our contemporary, 'The Builder':—

'All our ideas of Oriental splendour—all the gorgeous imaginings of Orientals themselves, might now be realised to sight at least in the sober actualities of British decorative art in glass. The lustre of silver and gold, the fiery sparkle of the ruby, amethyst, and every actual or imaginable gem, and the more subdued, but no less beautiful hues of the pearl and the tropical shell, may now, by the recent efforts of British skill and invention, be combined at a moderate cost, and without a vestige of mere gaudy glitter, in the decorations of the mansions of the gentlemen of England. Miss Wallace's productions consist, in principle, of imitations of gold and silver in glass, without the use of either metal; of the protection of actual gilding or silvering under an almost invisible yet magnifying coat of glass; of a peculiar mode of adding metallic and pearly brilliancy to colours, to painted and stained figures, and to engravings, all in glass; of imitations of marbles, alabaster, malachite, &c., in glass-covered compositions; of imitations of precious stones; and of other inventions.

Among the various forms under which these are brought into use, in architectural decoration, are those of ceilings, in which a combination of them with a peculiar mode of enamelling in white or pale blue on the inner surface of the interspaces in glass (another of this lady's numerous inventions) also applied with good effect to framed engravings) is capable of producing a dazzling effect, particularly by night, with a good or even an indifferent light reflected from it. Mouldings and cornices are made to harmonise with these effects; and the same combinations, varied with the pearly brilliancy of painted flower-wreaths, and wreaths

* The school is at No. 4 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, where applications are to be made, addressed to Mrs Hill, Vice-President of the Ladies' Guild.

of silver engraved on a gold surface, all in glass, are made to adorn the walls in form of picture-frames. Besides a number of these productions in varied detail, we saw a specimen of stained-glass decoration for windows in form of armorial bearings, in vivid colours, made peculiarly sparkling and brilliant, and in some phases pearly, by one of the processes already alluded to. One great feature in most of the inventions is, that they are all protected, mostly within hollow mouldings of glass hermetically sealed, so that the gilding, &c. can never tarnish, and the whole is in this respect everlasting. So is it with the marble imitations, which are so firmly embedded in composition that they are said to be quite well adapted to all the risk of exterior construction for which they are designed, as well as for chimney-pieces and other forms of interior decoration.*

This new and brilliant art, it will be seen, displaces no other. Its productions are additions to the list of elegances demanded by a refined and luxurious age, and their application is so various—so almost universal—that the institutors of the Ladies' Guild are not unjustifiable in imagining that they have opened out to women of the middle classes a wide and elegant profession. Let them take care, however, say we, of their first step. No trade can be forced; and it will be much safer and kinder to invite ladies into the field as they are wanted, than to collect a multitude in the metropolis to work on the speculation of a market.*

A TALE OF DAYS NOT LONG GONE BY.

THERE resided some years ago in London a young surgeon named Gerald Spencer. He was the younger son of a gentleman of good family but small fortune; and as everything that remained to the father was entailed on the eldest son, a good professional education was all that Gerald could expect from his father, and it was all he got. But in the matter of education nothing was spared; and as Gerald had both the will and the ability to profit by the instructions he received, there was great reason to hope for a successful professional career. It is often a good thing for a young man to have nobody to rely on but himself. Those who have something to fall back upon hope to do and may do; but he must do or die; and this stern alternative quickens a man's wits, and lends amazing vigour to his energies. Gerald felt the full force of the necessity; and all the more, that he was deeply in love with the daughter of one of his father's neighbours. He had known Lucy Manwaring from her childhood, for she was six years his junior, and he had loved her ever since he was old enough to know what love was. But though she was the daughter of a gentleman, like himself she had nothing but her personal qualifications to recommend her. These, however, were considerable, for she was both amiable, pretty, and intelligent, and, above all, devotedly attached to her lover, respecting whose talents she was quite enthusiastic.

* Some years ago, a paragraph suggesting wood-engraving as an employment for females was transferred into this Journal from the 'Westminster Review.' Carried thus into the hands of the great multitude of the middle classes, who form our weekly audience, it seemed immediately to excite the hopes of a vast number of women who felt the disadvantage of the forced idleness to which they are restrained by society. The host of letters we received on the subject, chiefly inquiring by what means the fair writers could be introduced to such an employment, gave us an impression which will not soon be effaced, of the extent of the social evil in question. We wish to speak moderately when we say, that no article ever appeared in this Journal which excited one-fourth so much sensation as appeared to arise from this small quoted paragraph. Literally, years passed before the correspondence produced by it was at an end. We fear that it led in only a few instances to any useful result.—Ed.

'You may not think Gerald a sufficiently good match for me now, papa,' she would say; 'but I know the day will come that you will be proud to call Gerald your son-in-law!'

'That may be: I do not dispute Mr Spencer's talents; but in the meantime he has no money; and however clever a young man may be, it is often years before he gets into practice.'

'Very well, papa; we are in no hurry. I don't think it will be so long as you expect before Gerald makes his way. Such talents as his cannot long remain unknown; but as I said just now, we are in no hurry; and he would be quite as averse to our marriage taking place prematurely as you would be. He said only the last time he was here, that till he had a comfortable home to offer me, he would never mention the subject to you.'

'Very well, Lucy, so much the better; only don't let him mention it to you either; and take care you have not to wait for him till all the bloom is off your cheeks.'

'I'm not afraid, papa,' answered Lucy; 'but even if it were so, Gerald would love me just the same, and we could be very happy without the bloom.'

Secure of his love and sanguine of success, Gerald thought he could wait too: bright anticipations of the future lent a charm to labour that was to be so sweetly rewarded; and after studying at Paris and Vienna, and rendering himself in all respects worthy of the public patronage he counted on, with the assistance of his father he took a small house in the neighbourhood of Golden Square, and with a brass-plate on the door announcing his name and profession, he sat down to wait for patients; and patients came, not a few, betwixt nine and eleven o'clock, when it was understood he was at home; but alas, how seldom did one of them bring a guinea in his hand! They were all paupers or next to it—people whom he had attended in the hospitals, or such as were sent by these; for, enthusiastic in his art, he had willingly and carefully investigated and ministered to the maladies of the poor, and when they learned where he was to be found, they crowded to his door. And he was content to see them—they offered subjects for study and improvement; but there would be no getting on without a few rich ones too: how else was he to pay his rent, and have a home for Lucy? However, there was nothing to do but to wait and hope, and he did both—wearily though such waiting is to a man eager to rise, and who knows he has the capacity to do so, if he could once get his foot on the ladder.

The disappointments and anxieties that have attended the early career of many a man who has afterwards risen to eminence, have been so frequently described that they need not be dwelt upon here: it is enough to say that poor Gerald Spencer endured them all; and as he had spoken with confidence of his certain success both to his own friends and his mistress, it was doubly mortifying to find his performance falling so far short of his promise, that the first year he was obliged to apply to his father for money to pay his rent—a favour that was not granted without some vexatious allusions to the large sums that had been spent on an education which it was high time should produce its harvest. But still the rich drove past his door, flying for relief to men whose established reputations inspired hope and confidence, whilst he was exercising all his skill on patients who had nothing but blessings to give him in return. But although blessings are indeed blessed things, they will not furnish a man's table nor pay his rent, still less can he marry upon them; and the young surgeon's heart grew sick with disappointment as his hopes faded from day to day.

'Yes,' he would say to himself with bitterness, 'when the present generation have died off; when Astley Cooper, and Cline, and all the rest of them, are gone; when I am fifty years old, and Lucy Manwaring is

married to somebody else—for how can I expect her to wait for me all her life?—and is perhaps the mother of a dozen children, I shall get into practice and drive my carriage. I had better have been born a day-labourer than be the son of a gentleman with an empty purse, and talents I can find no opportunity of exercising.

His position was so difficult too, for his pride forbade him to tell the whole truth; and whilst he was holding out fallacious hopes to his mistress, he found them as far as ever from realisation.

Amongst the young students of medicine he had become acquainted with about the hospitals was one called O'Grady. He was an Irishman, as his name indicated; apparently of low birth, without connections, and with little talent or industry. Neither did he evince any ambition or desire to rise. He seemed either conscious that he was born for mediocrity or content with a little; but that little he never appeared to want. Yet those who had known him longest had understood from himself that he had no private resources, but had come to London to trade on his talents and education, like many amongst them. It occurred to Gerald sometimes to wonder how he contrived to live; whether he might not have fallen into some inferior line of practice that paid in some degree—a practice that, in perspective, he would himself have scorned, but now he would be too glad to take anything he could get. With the view of finding out O'Grady's secret he cultivated his society, which, from not liking him, he had originally rather avoided. When the Irishman saw him disposed to be civil, he shewed himself ready enough to meet him half way; and one day, as they quitted one of the hospitals together, he invited him to dine with him at an eating-house he frequented in the neighbourhood.

The dinner was not in the grand style, but it was plentiful; and O'Grady called for a bottle of wine to relish it—a luxury the other was little accustomed to.

'Upon my word, O'Grady,' said he, 'you make it out capitally if this is the style you live in every day. I don't know how it is, but though I get plenty of patients I never get a fee.'

'Nor I either,' said O'Grady. 'Why, man, if I depended on fees, I should not get butter to my bread.'

'Oh! I beg your pardon,' said Gerald; 'you have doubtless some private resources. Fortunate man, say I! I wish I had.'

O'Grady did not deny the imputation, and so the matter rested for that time; but as either for motives of his own, or from good-nature, he not unfrequently invited Gerald to share his dinner, the intimacy continued till a degree of confidence was established between them that led to momentous results.

'As for my getting into practice here, I look upon it as out of the question, without some extraordinary lucky hit,' said O'Grady one day. 'I mean by and by to go back to old Ireland, where, in some miserable hole or another, I shall settle down as a country doctor, and spend the rest of my life astride of the sharp backbone of an Irish horse. But you ought to get into practice: you have not only abilities but industry; and there isn't a man amongst us who has a better right to get on than you have.'

'And yet this ability and industry you are pleased to attribute to me will scarcely find me in bread and cheese. And the hard part of it is, that when fortune turns her back upon a man in this manner in the beginning of life, one can't—at least I can't—afford to wait till she is in better humour. I suppose practice may come by and by, when I am forty or fifty years of age; but how am I to live and keep up appearances in the meantime?'

'If I had your gift of the gab,' said O'Grady, 'and knew as much about the thing as you do, I'd give lectures on anatomy. In that way you'd get known.'

'But who'd come to them? That is, who'd pay to come to them?—and without fees I couldn't do it.'

'I'll tell you what would bring you fees.'

'What?'

'Not talking alone, I admit; but get subjects—shew 'em what you teach, and you'll get plenty of students to come to you, I warrant.'

'I daresay. But how am I to get subjects? Why, K—— gave forty pounds for one lately.'

'I know that,' answered O'Grady; 'but there are ways of doing it;' and then, with his elbows on the table, he leaned across, and in a low voice communicated to Gerald the secret he alluded to.

At that time, and it is not so very many years since these circumstances occurred, surgeons were expected, as much as now, to be acquainted with all the mysteries of the human frame, whilst the legislature placed every impediment in the way of their diving into its secrets. There was no provision made for supplying them with subjects, whilst to obtain them by violating the graveyards was an unlawful act. Of course, however, they were so obtained; many a man lived by the trade, and the surgeons were under the necessity of countenancing the crime, or of remaining in ignorance of what they were bound to know. Some of the dire consequences of this short-sighted legislation became known to the world, and we have a verb adopted into our vocabulary which will carry down the legend to posterity; but it is well understood that there were many more deaths by *burking* in different parts of the kingdom, especially in London, than ever became public, as also that the annals of the resurrectionists would record many strange escapes and frightful adventures.

But to return to our story. Shortly after the conversation alluded to betwixt Spencer and O'Grady, the former made known his intention of giving lectures on anatomy; indeed, he put advertisements into the papers to that effect, whilst it was secretly circulated amongst the students that a subject would be provided for each lecture. As the opportunities for practical observation were so limited as to render such occasions extremely desirable, and as the abilities of the lecturer were well known amongst students of medicine, he had even from the first a pretty good attendance; and their favourable report spreading, soon brought more, especially as the fee was moderate, till at length he could boast of a crowded audience. Of course every man present was aware that the subjects which formed the chief attraction were illegally procured; but it was everybody's interest to keep the secret, and nobody sympathised with laws that run counter to human necessities. So the lectures continued and flourished; and the fame they shed brought patients, till the young surgeon's fortunes improved so far, and promised so well for the future, that he ventured to make his proposals to Mr Manwaring; and the lovers being quite weary of living on protracted hope, they pleaded their own cause so energetically that the father's consent was won, and they were married.

On this event taking place, trusting that his practice would increase, and be sufficient to maintain himself and his wife, Mr Spencer resolved to abandon for ever those midnight expeditions with O'Grady, to which his pecuniary necessities had won him to consent, but which he had never undertaken without feelings of horror and disgust, as well as extreme apprehension of the disgrace of a discovery, which would have probably so far shocked the public as to do him irreparable mischief in his professional career.

For some little time, therefore, he depended on his legitimate profits to furnish funds for his family expenses; but these were not always sufficient, and an empty purse sometimes drove him to his old resources—resources, however, of which his wife remained wholly ignorant. That he gave lectures occasionally she knew, and that he was every now and then out great

part of the night with his friend O'Grady; but how they were employed, though she sometimes wondered, she was never told.

In the meantime Lucy, who having yet no child, had a great deal of time to herself, and who had been accustomed in the country to visit and minister to the poor of the neighbourhood, had joined a society of benevolent ladies, which had originated in a proposal of Mrs Fry and a sister of hers, Mrs Schimmelpenninck—a beautiful woman, who married a German, or rather, I believe, a Dutchman—for the purpose of visiting, improving, and relieving the poor of the metropolis. Each lady had her district appointed, and some of these spread over extremely bad neighbourhoods; but the founders of this society maintained that, in the very worst, there existed no danger for the visitor; and they themselves fearlessly set the example of going into quarters that less enthusiastic women would have certainly eschewed.

Lucy, however, was an enthusiast both in benevolence and religion; and she would have despised herself for refusing to follow where those she looked up to led. She therefore cheerfully accepted the district appointed to her, which was none of the best; and as experience seemed to confirm the opinion of the presiding ladies, she went amongst all sorts of people without fear—witnessing an immense deal of wretchedness, the consequence of an immense deal of vice, from which generally, though the least corrupted, the women were the deepest sufferers, and it was by them she was most gratefully accepted. Often when the men were sullen the wives expressed by their tears feelings they durst not otherwise give vent to—above all, when they saw their sick children relieved and comforted.

Amongst others there was a house in her district, the ground-floor of which was occupied by some people of the name of Vennell. The family consisted of a man and his wife, and two children; and although they lived in a great deal of dirt and muddle, and apparent wretchedness, they did not seem to be in any want, which was a circumstance the less to be expected that Vennell, from all she could learn, was an idle fellow, who followed no regular occupation, and his wife was a sickly woman, not fit for any.

On the whole it was a very unpromising sort of ménage; and on Lucy's first visit the woman received her so uncivilly, saying, amongst other things, that they wanted nothing of her, that she had not repeated it. Being informed, however, some time afterwards, that Mrs Vennell was very ill, she called; and found her in bed with a rheumatic fever; whereupon she not only sent the district physician to attend her, but being anxious to make an impression on the woman, who, from having rejected her ministrations, she concluded to be more than commonly in want of them, she returned frequently, carrying her such little comforts and indulgences as the funds of the society could afford, and often reading to her for an hour at a time by her bedside. The effect of all this kindness, however, was not very visible. The woman seemed to a certain degree grateful, but she was not softened. She continued close and reserved, and there was a dark ominous cloud ever on her brow that produced an involuntary impression against her. Nevertheless, Lucy, whose enthusiasm was only exalted by difficulties, felt that the worse Mrs Vennell's spiritual condition was the more she was bound to persevere in her efforts to ameliorate it; so she continued her visits, though by this time the woman was able to rise from her bed, and was fast recovering her usual state of health.

One afternoon, late in the month of October, in the year 1816, Lucy had been visiting her district, and finding she had a little wine to spare, which she thought would be an excuse for a call on Mrs Vennell, she went round that way. The woman was up, nursing one of

her children, both of whom were young; but she looked unusually sallow, and, as Lucy thought, the cloud on her brow lowered darker than ever.

'I've brought you a little wine to strengthen you,' she said; 'and as I have half an hour to spare I have something here I should like to read to you.'

'I'm obliged to you for the wine,' she answered; 'but I don't want the reading: it don't do me no good, but jist makes me worse like.'

'No,' said Lucy; 'I'm sure what I read can't make you worse; but perhaps it makes you think yourself worse, and that's a good sign. We are in the way to mend when we see how bad we are.'

'I can't mend, and it's no use,' answered the woman; 'it's very well for them as is differently situated; but where one's lot's cast one must bide.'

'Nobody's lot is cast in wickedness,' answered Lucy.

'That's more than you can tell,' said the woman sullenly. 'You gentlefolks come among us, and bring us wine and doctor's stuff, and no doubt we ought to be thankful, for you're noways obligated to do it; but for your readings and your preachings they can't do us no good, 'cause our necessities is stronger than words printed upon paper, and when maybe we might wish to be better than we are; we can't; perhaps there's them as won't let us—sometimes want won't let us.'

'All that you say is very sad,' answered Lucy; 'but depend on it wickedness and impiety can never improve anybody's circumstances in the long-run, though it may seem so for a little while.'

'We poor folks ha'n't no time to look for'ards,' returned Mrs Vennell. 'We must find bread for ourselves and our children from one day to another, and if we can't get it by fair work we must get it which way we can.'

'But dishonest ways are like false friends, my good Mrs Vennell'—

'Don't call me good; what I am, I am: I'm no hypocrite.'

'And I like you the better for that, and I've the more hope of you.'

Mrs Vennell shook her head, and could not be brought to admit that there was any hope of her; but on the whole, in spite of this disavowal of amendment, Lucy's opinion of her was improved by these late opportunities of observation, and she inclined to think, from several obscure hints she had dropped, that her husband lived by some dishonest practices, in which the wife took her part more or less, though not without certain regrets and longings after a better state. What Vennell's occupation was she did not know: his wife said, in answer to her inquiries, that he *jobbed about*; but she had never yet happened to see him.

After some further conversation she took her leave, impressed with the idea that the woman was more than usually uneasy and desponding, and that it was not like the despondency arising from want or the apprehension of it, but more like the darkness of a spirit clouded by a troubled conscience. The door of the house opened into a dismal sort of lane, skirted on the opposite side by a dead-wall of no great height, which divided it from a churchyard: one of those churchyards in the heart of the metropolis about which so much has lately been written. As Lucy walked up the lane a man passed her, in company with a deformed lad, who was apparently extremely tipsy. The man was dressed like a labourer, and she looked back after him, wondering if it was Vennell. As she turned her head he turned too, and their eyes met for a moment; but the boy reeled about so distressingly that she hastened on to escape the disagreeable spectacle. Her thoughts a good deal occupied with the state of the woman she had left, she had reached the neighbourhood of her own home before she discovered that her bag was left behind. It was a tolerably capacious one which she usually took with her on these expeditions, as it would carry a small

bottle of wine, or any other little matters she wished to distribute; and as it happened, it contained on the present occasion about five pounds in money, most of it belonging to the society. The loss of it, therefore, would be serious; and although it was already late, and would involve her not being home at the usual dinner hour, she thought, considering where the thing was left, it would be better to return for it immediately; so she retraced her steps as rapidly as she could, entered the door of the house, which, for the convenience of its various inhabitants, stood always open, and groped her way, for it was now quite dark, towards Vennell's room, the door of which was ajar.

'What signifies?' said a man, as Lucy, hearing his voice, paused a moment, hesitating whether to go forward—'what signifies? I told you they wanted one for the lecture this evening, and there wasn't no time to stand shilly-shally. Set on the water to boil.'

'Why couldn't you get one out of the same place as you got 'em afore?'

'Cause I only got the order this morning; and it ain't so easy, woman. There was a rumpus last night out at Islington, where them doctors was, and they was nigh taken; and that's why they sent to me. Make haste with the water, will you? They'll be here afore we're ready.'

Just as he said these words, and as Lucy, having no notion to what their conversation alluded, was about to advance into the room—whether it was chance, or whether he heard some sound that awakened his suspicions, Vennell turned his head and saw her standing in the passage. To rush out, seize her by the arm, drag her into the room, and close the door, was the work of an instant.

'Don't scream!' said the woman, darting forwards and laying her hand on Lucy's mouth—'don't scream, and you shan't be hurt!'

Lucy did not scream, but she answered with a trembling voice: 'I came back for my bag!'

'I know what you came back for,' said the man; 'I saw you awatching me in the lane just now.'

'Hush!' said the woman; 'she did leave her bag here. Let her go, John—she came for no harm.'

—But the man stood sullenly grasping her arm. 'Sit down there!' he said, thrusting her towards a chair—'Sit you down there, I say. Make yourself at home since you are here!'

Terrified into silence, she obeyed, and he went behind her; the woman followed him, and presently she heard a struggle, but no words. An indescribable fear that some mischief was preparing for her made her turn her head, and as she did so her eye fell upon the bed, over which a sheet was spread, but under the sheet there lay a form that made her blood run cold, for she felt certain it was a corpse. At the same time the woman was holding the man's arm, and endeavouring to wreat something out of his hand; the room was lighted only by one dim candle, which shed its gloomy gleams upon this scene of horrors.

'No, John!' said the woman—'no; not if I die for it! She's come to see me, and brought me things through all my sickness!' But the man did not seem disposed to relinquish his purpose, whatever it was; when suddenly his wife made a thrust at him with all her strength, and threw him backwards on the bed.

'Run!' she cried to Lucy—'run!' making a gesture with her head towards the door. 'Turn the key this way; and as you've a soul to be saved, never tell what you've seen this night!'

The fugitive heard the last words as she fled along the passage into the lane; but the man was after her, and she was not far yards in advance of him when she heard the sound of wheels, and a hackney-coach passed. 'Save me—save me!' she cried in a frantic voice; but either the driver did not hear her, or he thought it was some drunken squabble which did not call for his

interference, so he drove forward; but the interruption seemed to have changed Vennell's purpose, for she presently reached the end of the lane unpursued, and making all the speed she could till she found herself in a less dangerous neighbourhood, she stepped into a coach, and arrived at home long after dinner-time more dead than alive. Mr Spencer, she was informed, had been at home, but was gone out to the lecture, very much surprised and somewhat alarmed at her absence. Exhausted and distressed, she went to bed, and waited his return. At eleven o'clock he came home very tired, for he had been out nearly the whole of the preceding night. His first words were words of displeasure: 'Why had she not been at home at dinner-time?'

'Tell me, Gerald,' she answered, 'where were you all last night?'

'What is that to you?' he asked.

'It's as much to me as it is to you to know where I have been this afternoon!'

'I beg your pardon, Lucy; I was out on business.'

'But I want to know what business.'

'My dear little wife, men have often business they cannot trust women with.'

'On this occasion, Gerald, I beseech you trust me! I never before made any inquiries about your midnight excursions with O'Grady, but now I have very strong motives for doing so.'

'What motives?'

'Motives that concern your safety!'

'My safety, Lucy!' he rejoined in some alarm; 'where is there any danger?'

'You were at Islington last night, Gerald!'

Mr Spencer, who had been sitting by the fire warming his feet, rose and walked to the bedside.

'Who told you so, Lucy? I hope you have not been induced by any ridiculous jealousy to spy into my business! If you have, I shall be very angry. It's a thing I could not put up with in a wife, however much I loved her.'

'I see I'm right,' she said, sitting up in bed and confronting him, with a pale and haggard countenance. 'I hoped I was not. I have been praying that my suspicions might be unfounded. You know a man called Vennell, Gerald?'

'Vennell! What do you mean?'

'A man that lives at the back of St S.—Church. He's a murderer!'

'Nonsense! I see your mistake. But what in the world has brought you in contact with Vennell?'

'There's no mistake: I tell you he's a murderer, and it's you that makes him one! You've been lecturing to-night?'

'Of course I have,' answered Mr Spencer, still incredulous, and still half angry.

'And you had what you call a—a subject?'

'Well, if I had? I'll tell you what, Lucy,' he said sharply, 'if I hadn't had subjects, you wouldn't be Mrs Spencer; so mind your own business, and don't be foolish!'

'Oh Gerald, Gerald, how the love of gain blinds you to right and wrong! The man, Vennell, is a murderer, I say; and I shouldn't be here to tell you so now but for his wife, who enabled me to make my escape. If it hadn't been for her, you would perhaps have found a subject to-night on your dissecting-table you little looked for!'

'In the name of God, what do you mean, Lucy?' said Spencer, at length roused to a belief that there was something more in this agitation of hers than he had believed.

'Tell me, Gerald,' she said, 'was it a man or a woman you had to-night?'

'A man—at least, a boy.'

'I thought so,' said Lucy shuddering. 'A deformed boy?'

'Yes, a deformed boy! Why?'

Then amidst tears and anguish she told him all that had happened: how she had visited the woman, and how strange her demeanour had appeared; how she had met the man and the boy, and the state of intoxication the latter was in; how she had forgotten her bag and returned for it; and finally, how she escaped.

'His fears made him misinterpret my looking back at him; and when he saw me in the passage, he no doubt thought I had witnessed the murder. But I saw no blood,' she said; 'how was he killed?'

'Suffocated,' returned Mr Spencer; 'but I supposed by accident. It was I that was in the coach,' he said. 'I was going to fetch the body, and I remember hearing a woman cry, but I little imagined whose voice it was!'

'Let us be poor to the end of our days, Gerald,' said his wife, 'rather than get money by such unholy means!'

And Mr Spencer was sufficiently shocked and alarmed to follow her advice.

What to do about Vennell he did not know. If he accused him, the man had it in his power to make very unpleasant disclosures regarding himself and O'Grady; and besides, Lucy was extremely unwilling to implicate the unhappy wife. Finally, after some consultation, it was agreed to warn Vennell of his danger, and then to take such measures as would prevent a recurrence of the crime. But the discovery of Williams and his associates immediately afterwards led to a full exposure of these dreadful practices, and to a more judicious legislation, which put a stop to them by removing the motive.

Lucy's bag was returned, with all its contents safe, by Mrs Vennell, and the man I have called by that name was transported at the same time that Williams was executed. The young surgeon, whose real name is not of course here given, rose afterwards to considerable eminence in his profession, and, I believe, died within the last ten years.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

The total eclipse of the sun, which takes place on the 28th of this month, is one of those phenomena of nature which cannot be witnessed without the most intense interest. Partial eclipses of the sun, and even the great annular eclipse, which was so distinctly visible in this country in 1836, though highly imposing phenomena, are far inferior to the complete and total obscuration of that luminary. The event is described by those who have witnessed it as 'the most awfully grand that man can behold, and the most interesting,' because on that occurrence we are permitted a hasty glance at some of the secrets of nature which cannot be seen on any other occasion. When we read in ancient times of the two armies of the Lydians and Medes, even in the very midst of a furious battle, awe-struck and desisting from the combat at the obscuration of the sun, we cannot wonder that such a spectacle should deeply impress more refined and more intelligent observers.

Everybody knows that an eclipse of the sun is caused by the opaque body of the moon coming between us and the sun; but all are not aware of the difference of circumstances which causes at one time an annular and at another a total eclipse; these circumstances are, however, very easily explained. If you take a piece of white paper, cut it into a circle of about four inches diameter, and lay it on the table; then, standing before it, take a penny-piece, and shutting one eye, so place the coin between you and the paper that, looking at both with your open eye, you see the former cover the centre of the paper, and leave a white circle uncovered: this will represent the phenomenon of an annular eclipse. Then gradually move the penny-piece nearer and nearer your eye, till it comes to within about two feet, or to a point where the coin as now seen completely covers and

obscures the whole circumference of the paper circle: this will represent the phenomenon of a total eclipse. This experiment illustrates an invariable law of vision—that bodies near the eye appear larger than those at a distance; or, in other words, that objects diminish in size as they recede from the eye or centre of vision. Now the diameter of the sun is about 400 times larger than that of the moon, and the mean distance of the former luminary is about 400 times greater; so that the diameters of the sun and moon as seen by us are nearly the same. But as the earth's orbit is elliptical, with the sun in one of the foci or centres, at certain times the sun is nearer to us, and at other times more remote; consequently his diameter increases and diminishes somewhat to our sense of vision. It is the same with the moon. Her orbit is also elliptical, and, consequently, at certain periods of her revolution round the earth, she too appears with a larger disc than at others. When it so happens that a conjunction occurs between the sun and moon, at a period when the moon's disc is at its smallest and the sun's at its largest, then the moon will not entirely obscure the sun, but a small circular rim of this luminary will be visible: on the other hand, when the reverse position of these bodies occurs—that is, when the sun is at his greatest distance from us, and his disc the smallest, while the moon is at her nearest point to the earth, and her disc the largest—then a total eclipse of the sun is the consequence. As the greatest difference, however, occurs on the moon's disc, the occurrence of a total eclipse is mainly dependent upon her relative position. From the well-known laws of the moon's revolutions it is evident that eclipses, either of the sun or moon, can only be of occasional and comparatively rare occurrence. Still more rare must be the concomitant circumstances which bring about a total or even an annular eclipse.

The eclipse of next Monday will only be partial as seen in Britain; but over a portion of the continent of Europe it will be total. Entering Norway near Bergen, the shadow crosses both coasts of Norway, both coasts of Sweden, and the eastern coast of the Baltic; then ranges through Poland and the south frontier of Russia, across the Sea of Azof, through Georgia to the Caspian Sea. The following towns are thus within its range:—Christiania, Gothenburg, Carlsrona, Dantzic, Konigsberg, Warsaw, and Teflis. All these places are now of easy access to travellers; and no doubt, with the present facility of locomotion, many will indulge themselves in a view of the spectacle.

To those who witnessed the annular eclipse of 1836 we need not describe the general effect. The early congregation of people of all ages out of doors on a beautiful cloudless Sunday; the eagerness with which the first approach of the moon's dark disc was watched; the intense interest with which its gradual progress was marked; the awe which the pervading gloom and stillness as of approaching night excited; and the singular effect which this unusual interruption of the order of every-day nature had on the unreflecting brute creation—birds ceasing their song, deserting their feeding-ground, and flying to the thickets to roost—cattle looking up in dumb amazement to the portentous sky—and dogs whining and howling in terror!

M. Arago strikingly describes the total eclipse of 1842. The whole circumference of the moon was seen by him through his telescope while yet she had entered only about two-thirds of the sun's diameter. As the total eclipse approached, a strange fluctuation of light was seen both by Arago and others upon the walls and on the ground—so striking, that in some places children ran after it, and tried to catch it with their hands. Mr Airy, the astronomer-royal, describes the singular ring of light which surrounded the moon's circumference, commencing on the side of the moon opposite to that at which the sun disappeared. In some places this

ring or corona was seen double. Its texture appeared in some places as if fibrous or composed of entangled thread; in some places brushes or feathers of light proceeded from it. The appearance of this luminousness was very striking and unaccountable. The general opinion was, that it emanated from the sun; while more ancient writers have supposed it to be the atmosphere of the moon. 'In the general decay and disease which seemed to oppress all nature, the moon and the corona appeared almost like a local disease in that part of the sky.' But the most remarkable of all the appearances were the red mountains or flames apparently projecting from the circumference of the moon into the inner ring of the corona. These were seen and figured under different aspects by observers at various stations. The first impression was, that they were parts of the sun—elevations estimated at thirty thousand miles; but then the difference of form which they assumed as seen at different places became an objection to this theory. M. Paye conceives those appearances to be due to a sort of mirage or deception of vision.

Of the awful effect of the total obscuration, and of the suddenness with which it came on, it would be difficult to give an idea. The darkness is described as 'dropping down like a mantle; the clouds seemed to be descending; the outlines of the horizon became indistinct, and sometimes even invisible; and a moral awe hung on the livid-looking countenances gazing around. The effect on the brute creation was also extraordinary. In one case a half-starved dog, which was voraciously devouring some food, instantly dropped it from his mouth when the darkness came on. In another a swarm of ants, which were busily carrying their burdens, stopped, and remained motionless till the light reappeared. A herd of oxen feeding in a field collected themselves into a circle, and stood with their horns outwards. Some plants, such as the convolvulus, closed their leaves at night. At Venice the darkness was so great that the smoke from the steamboat funnels could not be seen. In several places birds in their flight came against the walls of houses. When the sky was clear several stars were seen, and in several places a reddish light was perceived near the horizon. A heavy dew fell at Perpignan. Mr Airy mentions an anecdote related to him by M. Arago of the captain of a French ship who had made most careful arrangements for taking observations in his vessel. When the darkness came on, however, all discipline was at an end; every one's attention was directed to the general phenomenon; and thus many minute observations were lost. For taking observations it may be mentioned that no particular astronomical skill is necessary, and few instruments—a telescope, stop-watch, common prism, and polariscope, include the more essential of them. A photogenic apparatus, either Daguerreotype or Talbotype, or both, by which a number of views could be obtained during the successive stages of the phenomenon, and at different localities, would be by far the most interesting and useful of the observations which travellers and men of science could contribute.

CONFESSIONS OF A PICTURE-DEALER'S HACK.

I AM going to make a clean breast of it, for the repose of my conscience, if I may be supposed to have any, and as some sort of laggard justice to that very numerous class towards whom a stern necessity has compelled me to play the impostor. I was once a student of nature, and enthusiastic in my studies—nourishing dreams of reputation and celebrity, with all the pleasant and agreeable accompaniments attendant upon them. Long years of painful experience have at length brought home to my consciousness the slow and unwillingly acknowledged conviction, that I have wasted the thread of life in the pursuit of a vocation never intended for me; that, though once profoundly imbued

with the sentiment of art, I never really possessed the 'faculty divine,' without which success in the profession is hopeless. I say I *once* possessed the sentiment of art—because I don't pretend to it now; even that is gone, clean gone—frittered and foded away by the conventional and technical 'din of the studio and the cant of connoisseurship. It is a wretched fact, that to me the whole world of art, so far as its aesthetic influence is concerned, is nothing but a blank, unless perhaps something worse. The once magic creations of Raphael, Corregio, Titian, and Rembrandt, are resolved, through the detestable process my mind has undergone, into mere masses of oil and varnish, canvas and colour. Where others behold with awe the expression of a god-like idea, the embodiment of intellect and passion, or the incarnations of physical or mental loveliness, I see nothing but paint—reds, browns, and yellows, madders and ultramarines, with the scumblings, and druggings, and glazings, and scrapings, and gummy-stuffings, and the thousand artifices employed in getting up an effect. It were well if this were all. I could be well content never to look on picture more, if the face of nature would return to me again under the aspect it wore in the days of my boyhood. But, alas! it cannot be. To me the

* Meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,*

are but suggestive of paint in its myriad mixtures and combinations. The gleam of sunshine upon a field is but a dash of Naples yellow; the dark gloom of evening closing o'er the distant mountains, speaking of infinite space and distance to the unsophisticated eye, is nothing to me but a graduated tint of indigo, red and white: the impenetrable depth of a yawning cavern, dimly discernible amid the sombre shades of a mountain gorge, though it may tell a tale of romance and mystery to others, is nothing upon earth to me but a dab of Vandyke brown. Nay, the boundless sky, the over-arching canopy that wraps us up in brightness or in gloom, is in my view, according to circumstances, but a tube of diluted cobalt, or a varied combination of grays and reds, and yellows and whites; while the glorious sun himself figures in my imagination, precisely as he does in the pictures of Claude Lorraine, as a one-shilling impression of a flame-coloured tint.

How this came about perhaps my history will show. I shall make it as brief as I honestly can: may it prove a warning to the youthful aspirant for artistic fame, and incite him to a candid and timely investigation into the reality and extent of his creative faculty! One thing I know—it will prove a revelation of some value to collectors and connoisseurs of all ages and grades, provided only that they have yet modesty enough remaining to doubt the infallibility of their judgment.

I was born in one of the suburbs of the metropolis, and my earliest recollections are associated with the palette and the studio. My father, whose sole child I was, was an artist of very considerable talent, who, with a real love of nature, combined a ready hand and a facility of practice which enabled him to produce a multitude of pictures though he died young. My mother, who worshipped him with a devotion that knew no bounds, relieved him of every care unconnected with his pursuit. It was her business to dispose of his productions, which, being all of small size, rarely exceeding twenty inches in length, she carried to town, and sold to the dealers for as much as they would bring. Those perambulations, when I was big enough to make the long walks, I sometimes accompanied her, and when the sale was successful, generally got a cake or a toy for my share. Besides my mother, my only playmate was a small lay-figure, which it was the quiet delight of my childhood to cherish and fondle with an affection which I cannot now comprehend. My father's pictures never realised much during his life. They

were chiefly landscapes of a very simple style of composition, and scores of them had no other figures than a woman and a child, of which my mother and I were the models; and I remember distinctly that when a pair of them realised five pounds, it was the occasion of a rejoicing and a hot supper, which I was allowed to sit up and partake of. My poor father died before I was eleven years of age; and then his performances rose into sudden repute, selling rapidly for ten times the sum he had ever received for them. By degrees they all disappeared from public view, being bought up by the best judges, who during his life never condescended to notice the artist. My mother followed my father to the grave before her year of mourning had expired; and I, for the time, heartbroken, was transferred to the care of my father's only brother, also an artist, though of a very different stamp. He sent me for two years to school, where, in the society of children of my own age, I soon forgot my griefs. Before I was fourteen my uncle bound me apprentice to himself, to make sure, as he said, of some sort of recompense for the trouble he would have in teaching me. He was a portrait-painter, at least so said the brass-plate on the door of the house in Charlotte Street; but very few and far between were the sitters who came to be limned. His principal occupation was that of cleaning and restoring old and damaged pictures, and in this he was employed mainly by the dealers, who allowed him but a sorry remuneration. He had, too, a small connection of his own, to whom he occasionally sold pictures, bought at the sales in a woful condition for a few shillings, and carefully got up by himself. With him I worked hard from morning to sunset for seven years, in the course of which period I copied an immense number of pieces, nearly all the copies being sold to country dealers, who came periodically to town and cleared them off. I learned thoroughly the difficult art and mystery of picture-cleaning; acquired of necessity some skill in portraiture; and prosecuted, whenever opportunity offered, the pursuit of landscape, in which I was resolutely determined upon gaining a reputation.

With this view, when the term of my indentures had run out, I bade adieu to my uncle, who made no attempt to alter my purpose, and commenced the world on my own account, devoting my whole time and energies to my favourite pursuit. I first painted a couple of pieces, of a small size, and sent them to the Street Exhibition, paying the then customary fee, which a wiser policy has since abolished. I felt overjoyed to hear that my pictures were hung, and hastened to look at them as soon as the doors were opened to the public. My hopes were dashed away by the sight of my two little productions, hardly covering more than a square foot of canvas each, suspended as telescopic objects high aloft beneath the gloom of the ceiling; while whole fathoms of the 'sight line' were choked up with the 'unmitigated abominations,' as the reviewers justly styled them, of one of the members of the committee, whom nature had cut out for a scavenger. I had gone in debt for my frames, which were returned to me at the close of the exhibition smashed to fragments. I could never afterwards afford to repeat the experiment.

I now began to paint for the dealers, thinking, as I had but myself to maintain, that I might get on with frugality, and in time tread in the steps of my father. The dealers shook their heads at my performances; and one, with more candour than the rest, produced one of my father's pieces, bought of my mother for thirty shillings, which he pronounced 'a little gem'—shewed me how crisp was the touch, how pure and sparkling the colour, how vigorous, and yet how playful, was the handling; and how simple and graceful was the composition. I endeavoured to profit by the lesson; but necessity drove me to the market with my

work unfinished, and for three years I maintained a hapless struggle with privations of all sorts, buoyed up only by the fervid ambition of excellence in my art. When the dealers would not buy my productions, I often left them in their hands to be sold on commission. When they did sell, I rarely discovered what they sold for; but from information accidentally obtained with regard to some few, I found that the average commission was about seventy-five per cent, leaving the other twenty-five for the artist.

I grew tired of starving in pursuit of improvement, and in the hopes of mending my fortune started a portrait club. The members were the frequenters of a Free-and-easy, who subscribed a shilling a week each, and drew lots for precedence; but they believed in 'beer, and had no faith in honesty. As each one received his portrait, he discontinued his subscription towards the rest, and I received next to nothing for painting the last half-dozen. The landlord, too, wished me at Jericho, as his customers took to bemusing themselves elsewhere, to avoid my eloquent appeals for the arrears. I bade a final adieu to their ugly faces, with a feeling of profound contempt as well for the department of art they encouraged as for the patrons of it; and returned to my garret, to cogitate some new mode of renewing my exhausted funds. I made a couple of sketches which occupied me a week, and took them to a pawnbroker, who lent me fifteen shillings upon them. I thought, as I threw the duplicates into the Thames, that though this would hardly do—taking the cost of canvas and colours into account—I might manage it by a little contrivance; so I procured half-a-dozen canvases of the same size, traced one subject—comprising a windmill, an old boat, and a white horse—upon them all, and making one palette do for all, got up the whole six in ten days. These I pawned for an average of eight shillings a piece. It was long since my pockets had been tightened with such a weight of silver; but with the new feeling of independence arose one of shame and degradation, which, however, I soon stifled. I repeated the same subject again and again; and grew so expert at length with my one picture, that a few hours sufficed to finish it. I kept a register of my numerous 'uncles,' taking care never to appear twice at the same place with the same picture. But this trick could not last. At the annual sale of unredeemed pledges the walls of the auction-room were covered with a whole regiment of repetitions amidst the jeers and hootings of the assembled bidders. My plan was blown, and I dared not shew my face to a pawnbroker. It was vain to send pictures to be pledged by another hand, the fellows know my touch too well to be deceived. I tried again with original sketches, but it was of no use: everybody believed that I had a score of reduplications in store; and I was forced at length to abandon the pawnbrokers to their discrimination. I returned again to the dealers, but each and all had a copy of my windmill, old boat, and white horse hanging upon hand; and, pronouncing my productions unsaleable, declined to purchase. In this dilemma I was driven to the 'slaughter-houses,' or nightly auctions which are opened weekly at the West End, and constitute the last wretched refuge and resource of destitute daubers. Here I figured for some time, wasting my days in unprofitable attempts to meet the demands of a miserable market. I grew shabby and dispirited, and sank into the depths of poverty. Often I could not meet the expense of canvas, and painted on paper or millboard, or even on an old shirt stretched upon a worn-eaten strainer, begged or bought for a few halfpence from the liners' journeymen. Sometimes, aroused to exertion by a rekindling love of art, I would walk up to Hampstead or out to Norwood, and bringing back a subject, paint it up with all my old enthusiasm; but it availed me nothing: the picture was generally sacrificed for a few shillings; and even though it were

afterwards sold for a fair price, the profit had been shared in the knock-out, and I was none the better.

In this exigency I gladly complied with an offer made me by Mr Grabb, a carver and gilder with whom it had been my wont at times to exchange pictures for frames. In addition to his regular business he dealt in pictures to a great extent, had a large country connection, and, living himself in Soho, kept an extra shop in the city, where he always made an extraordinary show of colour and gilding on dividend days, with the especial design of catching the 'country gables,' as he called them, cash in hand. With him I boarded and lodged, and received a small weekly salary, in return for which I was to occupy myself ten hours a day in making new pictures or restoring old ones, according to the demand. He had picked me up just in time for his purpose. A day or two after I entered upon my duties, he encountered a country baronet at a sale which had lasted for nearly a week. The man of title had bought between 200 and 300 lots, with the view of decorating a mansion which he was then building in Sussex; and having no place at hand to contain his numerous purchases, had accepted the ready offer of my patron to warehouse them for him for a season. The purchases arrived on the day of clearance, and with them the delighted owner, who had bought a whole gallery-full for about £500. They were all stacked in the silvering-room, and my employer was commissioned to select such of the number as he judged would do credit to the taste of the possessor, to restore them to a good condition, to regild the frames of such as required it, and to dispose of the rejected pieces for what they would fetch, carrying the proceeds as a set-off against his bill. Mr Grabb knew perfectly well what to do with such a commission. The next day I was summoned to a consultation, and having locked the doors, the whole batch was gone over, and carefully scrutinised with the aid of a bowl of water and a sponge. All the large pictures (some were as big as the side of a room), many of which I felt bound to condemn as worthless, were set aside for repair and framing; while a select collection, amounting to about thirty of the smallest, best, and most saleable cabinet sizes, were thrown into a corner as unworthy of attention. For these, which were nearly worth all the rest of the collection put together, he ultimately made an allowance of £15 off his bill, amounting to several hundreds, the cost of gorgeous frames and gilding for trumpery of no value. It took me four months to prepare such of the pictures as wanted cleaning for their gilded jackets, and it would have taken as many years had proper care and leisure been allowed for the operation; but I was admonished to follow a very summary process—to get off the dirt and old varnish from the lights, and to leave the shadows to shift for themselves, trusting to a good coat of varnish to blend the whole. One immense sea-fight, which defied all our solvents to disturb its crust, Grabb undertook himself. Stripping it from the stretcher, he laid it flat on the silvering-slab, and splashing water on its surface, seized a mass of pumice-stone twice as big as his fist, and scrubbed away with bare arms, like a housemaid at a kitchen-floor, until admonished by the tinge of the water that he had done enough. The canvas was then restrained, and turned over to me to paint again what he had scoured away. As the whole rigging of a seventy-four was clean gone, I began the slow process of renewing it; but he would not hear of that, but bade me bury everything in a cloud of smoke as the shorter way of getting over the business. When the whole was ultimately carted home and hung up in his new residence, the baronet was delighted with his gallery, and with this picture in particular, which certainly differed more than any of the others from its original appearance.

The baronet's commission being now settled and

done with, the rejected pictures were withdrawn from their hiding-place and confided with many precautions to my most careful treatment. I laboured *son amore* in their restoration, and Grabb reaped a little fortune by their disposal. He kept me well employed. Every picture which came in to be framed or repaired, if he judged the subject saleable, was transferred to me for copying, and sorry indeed should I be to swear that the original invariably found its way back to the owner.

* Soon after my domiciliation at Grabb's my uncle left Charlotte Street, and with a large cargo of English pictures emigrated to New York, where he sold his venture to good advantage. In one of the southern cities he found patronage and a wife, and grew into consideration ere he died.

I remained seven years with Grabb, and during that period attained a wonderful facility in the production of copies, and so close an acquaintance with the method and handling of some of the living London artists, as occasionally perplexed even themselves. This talent my employer turned to good account by selling forgeries of mine as the original sketches of painters of note and reputation; and at the decease of any one of them he supplied me with canvas and panels procured from the colourmen they had dealt with, and set me about the manufacture of sketches and unfinished pictures, which were readily bought up as the relics of celebrated geniuses.

At the close of my seventh year business fell short. True there was plenty for me to do, but owing to distress in the manufacturing districts, the sale of pictures, as is invariably the case at such seasons, very much declined. Still my principal managed to get rid of his stock, though not in the regular way of business: he packed off a portion of his best goods to country agents, and to old customers on approval, and crammed the shop in the city to overflowing, where also he took to sleeping at night, leaving me and the shop-boy sole guardians of the house in Soho. One morning about two o'clock, while soundly sleeping in my garret, I was aroused from my rest by a thundering noise at my room-door, and the affrighted cries of the boy, calling upon me to arise and save myself, for the house was on fire. I dashed out of bed, contrived to huddle on a portion of my clothes, and opened the door. The room was instantly filled with smoke; the boy had already escaped through the trap-door in the roof, which, being left open, acted as a flue to the fire, the flames of which were rapidly ascending the stairs. I had no time for reflection, nor sufficient presence of mind to snatch, as I might have done, the few pounds I had hoarded from my drawer; but scrambling after him as I best might, found myself in a few minutes shivering on the roof of a neighbour's house, in my shirt and trousers, now my sole worldly possessions. A servant-girl let us in at a garret window, and I immediately despatched the boy for his master, whom, however, I did not see till the morning, when he coolly informed me that he was a ruined man, and that I must look out for some other employer. He paid me a small arrear of wages due, and gave me a faded suit of his own to begin the world afresh. I may add that Grabb subsequently received two thousand pounds insurance money; that in two years after he was so unfortunate as to be burned out again, and received fifteen hundred; that he was overtaken by the same calamity twice afterwards in New York; and returning again to London, was again burned out; whereupon the office in which he had insured politely informed him that he might recover the money if he could in a court of justice—they should not else pay it. He never instituted any proceedings, but carried on business for ten years without insurance and without accident.

I could not afford to remain long idle; and being now pretty well known to a certain portion of the trade, I was not long of obtaining employment. My

next engagement was with Sapper, who kept a shop for the sale of pictures, together with large warehouses, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. I thought myself pretty well versed in the art and mystery of picture-making, and conceived that after my long experience under Grabb I had little if anything left to learn. This worthy undeceived me effectually. In my former place I had been the only hand; here I found three companions, each far more experienced and more clever than myself. One, a gentleman-like old fellow, painted nothing but Morlands from one year's end to the other. He had been a contemporary of that eccentric genius, and had mastered his style so effectually that he would have deceived even me had I met with his forgeries elsewhere. He was provided with a complete portfolio of every piece of Morland's which had ever been engraved, besides a considerable number of his original chalk drawings; he had, moreover, pentographed outlines of the known size of the original paintings, which outlines were transferred to the canvas in a few minutes by means of tracing-paper, and painted in from the prints, which were all slightly tinted after the originals for his guidance. A man of about five-and-forty, a Manchester artist, of thorough training and admirable skill in his department, did duty every morning from eight till twelve o'clock as the celebrated Greuze; after that hour he disappeared, to attend to his own practice as a portrait-painter. I recognised at once in his work the source of the numerous admirable transcripts of that master which I had been for years in the habit of occasionally encountering both in sale-rooms and private collections. The third was a Dutchman, whom Sapper had picked up on a picture-tour in Holland, and engaged from admiration of his marvellous imitations of Teniers, whose works, with others of a similar school, he was constantly employed in imitating with astonishing fidelity and success.

Among these companions I was directed to set up my easel and commence operations; and a small picture of Patrick Nasmyth was put into my hand to be copied in duplicate. I was directed to mix a certain substance with every tint that was laid on with any thickness, to insure its drying speedily as hard as a brick, lest the finger-nail of a wide-awake customer should detect the softness of new colour. The panels put into my hands, though snow-white with the prepared ground on the one side, were black with age on the other, and spotted over here and there with the cracked sealing-wax impressions of well-known connoisseurs, to intimate that the picture I was about to commence had already passed through the hands of several collectors of repute. When I had finished them, both being done within a week, they were, after a few days' drying, slightly glazed with a weak solution of liquorice to give them tone: one was varnished, framed, and readily sold from the window; the other laid by in a garret, to await, with a hundred more, its turn for exportation. My next job was a magnificent Cuyt, which had not many weeks before been knocked down by auction for eight hundred guineas, and which was confided to Sapper for the purpose of removing the old varnish and substituting new, and for framing. As nothing else was required to be done, the picture might have been returned to the proprietor within a week or ten days; but Sapper determined from the moment he saw it to possess a facsimile, and I was set about the manufacture of one forthwith. A panel was prepared of the precise age, from three oak planks selected from the stores of a dealer in old houses, and dyed to the required tint by a strong infusion of tobacco. By means of new bread kneaded in the hand the two broad burgomaster's seals on the back were counterfeited beyond the possibility of detection, and I commenced upon the surface with all the industry and skill I was master of, stimulated to the task by the prospect of an extra guinea. The picture had been promised to the owner in a week,

my employer knowing well enough that it would take me four or five weeks at least to make the copy. It was in vain that one message after another came to urge the return of the picture, and that the owner himself drove up in his carriage, and remonstrated in no measured terms with Sapper, and threatened him with the interference of the law. The knave had a reply ever ready upon his lips: 'He was determined to do justice to so exquisite a work of art, and he would not, he could not, be induced to hurry it; his reputation would suffer should any mischief happen to the painting; which he would prevent, in this case at least, even at the risk of disobliging his patron.' At length, after nearly six weeks' delay, I had completed the copy; and then Sapper himself, in less than an hour, licked off all the old varnish with a wisp of wadding steeped in 'the doctor,' gave it a new coat of mastic, clapped it into an elegant and appropriate frame, and despatched a note to the proprietor requesting his attendance and approval. He came, and was delighted with the aspect of his picture; while the dealer, with a thousand modest apologies for the delay, assured him that the task had been one of great labour and anxiety both to him and me, and that he could not, consistently with justice to the master, have accomplished it sooner. The wealthy connoisseur swallowed his lies with evident relish and satisfaction, reiterated his thanks again and again for the marvellous manner in which the picture had been got up, and paid at the same time a bouncing bill for a process which a crown would have amply recompensed. There remained now nothing to be done to the copy in order to render it a tolerable facsimile of the original, but to imitate the close reticulation of cracks—the ineffaceable work of time—which covered every square inch of the surface. This was accomplished in the following manner:—After the copy had stood to dry for a fortnight, by which time, thanks to certain nostrums ground up with the colours, the whole had grown as hard as a pantile, it was taken down, slightly toned with a warm brown to give it age, and when again dry, carefully coated with size; the composition of which, as it is already too well known among the knaves of the profession, and can be of no manner of utility to any honest man, I may be excused from explaining. This was no sooner tolerably dry, than it was followed by a liberal coating of varnish floated over the surface, and left to harden in a room free from dust. The inevitable result from such a process is, that the varnish is no sooner set than it begins to crack, owing to the expansion of the understratum of size; and this cracking may be regulated by an experienced hand, in varying the proportions of the ingredients used in compounding the size, and in other ways, so as to give rise to fissures of all widths, from the thickness of a hair, as exhibited on the panels of the Dutchmen, to that of a crown-piece, as they are beheld in the present condition of most of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. With the width of the cracks the size of the reticulations also varies; ranging from the diameter of a small shot to that of the palm of the hand. When very fine, the cracks are not visible until made so by rubbing impurities into them, for which purpose the dust which settles upon a polished table, wiped up with an old silk handkerchief slightly oiled, is usually preferred. The difference between a picture thus cracked by artifice and one cracked by the operation of years or centuries cannot, other things being equal, be possibly discerned by the closest inspection. The only way to get at the imposture would be to remove the varnish, either by friction or solvents, when the fissures would be found in the true picture to extend through the paint, while from the manufactured copy they would disappear with the varnish—a rule, however, which would not be without exceptions.

One morning our old Morland found himself standing still, not from any want of subjects or demand for

them, but because the young fellow, whose business it was to line canvases and prepare panels for us all to work upon, had been out on one of his periodical drunken bouts, and had nothing ready for him. Sapper, coming up and seeing him idle, requested him to go to a broker's in Red Lion Street and 'crab' a picture for him, as he wanted to buy it. When the old fellow had gone off on his errand, I asked the Greuze what he was gone after. 'Oh,' said he, 'the broker wants L.10 for a bit of Gainsborough, and the governor wants it for fifty shillings—that's all.' I soon found that 'crabbing' is the art of putting a man wanting judgment in the article he deals in out of conceit with his goods. Two or three *accidental* inquiries, with demonstrations of amazement at the 'enormous' price asked, are found materially to lower the demands of the seller. In this instance Sapper eventually succeeded in getting the picture he wanted at his own price; and after disposing of several copies in various quarters, ultimately sold it again for its full value.

He sold pictures on commission; and these he managed, when it was worth his while, with a complex kind of adroitness which is worth recording. I shall chronicle one instance: a gentleman who had given L.800 for a famous production of one of our first living artists, grew discontented with its too great size, and sent it to Sapper to be disposed of, professing himself willing to lose L.100 by the sale, but not more. Sapper offered it for L.1000, and at length obtained a bidding of L.700, which, as he observed, would have left nothing for himself. He immediately wrote to the owner, informing him that he had an offer of L.200 and a fine Claude, which he requested him to come and inspect, as he did not like to refuse the offer without the owner's sanction. Meanwhile one of Hofland's beautiful transcripts of Claude, procured in exchange at the nominal price of sixty guineas, was mounted on the easel, and, covered with a curtain, awaited the inspection of the victim. He came, and, deceived by the really fine execution of the picture—the counterfeited cracks of age, the palpably Italian style of lining, in which Sapper was skilled to a miracle, and the Roman frame and gilding—concluded the transaction, giving the rogue a small commission for his trouble, who, in addition to that, pocketed the difference between L.500 and the value of the pretended Claude, which would have been well sold at L.50.

Though Sapper's house was filled with works of art of every imaginable description, overflowing with pictures from the cellar to the garret, including every species of rubbish gathered from the holes and corners of half Europe, yet the contents of his dwelling afforded but an inadequate idea of the extent of his stock. He had 'plants' in the hands of numerous petty agents, the owners of small shops in suburban highways, who sold for a trifling per-centage. He had here a Madonna and there a Holy Family in the keeping of a lone widow or a decayed spinster, whispered about as pieces of great value, which the holders were compelled to part with from the pressure of domestic misfortune or embarrassment; he had traps and baits lying in wait for the inevitable though long-deferred rencontre of customers whom bitter experience had rendered wary, and who had long ceased buying in the regular market; and he had collections snugly warehoused in half the large towns of the empire, waiting but the wished-for crisis of commercial prosperity to be catalogued and sold as the unique collection of some lately defunct connoisseur, removed to ——— for convenience of sale.

Among the acres of what he called his gallery pictures was one with an area of some hundred square feet, upon which he had bestowed the names of Rubens and Snyders. It had hung for years upon hand, and was at length disposed of by the following ingenious

times desirous of treating for it—now negotiating an exchange, now chaffering for a cash price—hoyering on the edge of a resolution, like Prior's malefactor on the gallows cart—at length absented himself, and withdrawing on a visit to B——, appeared to have relinquished the idea of dealing. Sapper, knowing that a picture-sale was shortly coming off in the town to which his dallying customer had flown, and knowing, too, that he could do as he chose with the auctioneer, who was an old chum, followed close upon the heels of the tardy bidder, taking the enormous picture with him. As the cunning rogue had calculated, the instincts of the would-be-buyer led him to the sale-room, where his astonishment was unbounded at beholding the picture he had so long coveted at length condemned to the hammer. On the following day, when the sale came on, Sapper, who had not shown his face in the town, lay ensconced in a snug box behind the fence over which the lots were consecutively hoisted, and here, concealed from view, he ran up the picture against the eager bidder to the full sum he had offered for it in London, and bought it in against him in the name of an Irish nobleman. So soon as the doors were shut, the picture was again off to London, and the next day appeared in its usual place on the wall of the staircase. In a fortnight after the gentleman walks into the shop, exclaiming: 'Ha, Sapper, so you have parted with the picture—you might as well have closed with my offer.' 'I don't understand you,' said the other. 'I have parted with no picture that I know of which you had any inclination for.'

'I mean the Rubens and Snyders,' replied the gentleman; 'it was sold at B—— about a fortnight ago, and fetched about what I offered for it. I must know, for I was there myself, and bid for it.'

'I don't pretend to contradict you, sir,' retorted Sapper; 'all I know is, that the picture you speak of has never been out of my house, and, what is more, is not likely to go, unless I get my price for it. Now I think of it, there was a young fellow from B—— up here last summer, who gave me ten pounds for permission to copy it; and a capital copy he made—had I known he was so good a hand I should not have let him do it for the money. You will find the picture in its place if you like to step and look at it.'

Up walks the bewildered gentleman, and can scarcely believe his eyes at beholding the old favourite in its old place. Sapper follows with a sponge and water, and cleaning down the face of the painting, expresses his astonishment that any one should mistake a copy, however cleverly done, for such a fine work as that, adding, that if the copy brought so good a sum under the hammer, what must be the actual value of the original? The inference was inevitable, and the speedy result was the consummation of the purchase, not without some show of unwillingness on the part of Sapper, who appeared impressed with the notion that he was submitting to a tremendous sacrifice.

I cannot, nor need I, continue these details. I have said enough to warn the unwary, and to arouse the watchfulness of the wise. Is it wonderful that the morbid atmosphere in which I have lived, and moved, and had my being, should have had the effect upon my mind which I have described at the commencement of this paper? When connoisseurs and critics stand gasping with breathless raptures in contemplation of slimy mixtures of megal and burned bones; when they solemnly invoke the shades of the mighty dead, and ejaculate their maudlin rhapsodies in reverential whispers, as though hushed to silence by the spirit of departed genius in the presence of a rascally forgery perpetrated for a wage of thirty shillings—what marvel if one whom hunger and necessity have driven to deceit should lose all capacity for the proper appreciation of art or nature either, and should at last be able to look at both only through the prostituted means and materials which

during a whole lifetime have been the daily instruments of deceit?

What I would inculcate is not far to seek: he who buys a picture should never speculate beyond his judgment; and if he would encourage living art, should do so in the studio of the artist.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

July 1851.

THE Census has been a prominent subject of talk from the time that the Registrar-General made the facts public. They have been examined, commented on, and discussed in various ways by the Statistical Society and others; and many and important are the consequent deductions. Looking at the rapid increase and spread of the Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic and in the southern hemisphere, we are told that this race and the English language are to become predominant among the nations and tongues of the earth. Notwithstanding the going forth of emigrants by hundreds of thousands from our shores during the past ten years, the population of Britain has increased 2,263,550 since 1841. In London at the last census the numbers were 1,948,369: now they amount to 2,363,141; and who shall assign a limit to the further multiplication? While it lasts, the great metropolis becomes year by year a more remarkable and interesting phenomenon—a mightier subject of study for the reflective mind. One fact as to the country at large has already given rise to a little serious inquiry: the returns shew that there are half a million more females than males; and social philosophers are beginning to wonder what is to become of them.

The Census, however, as well as most other topics, is thrown into the shade by the Exhibition, which still continues to be the subject of gossip. The objects on show, the throngs of visitors, the daily-enlarging experiences as to the practicability and philosophy of great gatherings, form infinite themes of discussion and remark. According to some, certain beneficial moral effects are beginning to be apparent. Meantime our learned societies have pursued the even tenor of their way without any more striking change than that of an occasional sprinkling of mustached foreigners at their meetings. The Royal Society have held their election meeting, and admitted fifteen out of nearly forty candidates to the honour of fellowship, and they, in common with other distinguished confraternities, have brought their session to a close. Their president, Lord Rosse, has given the last of his four *soirées*; and weary officials are full of self-gratulation at the prospect of a breathing time. And truly, there are many who need it; for the whirl and excitement of parties, conversaziones, &c. are so continuous and overwhelming, that it is only by going to two or three in the course of an evening that some people manage to render the courtesies expected of them, and to conciliate their friends and acquaintances. What should we do were it not for the beauty and quiet of the country?

Happily the turmoil is not universal, as you may judge by the steady way in which scientific research and philosophical investigation are maintained. For example: Let ocean steam-navigators take courage, for it is now an ascertained fact that, in addition to the deposits in several islands of the Indian Archipelago, coal exists in abundance in the Korean peninsula of China. Surprise has at times been expressed that coal should be found in the torrid zone; if a final cause of a very special nature were necessary in the case, it might be found in the maintenance and multiplication of steamers on the great oceans. Another fact from the East is one to which, as the readers of 'Cosmos' will remember, Humboldt attaches some importance—the line of perpetual snow on the Himalayas. It appears from recent explorations by Lieutenant Strachey, that

on the southern edge this line is at an elevation of 15,000 feet, and at 18,500 on the northern; while on the mountains to the north of the Sutlej it rises to 19,000 feet. Thus an inquiry of some interest in physical geography may be considered as settled, subject of course to revision by future explorers.

Lieutenant Gillis, who, as I told you some time ago, is at the head of an astronomical expedition sent out by the United States to South America, has written an account of the late earthquake at Valparaiso. He says that, 'for several days before and after, there were extraordinary fluctuations of the barometer, and overcast weather. Finding the instrument made for measuring the intensity of shocks fail in its indications, he constructed a pendulum more than nine feet long, supported on a triangle, with a needle inserted in the lower part of the bob, which,' to quote his description, 'just touches a sheet of glazed paper marked with concentric circles and the points of the compass. The paper lies on a horizontal plate of glass resting on the earth, and is sprinkled with black sand, so that the motion of the pendulum leaves a white line exposed. It is to be regretted that the paper had not been secured to the earth, for during the shock there was a displacement bodily of about half an inch; but we have a distinct ellipse, whose diameters are 3.5 inches and 2.4 inches, and positive evidence that the motion of the disturbing force was in a line varying little from north by east to south by west, or contrary to the supposed direction in which the earth-wave has moved in all preceding great disturbances.' These facts are the more interesting at the present time, as the subject of an earthquake-ometer has been more than once discussed at the late meetings of the British Association.

To pass from South to North America, there is the usual assortment of 'notions' from the United States, among which not the least curious is the fact that not fewer than twenty-one applications for patents for churns were made in the course of last year. Most of these utensils were what is called 'atmospheric churns,' which means that they were contrived so that in the process of churning air was interfused with the cream, by which a more complete agitation was effected, and the butter more quickly produced than by the ordinary way. A common churn, it is said, may be converted into an atmospheric, by piercing a hole from one extremity of the dasher to the other, and placing a valve at the bottom to open downwards only. If the dasher be raised quickly, air and not cream rushes into the opening, and on the descent is pressed out laterally, and escapes through the whole mass of the cream, which appears as though it were boiling violently. On some occasions, when the question as to performance and principle between any two churns became delicate, the inventors were required to make butter in the Patent Office at Washington; and once there was held a 'churn race' between a patented and a new churn, in which they both came out alike, making butter from new milk in two-and-a-half minutes. But as the commissioner appointed to decide on the merits of the case reports: 'Such a rapid separation of the butter is by no means desirable, although this is the general aim of these improvements. We have it upon the highest chemical authority, that butter made so rapidly is not likely to be as good as that which is made slowly.' Thus it would appear that there is a limit to the time of butter-making, not to be overpassed without prejudice to the article—a fact worthy of consideration by those who hold quick production to be the best.

In certain quarters, chiefly among those who are food-providers, M. Masson's experiments are exciting attention. He is gardener-in-chief to the Horticultural Society of France, and has announced a method for preserving alimentary vegetable substances, the result of ten years' study, in which the bulk of the

vegetable is reduced without altering its constitution. The process is one of desiccation in stoves at a low temperature, followed by powerful compression in a hydraulic press. The first operation, as the author describes, deprives the substances of their superabundant moisture, which, in cabbages and certain roots, amounts to 80 or 85 per cent. of the whole bulk. By the second their volume is much reduced, and the density increased until it resembles that of pine-wood, thereby facilitating preservation, packing, and transport.

When required for use, the substance has only to be soaked in tepid water for thirty or forty minutes, and cooked and seasoned in the usual way. Vegetables so preserved have been tried in the French navy; a case of cabbage taken on board the corvette *Astrolabe* in January 1847 was opened in January 1851, and on being dressed was found to be 'of excellent flavour.' All the cakes were in good condition; some of them absorbed six and a half times their weight of water.

M. Masson states that his process admits of application to all green vegetables, as well as to roots, tubers, and fruits. If emigration is to go on as of late, compressed vegetables would supply a most essential aliment to thousands who have now to undergo severe privations and the risk of disease whether on land or water. With these, and the 'meat biscuit' recently introduced from America, and the bread made at Toulouse by certain ingenious bakers from the gluten hitherto wasted in starch factories, one might bid defiance to famine.

Messrs Gratiolet and Cloez have submitted to the Académie a 'Note on the venomous properties of the lactescent humour secreted in the cutaneous pustules of the terrestrial salamander and common toad,' in which it is shown that the popular belief regarding the nature of the animals in question is not without foundation. They first observed that several frogs which had been shut up with salamanders (efts) in a barrel, were found dead at the end of a week; and having collected a pure white liquid from the pustules of the salamanders, a small quantity was inserted under the leg or wing of a bird. No immediate inconvenience was perceived, but after a few minutes the creatures operated on were seen to stagger, to open and shut the beak convulsively, to erect their feathers, utter plaintive cries, and die in extreme agony. A yellow-hammer thus treated died in three minutes, a turtle-dove in twenty minutes, a chaffinch in twenty-five; most of the birds, however, died in six or seven minutes. Strangely enough, the poison does not appear to be fatal to quadrupeds: even mice escape; but all undergo great suffering.

The poison of the toad (*Rana bufo*) is yellowish, and insupportably bitter in taste. It killed greenfinches and chaffinches in from five to six minutes after inoculation; thus showing the two poisons to be equally energetic in their action on birds, with this difference, that convulsions are produced by that of the salamander but not by that of the toad. The two authors are pursuing the inquiry into this interesting subject; when they publish anything further worth recording, I shall not fail to acquaint you with it.

Three other savans have been making 'Experimental researches on the modifications produced in the animal temperature by the introduction of different therapeutic agents into the animal economy.' Sulphate of copper, according to their testimony, has a constant lowering effect, which remains for ten or twelve hours. Tartar emetic, whether in the stomach or the blood, elevates the temperature when taken in minute doses, while larger doses depress. With ipecacuanha the effect is precisely reversed: it is the largest dose which most raises the temperature. Two drops of croton oil first lower, then elevate. Twelve drops produce a reduction of five degrees of temperature in the course of two hours. These are but a few

selected from numerous experiments which are still carried on, as having an important bearing on medical practice—sufficient, however, to give you an idea of their nature. I must just add, before quitting this part of the subject, that M. Carnot states that vaccination only serves to *displace*, not to *diminish* mortality. He believes that the practice of inoculation, and the varioloid eruption consequent thereupon, prevented those gastro-intestinal diseases which are now so frequent and fatal to persons from twenty to thirty years of age. Let the doctors look to it.

M. Babinet has been investigating mathematically the 'Relation of temperature to the development of plants.' It is a question that has been discussed over and over again, and is still debatable. The postulate is, that 'every plant starting from a certain temperature requires the same amount of heat for its equal development.' Thus the point to be first determined was this starting temperature, which of course varies with different plants, and then to estimate the amount of heat necessary to advance the plant from germination to florescence and fructification. It is known that 150 days at a temperature of 60 degrees will effect as much as 100 days at 70 degrees. M. Babinet shews, in a way only to be understood by mathematicians, that the point of departure may be determined by mathematical formulae, and considers that a much greater increment of heat is necessary for the full development than has been thought of by others who have studied the same subject. While they decide that *two* or even *one* degree is sufficient, he holds that *ten* are necessary. In these days of land reclamation and agricultural enterprise such a question becomes important. Its decision will indicate how far north a farmer may plant and sow with hope of success.

Apropos of cultivation, we are promised a plan, by a Freuchman, for destroying insects hurtful to grain; and M. Guérin-Meneville, whose name I have frequently introduced to your notice, has published certain practical observations, on the silk-worm in health and disease, and the best means to improve the breed: he also proposes a method to prevent the boring-worm, by which olive-trees are infested, from pursuing its depredations. Further, and apropos of botany, Professor Blume of Leyden has just presented to the Académie his valuable work, in several volumes, on the Dutch plants of the Eastern Archipelago. Among others he treats of the different kinds of upas—a tree of which we used to read with horror in our schoolboy days. They are all more or less poisonous in their juices; but, as M. Blume shews, the stories about the noxious vapours destroying the birds that fly over them are mere inventions, for birds build their nests and rear their young as comfortably in the branches of the upas as in any other tree. He adds that the volcanic soil of Java in certain places emits a deleterious gas, the effects of which have been mistakenly attributed to the trees.

Photography is being pursued with such vigour as to shew that ere long it will compete powerfully with the arts of engraving and printing. M. Bayard is working at the problem, 'To render the positive paper highly impressionable under the action of a light relatively very feeble.' By his process he gets copies of the positive impression in one second by the sun, and in less than an hour by a carcel lamp. And according to M. Blanquart Evrard of Lille, copies of the negative impression may be taken at the rate of 200 or 300 per day, and sold for one penny or twopence. If he can really do what he says, how perfect and exact we may hope to have the illustrations of books!

To turn to another topic, M. Pierro Landry applies hygienic laws to the construction of towns and cities, and submits a plan to the Académie which is to satisfy all the needs of health, &c. Taking a town situate on

a public highway, he describes: '1. The main-road which commonly traverses the town is contrived so as to form the three principal streets which comprise the town within them; 2. The public edifices necessary to the whole town are grouped at the centre, and thus realise a spacious reservoir of air and sunshine; 3. The streets composing the town are planned around the public edifices, avoiding exposure to the north; 4. At the angles of the town are private country residences, and beyond them agricultural buildings; 5. At one end are the hospitals, barracks, museum of natural history, &c.

By this plan, as the inventor sums up, 'every one has the sun, pure air, a picturesque prospect, and the maximum of hygienic conditions; and the causes of disease arising out of vicious construction may be made to disappear from towns.' It must be remembered that M. Landry writes for French readers. The question which he opens is one that has excited some attention in France; in proof of which I may mention the translation of Mr Roberts's work on the Dwellings of the Labouring-Classes under the auspices of the President.

I have much more to say, but can only make room for a remarkable fact: M. Charault finds, on electrifying a liquid in which an aerometer is placed, that the instrument immediately rises, indicating a lesser density of the fluid. On de-electrifying, it sinks to its former level. The same effect can neither be produced by the current from a galvanic battery nor by the discharge from a Leyden jar.

STORY OF A DRAMATIST.

ONE cold morning in February 1810, a short, stout, commonplace-looking man, about sixty years old, entered the garden of an inn situated in the suburbs of Paris. Although the air was sharp and frosty, he seated himself near one of the tables placed out of doors, and taking off his hat, passed his fingers through his long gray hairs.

His hands contrasted strangely with the remainder of his person: they were small, white, and terminated in such delicately-formed pink nails as might excite the envy of many a young lady. Presently one of the waiters came up, and placed before him a bottle of wine.

'Not any to-day, thank you,' said the old man. 'I feel fatigued, and will just rest for a moment.'

'The best way of resting, monsieur,' replied the waiter gaily, 'is to drink a good glass of wine.'

He drew the cork, and poured out some of the wine.

The old man rose and walked away. The waiter was a young lad, and it was with a confused and embarrassed air that he ran after the guest and said: 'Sir, there is credit for you at the Lion d'Or; if you have forgotten your purse, that's no reason you should lose your breakfast. To-morrow, or whenever you like, you can ask for the bill.'

The old man turned, looked at the youth, and a tear sparkled in his eye. 'Thou art right, Jean,' he said; 'poverty must not be proud. I accept thy kindness as frankly as it is offered. Help thyself to a glass of wine.'

'I drink to your very good health, monsieur,' said the waiter; and having emptied his glass, he went and fetched some spiced meat, bread, cheese, fruit, and everything necessary for a tempting and nourishing repast; then with native politeness, in order to lessen the painful sense of obligation to his guest, he said: 'When next one of your pieces is played, will you give me a ticket?'

'Thou shalt have two this very evening, my good

lad. I will go and get them from Brunet, and bring them back to thee.'

'The walk would be too much for your strength, monsieur: some other day, when you happen to pass by, will do as well.'

'Thou shalt have a ticket to-day, for they are going to perform one of my pieces, "Le Désespoir de Jocrisse" at the Théâtre des Variétés; and it may amuse thee.'

'Ah, thank you, monsieur! What laughing I shall have!'

'Yes; the poor old man, who but for thy charity would not have had a morsel to eat to-day, will this evening entertain a numerous assembly. They will applaud his pleasantries, they will laugh at his wit, but none of them will inquire about his destiny.'

'But, monsieur, do not your pieces bring you money?'

'Not now, my friend. In order to support life during the past month I was obliged to forestall the resources of the present one. These are only the slender returns from my former productions, for now age and misfortune have robbed my mind of its former powers. I no longer offer any vaudevilles to the managers; for although they accept them, and pay me, they never have them played. I perceive they only take them from motives of compassion, and as a pretext for giving me alms. Now, my friend, thou art the first from whom I have accepted charity, and thou shalt be the last. The son of Louis Quinze may have descended to write in the character of a buffoon, and as it were to set his wit dancing on the tight-rope of a vaudeville, but he will not become a beggar were he expiring of hunger. You look as if you thought I have lost my senses; but it is not so. Louis Dorvigny is the son of a king. My mother, the young orphan daughter of the Count d'Archambaud, died in giving me birth. My father was Louis Quinze. During my childhood and youth an invisible protector watched over me, and provided amply for my support and education. Suddenly the fostering hand was withdrawn, and I was cast on the world to work unaided for my support. I did so until the moment when the powers of both mind and body failed me. That is my history—a royal origin, success, reputation, almost glory; and its end—a meal owed to thy charity! Adieu, young man, and thanks; I will bring thee the ticket for the play.' So the old man departed, but as he stepped into the road he found himself intercepted by two or three cavalry regiments returning to their barracks after a review.

The band was playing a lively air, and in the midst of the troops rode in the place of honour a general dressed in a magnificent uniform, and mounted on a splendid Andalusian charger. Happening as he passed to cast a glance at Dorvigny, he uttered a loud exclamation of surprise. Without heeding his soldiers he stopped, jumped off his horse, and taking the old man by the hand, saluted him with great affection. Dorvigny stared with astonishment, not recognising his features.

'You do not know me! Have twenty years caused Monsieur Dorvigny to forget his idle, good-for-nothing servant-boy?'

'Jean Dubois!'

'Yes, Jean Dubois—Jocrisse, as you used to call him. You ought not to have forgotten me, for I served as the model of one of your happiest dramatic creations.'

'What! my poor boy—monsieur, I mean—thou art—you are become a general?'

'Precisely. While in your service I was a terrible destroyer of plates: now in the Emperor's, I perform the same office for his enemies. How glad I am to have met you! During the two days since my arrival in Paris I have sent to seek for you in every direction, but I could not discover your address.'

'Because I have no longer an address.'

'Then you must come and take up your abode at mine.'

'General!'

'A general is accustomed to be punctually obeyed. I arrest you as my prisoner. Go,' he continued, addressing a soldier, 'fetch me a carriage, and lead my horse home. Now, Monsieur Dorvigny, step in.'

Half-laughing, half-resisting, the old man took his place in the carriage next the general. 'Do you remember,' said the latter as they drove on, 'the day that I left your service, because, as you told me, you were no longer rich enough to keep a servant? I tried my fortune in several situations, but did not find any master so lenient towards my faults as you; so as a last resource I enlisted in a regiment. I was jeered by my comrades for my awkwardness, and for many months led an unhappy life; until one day we found ourselves at Bornio in the Valteline, facing a redoubt which opened a murderous fire on our ranks. The order was given to advance, and we rushed to the attack; but presently most of our men were mowed down, and those who escaped hesitated and drew back. I threw myself alone into the redoubt, shouting: "Follow me, boys!" They did so. The Austrians, astonished at this unlooked-for attack, fled, and we took twelve pieces of cannon. The same day I was made a sergeant; and afterwards, by degrees and the fortunes of war, rose to the rank I now occupy. Perhaps I may get still higher!'

Dorvigny was installed by the general in a pleasant apartment next his own, and for some time the old man enjoyed all the comforts and luxuries of life. At length his friend received an order to set out for Russia. During the first three months of the campaign General Dubois sent letters and remittances to his former master, but they suddenly ceased, and one morning, from the column of a newspaper, Dorvigny learned that his friend had fallen at Moscow.

He was forced to leave his pleasant lodging, and take refuge in an attic in an obscure part of Paris. There, after having sold the coat off his back, overwhelmed with age and illness, he went to the proprietor of the Théâtre des Variétés, whose fortune he had made, and begged for a small weekly pittance. It was refused. The old man smiled bitterly when the sentence was pronounced, and from that time he shunned meeting his acquaintance. The bookseller, Barba, who felt some friendship for him, sought him in various parts of the city, but in vain. A short time afterwards Barba happened to hear that in a mean lodging, in the Rue Grenétat, was lying, unclaimed and unknown, the corpse of an old man. With a sad presentiment he hastened thither. It was indeed Dorvigny—dead from cold and hunger, uncared for alike in life and death!

The son of a peasant, the awkward servant-boy, became a general, and after a glorious career died the death of a hero: the son of a king, the charming poet, the bewitching dramatist, lived in poverty, and died the death of an outcast! Such is life! *

SHAKESPEARE AND THE MOUNTBANK.

When I was a boy I went once to a theatre. The tragedy of Hamlet was performed—a play full of the noblest thoughts, the subtlest morality that exists upon the stage. The audience listened with attention, with admiration, with applause. But now an Italian mountebank appeared upon the stage—a man of extraordinary personal strength and sleight of hand. He performed a variety of juggling tricks, and distorted his body into a thousand surprising and unnatural postures. The audience were transported beyond themselves; if they had felt delight in Hamlet, they glowed with rapture at the mountebank. They had listened with attention to the

* The above is abridged from the French of T. H. Barthou.

lofty thought, but they were snatched from themselves by the marvel of the strange posture. Enough, said I; where is the glory of ruling men's minds and commanding their admiration when a greater enthusiasm is excited by mere bodily agility than was kindled by the most wonderful emanations of a genius little less than divine!—Eugene Adam.

THREE SONNETS.

'Fill with the dawn those angel faces smile,
That I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.'

I will not paint them. God them sees, and I:
None other can, nor need. They have no form;
I cannot close with passionate kisses warm
Their eyes that shine from far or from on high,
But never will shine nearer till I die.
How long, how long! See, I am growing old,
Have ceas'd to count within my han's close fold
The silver threads that there in ambush lie;
Some angel faces, bent from heaven, would pine
To trace the scarred lines written upon mine.
What matter! In the furrows plough'd by care,
Let age tread after, sowing immortal seeds!
All this world's harvest yields, wheat, tares, and weeds,
Is reap'd; 'neath God's stern sky my field lies bare.

But in the night-time, 'tween me and the stars
The angel faces still come floating by,
No death-pale shadow, no averted eye
Marking the inevitable doom that bars
Me from them. Not a cloud their aspect mairs;
And my sick spirit walks with them hand in hand
By the cool waters of a pleasant land;
Sings with them o'er again, without its jars,
The psalm of life that ceas'd when one by one
Their voices sank, and left my voice alone,
With dull monotonous wail, to grieve the air;
Turns glad from each to the other, still to find
Its own—'I love thee!' echoed close and kind;
—Moon glimmering, bridging the black sea, Despair!

Ay, angel faces! So I ever deem'd
Their human likeness; so I see them now!
God laid his visible signet on each brow,
And they were holy, even as they seem'd.
Then, though all earth and hell itself had schem'd
To lure them from me by divided road,
One goal remains for all—the throne of God;
And I shall find them there! Not vain I dream'd,
My sainted ones! my glorious ones! my lov'd
And lost ones! from my famish'd sight remov'd
A little while, lest I might worship ye,
And forget heaven. Sure as at God's White Throne
All whom He loves one living union own,
My angel faces there will shine on me.

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LOVING ONE FOR ONE'S SELF.

THERE is a story of certain men of Gotham, who, sitting down upon the ground in a circle to converse, had some difficulty when they were about to separate in finding their own peculiar limbs. Each man insisted upon appropriating to himself the best-turned leg near him, just as one naturally does in the matter of hats at the breaking-up of an evening-party; and the *embrouillement* might have terminated in something serious had not the disputants been members of the Peace Society, and referred the question to the arbitration of a passer-by. This individual fortunately possessed at once a philosophic mind and a vigorous arm, and he applied a horsewhip so sharply to the backs of the whole circle that every man found his own legs in the twinkling of an eye.

Some persons may be disposed to doubt, in a certain measure, the authenticity of this anecdote, or even to rank our men of Gotham summarily with the personages of mythic story: but a little reflection will show that we are all subject to mistakes and misconceptions quite as extraordinary, and of a much more wholesale nature. What is more common than for a man to lose himself in the mazes of a story, till his identity merges in that of the hero, and he is the vision by which he is haunted, till

— 'All his visage wanes,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit'—

when suddenly the horsewhip of Circumstance flashes over his shoulders—a door claps, a bell rings, a voice calls—and hey! presto! the illusion vanishes, and Richard's himself again!

Himself? What self? This is a puzzling word when you think of it. It is a tradition, a convention, supposed by common consent to have a meaning; which, nevertheless, waxes dimmer and more formless the more earnestly you look for it. To be loved for one's self is the grand aspiration both of romance and real life. Love of any other kind is voted a lie and a cheat, and not only so by sentimental young ladies but by the grave, staid, and even elderly of the male sex. 'It is I who must be loved,' say all with one voice, 'and not my birth, fortune, station, power—not the mere material circumstances by which I am surrounded by the accidents of the world.' 'It is I who must be loved,' says Miss Angelina, going into particulars, 'and not my beauty, shape, manner, dress, dancing, dowry, jewels: I must be loved for myself, and for myself alone; for an individuality which cannot be affected by misfortune, poverty, or even smallpox.'

Now this is what puzzles us. *What is this self?*—*what is this individuality?* It is a physiological fact that the whole of our frame, the whole of our material part, is perpetually changing; that there is not an atom of our body which was in existence, as one of its component parts, a few years ago; and that the materials of which some brief time hence we shall be composed are at present diffused throughout the different kingdoms of nature. It is obviously, therefore, not the physical bulk of Miss Angelina she calls her Self; and one does not see clearly how she can be said to have any more absolute and exclusive property in her moral and intellectual character apart from the circumstances by which it was developed.

If our fair enthusiast had chanced to be born in a cellar, and brought up in misery and crime, she would, according to her theory, have still been the same self. Will she tell us that she would still be entitled to expect the same love? If not, she cannot be loved for herself, but for the material circumstances which are part and parcel of her individuality. If she had grown up in some remote and solitary place, with a deaf-mute for her sole companion, she would still have been the same entity, and she would still have possessed, in the recesses of her moral being, the germs of those qualities which in a state of development and activity are fitted to awaken admiration. But without knowledge, without aspirations beyond those of mere animal life, and without even language to express her few ideas, would she be entitled to the love she now demands as a right?

It may be answered—for a man's self will not be quietly surrendered any more than his skin—that at the time love is won the moral and intellectual being is formed, the innate qualities developed, and that individuality constituted which is the self all seek to vindicate. But this is affixing an arbitrary and impossible limit to the progress of mind. It assumes that circumstances influence us up to a certain precise point, and that then their effect ceases suddenly, and the character, till that moment in a liquid and ductile state, cools down at once in its mould, and becomes a solid and unchangeable mass. It is unreasonable thus to have recourse to miracle even for the protection of one's self. 'The world in which we live is the school of circumstances, and we are usually taken home before we are half taught.' It is common to say of some unexpected conduct in a man: 'We did not think him capable of it; this presents him in quite a new light—he is a different person from what we supposed him to be.' He is indeed a different self. The circumstances in which he chanced to be placed have brought out some hitherto-dormant points in his character, and the man is to all intents and purposes a new being. These

circumstances are essential to the estimate we form of him, whether good or bad, whether tending to love or hate.

But the passion for being loved for one's self, has led, we are told, to experiment, and this has resulted in facts that laugh at our philosophy. A gentleman who has a high opinion of the entity he calls himself, determines to ascertain in what estimation it is held by others. He takes measures, therefore, which appear to strip him of all the prestiges of wealth and rank. He becomes a bankrupt, loses his estate, lays down his carriage, exchanges his mansion for a cottage; and in this denuded condition presents himself to his lady-love. Her woman's heart, however, is as firm as a rock. She has loved him in wealth, and still loves him in poverty. The atmosphere in which they lived has changed its temperature; but she only nestles the closer to her chosen one. The material conductors between them are broken; but passion, with a finer sense than the electric fluid, overleaps the chasm. Surely this is being loved for one's self! Not at all. The gentleman only acts ruin, he does not feel it; his manner, his speech, his aspect, are the same, only touched by a melancholy which gives romance to his misfortune. The lady only hears of poverty, she does not see it; and her imagination is busy embrowning her lover's cheek with manly toil, and festooning their cottage-porch with roses and jasmine.

Real poverty is a very different thing from stage poverty. Real labourers neither work nor play in knee-breeches trimmed with ribbons, and clean white stockings; cottage girls don't go a haymaking in muslin dresses, or dust the table with snowy aprons; real gentlemen don't take kindly to their porridge or their fat bacon; neither are they partial to the crystal spring; and no more do they learn intuitively to plough and reap, but on the contrary are jeered for their ignorance and effeminacy by the cow-boys, and are a standing butt for the oxen. Our ruined gentleman would cut a very awkward, and perhaps a very unamiable figure in any other position than the one he had been accustomed to—as his faithful mistress would find if she could follow him into his new avocations. In the meantime she makes the mistake, in meditating on his changed fortune, of supposing him to be the same self by whom her heart was won; and thus her fancy carries him in a stage costume through the stern realities of the working world.

Do we say, then, that there is no such thing as disinterested love? No, ladies! no, gentlemen! we say nothing of the kind. What we say is, that the character of a man has no separate existence, so far as the perceptions of others are concerned, from the circumstances by which it has been formed, and in which it is embedded. The notion of being loved, therefore, for one's self, is mere fudge; and the witty sneers of young ladies or young gentlemen at the appliances of fortune which surround the object of their choice is mere babble. We cannot tell what a man will do if thrown out of his position; we do not know how his accomplishments will wear in another sphere of life, or what hitherto dormant qualities may rise into activity. We know and love what he is; but we neither know nor love—except in a dream and delusion—what he will be. Suppose the instance we have given to be reversed in point of station—suppose some cottage Blowallinda sees her Strephon metamorphosed, all on a sudden, into a gentleman by some magical stroke of fortune; her affections are unchanged, for they are rivetted on himself, not on his clouded shoon; and her innocent imagination even pleases itself with pictures of his long coat and gloved hands. But if she could see his entrance into the new life to which he is called—the awkwardness, his ignorance, his bashfulness; if she could hear the gibes of the very servants on his manner and appearance; and, above all, if she could feel the

change his new fortune has wrought in him, and the terror with which he starts at every apparition before his fancy of his peasant mistress—she would know that the hero of her love was no more than a shadow or a memory.

But, again, do we say that there is no such thing as disinterested love? By no means. We merely say that there is no such thing as love fixed upon a mere abstraction—upon a thing irrespective of circumstance and change. The grief that is felt at a love-disappointment is like the tears that are given to the dead—tears that embalm the living image in our memory—not the ruin that moulders in the grave. Disinterested love is found in every station, in every circle of circumstances; and in married life, more especially, where it has freer scope, it enlivens the dreariest path of adversity, and indeed festoons the humblest porch with roses and jasmine. Disinterested love is not the love of the occult self we have been groping after, but of an actual being possessed of qualities that have our sympathy and admiration, and surrounded by circumstances calculated to retain them in activity. For this being we would make any sacrifice—in great emergencies, that of life itself; but we will not stultify ourselves by affirming that we love him as an abstraction. In the above instances we have seen that generous love remains even after its object has been stripped of everything by which it was won. But this, philosophically considered, is the love of one who exists merely in our memory, and with whom the actual man identifies himself only in those comparatively rare cases where great, or good, or merely pleasing qualities are so firmly embedded in the character as to survive the shock of change.

TALES OF THE COAST-GUARD.

ALLY SOMERS.

WHEN I joined the *Scorpion* sloop of war, then (1810) on the West India station, there were a father and son amongst the crew whose names, as borne on the ship's books, were John Somers and John *Alice* Somers. The oddity of this country of giving a boy a female baptismal name had been no doubt jestingly remarked upon by those who were aware of it, but with the sailors the lad passed as *Ally* Somers. The father was approaching fifty, the son could not have been more than seventeen years of age. The elder Somers, who had attained to the rating of a boatswain, was a stern, hard, silent man; with a look as cold and clear as polished steel, and a cast-iron mouth, indicative of inflexible, indomitable firmness of will and resolution. The son, on the contrary, though somewhat resembling his father in outline of feature, had a mild, attractive, almost feminine aspect, and a slight graceful frame. I was not long in discovering that, obdurate and self-engrossed as the man appeared, the boy was really the idol-image in which his affections and his hopes were centred. His eye constantly followed the motions of the lad, and it appeared to be his unceasing aim and study to lighten the duties he had to perform, and to shield him from the rough usage to which youngsters in his position were generally subjected by the motley crews of those days. One day a strong instance in proof of this mother-feeling occurred. Ally Somers some time previously, when on shore with a party despatched to obtain a supply of water, had, during the temporary absence of the officer in command, been rather severely reprimanded by one of the seamen for some trifling misconduct, and a few slight marks were left on the lad's back. The rage of the father, when informed of the circumstance, was extreme, and it was with difficulty that he was restrained from inflicting instant chastisement on the offender. An opportunity for partially wreaking his hoarded vengeance occurred

about six weeks afterwards, and it was eagerly embraced. The sailor who had ill-used young Somers was sentenced to receive two dozen lashes for drunkenness and insubordination. He was ordered to strip, placed at the gratings, and the punishment began. Somers the boatswain, iron or sour-tempered as he might be, was by no means harsh or cruel in his office, and his assistants, upon whom the revolting office of flogging usually devolved, influenced by him, were about the gentlest-handed boatswain's-mates I ever saw practise. On this occasion he was in another and very different mood. Two blows only had been struck when Somers, with an angry rebuke to the mate for not doing his duty, snatched the cat from his hand, and himself lashed the culprit with a ferocity so terribly effective, that Captain Boyle, a merciful and just officer, instantly remitted half the number of lashes, and the man was rescued from the unsparing hands of the vindictive boatswain.

Other instances of the intensity of affection glowing within the stern man's breast for his comparatively weak and delicate boy manifested themselves. Once in action, when the lad, during a tumultuous and murderous struggle, in beating off a determined attempt to carry the sloop by boarding, chanced to stumble on the slippery deck, he was overtaken before he could recover himself, and involved in the fierce assault which at the fore-castle was momentarily successful. I was myself hotly engaged in another part of the fight; but attention being suddenly called to the forepart of the ship by the enemy's triumphant shouts, I glanced round just in time to see the boatswain leap, with the yell and bound of a tiger, into the mêlée, and strike right and left with such tremendous ferocity and power as instantly to check the advancing rush. Our men promptly rallied, and the deck was in a few minutes cleared of every living foe that had recently profaned it. Ally Somers, who had received a rather severe flesh wound, and fainted from loss of blood, was instantly caught up by his father, and carried with headlong impatience below. When the surgeon, after a brief look at the hurt, said: 'There is no harm done, Somers,' the high-strung nerves of the boatswain gave way, and he fell back upon a locker temporarily prostrate and insensible from sudden revulsion of feeling. Several times I was an unintentional auditor of scraps of conversation between the two whilst the lad was on the sick-list, from which I gathered that Ally was the sole issue of a marriage which had left bitter memories in the mind of the father; but whether arising from the early death of his wife, or other causes, I did not ascertain. Somers, it appeared, a native of the west of England, and it was quite evident had received a much better education than usually falls to individuals of his class.

At the close of the war Somers and his son were, with thousands of others, turned adrift from the royal service. Some months after my appointment to the command of the revenue-cutter, I chanced to meet the father in the village of Talton, about four miles out of Southampton, on the New Forest Road. He had I found re-entered the navy, but chancing to receive a hurt by the falling of a heavy block on his right knee, had been invalided with a small pension, upon which he was now living at about a hundred yards from the spot where we had accidentally met. Ally, he informed me, was the skipper of a small craft trading between Guernsey and Southampton. There was little change in the appearance of the man except that the crippled condition of his leg appeared to have had an effect the reverse of softening upon his stern and rugged aspect and temper. When paid off he was, I knew, entitled to a considerable sum in prize-money, the greater part of which he told me he had recently received.

About a couple of months after this meeting with the father I fell in with the son. I was strolling at about

eleven in the forenoon along the front of the Southampton customhouse, when my eye fell upon a young man, in a seaman's dress, busily engaged with three others in loading a cart with bundles of laths which had been landed shortly before from a small vessel alongside the quay. It was Ally Somers sure enough; and so much improved in looks since I last saw him, that but for a certain air of fragility—inherited probably from his mother—he might have been pronounced a handsome fine young fellow. The laths, upwards of two hundred bundles, which he was so busily assisting to cart, he had brought from Guernsey, and were a very common importation from that island: Guernsey possessing the right of sending its own produce customs free to England; a slight duty, only tantamount to what the foreign timber of which the laths were made would have been liable to, was levied upon them, and this was ascertained by the proper officer simply measuring the length and girth of the bundles. This had been done, and the laths marked as 'passed.' It struck me that the manner of Ally Somers was greatly hurried and excited, and when he saw me approaching, evidently with an intention to accost him, this agitation perceptibly increased. He turned deadly pale, and absolutely trembled with ill-concealed apprehension. He was somewhat reassured by my frank salutation; and after a few commonplace inquiries I walked away, evidently to his great relief, and he with his sailors continued their eager work of loading the cart. I could not help suspecting that something was wrong, though I could not make up my mind to verify the surmise his perturbed and hurried manner excited. Once in a skirmish on shore his father, the boatswain, had saved my life by sending a timely bullet through the head of a huge negro who held me for the moment at his mercy. Besides I might be wrong after all, and I had no right to presume that the officer who had passed the laths had not made a sufficient examination of them. The flurry of the young man might arise from physical weakness and the severe labour he was performing in such hot weather. These reasons, or more truly these excuses for doing nothing, were passing through my brain, when I observed the hasty approach of the collector of customs himself towards the cart, followed by several of his subordinates. Young Somers saw him as quickly as I did, and the young man's first impulse, it was quite plain, was flight. A thought no doubt of the hopelessness of such an attempt arrested his steps, and he stood quaking with terror by the side of the cart, his right hand grasping for support at one of the wheel-spokes.

'One of you lend me a knife,' said the collector, addressing the officers of customs.

A knife was quickly opened and handed to him: he severed the strong cords which bound one of the bundles of laths together, and they flew asunder, disclosing a long tin tube of considerable diameter, closely rammed with tobacco! All the other bundles contained a similar deposit; and so large was the quantity of the heavily-taxed weed thus unexpectedly made lawful prize of, that a profit, I was assured, of not less than £500 or £600 would have been made by the audacious smuggler had he succeeded in his bold and ingenious attempt. The ends of the bundles had been filled up with short pieces of lath, so that, except by the process now adopted, it was impossible to detect that the cargo was not *bona fide* what it had been declared to be. The penalties to which Somers had rendered himself liable were immense, the vessel also was forfeited, and the unfortunate young man's liberty at the mercy of the crown. He looked the very picture of despair, and I felt assured that ruin, utter and complete, had fallen upon him.

He was led off in custody, and first even some dozen paces when he stopped shortly, appeared to make some request to the officers by whom he was escorted, and

then turning round, intimated by a supplicatory gesture that he wished to speak to me. I drew near, and at my request the officers fell back out of hearing. He was so utterly prostrated by the calamity by which he had been so suddenly overtaken, that he could not for several moments speak intelligibly. I felt a good deal concerned for so mere a boy, and one too so entirely unfitted by temperament and nerve to carry through such desperate enterprises, or bear up against their failure.

'This is a bad business,' I said; 'but the venture has not, I trust, been made with your own or your father's money?'

'Every penny of it,' he replied in a dry, fainting voice, 'was our own. Father lent me all his prize-money, and we are both miserable beggars.'

'What in the name of madness could induce you to venture your all upon a single throw in so hazardous a game?'

'I will tell you,' he went on hurriedly to say in the same feeble and trembling tone: 'I am not fitted for a sea-life—not strong, not hardly enough. I longed for a quiet, peaceful home ashore. A hope of one offered itself. I made the acquaintance of Richard Sylvester, a miller near Ealing. He is a good man, but griping as far as money is concerned. I formed an attachment for his eldest daughter Maria; and he consented to our union, and to taking me as a partner in his business, if I could pay down five hundred pounds. I was too eager to wait long; besides I thought that perhaps—But it boots not to speak of that now: I set more than life upon this cast; I have lost, and am now bankrupt of resource or hope! Will you break this news to my father, and see?—His remaining firmness gave way as the thought he would have uttered struggled to his lips, and the meek-hearted young man burst into tears, and wept piteously like a girl. A number of persons were collecting round us, and I gently urged him to walk on to the customhouse. A few minutes afterwards I left him there, with a promise to comply with his request without delay.

I found John Somers at home, and had scarcely uttered twenty words when he jumped at once to the true conclusion.

'Out with it, sir!' exclaimed the steel-nerved man. 'But you need not; I see it all. Ally has failed—the tobacco has been seized—and he is in prison.'

Spite of himself his breath came thick and short, and he presently added with a fierce burst, whilst a glance of fire leaped from his eyes: 'He has been betrayed, and I think I know by whom.'

'Your suspicion that he has been informed against is very likely correct, but you will, I think, have some difficulty in ascertaining by whom. The customhouse authorities are careful not to allow the names of their informants to leak through their office-doors.'

'I would find him were he hidden in the centre of the earth!' rejoined the ex-boatswain with another vengeful outcry which startled one like an explosion. 'But,' added the strong and fierce-willed man after a few moments' silence, 'it's useless prating of the matter like a wench. We must part company at once. I thank you, sir, and will tell Ally you have called.' I mentioned the other request made by his son. 'That is a rotten plank to hold by,' he said. 'Ally's chance is over there, and it would be mere waste of time to call on the old man: his resolution is hard and unyielding as his own millstones. Maria Sylvester is gone with the five hundred pounds her father bargained for; and the girl's tears, if she shed any, will soon be dry. I warned Ally of the peril of steering his course in life by the deceptive light of woman's capricious smiles and vanities; but he, poor, feeble, giddy-minded boy, heeded me not. I may not longer delay: he will be anxious to see me. Good-day, sir.'

The consequence which I chiefly feared came to pass,

even more speedily than I had apprehended. It being impossible to liquidate the penalties incurred, Ally Somers was imprisoned as a crown debtor; and at that period, whatever may be the case now, revenue penalties could not be got rid of by insolvent-court schedules. The prospect of an indefinite term of imprisonment, with other causes of grief and depression, broke down the always fragile health of the prisoner, and he died, ere yet his youth was well begun, after about six months' confinement only.

The tidings were brought me by the old man himself. I was seated in the cabin of the *Rose* cutter when it was announced that John Somers was alongside in a boat, and wished to see me. I directed that he should be allowed to come aboard, and presently the old man, with despair visible in every line of his countenance, in every glance of his restless, flaming eyes, entered the cabin.

'I am come to tell you, sir, that Ally is dead.'

'I was somewhat prepared for this bad news, Mr Somers,' I answered. 'It's hard upon you, but it should be bravely borne with.'

He laughed strangely. 'To be sure, to be sure,' he said, 'that is wise counsel—very wise; but that which I want now more than wise counsel is ten pounds—ten pounds, which I shall never be able to repay.'

'Ten pounds!'

'Yes: you may remember that I once saved your life. If that piece of service was worth the sum I have mentioned, you can now discharge the obligation. I have parted with everything, and Ally's last prayer was to be buried beside his—Beside a grave, an early and untimely one, like his own, many miles away.'

'I understand: it is a natural and pious wish, and you shall have the money.'

'Thank you. The funeral over, I have but one more thing to do in life, and that is to assist you in securing Coquerel whilst running one of his most valuable cargoes.'

'Coquerel, the Guernseyman you mean?'

'Ay, so he calls himself; but I fancy he at one time hailed from another port. He is the man who sold Ally's secret to the revenue-officers!'

'Are you sure?'

'As death! He was Ally's only confidant, and Ally's father is now in Coquerel's confidence. It is but natural,' added Somers, and a bitter, deadly sneer curled his ashy lips—'it is but natural, you know, that I should be eager to assist in pillaging a government which caged my son, and held him under its iron bars till life had fled. Coquerel understands this, and trusts me fully; but that which he does not understand, know, or suspect,' continued the fierce old man, sinking his voice to a whisper, and leaning forward with his face close to mine, 'is that John Somers has found out *who* it was that sold his boy's life! Did he know that, and know *me* too, there would be sounder sleepers than he in these dark nights.'

'What do you mean?'

'Nothing more, of course,' he replied in a more checked and guarded tone, 'than to retort the trick he played Ally something after his own fashion.'

'That is a fair revenge enough, and I'll not balk you. Now, then, for your plan.'

Various details were discussed, and it was settled that on that day-week Somers was again to communicate with me. He then took leave.

At the appointed time Somers returned, and appeared to be in high but flighty spirits. Everything was, he said, arranged, and success all but certain. His scheme was then canvassed and finally agreed upon, and he again left the vessel.

The arrangement for the surprise and capture of Coquerel was this:—That notorious smuggler intended running a large cargo on the coast of Dorsetshire, on the north of Portland, at a place where the cliffs are high, precipitous, and abrupt, and at that time very

inefficiently watched by the shore-force. Near the spot selected is or was a kind of cavern worn by the action of the sea in the chalky stratum, which at neap-tides was partially dry, and at the time of our enterprise would effectually conceal a boat from the observation of any one who did not actually peer in directly at its mouth. Cocquerel was to leave Guernsey the next day in a large boat, with two lug-sails, but chiefly depending for speed upon its sweeps. It was calculated that he would reach his destination about midnight. Somers had undertaken the duty of shore-signalman, and if danger were apprehended, was to warn the smugglers that hawks were abroad by burning a blue-light. The manner of running the cargo was to be this:—Somers was provided with a windlass and sufficient length of rope, with a kind of rope-cradle at the end of it, in which a man could sit, or a couple of kegs be slung, to reach the boat. The windlass he was to secure firmly at the edge of the cliff, and two or three of the men having been drawn up, other windlasses were to be fixed, by means of which it was calculated that in about half an hour the entire cargo would be safely carried off by the carts which Somers had undertaken to have ready on the spot. The signal for our appearance on the scene of action, the positive old man persisted, should be that agreed upon for the warning of the smugglers—the sudden ignition of a blue-light. This did not seem the cleverest possible mode of procedure; but as the cavern in which we were to conceal ourselves was but a few yards northward of the spot marked out for the landing, and Somers promised he would only give the signal when the smugglers were in full work, I had little fear that, if other accidents did not capsize our scheme, they would be able to escape us.

The next afternoon the largest boat belonging to the *Rose* was fully manned; and leaving the cutter quietly at anchor in the Southampton river just above Calshot, we pulled with the tide—for there was but a light air, and that favourable for the smugglers, not for us—to our hiding-place, which we reached about eight o'clock in the evening.

The hours crept very slowly and dismally away, amidst the darkness and hoarse echoes and moanings of the cavern, into which the sea and wind, which were gradually rising, dashed and howled with much and increasing violence. Occasional peeps at my watch, by the light of a lantern carefully shaded seaward, warned us that ten, eleven, twelve, one o'clock had passed, without bringing the friends we so anxiously expected, and fears of ultimate disappointment were chilling us far more than the cold night-breeze, when a man in the bow of the boat said in a whisper that he could hear the dash of oars. We all instantly listened with eager attention; but it was not till we had brought the boat to the entrance of the opening that the man's assertion was verified. There it was clear enough; and the near approach of a large boat, with the regular jerk of the oars or sweeps, was distinctly audible. The loud, clear hail of their shore-signalman, answered by the 'All right' of the smugglers, left no doubt that the expected prey was within our grasp; and I had a mind to pounce upon them at once, but was withheld by a promise which I had been obliged several times to repeat, that I would not under any circumstances do so till the signal-flame sent its light over the waters.

As soon as the noise and bustle of laying in the sweeps, lowering the sails, and unstepping the masts, had subsided, we heard Somers hail the boat, and insist that the captain should come up before any of the others, as there was a difficulty about the carts which he alone could settle. The reply was a growl of assent, and we could hear by the click of the check to the cog-wheel of the windlass that Somers was paying out the rope. Presently Cocquerel was heard to get into the

cradle I have spoken of, to which a line was fastened in order to steady his ascent from below. The order was given to turn away, and the renewed click, click, announced that he was ascending the face of the cliff. I could hardly comprehend this manœuvre, which seemed to indicate the escape of the man we were the most anxious to secure, and the order to shove off was just on my lips when a powerful blue-light flamed suddenly forth, accompanied by a fierce but indistinct shout, or roar rather, from Somers. The men replied by a loud cheer, and we shot smartly out; but having, to avoid a line of reef, to row in a straight direction for about a cable's length, the smugglers, panic-stricken and bewildered as they were, had time to get way upon their lugger, and were plying their sweeps with desperate energy before the revenue-boat was fairly turned in direct pursuit. The frantic effort to escape was vain, and so was the still more frantic effort at resistance offered when we ran alongside. We did not hurt them much: one or two were knocked down by the sailors' brass-batted pistols; and after being secured, they had leisure to vent their rage in polyglot curses, part French, part English, and part Guernsey patois, and I to look round and see what had become of Cocquerel.

The blue-light still shed a livid radiance all around, and to my inexpressible horror and dismay, I saw that the unfortunate man was suspended in the rope cradle, within about a fathom's length of the brow of the cliff, upon which Somers was standing and gazing at his victim with looks of demoniac rage and triumph. The deadly trap contrived by the inexorable old man was instantly apparent, and to Cocquerel's frenzied screams for help I replied by shouting to him to cut himself loose at once, as his only chance, for the barrel of a pistol gleamed distinctly in the hands of Somers.

'Lieutenant Warneford,' cried the exulting maniac—he was nothing less—'I have caught this Cocquerel nicely for you—got him swinging here in the puttiest cradle he was ever rocked in in his life—Ha! ha! ha!'

'Cut loose at once!' I again shouted; and the men, as terribly impressed as myself with the horror of the wretched smuggler's position, swept the boat rapidly towards the spot. 'Somers, if you shoot that man you shall die on the gallows.'

'Cut himself loose, do you say, lieutenant?' screamed Somers, heedless of my last observation. 'He can't! He has no knife—ha! ha! ha! And if he had, this pistol would be swifter than that; but I'll cut him loose presently, never fear. Look here, Jacques Cocquerel,' he continued, laying himself flat down on the cliff, and stretching his right arm over it till the mouth of his pistol was within a yard of Cocquerel's head, 'this contains payment in full for your kindness to Ally Somers—a debt which I could in no other manner completely repay.'

At this moment the blue-light suddenly expired, and we were involved in what by contrast was total darkness. We could still, however, hear the frantic laughter and exulting gibes of the merciless old man in answer to Cocquerel's shrieking appeals for mercy; and after a while, when the figures of the two men had become partially visible, we could distinguish the words, 'One, two, three,' followed by the report of a pistol, and a half minute afterwards a dark body shot down the white face of the cliff, and disappeared beneath the waters!

The body of Cocquerel never reappeared, and the only tidings I ever heard of Somers were contained in the following paragraph which I read some years afterwards in the 'Hampshire Telegraph,' a journal at that time published at Portsmouth:—

'The body of an aged, wretched man was found frozen to death in the churchyard on Wednesday morning last, near two adjoining graves, one of which, that of Alice Maynard, recalls the painful circumstances

connected with the sad story of the death of that ill-fated, and, as we believe, entirely innocent person. At the inquest holden on Friday, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the deceased is John Maynard, who, after his wife's untimely death, assumed the name of Somers, and was, we believe, the person who shot a French smuggler, with whom he had quarrelled, at the back of the Isle of Wight, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, about seven years ago. He was buried in the grave that contains the body of his son, John Alice Maynard, which was interred there shortly before the commission of the homicide just alluded to. There has never been to our knowledge any regular investigation of that affair, but we believe that then, as before, Maynard's pistol was pointed by a frantic and causeless jealousy.—[*Plymouth paper.*]

There are several mistakes sufficiently obvious to the reader in this paragraph, but of the main fact that John Somers, *alias* Maynard, perished as described in the Devonshire journal, there can be no reasonable doubt.

VISIT TO THE ABERDEEN COMBWORKS.

SINCE the days when King David I., of saintly memory, erected into a bishop's see 'the hail village of old Aberdeen'—since the time when salmon-fish and granite-stone first became articles of its local export in the thirteenth century, Aberdeen has continued to maintain a character of singular enterprise and originality. Notwithstanding its many natural disadvantages and remote situation from the great produce-markets of the country, it has, nevertheless, with the quiet though determined perseverance which characterises its inhabitants, gradually assumed an important position as a seat of our Scottish manufacture, and bids fair at no distant date to be as much celebrated for its superiority in this respect as it has been in past ages as a school of philosophy and learning. On more than one occasion we have adverted to the progress of Aberdeen, and not only with regard to its material prosperity, but also to the liberal and enlightened spirit with which those perplexing social questions are treated that conspire so much to disturb the peaceable and harmonious progress of society. To this place we are indebted for the first successful example of that class of humble yet serviceable educational institutions that have since become so widely known as Ragged Schools; and even in the apparently unimportant subject before us, it can easily be perceived that something like the same characteristic energy is exhibited.

Within our recollection, combmaking was considered one of the most miserable of trades, and equally destitute of anything like an organised *modus operandi* with that of the perambulating artisans who possessed a certain skill in the fashioning of rams' horns into spoons and rejoiced in the ancient and expressive designation of Horners. On a late visit to Aberdeen, however, we found the manufacture of combs carried on there not only to an extent far exceeding our preconceived notions of the trade, but flourishing in a state of high and skillful organisation; and we hastened to visit the combworks of Messrs. Stewart, Rowell, & Co., who possess the reputation of being by far the largest combmakers in this country or in the world. There is another manufactory in Aberdeen, that of Mr. John Macpherson, on a much smaller though still considerable scale. We have no room to follow the steps by which Aberdeen came to be the seat of this particular branch of industry; but before describing the system of combmaking there, we shall take a short retrospective glance at the general history of the comb, in order to illustrate the various changes it has passed through, and its gradual elevation to a prominent position in the manufactures of the

It is impossible to state with any degree of accuracy the time when this implement first became an indispensable requisite of the toilet; but from what we can glean from the ancient writers it would appear to have been of Egyptian origin. The Greeks and Romans used combs made of boxwood, which they obtained, as we do ourselves, from the shores of the Euxine Sea; and the mountain-ridge of Cytorus, in Galatia, was particularly celebrated for this product. According to a modern Italian author (Guasco), combs were also formed of silver, iron, bronze, but in no instance do we find the modern material of shell or horn. In addition to the wooden combs found in their tombs, it has been proved that the Egyptians had ivory combs, toothed on one side, which gradually came into use among the Greeks and Romans; but from specimens of the remains of combs found at Pompeii, together with representations on the Amyclæan tables, it would seem that the Greeks, who were remarkably studious and careful in arranging their hair, used them, with teeth on both sides, exactly similar to our small-tooth-combs.

The mediæval progress of the comb exhibits, like everything else of its class, much curious elaboration with but little improvement in utility. In the fifteenth volume of the 'Archæologia' there is a representation of an ivory comb found in the ruins of Inkleton Nunnery, Cambridgeshire, containing some Anglo-Saxon design exquisitely carved in relief, but with such teeth as a common boor in our day would treat with contempt. About this period we find Chaucer commenting on the many absurd articles of female attire, at a time when both sexes tied up their hair in a 'licorous fashion' with ivory pins; and, curious enough, one of the earliest specimens of English combs extant was dug up in 1764 from beneath the lowest of the three paved streets, which lie—memorials of their several ages—under the present Shiprow Street of Aberdeen; and it was supposed to have lain there ever since Edward III. burned and ruined the city in 1386.

In modern days the comb probably reached its most costly and ornamental state at the luxurious court of Louis XIV., where hair-dressing was an art more appreciated and often better paid than the higher efforts of genius. Combs of ivory and of tortoise-shell, richly inlaid with gold and pearl, formed an essential adjunct of the toilet of the court beauties of Versailles. In this country the fabrication of horn into combs was a very ancient process, and chiefly resided, as it still does, in England, in Yorkshire and the midland counties. But towards the end of last century the increased demand for combs established makers all over the country; and in Scotland there were one or two houses of some eminence in the trade at the period—some twenty-five years back—at which we have now arrived. It was, however, one of those trades that, in so far as its artificers were concerned, would not stand investigation. Making combs on nearly the same principles as those pursued by their forefathers for generations before them—that is to say, by simply cutting out the interspace between the teeth with various sorts and sizes of saws—its followers, barely entitled to the name of skilled workmen, were dissipated, unsettled, and irregular in their habits.

We come now to treat of the grand era in the comb trade—of the time when it was destined, like the great staple manufactures of our country, to undergo a revolution. The introduction into the trade of machinery and steam-power, with, as a collateral result, the division of labour, is at once suggestive of an important stride in the march of progress. About the year 1826 Mr. Lynn invented a machine of a singularly ingenious design and construction, having for its principal object that of cutting two combs out of one plate of horn or tortoise-shell; and two years afterwards Messrs. Stewart, Rowell, & Co. commenced the manufacture

in Aberdeen. To the first of these circumstances the trade was indebted for the successful idea of a machine, which effected at the same time a saving of half the material, and an increase of produce almost inconceivable. To the latter it is still more indebted for the first application of steam-power to the machinery; and, what we think of infinitely greater importance, the introduction of those true principles in the philosophy of production so logically contended for by Adam Smith—a philosophy which, in its legitimate application, has the invaluable effect of elevating alike the character of the produce and the producers.

We shall, however, most appropriately represent the combined effect of these improvements on the trade by taking the reader along with us in a cursory view of the principal departments of the Aberdeen Combs-works. Provided with an intelligent cicerone in the person of one of the clerks of the office, we began our investigations; and as an essential preliminary, were first shown specimens of the various kinds of raw material. In the order of its intrinsic value this consists of tortoise-shell, horns, and hoofs. Ivory in our day is reserved almost exclusively for the manufacture of small-tooth-combs, which forms a branch of the ivory trade, and is entirely distinct from the one now before us.

Of the first of these materials, tortoise-shell, the best adapted to manufacturing purposes is the shell, or rather scales of a horny texture which enclose the sea-tortoise, *Testudo imbricata*. It is to be found in all warm latitudes; but the best species are indigenous to Hindostan, the Indian Archipelago, and the shores of the Red Sea. The price of this article we are apt to think excessive. At present it is 35s. per lb., and ten years ago it was nearly double that price. It forms, however, a valuable article of importation.

There are two chief divisions in the second article, horn; namely, buffalo and ox horns, both of which are imported from various parts of the globe. Buffalo-horn is, however, for the most part used in the manufacture of knife-handles, and such-like articles in the cutlery trade. In combmaking it is chiefly used for dressing-combs; and, generally speaking, all combs of a deep black colour are formed of this material. The best buffalo-horns are obtained from the East Indies, and incomparably the finest are those of the Indian buffalo from Siam. We were shown a beautiful specimen of Siamese horns, which, from their extraordinary dimension, had been preserved and polished. One of them measured 5 feet from tip to base, 18½ inches in circumference at the widest part, and weighed 14 lbs. Some conception may be formed of the extraordinary size of an animal which can support such a weight on the frontal-bone, if we recollect that a good specimen of an English ox-horn weighs only 1 lb.

Ox-horns, again, constitute the staple of comb-making, and are imported into this country along with hides from the South American states, the Cape of Good Hope, and New South Wales. The imports, however, are chiefly sustained from the enormous herds of South American black-cattle, which have multiplied to such an extent in the Brazilian territories that they are now slaughtered for the sake of their hides and horns, and their carcasses left to be devoured by the innumerable carnivorous animals which infest the jungles. The ox-horns entered for consumption in Great Britain in 1850 numbered 1,260,000; and the average price is about 1.50 per ton.

The material of hoofs depends for its supply on the German and home markets; and its value at this moment is about 1.12 per ton. Hoofs are used generally in the manufacture of the cheapest description of combs; but although the least valuable material, it is the subject of the most costly and ingenious mechanical appliances in the process of its manufacture.

At the time of our visit the quantity of horns and

hoofs in stock amounted to upwards of one hundred tons of each. This immense mass of horns was contained in a large storehouse for the purpose, a glance into which has a curious effect on the visitor; and in truth we could not repress a thought somewhat akin to what we might have entertained on seeing the like quantity of human skulls. Enormous piles of different varieties of horns—from the delicate curvature of the small Highland ox to the equally beautiful but enormous horns of the ferocious buffalo of the Cape; from the Smithfield horns, immortal in story, to those of the gigantic buffalo of Thibet and Siam—all lay prostrate here, piled together in inextricable confusion.

After taking a look at the steam-engine, which is of fifty horse-power, and we were informed the largest of the horizontal kind in Scotland, we proceeded to the first stage of the manufacture, where the horns are cut into assorted sizes by means of a circular saw. A horn is twice cut transversely, and afterwards, if a large one, longitudinally. The tips or extremities of the horn here cut off are sent to Sheffield, where they are converted into table-knife and umbrella handles; and in this operation 16,000 horns can be cut up in a week. Instead of being divided in this manner, the hoofs in their first stage are, after being boiled for a certain time, to render the fibre soft, cut into two pieces; or rather the sole is stamped out by means of vertical punching-machines of the same irregular conformation.

The horns and hoofs thus cut are then brought in pieces into the pressing department, which occupies the whole basement-floor of one part of the building. The first thing that strikes the visitor on entering here is the peculiar and easily-distinguishable odour of burnt horn, which indeed is also predominant throughout the works. This arises from the high temperature necessary to the fabrication of horn, which to a greater or less extent effects decomposition of the material, and is invariably accompanied with the disengagement of the peculiar gases which create the odour. Along the floor of this department are erected thirty-six furnaces of a peculiar construction, and at each of these a man and boy were busily engaged in shaping the cut horns into flat plates, by first heating the pieces and then cutting them to the required shape with a knife: they were then inserted between screw-blocks, and pressed perfectly flat. If, however, the plates are required for stained combs, as the greater part of them generally are, a different mode of pressing is pursued. Into a rectangular cast-iron trough about 2½ feet long by 12 inches wide and deep, a number of iron hot-plates are put; they are then oiled on their surface, and the plates of horn inserted between them; a wedge is next driven into the press by the percussion-force of a ram, or weight falling from a height of eight feet, producing a force of about 120 tons. This pressure exercised on the horn contained within the iron plates has the effect of breaking the fibre to a certain extent, and forcing it to expand in a lateral direction. Curious enough, whatever may have been the original colour of the horn, it is now of a uniform dark-green colour, and perfectly soft. This peculiar treatment renders the horny tissues more pervious to the chemical action of acids, and will be better understood when we arrive at the subsequent operation of staining.

But the ram and wedge is not the only means of pressure employed. Around the apartment were arranged 120 iron screw-presses—levers of the second order, and differing only from a common vice in pressing under the screw after the manner of nut-crackers. They are fitted with steel dies with a variety of engraved designs, and into these braid-combs, the outside coverings of pocket-combs and side-combs are pressed. In accordance with the spirit of the times, we were shown a new impression on pocket-combs of a very nicely-executed representation of the Crystal Palace. A man exert-

ing his strength on one of these presses can produce a force of upwards of fifty tons. But however great, the pressure is still insufficient. The enormous demand for the cheap side-combs formed of hoof led to the farther application of hydraulic pressure. The two portions of the hoof produced in the first stage are brought into this department, and after being boiled a second time in a number of little troughs, with a steam-jet in each of them to preserve the necessary temperature, the fleshy matter and other excrescences still adhering are pared off. They are then transferred to an adjoining room, where sixteen hydraulic presses are at work, by means of a small oscillating engine of three or four horse-power for their exclusive use; and here those little strips of hoof are subjected to a pressure of 300 tons, and with a degree of speed and precision that is truly astonishing. They come out of the press in the form of small semi-transparent rectangular plates, having on each side the rounded projection or beading observable on most side-combs. We may remark here that this application of hydraulic pressure seems to us to be highly ingenious. In pressing a bale of cotton goods, for example, it is to a certain extent immaterial whether the pressure exceed that required by a few tons; but with the fibrous tissue of a plate of horn the case is widely different: pressure it will sustain to a certain point, but should this be exceeded by a single ton or a single pound, the fibre is split and broken, and the material destroyed. To illustrate the resistless force of this pressure, we were informed that the very cast-steel dies which give shape to the hoof soon become crushed and worn out; and it was not without some nice calculation and experiment that the application of hydraulic pressure to the purpose was thus successfully attained. After having received the necessary formation by the various modes of pressing, the plates are laid aside to dry in a room where a high temperature is preserved by means of steam-pipes, and where they are also assorted into different sizes, and the edges squared with circular saws. The number of such plates, of skull, horn, and hoof, in stock at the time of our visit, was somewhere about four millions and a half!

From this they are again distributed to the different processes in order—the next of which is cutting the teeth. Certain classes of horn-plates, however, are subjected to a farther process of planing on the surface preliminary to this operation; but in all plates which have been hot-pressed, and are intended to be stained, this is unnecessary, and therefore they are at once taken when perfectly dry to the cutting department.

On entering this department the visitor gets a little bewildered. The incessant and peculiar clatter of the machinery—unlike any noise we ever heard—the heat of the place, and apparent confusion, produce together a most curious effect. A very little observation, however, serves to show that we have now arrived at the basis of all the modern improvements in combmaking. Situated on benches around the apartment, in close proximity to each other, were twenty-four 'twinning-machines'—the invention, with all its subsequent improvements, to which we have referred. Each of these machines is worked by a man, with an attendant lamp, who keeps up a supply of hot plates from the numerous fires arranged for that purpose in the centre of the room. It is impossible without diagrams to explain the principles and construction of this ingenious apparatus; but there can be no mistaking its effect. A plate of horn, after being heated, is placed on a small carriage within the cast-iron frame of the machine, which travels by means of a particular arrangement of gearing to parallel slides. Immediately over this are situated two angular-shaped chisel-like cutters, which, on rotation of the motive power, descend on the plate in a curious alternating motion, and an incon-

ceivable degree of rapidity and force. Almost in a moment before we could well see, far less understand, the rationale of the process, we were shown the plate of horn cut in two pieces—the one half literally taken out of the other; and each of them presenting the well-defined outline of a comb. In this cutting department resides the perfection of that beautiful mechanism that first revolutionised the trade and reduced it to mathematical precision. To appreciate this invention we have only to look at the increase it has effected in the produce. A combmaker of the old school could not perhaps, with all his skill, cut more than eighty or a hundred combs per day; while with the machinery one man and a boy will cut upwards of two thousand of the same kind of comb, and that, too, with a consumption of only half the material. The finer dressing-combs, however, and all small-tooth-combs, are still cut by means of circular saws, which process constitutes the next cutting department. Here, however, a moderately curious visitor will not linger. A dense atmosphere of horn-dust pervades the large apartment, which gives to everything within its influence the white dusty appearance that distinguishes a flour-mill, to which indeed at first sight it bears a striking resemblance. From the few hurried notes we took, however, we learn that here there are wheels on the fine self-acting machinery, in connection with the cutting and pointing of combs, that revolve 5000 times in a minute, and saws so delicately fine as to cut forty teeth within the space of an inch.

We here instituted some inquiry as to the effect on the operatives of this animalised atmosphere, and were informed that it was not known to be injurious. On the contrary, it was stated as a singular fact, in connection with the late visitation of cholera in Aberdeen, that not a single combmaker had been affected by the disease, at least fatally; whence it may be inferred, although we do not pretend to assign the reason, that the fabrication of horn must be attended with considerable anti-miasmatic effects. At all events it is certain that horn-dust cannot exercise that injurious action on the air-passages and the lungs which is experienced in many trades, such as that of the steel-grinders of Sheffield.

Passing over one or two intermediate stages after the combs are thus cut and twinned—such as 'thinning' on the outer edge by means of grindstones, and 'pointing' by means of peculiarly-shaped bevel-saws—we arrive at the next department in order, where the necessary finishing is given to the comb by the hand. Here we meet with the only true remains of the artificers of combs that were, who still, with a pertinacious reverence for ancient usages, preserve among themselves the appellation of combmakers *par excellence*, forgetting that the very boys and girls in their respective departments play as important a part in the aggregate production. And yet, in their peculiar province, they are well deserving of commendation. The specimens of elaborate and skilful ornamentation displayed here, especially on ladies' braid-combs, were truly admirable; and one pattern in particular was shown us wherein there was a species of chain, formed of beautifully-stained horn, interwoven with the head of the comb, which, although we examined minutely, and knew there must have been a joint in each alternate link, we nevertheless failed to discover it. It is in this department that the teeth of the combs are smoothed and rounded—an operation technically termed 'grailing'—which is effected by different sorts of cutting rasps. So far as the making or formation is concerned, the combs are now finished.

At the opposite side of the buildings we were then taken to the department where the staining process is carried on. This will be better understood if described as the imitation on the various classes of combs of the natural diversity of tint in tortoise-shell. The horn,

whether in the form of plates, as in the side-combs, or after being 'twinned,' as in dressing-combs, is first immersed in diluted nitric acid, which, with its characteristic action on all organised tissues, creates a deep and permanent yellow stain. This resembles the ground colour of tortoise-shell; and to produce the peculiar variegation, the horns are then treated with a particular composition of the red oxide of lead with certain alkaline compounds, which has the effect of first neutralising the action of the acid, and then of imprinting a stain of a deep orange colour. After being carefully washed, dried, and polished, the surface of the combs presents the beautiful and natural appearance of tortoise-shell. Indeed the imitation is so perfect in the best classes of stained combs, that a practised observer only can detect it. We were shewn, for example, two specimens of braid-combs, one of real tortoise-shell and another of stained horn; and so much alike were they in their colour and external configuration, that we could not tell which was which, and yet the one comb was worth somewhere about *ten times* more than the other. This operation of staining, which, on the whole, is a somewhat artistic operation, is exclusively performed by women and girls.

There are still some minor departments, which we need not describe in detail. 'Buffing' consists in smoothing the rough surfaces of the horn by means of wheels covered with walrus skin. Side-combs and braids are bent to their peculiar curve by being first heated and then fastened to wooden blocks—an operation that lasts only a few minutes. Pocket-combs have of course a different and peculiar treatment in some stages; such as the formation of the joint, and the putting together of the handles. And there is a department in the works exclusively devoted to the fabrication of horn-spoons, which becomes chiefly remarkable from the circumstance of there being no modern application of machinery to the manufacture. The last process, however, to which all combs are subjected, is that of 'polishing,' which is also effected by means of wheels, but covered with leather of different degrees of softness. After this they are despatched to the warehouse; to be assorted for the last time—the side-combs being stitched to cards, or packed in fancy-boxes, which affords constant work to about twenty women. From hence the combs are distributed over the three kingdoms, to fulfil the great end of their existence. We may add here, that the curious and intricate machinery now employed in the manufacture is made on the premises.

As an appropriate finish to our inspection, we were shewn the patterns of the different kinds of combs, many of them exceedingly beautiful; but we can only notice them in regard to number. Of dressing-combs (counting the different sizes of all the patterns), there were 605; ladies' braid-combs, 612; ladies' side-combs, 525; pocket, small-tooth, horse combs, and sundry articles, 186; in all, 1928 different varieties of combs.

The aggregate number produced of all these different sorts of combs averages upwards of 1200 gross weekly, or about 9,000,000 annually; a quantity that, if laid together lengthways, would extend about 700 miles. The annual consumption of ox-horns is about 720,000, being considerably more than half the imports for 1850; the annual consumption of hoofs amounts to 4,000,000; the consumption of tortoise-shell and buffalo-horn, although not so large, is correspondingly valuable; even the waste, composed of horn-shavings and parings of hoof, which, from its nitrogenised composition, becomes a valuable material in the manufacture of prussiate of potash, amounts to 850 tons in the year; the broken combs in the various stages of manufacture average 50 or 60 gross in a week; and finally, as the crowning illustration of the enormous extent of these combworks, the very paper for packing costs £600 a year.

There are so many beautiful instances of the division of labour here exhibited, that the task of selecting is not easy. But let us take for an example the cheapest article in the trade; namely, the side-comb, sold retail at 1d. per pair—an article that, in its progress from the hoof to the comb—finished, carded, and labelled 'German shell'—undergoes eleven distinct operations. This comb, then, which twenty years ago was sold to the trade at 3s. 6d. per dozen, can now be purchased in the same way for *two shillings and sixpence per gross*; thus effecting a reduction in price of about 1000 per cent.

As a curious illustration of the value of labour, we give the following comparative estimate of the produce of the three materials:—

1 cwt. shell, val. £. 200, produces combs, val. £. 375, inc. 37½ per cent.	
1 ton horns, ... 56, 150, ... 168	
1 ton hoofs, ... 12, 36, ... 200	

Regarded in this aspect, in the relation of labour to material, we find that hoofs—intrinsically the least valuable of the three materials—become, with the application of labour, the *most valuable*—that is, proportionably: and the converse holds good in the case of tortoise-shell. The important relation labour bears to the produce may be estimated from the fact, that this establishment pays a larger sum of weekly wages than is now paid for the important business of cotton-spinning in Aberdeen.

Thus much, then, for the produce; and with a cursory glance at the producers we conclude.

At the time of our visit there were in the employment of Messrs Stewart, Rowell, & Co. 456 men and boys, and 164 women—in all, 620 hands—exactly four times the number employed in the comb-trade in all Scotland when they commenced business. This class of artisans were formerly noted for their dissipated habits; but in the present day we were much struck by the quiet and orderly appearance of the men as they poured out of the work at six o'clock. It occurred to us, however, that all this organisation and improvement was not brought about without considerable difficulty and trouble; and we were right. In a conversation with one of the partners, that gentleman, in reply to our inquiries on this point, remarked: 'We know from hard experience a little about the improvement of the working-classes. It is no easy task. Twenty years ago, when we commenced business, we did so under many disadvantages. We had all the difficulties of an overstocked market to contend with; a powerful and well-connected opposition in the English market; defects in our machinery; and other circumstances equally discouraging. We surmounted all these only to find a still greater difficulty with our men. In the habit of working irregularly at home, like tailors, they disliked our systematised division of labour; they resisted, rebelled, and left their work on more than one occasion when they knew we required them most. Nevertheless, we stuck to our principles. We shewed them the necessity of consistent labour for ten hours a day six days in the week. We reasoned with them, but never coerced. We established a temperance society and library in the works, and held out a premium to members, and took every means of rewarding merit, until the conviction at length took root that they obtained substantial justice at our hands, and gradually the annoyance became less, and now is unknown in our works. At this moment we have infinitely less trouble in managing 600 people than we had at one time in managing fifty.'

Conveying to this gentleman our best acknowledgments for his kindness in our brief visit, and especially for the courteous manner in which our somewhat numerous inquiries had been answered, we took our leave of the Aberdeen Combworks—in many respects the most interesting of a numerous class of apparently

insignificant, but really important, branches of manufacture. We were kindly furnished with specimens of side-combs in their various stages, from the hoof to the comb, which we have since had properly labelled, and classed in our 'curiosity shop' as one of the most remarkable illustrations in our day of the division of labour with the aid of machinery.

A DAY'S DREDGING IN SALCOMBE BAY, DEVON.

MICROSCOPIC RESULTS.*

LITTLE should we know of the wonders of the great deep if we merely took note of the forms of life which are visible to the unassisted eye. Almost every tuft of coralline or weed is the seat of a numerous population, of which only the microscope can give us tidings. We cannot estimate the treasures we have gathered until, when the day's work on the water is over, we sit down to the instrument, and find that the spots we had deemed waste are teeming with life and beauty, and that the smallest creature we had recognised is a monster as compared with the pigmy tribes which were swarming unseen around it. We place a portion of one of the larger zoophytes which we have brought home, living in a watch-glass containing sea-water, and submit it to the microscope. It is in itself a beautiful object, and we watch with delight the milk-white polypes issuing from their little cells and unfolding themselves like delicate blossoms on the branch. But we soon discover that the fragment before us is infested by a parasitic population; that its surface is covered with minute but wondrous forms of animal and vegetable organisation. That which to the naked eye appears as at most a roughness on the branch, is rendered by the microscope into a multitude of beings, each perfect of its kind, presenting us with the most admirable structure, and often with an exquisite beauty. Most of them belong to the great class of the animalcules—creatures which are universally distributed, which swarm by countless millions in the waters of the earth, and make every lonely pool a scene of busy life and happiness. Minute and insignificant as these beings are, they have a most important mission to fulfil. Their amazing numbers enable them to accomplish works which may truly be called gigantic. A great comparative anatomist has happily styled them, 'Nature's invisible police.' They are commissioned to arrest and bring back the fugitive particles of organised matter when on the point of escaping into the inorganic world. By feeding on the decaying animal and vegetable substances, which are held in solution in the water, they prevent them from passing off into a gaseous state, and convert them into a wholesome nutriment for other and higher tribes. They thus economise for nature, and keep up the supplies of food. They prevent waste—they gather up the fragments; they are also sanitary agents—they form a mighty host of scavengers, and clear the waters of the putrefying matter which would otherwise pour volumes of noxious vapour into our atmosphere.

There are many members of this useful class on the piece of zoophyte now before us. We will examine a few of them. The most numerous and the most graceful are the bell-shaped animalcules (*Vorticella*)—creatures so lovely that the description of them should only be entrusted to the poet. We will attempt a prosaic sketch, but without hoping to do justice to the original. The *Vorticella* consists of a transparent, vase-like body, attached to a slender, pedicel stem, which is composed of a dense fibrous substance, and can be withdrawn and fixed at the pleasure of the animal. At the lower extremity of this little vase is the mouth,

and around it is set a circle of vibratile hairs (cilia), which, by their rapid play, create currents in the water, and whirl the nutritive particles towards the opening. This beautiful ciliary fringe can be retracted at will. Within the body we may distinguish a few globular sacs, like coloured specks in a crystal vessel, which, when the creature is feeding, are in a state of restless motion, and may be seen to circulate at times round the interior cavity. These are probably locomotive cells, which receive the food, and distribute it through all portions of the tiny organism. Such is the general structure of these simple beings. Let us watch one of them for a moment. The slender stem is extended to its full length, and swings to and fro (there is a peculiar grace in all the movements) beneath the pretty calyx. The cilia are in full play, and a stream of atoms—the 'delicacies of the season'—is hurrying into the mouth of the little gourmand. When suddenly alarm is taken, and with the rapidity of thought the cilia are withdrawn, the body contracts into a ball, and the stem into a most beautiful spiral. After the lapse of a second or two the spiral slowly uncoils, the body rises majestically, and the eager pursuit is resumed. Beauty is the great characteristic of these little creatures. It appears in their form, their movements, and their structure. The vorticella are amongst the commonest of microscopic beings. The observer encounters them at all points, and often in the most unlikely localities. Is he examining a drop of ditch-water?—he finds them clustering about every speck of scum which it contains. He detects a minute, irregularly-shaped mass on the stem of a water-plant: as he watches it, it begins to rise, and at last expands into an arborescent vorticella—a miniature tree, the branches of which are all laden with the ciliated bells. A water-flea, or the larva of some insect, makes its appearance beneath the lens, carrying a whole company on its back. Our piece of zoophyte has a multitude upon it, and the little things are darting up and down even amongst the tentacles of the polypes themselves.

A still more curious and beautiful form of vorticella is also present. Here are several little plumes of the most symmetrical shape and the extremest delicacy. They might be feathers dropped from the wing of some microscopic bird. Each plume is a compound being. The little branches bear multitudes of the vase-like bodies which we have just described, and their thousands of cilia keep the surrounding fluid in a state of constant agitation. Each of the minute beings associated in this plumous commonwealth enjoys a certain amount of independence—selecting its own food, and employing its cilia at pleasure; but all are subject to a central power or will; for let any cause of alarm present itself, the entire structure, as it were, crumples up, the branches cluster together, and for a time all signs of vitality disappear. Our readers must not forget that the wonderful forms of life which we are now examining are either altogether or all but invisible to the naked eye. We find the spirit of beauty represented in these minims as well as in the grander features of the universe. Wisely has it been said: 'That which we foolishly call vastness is, rightly considered, not more wonderful, not more impressive, than that which we insolently call littleness.'

Another microscopic form of life (*Colpurnia*) is abundant on the marine productions which our dredge has supplied. Imagine a perfectly hyaline case, bounded by lines of beauty which the highest art might copy, and set upon a short and rigid stalk or pedestal. Fixed at the bottom of this 'crystal palace' is a small body, in shape somewhat resembling an Etruscan vase. It rises slowly, stretching itself upward towards the entrance of its little mansion. Having reached it, it throws out a pretty circle of cilia, which immediately begin to vibrate, and draw towards the mouth the nutritious particles which serve as food. When alarmed,

it suddenly retracts itself, and settles snugly at the bottom. The body when extended is elongate and tapering, and is attached to the case. It is transparent, and the little sacs, such as we have described in the verticella, are plainly visible within it. There is something singularly attractive in the graceful form and crystal-like transparency of these little mounted urns, and occurring, as they often do, in profusion on other marine animals, they contribute largely to the microscopic garniture of the ocean. It adds much to the pleasure which their mere beauty affords us to consider that each one of them gives shelter to a happy inmate, whose structure, though so minute, is perfect of its kind, whose little wants are all well supplied, and which witnesses as impressively in behalf of Providence as the most highly-organised and endowed of living beings.

But we must pass from the animalcules, taking no note of the multitudes, minuter far than those we have described, which swarm in each drop of water, and select an example from another tribe. Creeping over the stem which we are examining is a patch of delicate, silvery lacework, as it appears. It consists of a number of small calcareous cells, laid side by side, and forming a 'gauze-like incrustation.' Each cell has an aperture, which is guarded by several spines. It is a snug little home, and has a tenant that we shall presently describe. This structure is one of the moss-corals (*Bryozoa*)—an extensive tribe, which exhibits a comparatively high organisation, and plays an important part amongst the varied population of the 'great waters.' In the specimen under notice there may be some scores of cells; but a single community often comprises many thousands. Stretched over the opening of each cell is a membranous covering, towards one end of which there is a small valve, which opens so as to allow the owner of the dwelling—a polype of exquisite structure—to pass forth. And now one is issuing! The little door is thrown open, and a cylindrical body is protruded for some way, the anterior portion of which (it is a flexible sheath) is unrolled, as you would push out the inverted finger of a glove. From the extremity of this sheath a bundle of tentacles is darted out, which at length expands into a beautiful campanulate figure; and each of these tentacles or arms, which at first sight appear no more than simple filaments, is found upon close examination with the microscope to be thickly clothed with vibratile hairs, which by their incessant strokes drive currents of water towards the mouth, and so provide for nutrition. The internal organisation of these creatures, as well as the mechanism of their cells, is wondrously complete and curious; and the story of their reproduction is a little romance, which it were pleasant to tell had we space at command. Their movements are most vivacious. They dart from their cells, and for awhile the delicate bell-shaped crowns of tentacles are swaying gracefully over the silvery network. But if the water be roughly agitated they vanish on the instant; down they sink beneath the membranous roofs of their little dwellings, the door is close shut behind them, and you can detect no sign of life throughout the colony. There is an extraordinary variety in the form and arrangements of the cells in the different species. In some they form a simple network; in others, they are like little barrels, often curiously sculptured or prettily frosted and granulated; in others, they run along the surface of stone or shell, like a string of beads. The moss-corals occur in immense profusion. On almost every marine production they establish themselves, overlying with their white and glistening crusts the bare surface of stones and the quiet hollows of deserted shells; investing the stems of zoophytes and sea-plants, and in short, planting colonies in all conceivable localities, and turning many a waste place into a seat of life, beauty, and happiness. The broad fronds of the larger sea-weeds may often be

found completely 'overwrought with their network.' Mr Landsborough mentions a specimen of one of the tribe which measured five feet in length by eight inches in breadth. 'As every little cell,' he says, 'had been inhabited by a living polype, by counting the cells on a square inch I calculated that this web of silvery lace had been the work and the habitation of above two millions of industrious, and, we doubt not, happy inmates; so that this single colony on a submarine island was about equal in number to the population of Scotland.'

There are also other forms of bryozoa. In many kinds the cells, instead of creeping, are aggregated into plant-like tufts. Here is a little bush of ivory whiteness, rooted to a stem, which we have torn from some submarine forest. It has the general aspect of a plant, but is in truth a compound animal. Its branches are laden with tubular cells, and instead of flowers or fruit it bears polypes. A multitude of these little beings, each in its stony case, are here organically united to form one structure, and from every portion of it they display their ciliated arms, supplying at once their own wants and helping to maintain the common life. These plant-like bryozoa are also numerous, and their history is as full of interest as their forms are full of beauty. But we can dwell no longer upon them at present.

We turn for a moment to the microscopic vegetation which in wonderful profusion and variety spreads over almost every object that comes beneath the lens. We read of the beauty of palm-groves, and of tropical forests, draped with pendant parasites, whose flowers, cast into the most fantastic shapes, painted with gorgeous dyes, or tinted with ethereal delicacy, present a glory of colouring which only the sunset or the rainbow can rival. But hardly less beautiful, and certainly not less wonderful, is this miniature forest, which, all but invisible to the naked eye, clothes the stem of the sea-plant, and gives food and shelter to many tribes. Often have we paused in our search for animalcules through the tangled mazes of these Lilliputian groves to admire the strange and the exquisite forms of the vegetation, and to marvel at the beauty and variety which have been crowded into the obscurest nooks of creation.

The microscopic plants to which we refer belong principally to one family (*Diatomaceæ*). It were impossible in few words to give any idea of their manifold forms. Here is a little tree, the prettily-variegated leaves of which are arranged in fan-like clusters. Here we have a number of parallelograms, attached one to the other by a single corner, and forming delicate chains which intertwine and hang in glittering masses from the weed. Some of these little chains are richly and elaborately carved. Here is a plant, which in shape is a simple wedge; but the forms are endless, and strange enough they, many of them, are without parallel in the vegetable world. Nor is colour wanting in these tiny forests. Vivid greens, sober browns, and delicate golden tints, give diversity to the foliage. Again we must remind the reader that the forest which we have so imperfectly described is to the naked eye a mere scum on the stalk of a sea-weed!

Much more might be said of these interesting plants. They are amongst the most ancient of vegetable races. The records which they have left of their existence in distant geological ages are such as to fill us with wonder. Endowed with a power of secreting flint, and depositing it in their substance, they are in truth indestructible; and of their remains, minute as they are, whole beds of rock and tracts of country have been in great measure compacted. What changes may they not at this moment be preparing in the condition of our globe?

We have thus glanced at a few of the minute forms of life, animal and vegetable, which abound in the ocean, and which the drogger has the amplest opportunity of examining if he will, and we must now return to the bay and the boat. A fresh haul has just been

made, and amongst the spoils brought up are several of the beautiful creatures popularly known as sea-anemones. They are attached to shells or stones, but having contracted on removal from the water, they present none of the flower-like appearance from which their common name is derived. That their beauty may be fully appreciated, they must be seen displaying their glories beneath a summer sky, in the rock-pools left by the receding tide. There they expand their circles of brilliantly-coloured arms, and through the clear water the surface of the rock appears as if studded with the choicest flowers. Most of the species have the power of retracting their tentacles within the body, and in this state would be little likely to attract the attention of any but the naturalist. Some of them are also furnished with glands on the surface of the thick skin which envelops them, by means of which they can attach to themselves sand, pebbles, and broken shells, and so conceal themselves from enemies. (Often you may observe on the sandy flooring of one of these rock-pools a small heap, as it seems, of such fragments as are plentifully scattered about in the neighbourhood. Watch it for awhile, and soon, especially if the sun happens to look into the pool at the same time with yourself, you may see your little heap opening, and gradually several circles of delicate arms protruded from it, scarlet, orange, or rose coloured, as the case may be, until at length the sea-anemone is full-blown. The tentacles in these creatures are arranged in circular series around the mouth, which is a central opening, and are the instruments by which they obtain their food. They are well-fitted for this purpose, as they can be moved in all directions, and adhere with much tenacity to any object to which they may be applied. They also secrete a poisonous fluid which paralyzes and disables the creatures that may come within their reach. Very admirable instruments they are, and wo to the unwary crab or mollusc that shall tempt their fatal embrace!

One species, which is not uncommon on our coast, has the power of stinging severely, and will almost blister the hand if touched. It is gregarious, a number of individuals generally clustering together, and their long and slender arms (which are not retractile), of a bright sea-green colour, tipped with violet, may often be seen forming a lovely fringe round the margin of the rock-pools. Let no wanderer on the shore, whatever be his errand, if he have an eye for the beautiful, pass these same pools without notice. They will present him with some exquisite scenery. Their sides are clothed with the red tufts of the coralline, with the plumes of the zoophyte, and with whole forests of many-coloured weed; dark ribbon-like fronds stream upward from the bottom, ornamented here and there with patches of the whitest lacework; bright *nulipores* diversify the surface of the stones that lie scattered below; and the sea-flowers, rivalling in their tints the beauties of the garden, leave nothing to be desired in the way of colour.

A very pretty anemone (*Adamsia*) has come up in the dredge, which well illustrates the vividness and variety of colouring for which the members of its order generally are remarkable. The body is, for the most part, light, marked with the brightest purple spots; a pink line encircles the oral opening; and the arms are of a most delicate whiteness.

The polypes, by which the beautiful madrepores of tropical seas, the coral-reefs, and islands are formed, are closely allied in structure to our own sea-anemones. They are not simple animals, but a multitude of them are united together by a gelatinous crust, which secretes a stone-like mass, covered with cells, in which the polypes are lodged. Marvellous have been the operations of these little creatures. In primeval ages their efforts contributed largely towards the formation of the solid crust of the earth. They are amongst the

mightiest agents in the world to-day, rearing their 'imperishable masonry' from the depths with 'toil unwearyable,' building islands for the future habitation of man, or fringing the shores which he now possesses with gigantic barriers, against which the ocean expends its fury in vain. They were at work in creation before man appeared in it, preparing it for him; and they are now effecting changes which he cannot suspend, and the results of which he may not predict.

Like the kindred anemones, these coral-making polypes are remarkable for the brilliancy of their colours. A traveller, describing the coral-reef, tells us that 'vivid greens contrast with more sober browns and yellows, mingled with rich shades of purple, from pale pink to deep blue.' A poet, too, has celebrated the beauty of the 'coral-grove,' where

'With a gentle and easy motion
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.'

He who has made acquaintance with the anemones of our own coast will readily believe in the glories of tropical seas.

And what are these leathery masses that lie so thickly at the bottom of the boat? Unsightly enough they certainly appear on slight inspection, but the rough exterior covers a very delicate and perfect organisation. Examine one of them. It is a coarse, thick bag, with two orifices placed on prominences at one end of it. It has no arms, no locomotive or prehensile apparatus whatever. A most helpless being it appears to be. But if you could look within the sac, you would find that full provision has been made for all its wants. Beneath that rough covering are placed the most delicate organs, and wonderful machinery is continually at work, procuring, elaborating, and distributing the required nutrition. This being belongs to a class (*Tunicata*) which is nearly related in structure to the oyster, and other inhabitants of bivalve shells. (One of our zoologists has likened it to an oyster tied up at the bottom of a leathern bag! The thick outer covering takes the place in this tribe of a shell, and defends the soft portions of the body. These creatures are attached to stones, shells, or weed, and are extremely abundant in the ocean. A very inactive life they lead, rooted to one spot, and shut up in their leathery houses. They have none of the excitement attendant upon the pursuit and capture of prey to diversify the quiet monotony of their existence. The water passing freely into the interior of the body through one of the apertures mentioned before, bears with it the particles which serve as food, and these are carried by the action of multitudinous cilia to the mouth, which is situated at the lower part of the sac. At first sight this appears a very extraordinary position for the mouth. But a little examination will show us that it has been adopted with much wisdom for a definite purpose. The upper portion of the bag forms a large chamber, and over the membrane which lines it is spread a network of blood-vessels, in which the fluids are exposed to the action of the water, and thus aerated. This chamber, in fact, discharges the functions of a lung. The surface of the living membrane is covered with cilia, which drive over it unending streams of water, and so provide for an effectual oxygenisation of the blood. And these same cilia convey the nutritive particles to the mouth, which is placed at the bottom of the breathing chamber. In this way an important saving in machinery and power is secured. Had the mouth been placed in the usual position, as an opening on the surface, two sets of instruments would have been required—one for the purposes of prehension, the other of respiration. As it is, the very act of breathing procures food. Little can these humble creatures know of the 'cares of subsistence!'

In some of the tunicata the outer envelope is beautifully transparent, and the internal structure and vital movements can be readily observed. You may watch the circulation of the blood, the incessant vibrations of the cilia, and the action of the heart. The dredger is very familiar with the members of this class; and many are the interesting forms with which it supplies him. A large and handsome species is now lying in the boat, which somewhat resembles a mass of white porcelain. These curious gelatinous crusts, too (*Dotryllus*), investing the stems of the sea-wood, the surface of which is tessellated with brilliantly-coloured stars, belong to the same tribe. They are compound tunicata; and the stars—green, blue, red, or yellow, which glitter so brightly amongst the dark foliage—are composed of many individuals, whose bodies are immersed in the mass, and ranged round a common centre. A strange form of life this is! We despair of giving any idea of the beauty of the large bunches of weed over which these compound animals have spread their stollate communities, graceful in form, and gay in colouring.

We have referred to the breathing apparatus of the tunicata. It is interesting to note the various methods by which the same function is provided for in different classes. Here we have a sea-slug (*Aplysia*) allied in general structure to the raven of our garden. In this creature the respiratory organ consists of an elegant plume-shaped appendage placed at the top of the body. The vessels are distributed over this, which, from its position, is always bathed by the surrounding water, and the blood flowing through them is freely exposed to the influence of oxygen. Gliding about amongst the branches of the weed, we meet with many members of another family of molluscs (*Nudibranchiata*). These are graceful creatures, related to the tenants of the univalve shells (that is, the whelk), but themselves destitute of all external defence. Their delicately and variously-coloured bodies are for the most part covered with appendages, prettily branched, and resembling miniature trees. These little trees, which wave through the water as the creature moves, are the breathing organs. In others of the tribe these arborescent tufts are aggregated at one point of the body, and form a circle of exquisite beauty, and not inaptly comparable to a flower in appearance and disposition. These beings, from the brilliancy and variety of their colours, and the gracefulness of their movements, may be said to take the place, in their own submarine groves, of the birds that fill the forests of the upper air.

The examination of these admirable provisions must surely impress the mind with a sense of the amazing resources of the great Maker! And what shall we say of the prevalence, the all but universal presence of beauty? It is superadded to almost everything in nature. The breathing organ of the sea-slug is a graceful plume; the case of the animalcule is of crystalline transparency, and moulded into a shape on which the eye rests with delight; the spine of the urchin is fluted and sculptured.

The most necessary pieces of structure devoted to the commonest functions are invested with a beauty which is in no way essential to their efficiency. 'The Spirit of God,' it has been eloquently said, 'works everywhere alike, covering all lonely places with an equal glory, using the same pencil, and outpouring the same splendour' in the obscurest nooks, and amongst the humblest organisms, as well as in the star-strewn spaces of heaven, and amongst the 'capable witnesses of His working.' This superadded beauty, which the student of nature meets with at every point in his researches, is a direct revelation of the divine spirit, which it were a miserable affectation to exclude from the science of nature. These things, of a truth, were hardly worth looking into if we might not connect them with the thoughts which they express.

Here we must bring to a close our notes on a day's dredging, leaving material enough for many papers unemployed.

A change has come over Salcombe Bay since we started in the morning: heavy masses of cloud have overspread the summer sky; the sea is curling and breaking into foam, as the wind sweeps fitfully over it; the submarine forests and grottoes upon which we looked down in the morning through the clear, calm water are no longer visible; gloom has settled down on the distant cottage; and the cheerful eyes have ceased in the neighbouring fields. A dismal bank of fog is, as it were, blocking up the entrance of the harbour, and the Bolt-Head, its rugged summit already shrouded in vapour, frowns a warning which we have no inclination to disregard.

COURT LETTERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

OUR readers probably remember the selections made in a late article from the manuscript collection of Sir James Balfour. In that miscellaneous store there are so many other documents of a curious and instructive kind that we cannot resist the temptation to present some further specimens of them. The first we shall select is a small prettily-written note, eminently pleasing both in its appearance and its contents. It is from the widowed Duchess of Lenox to King James I. of England:—

'MR SOVEREIGN LORD—According to your majesty's gracious pleasure signified unto me, I have sent a young man to attend you, accompanied with a widow's prayers and tears that he may wax old in your majesty's service, and in his fidelity and affection may equal his ancestors departed: so shall he find grace and favour in the eyes of my lord the King; which shall revive the dying hopes, and raise the dejected spirits of a comfortless mother. —Your majesty's most humble servant,

K.A. LENOX.'

This letter has already been printed in one of the small volumes edited by Lord Hailes, of which but a very few copies, however, were circulated. But in the same collection of manuscripts there is another applicable to the same subject, which has never, so far as we know, appeared in print. We are almost sorry to draw attention to it, as it certainly is a sad contrast to the purity and affectionate beauty which seem to pervade the brief appeal to royal generosity. The document in question commences thus—it would be tedious to give it entire:—

'THE LADY DUCHESS OF LENOX—HER DEMANDS.

'Three thousand pounds per annum during her life, in lieu of 1500 pound lands sold for her lord's debts, and in lieu of a jointure having brought 1500 pounds land more to the house of Lenox.

'Such averages as are due upon the Patent of sweet wines—viz., from the date of the Patent to the delivery thereof to the Lord Marquis Hamilton.

'The benefit of the Patent of coles towards the charge of maintaining her children.

'A somme of money to discharge this half years expense, little rentes coming in and no benefit at all by these patents.

'After her decease 2000 pounds per annum to be confirmed to the Duke her son for 21 years, in lieu of the Patents of the green wax and sweet wines, which in true value are worth 8500 per annum, and nevertheless her Grace will be contented on the former conditions to surrender them both to His majesty.'

The reader will see in this how coolly monopolies not only of the moderate luxuries of life, such as sweet wines, but of the necessities, such as coals, were dis-

posed of to the grasping nobility in that corrupt age. Times are surely improved since the day when a lady could unblushingly ask the produce of a duty on coals 'towards the charge of maintaining her children.' These monopolies or patents were a main cause of the discontent of James's reign, and of the actual conflict in that of his son.

The Duke of Lennox, whose widow shewed herself so able and active, was the son of that Esme Stewart who brought King James into so much disgrace as a dissolute favourite. His successor had but a brief enjoyment of his honours and emoluments, since he only succeeded to the title in 1624, and died on the 22d July of that year. The widow was the daughter of Gervase Lord Clifton, who was committed to the Tower for threatening the life of Lord Keeper Bacon, and afterwards committed suicide; the duchess subsequently married the Earl of Abercorn. The son for whom she appealed so pathetically became Duke of Richmond. The solicitations in his favour were sufficiently effective; for he had emoluments and honours heaped on him both by James and his son. Clarendon says: 'He was a man of very good parts, and an excellent understanding, yet, which is no common infirmity, so diffident of himself that he was sometimes led by men who judged much worse. He was of a great and haughty spirit, and so punctual in point of honour that he never sverred a tittle. He had so entire a resignation of himself to the king, that he abhorred all artifices to shelter himself from the prejudice of those who, how powerful soever, failed in their duty to his majesty, and therefore he was pursued with all imaginable inalice by them, as one that would have no quarter upon so infamous terms as but looking on while his master was ill-used.'

We turn to another curious application to the same quarter by a mother also pleading for patronage to her son. It is much longer than the Duchess of Lennox's, and very different in character. In appearance it is noater than the finest printing, being in Roman letters, with finer hairstrokes than printing-ink or types can lay down, being only equalled in fineness by copperplate printing. We give it exactly as it is spelt, for a purpose that will presently appear:—

'MOST MIGHTIE MONARCHE.—Darre I presume upon th' honor and credit that I have had at divers tymes to speake your Royal Majesté, and hath ever found your highnes favour, and upon the gracios accepting of a litle work by this youth given to your highnes at Striveling, called *Sidus Cælestis*, as to make humble suite for this one and last thing to this my only soune, who, having passed his course two yeares ago, would gladly follow theologie, if it shall please God. Yet as Dedalus was not able to frie himself of his imprisonment in the Ille Creta but by the help of wings mead of pennes and wax: even so my soune is not able to frie himselfe of inhabilitie to effectuat this his affection but by the wings of your Maties letter, composed by pen and waxe, through the which he may have his right happilie to sum fellowship either in Cambridge or Oxford as occasion shall fall out; wherefore, gracions King, lett your most humble handmaid find this last favour in your sight to direct one of this noble men by you, to signifie your highnes will and command unto your secretarie, that when this my soune shall notifie unto him of any fellowship, he may receive without any hinderance your Majesties letter in the strictest manner. For the which I may have my tossed mynd relieved of the great care I have perpetuallie for this said youth. And we all of us will never cease to beseech God to preserve and prolong your Majesties lyfe, with many happy and prosperous yeeres to reigne over us. Edinburgh, the xx of Jun 1620. Your Maties most humble subject, HERRIN IRELAND.'

This Esther Inglis was so celebrated for her beautiful writing, that there are several biographical notices of

her. One of them is in 'Harding's Biographical Mirror.' She uses one of the forced metaphors of the day, and it is amusingly characteristic of a person distinguished for calligraphy, or the art of beautiful penmanship—one which then ranked with the fine arts, at least in the eyes of its professors. What was called the Italian hand—the same that is now written—was then coming into use, especially with women of high rank, and superseding the strange grotesque angularities presented by the Gothic, when used quickly, in familiar correspondence. A person like Esther Inglis, with great command of her pen, would, at an epoch like that, be of supreme importance, and doubtless she derived great part of her fame from the admiration of her achievements, by the ladies trying to acquire the Italian hand. The following is a letter from a lady who had acquired the fashionable form of writing, but had evidently little of the fundamentals of education, though she was a very great personage indeed—no other than the duchess of the all-powerful Duke of Buckingham, the favourite successively of James and his son Charles. She, too, writes to King James. The subjects of her letter, so far as they can be made out, will be deemed rather curious as occupying the attention of the modern Solomon. But the spelling is the most remarkable part of it. We must not judge of its rudeness by that of the present day, but it is fair enough to compare it with that of Esther Inglis; and in doing so, to conclude that the wife of the favourite before whom the greatest statesmen of the day trembled, had little better education than a chambermaid of modern times:—

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MATI—I have received the too boxe of drid plonis and grapes, and the box of violatt cake, and chickens, for all which I most humbly thanke your Mat. I hope my Lord Anan has told you your Mat that I did mean to wene Mall very shortly. I woud not by any means a don it till I had first mad your Mat acquainted with it, and by reason my cuzen Bet's boy has binn ill of latt, for fere shee should grieve and spyle her mylke, makes me very desirous to wene her, and I thinke she is ould enefe, and I hope will endure her wening very well, for I thinke there was never child card les for the breast than shee dos, so I do entend to make trial this night how she will endure it this day. Praying for your Mat's health and long life, I humbly take my leve.—Your Mat's most humbll servant, K. BUCKINGHAM.'

In the same collection there are a quantity of ill-conditioned scrawls, written by one who was evidently perfectly at his ease, and cared not what sort of paper he used or how he wrote—full of blots, interlineations, and all manner of literary patchwork. These are letters by the great Duke of Buckingham himself to his patron the king, who had endowed him—a foolish, headstrong, insolent youth—with the principal offices of the realm, not excepting that of lord high admiral. In these letters, full of fulsome familiarity, and forming, indeed, an unsavoury specimen of the manners of the times, Buckingham signs himself 'Stinde.' This is the Scottish vernacular familiar for Stephen, and it appears that it was a name given by the monarch to his favourite on account of his resemblance to the apostle's representation in a picture. We shall give a short specimen of this correspondence, not taking the trouble of copying the spelling precisely, as we did that of the duchess. The reader will doubtless notice the bold dealing with important affairs of state, and the insolently-familiar conclusion. The letter appears to have been written at the time when parliament began to attack the duke, on the return of Charles I. from his romantic expedition to Spain. Buckingham was the projector of the expedition, and it was evidently through his pride and insolence that it proved abortive. Here is the letter, selected as one of the shortest of those from the duke:—

'NEAN DAN AND GOSAIR—The cause of my troubling

you so soon with a letter is, that there is a jealousy raised in the lower house, how that yet the two treaties are not absolutely broken off. The Prince, Hamilton, Pembroke, Lancaster, and myself, who have all seen your dispatch to the king of Spain, thinks if that was shewed to them it would fully content them. We all likewise think there is nothing in it but what they may well see; and because on Tuesday they pass the bills of subsidy, I think it will not be amiss to be read to them, which, if your majesty like and allow of, I will call for it of the secretary, and to-morrow morning read it to them. So craving your blessing, I kiss your dirty hands, and end your majesty's most humble slave and dog,

STINIE.

The fate of this vain coxcomb, whose power became almost unlimited throughout Britain, is well known: he was stabbed at Portsmouth while preparing to set out at the head of an expedition to raise the siege of Rochelle. The assassin was an insane lieutenant named Felton, who had served under him, and had been disappointed in his hope of being raised to the rank of captain. He dropped his hat while committing the murder, with a paper in it, shewing the direction of his insane malice. This paper was, by the way, in the possession of an autograph collector with whom we were acquainted, and formed the glory of his collection.

An assassination is always abhorrent to English feeling; and little as the duke was liked, either by the aristocracy or the middle classes, his death created a profound sensation. The collection of manuscripts of which we have been making use shews, however, that at least one man had a perverted enough taste to attempt to commemorate the event in exulting poetry. We wonder how any one in that age dared to preserve such a production. The self-esteem of authorship might tempt a man to write it, but there is nothing in its merits to induce a collector to brave any danger for its preservation. The commencement will be quite enough to satisfy the reader of its quality.

'AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO YE NOBLE LIEUTENANT WHOR SLEWE
13 GREAT DUKE FOR REDEMPTION OF HIS COUNTRIL.

'Immortal man of glorie whose brave hand
Hath once began to disenchaut our land
From magique thalidomine. One proud man did mato
The nobles, gentles, commons, of the state,
Strook peace and warre at pleasure, hurles down all
That to his idoll greatness would not fall
With grovelling adoration. Sacred rent
Of Brittan, Saxon, Norman, Princes spent,' &c.

The allusions to Spain in connection with the Duke of Buckingham and Prince Charles naturally lead us to a volume of Sir James Balfour's Collection, which may be found to throw light on some mysterious intrigues of King James before he ascended the throne of England. The documents appear to justify a pretty prevalent suspicion, that he was endeavouring to secure the assistance of the Roman Catholic courts to aid him in ascending the English throne should it turn out that Queen Elizabeth indicated another successor, or that in any other way he might be likely to lose the support of the Protestants. Lord Semple, who had lived for a considerable time in Spain, appears to have been the moving-spring of these intrigues. His letters are extremely curious, and we would say from their spelling that they show the writer to have forgotten his native language, and become imbued with Spanish. We shall conclude this article with the commencement of one of them, given exactly as it is spelt:—

'It vill ples your Magestie yet eftir my arrival hir I conferrit with ye crunal [colonel] my cusing for tryall of ye King of Spains moning to quartis Your magestie titill to ye crune of Inoland qua mervallit not littil yet in so reecht [weighty] a mator your ma nador got me

comissione nor varrand in na sort. Alwayis he hes gotin satisfaction to your magesti and yet sua sekretlie as na man hir knawis of it safen ane of ye counsell quha is his grit frind.'

THE FRENCH ON INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

THE number for June last of that eminent periodical, the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' presents us with an interesting article from the pen of M. Audiganne, devoted to *L'Enseignement Industriel*, which the author uses as a translation of our expression, 'industrial training.' We have repeatedly had occasion to comment on this important subject; but preparatory to some notice of the French views, we shall state briefly what we understand by industrial training as practised in this country. When the system of Ragged Schools was established, some gentlemen who had devoted their attention to practical economics, while they admitted that much good would be accomplished by them, questioned how far the system could be safely carried. They feared that there was a point at which we must stop in affording immediate homes to all children left destitute by their parents, especially if the establishments in which they were received merely gave them temporary occupation, without raising their capabilities or fitting them for self-support. In fact, carried to a certain extent, it might hold out temptations to parents who otherwise might provide for their offspring, to leave them to the always inferior resource of public charity. It was felt, however, that within the partial sphere which they as yet occupy there was an element capable of being introduced in these establishments which could not fail greatly to improve their usefulness, and make them effective for the permanent reformation of at least a portion of society—this was the system of industrial training. Now, to perceive the efficacy of this principle, observe that from their very commencement our industry was associated with these institutions. The poor wanderers who received food and instruction in them were to be occupied in work: but in what work? Naturally in that most cheaply and easily supplied, and therefore, though this might not be obvious to the benevolent founders of the system, least valuable. The pupils were to pick down old ropes into tow or oakum; to sort hair and wool; to make mats, and nets, and the like. They were thus kept out of mischief for the time being, but were not permanently redeemed from pauperism. The occupations we have mentioned are all pauper employments, next door to utter idleness, and incompetent for self-support. They tended, then, to place the managers of the Ragged Schools in this dilemma—that after all their efforts they did little to raise the class for whom they so zealously laboured.

When we ask how these poor outcasts have become what they are, we find that their parents, perhaps their ancestors for generations, have descended from the productive or respectable classes to the unproductive or predatory. The waifs of society, even when they work, do not produce. Be it through thimble-rigging, pocket-picking, or begging, they live by the transference to themselves of what others produce—not by producing. It appeared, then, that if the children of these classes—so many of them at least as filled the Ragged Schools—could be brought from the unproductive class in which they were born into the respective and productive rank, there would be a clear gain to society. This was the principle on which training in skilled labour—in the occupation of the tailor, the shoemaker, the carpenter, and the smith—was applied to the Ragged Schools, which have been gradually changing their name to Industrial Schools. The French writer admits the solidity and unquestionable practical advantage of this system. He states that the principle of Ragged Schools is in itself not free

from question, and that economic criticism may find abuses in it, but that it has the merit of founding the industrial system (*Le régime des ragged schools n'est pas inattaquable. La critique économique y pourrait relever des abus; mais enfin L'Angleterre doit à ces écoles la première application un peu large de l'enseignement industriel.*)

The author justly attributes the merit of commencing the system to the United Industrial School of Edinburgh, where it is still among the best managed (*L'Unité Industrielle Ecole d'Edinburgh, une de celles où l'enseignement pratique est le mieux organisé, &c.*) In this establishment it has not only been found that lads, after they are there for from two to three years, are readily taken by tradesmen who give them good wages, and are thus fairly started in an independent career in life; but the training has been very useful to the discipline of the establishment in giving an object sufficient to occupy the minds of a set of creatures whose way of life has prematurely excited their energies and capacities.

Nothing, however, could exhibit better the contrast between the practical habits of the two nations than the Frenchman's commentary on this interesting, but in itself purely local and limited experiment. In France he would not have it confined to the operation of private benevolence, but would connect it with the national economy, and have a vast system of industrial training (*au lieu d'appartenir au domaine de la bienfaisance, les écoles industrielles deviennent en France une Institution économique.*) Thus in this quiet practical country, a few gentlemen go down a dark close, and get a few carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, &c. to teach their trades to a set of charity children, carefully watching the progress of the operation lest it turn out to be a fallacy in their hands. But no sooner does the brilliant and theorising Frenchman see its advantages than he must forthwith find it a grand instrument for national regeneration. We need not speculate for our neighbours—they do that abundantly for themselves; but for this country, much good as we can see in the system of industrial training, we hold that it is advantageous only within limits. It is a good rule here at least never to do for the people individually what they can do and may be brought to do for themselves. Independent self-support is the bone and muscle of this great country's greatness. Alas for our fate if there were not a hundred children started in life through the efforts of their parents for every one that is brought up and provided for by charitable or other public institutions! If we were to train up the children of all our working-classes in trades according to government regulations and with national funds, they would soon cease to be that great working class which they now are.

The article on which we have been commenting is extremely interesting, as containing a general view of what has been done by governments for the furtherance of industry in various parts of the world. Schools of design, and those establishments which, by teaching, lectures, libraries, exhibitions, or the like, give the artisan the means of improving himself, are, we believe, unquestionably advantageous. But the accounts of the result of farther interference and official regulation are not very promising. In Prussia the certificate of capacity which a mason, a joiner, a wheelwright, &c. requires, does not bring him nearly up to the level of the same kind of workman in this country. The author shows that it is in Italy, incapable Italy that most is done by government for the workman. We wonder why so little—nothing at all almost—is done in Holland, that hive of industry: a nation more industrious indeed, as a whole, than our own, since nearly all its people are of the same energetic character as the workmen in Britain. But we think the author has not seen the force of the solution which he himself

suggests—that government intervention to inculcate industry is superseded in a country where every household is an industrial school. We fear it is not in the power of statesmen to supply the want of such a characteristic by government arrangements.

Lines Addressed to a Miniature.

By a Lady.

Thou knowest not, thou faithful miniature,
The strange delight thy lines to me afford—
Thy mimic features, with their placid mien,
Calm and unmoved, unconscious of my eye!
Here I may gaze and dream, and fear no blame;
This I may love and prize unseen—alone.

How nobly truth and innocence combined
Sit on that brow, and dwell within those eyes!
How sweetly on those closed and manly lips
Firmness and love together hold their way!
Thy form I see, with strength and courage braced,
Thy glance with all its native energy!

In vain I met, I know, approved, and loved
Him whose most truthful likeness thou dost bear;
In vain I watched his eye, forestalled his wish,
Welcomed his presence, and his absence mourned:
I learned his flame—I smoothed his path to joy;
My fate was sealed—his love was not for me!

And there is one who drinks from those fond lips
Words of delight and accents of deep love;
Who reads entranced his soul's impassioned vows
From those deep, earnest, and most loving eyes;
On whom his every thought, his every wish
Is fixed, and chill or change shall never know,

And be it so! worthy are ye of bliss!
May Heaven its choicest blessings freely pour,
Strew all your earthly path with fragrant flowers,
And lead to realms of everlasting day!
My heart is rent, my inmost spirit seared,
But prayer and silence shall alone be mine.

I. H. R.

'THE LADIES' GUILD.'

As a pendant to the article on this Association in our last Number, we are now enabled to mention that the Guild is not intended to be confined to Miss Wallace's patent. It will likewise provide an economical but genteel home for lady-artists, wood-engravers, fancy-workers, &c. who in the sale of their productions will enjoy the advantage of the commercial arrangements of the Guild. This extension of the plan adds greatly to the importance of the institution, and justifies the promoters in inviting such persons as will be satisfied, for the sake of the benevolent object, with 3 per cent. interest to assist in forming the small capital required by taking £5 shares.

VULGAR FESTIVITIES.

It is indeed a sorry business when the British people has it in mind to be festive. As though bewildered at the very thought of twenty-four hours' abstinence from toil, the artisan betakes himself to strongest beer to nerve his frame for the contrast, and inspires fumes of blackest tobacco to dim his perception as to the difficulties of his position; and to this beclouded and frenzied condition of their supporters do the caterers of holiday amusement address themselves. In no country in the world is so little art employed, so little invention exerted, such obstinate attachment to worn-out routine, as among our show people. All is coarse, supremely silly, or simply disgusting. There is no genuine mirth, no healthy expansion of the spirits. Riot and low debauchery are its substitutes.—Times.

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THREE FRENCH RIVERS.

SCOTSMAN-LIKE, I have always had a sort of mystic reverence for celebrated pieces of water, whether rivers, lakes, or seas. It is one of the features of the national character to poetise and symbolise the abstract ideas of our favourite streams. In this respect the Scot is like the Greek—he breathes life and individuality into the features of nature. If he do not create river-gods, fashioning their dreamy forms, and chiselling their never-exhausted urns, he still entertains a dim, yet thoroughly-poetic idea of, so to speak, the sentient individuality of his favourite stream. He collects its natural attributes, whether sternly magnificent or softly beautiful, and with them he endows a mystic, symbolic personage, whose sworn and chivalrous defender he becomes. Scott well knew the tendency, and has frequently alluded to it. 'That's the Forth,' says the Bailie, with that air of reverence which I have observed the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers. Sir Walter himself, who made the Spirit of the Flood speak with the Spirit of the Fell, would assuredly have done valiant battle for any stream between the Cheviots and Cape Wrath; but he would have died the death in honour of his well-loved Tweed. The English have little of this feeling. A few of the poets—Milton and Pope, for example—have individualised and deified the slow-moving waters of the south; but their writings in this respect were but the reflex of classicism. They called up again naads and water-gods; but the visions were felt to be mere cold poetical conceits—not hearty, nationally-stamped impulses. Some years ago I remember asking a working-man upon Leeds Bridge the name of the slow stream beneath.

'Why, it's the reever,' was the reply.

'Yes; but don't you call it by any name in particular?'

'Not as I ever heard o' anyway, it ain't no business of moine!'

You would never find such thoroughly-stupid boorism north of the Carter Fell. Not a shock-headed loon who dabbles in a moorland burn but would tell you, at all events, the local name of the running water; not a douce, grave burgher, loitering at Curfew Linn on the gray, old brig, beneath which pours, with old and well-timed melody, the fulness of the stream beside which he was born, but would expatiate by the hour on its beauties and its merits: the wildness of its 'spots,' and the crystal purity of its pools; with a passing legend, perhaps, of some ancient ford, or a smiling but respectful reference to the kelpie who once wonned down in the darksome waters of the deep swirling holes, but who has ages ago extinguished for ever 'his candle of death and of dool.'

Smitten, then, with this national instinct of reverence for rivers, I paid, during a recent ramble in France, some attention to the characteristics of its three great rivers—the Loire, the Garonne, and the Rhone—each of which has its own individuality, and boasts its own attributes. The French are unlucky in the navigable qualities of their great rivers. The Seine, though comparatively a small stream, is perhaps the best fitted to be a means of transport; but the genius of the country, which shrinks, cat-like, from water, has prevented any really efficient attempts from being made to overcome the natural obstructions to the passage of boats along the vast courses of the other streams. The Loire is a deceitful river. Calm, and gentle, and softly flowing—swirling on in pleasant streams and smoothly-moving reaches, amid its green meadows, and clustered vineyards, and stretching corn-fields, it can nevertheless come roaring down from bank to brae with all the fury of a Grampian torrent. Its course is strangely tortuous: rising in the wild regions of the Auvergne, amid the extinct volcanoes of that remarkable tract, and as far south as the country of the olive and the mulberry, it sweeps through entire central France, mirroring many an ancient town and laving many a historic château ere it flows by Nantes. The Loire, except in particular spots, is not a pretty river. The bed is two or three times the width of the actual average stream, leaving vast expanses of shingle and sand, and low marshy islands, through which the scanty stream, divided sometimes into a dozen dribbling branches, takes its winding way. The main current is seldom above from four to six feet in depth, and its track changes, with a curious perversity, from side to side of the bed, shifting and winding between islet and sand-bank, sometimes overflowed, and sometimes left dry and whitening in the sun. But the Loire, in flood, is not to be trifled with. The general line of the country through which it passes is low, the valley being wide and shallow, and the adjacent *hauts* rich and flat. At intervals, therefore, huge dikes or dams have been constructed. The work was begun as early as the Valois kings; but the *lerées*, as they are called, are continually being broken into; and all along the river, from Roanne in the central south, you see upon bridges and house-walls a deeply-cut arrow-head, marked *rue de 1846*—the memorial of a flood which, from Orleans downwards, laid the valley of the Loire under water.

A voyage up the Loire in one of the sailing-barges which manage to navigate it would be an excellent expedition for a traveller fond of taking his time on the way. These great boats always sail in fleets made fast to each other. They are flat-bottomed, and carry one huge mast, upon which is spread one vast sheet of very

white canvas—only adapted, however, to be displayed when the wind is right astern. If the westerly breeze be strong, the squadron makes comparatively decent way, except in the more rapid streams, in ascending which it is amusing to watch their struggles. Now, perhaps, a rattling gust of wind, which makes all the long rows of soldier-like poplars in the neighbourhood buffet each other lustily, sweeps angrily over the ruffled current; the big sails swell and surge; the long and thin, but well-stayed mast bends and quivers; and up goes the fleet gallantly, flinging the water from their huge square booms. In a moment, however, the force of the gust lulls; the masts straighten from the strain; and the upward motion of the squadron comes to a gentle stop. Sometimes I have watched a fleet motionless for ten minutes in a rapid stream; the force of the current just counterbalanced by the strength of the wind—the boats sometimes gaining a foot or two, at others losing as much—and hours perhaps consumed in the ascent of a few hundred yards. The appearance of these large squadrons in the more softly-flowing reaches of the river is very beautiful. You watch them threading the channels between the labyrinthine wooded islets, the white sails glancing amid the trees, and then perhaps emerging into a broad shallow bend, following from bank to bank the devious channel.

It is between Blois and Angers that the Loire attains its most perfect beauty. There France is really 'la belle.' There the fairest landscapes of the kingdom—combining the freshness of the north with the richness of the south—spread gloriously along the river banks. The corn grows richly as in the Beauce; the apple, luxuriantly as in Normandy; the maize, yellow as in the hottest Pyrenean valley; the grape, luxuriant as in the sunny terraces of the Rhone; and there, too, passed the most picturesque scenes of mediæval France. The Valois kings loved the Loire, and studded Touraine with their châteaux. It was from the castle of Blois—the Windsor of France—that the dark power of the Medici family radiated. It was at Chambord—the finest specimen of the antique chateau between the North Sea and the Mediterranean—that the easy-going Francis I. caroused; and you may still see the mouldering stones of Plessis-le-Tours, where Louis XI. plotted with Oliver le Mauvais, and gossiped with Tristan l'Hermite. Here, again, at Chinon—a paradise of vines, and groves, and softly-flowing waters—Joan of Arc broke in on the easy revelry of the seventh Charles. Diana of Poitiers is forever associated with the halls where her emblematic crescent still glitters. And this, too, was the country of the gentle Agnes Sorrel. Again, what a glorious bend-roll of ancient towns stud this delicious land. Blois, in all its mediæval picturesqueness; Tours, redolent of Louis XI. and his Scottish archer-guard; Amboise, a model of the town called into existence by the feudal fortress; Saumur, an old Protestant stronghold; Angers, from whence came our own Plantagenet kings—more antique-looking than even Blois; and Nantes, the thriving capital of Brittany.

Turn to the Garonne, and we leave all such deeply-interesting historical associations behind us. The great river of Gascony rolls a rapid pea-soup-coloured flood along a course curiously destitute of general interest, except perhaps such as may be derived high up in its course from recollections of the Albigenses, and in more modern days from the struggle at Toulouse between Wellington and Soult. In the plains watered by the Garonne, however, the 'gai science' originated. Languedoc and Gascony sent forth the first of the minstrels and troubadours. The tongue in which the *serenades* and *lais* charmed by these wandering gentlemen were written, still exists in the common patois of the peasantry; and the race of which Blondell was a member is not yet extinct. The last of the troubadours—

—one Jasmin, a barber, and a man of high poetic abilities—yet dwells at Agen, on the Garonne, and yet sings ditties similar in spirit to those which Cœur-de-Lion proposed to chant—'in oo or in oui'—to the holy clerk of Copmanhurst; when that reverend personage indignantly proffered a good old English ballad to all the 'ocs and ouis of France.'

There is little traffic on the Garonne, with the exception of the reaches above Bordeaux, up and down which boats laden with country productions for the city's use ply incessantly. It is a sight, early on an autumnal morning, to see these arks, laden to the water's edge with piled-up masses of grapes, plums, and melons, disembarking their contents above the great stone-bridge of Bordeaux. The air is sickly with the fragrance, and the shore an absolute chaos of massed and heaped-up luscious fruit. The valley of the Garonne, however, with all its actual riches, looks poor and bleak. The river often winds between bare chalk cliffs, pouring a yellow, muddy flood from side to side of its piled and built-up banks; the villages are dead and dreary-looking places, mouldering and crumbling to decay; but the populousness of the country is shown in the vast number of wire suspension-bridges which span the stream. At a distance these structures look very commanding; but a close inspection shows how weakly and how coarsely they are built. The diligences crawl cautiously along them, amid such a storm of cracking and creaking, that I was often well pleased when we turned our backs upon the river. It is far up the stream, however—about the roots of the Pyrenees—that the Garonne shews its best points. At Bordeaux it is half water and half yellow mud, but still flowing with a strong and sweeping current. Higher up towards Agen and Toulouse, it is a dull drummy stream—often in the summer-time leaving great expanses of shingle bare, and broken here and there into futile rapids by the projection of shelves of rock across the bed. But issuing from the boxwood-covered gorges of the Pyrenees, the Garonne is a glorious Alpine stream, plunging on its way in foaming, whirling eddies, amid masses of disjointed rocks, swirling round and round in clear, deep, rippling pools, or kicking over the slimy shingle with a gay, popping sound—pleasant green *laughs* upon the banks, and gowan-covered knolls, and many a ragged mountain-urchin 'paddling in the hura.'

So far as volume of water goes, the Rhone is undoubtedly the queen of French rivers. The scene goes sleepily and dreamingly along, the Loire, when not in flood, murmurs musically from island to island, and steals tranquilly by the shingle whitening in the sun; the Garonne, by the time its tributaries have converted it into a first-class river, is only rapid and fierce at certain points; but the Rhone throughout its course, from Geneva to the muddy Delta in which it loses itself and oozes into the Mediterranean, is a wild, turbulent, headlong river, driving down in breathless haste and majestic force towards the sea. The stream is therefore held in very great awe by the dwellers on its shores. A sudden melting of the snow upon the Swiss hills is a matter of very serious import to the bank towns, from Arles upwards; and I have been more than once struck by the anxious faces watching the nightly rush of the impetuous flood when the river was considerably higher than its ordinary level. The Rhone alone of the French streams still boasts a few bridges of boats upon the common German plan. There are other ancient structures of stone, the shooting of which—particularly of one at Pont St Esprit—was a feat in the days of old. It was on the Rhone at Tournon—a place close to the celebrated Hermitage Vineyards—that the first French suspension-bridge was erected; and since then they have multiplied rapidly—in general, however, the same flimsy, unfinished-looking structures so common on the Garonne.

As may be guessed, the Rhone shows little favour to barge navigators. It is a capital stream to float a vessel down with; but *revoquer gradus* is the difficulty. Many barges are despatched from Lyons and the higher towns towards Avignon and the Delta, laden with merchandise, which is disembarked at its destination, and the boat—a rude, ill-put-together affair—broken up for firewood. This is generally the case with the coal-barges floated down from the mining country below Lyons. Other vessels, however, achieve the upward passage; but their number is fast diminishing, as steam is making its way upon the river. The Rhone barges, like those of the Loire, sail in fleets, but never make use of canvas. A whole troop of track-cavalry tugs each lumbering squadron. Three or four barges, fastened to each other, are often dragged by thirty or forty horses, scrambling on the banks, plunging into the water, often dragged off their legs as the desperate eddies and flows of current wrench round the boats with irresistible force. The voyage of an amphibious caravan of this sort, from Beaune to Lyons, used frequently to occupy from six weeks to two months, and the squadron was lucky which made the passage without the loss of two or three of its horses. The labour these poor beasts undergo soon breaks them up, even if they escape being dragged into the river and drowned in their harness. The upward navigation of the Rhone, indeed, without steam aid, was mere wanton folly; and accordingly the vast mass of the products of the south, and the *'denrées coloniales'* which every country grocer in France paints over his shop-door, are brought northward in great caravans of carts and wagons, which daily and nightly, at every hour of the twenty-four, toil monotonously along eternally the up-and-down and dusty glaring road.

The Rhone scenery in some degree resembles that of the Rhine; but it is far tamer, and less varied. Like the Rhine, the French river loses itself in divers branches in a flat and marshy country—forming towards the mouths of the Delta a dreary expanse of rice-swamps and salt-morasses—burned up by an almost tropically-powerful sun—continually overspread with dark night-mists, and haunted by perpetual fever. Higher up, the Rhone passes through the dry, parched olive country, amid stony tracts of brown, gravelly hills. This applies to the district about Arles and Beaune. According to Avignon, and beyond it to Valence, we get into the mulberry district—the olives and the almonds disappearing, and the more stately timber of Midland France taking their places, with the vine everywhere. It is above Valence, however, that the characteristic features of the river appear. During a long summer day, you steam windingly between two unbroken ranges of brown, undulating hills, vineyards from the water's edge to the summit. The quantity of the fruit cultivated is surprising. On and on for scores of miles, between two enormous screens of vines, every square inch of the mountain-side terraced and cultivated, as if the soil were the last left of the world. Here and there, upon a rocky peak, towers the gray and Rhine-like feudal château, generally in ruins. Along the river's bank extends the long, straggling, brown-burnt village, and a far-stretching line of flying dust, streaking with white the green expanses of the vines, indicates the track of the road on either bank. Between these the Rhone rushes in the fierce, sullen majesty of its might—the idea suggested by the river being always one of power and strength, never of grace or beauty.

There are certain features which appertain to all French streams, big and little: the clumsiness and apparent frailty of the barges used, for instance—the rickety and miserable look of the smaller boats, generally mere flat boxes, rowed with machinery like wooden spades—all speak of the anti-aquatic habits of the people. On the seacoast they learn to build ships

as well as other nations; but up the country they never take kindly to the water, or aught that concerns it. You never see in a French river-town anything like the pleasure-wherry—the smart gig and funnies which in England would be floating on the water by the score. The punts employed are used for purely business purposes—Paris, which is a miniature representation of all Europe, and as such having borrowed some of our English customs, being the only exception to the general rule. On the Seine there are a few *canots*—the pale reflexes of London—four, six, and eight-oared galleys; but at Lyons, for example, on the Rhone, at Macon on the Saône, at Bordeaux on the Garonne, and at Tours, Orleans, Saumur, and so forth, on the Loire, I never saw the ghost of a pleasure-skiff, or heard that the rivers were ever used as a means of recreation and wholesome exercise, except in swimming. The barges, again, are frequently very large, but very flimsily built, and generally unpainted. They have a family-likeness on all rivers, particularly in the extraordinary awkwardness of the machinery with which they are stored—the tiller often consisting of a vast beam of wood, weighing more than a ton, one end of it flattened and widened by means of nailed boards attached, the other running as far forwards as the mast. The steersman reaches it by means of a platform, and the whole mass is poised upon the stern. The washing establishments form another French river feature. In summer they seem all very well—bating the rude usage which the linen appears always to be subjected to; but in winter it makes one shudder to see the hands of women, with their bare arms up to the elbows in the icy stream. A *blanchisseuse* has probably no very pleasant life of it in any country, but the French sisterhood must undoubtedly be amongst the greatest victims. In England such operations are usually conducted by the side of comfortable stoves and steaming-coppers; but certainly our neighbours, with all their reverence for Napoleon, pay but little attention to the literal interpretation at least of one of his most noted maxims—*'Lavons notre linge sale en famille.'*

LYDIA, THE FOOLAH SLAVE.

In cruising along the western shores of Africa, we touched at Freetown, the principal settlement of Sierra Leone. This is a colony of liberty and of death: giving freedom and all its blessings to a vast number of enslaved Africans, whilst the noxious climate has made it proverbially 'the white man's grave.' At the end of December the weather was charming; for although the thermometer ranged high there was a cool breeze from the sea, and the air was balmy and elastic, imparting a cheerful vigour to the animal and mental frames. I could scarcely imagine that a few months previously the yellow fever had made such dreadful ravages, or that in a few months later most of the European inhabitants would be suffering from debility or fever from the hot vapours of the rainy season and the miasma which arises from putrid vegetation.

Freetown itself is an interesting place, well situated on a rising-ground near the river, with a high hill at its back. It contains more than 16,000 inhabitants, of whom 300 or 400 are Europeans, the rest are mulattoes and free blacks. The negroes are of a great variety of tribes, forming a miniature representation of the nations and languages of Central Africa. Under the fostering care of European missionaries and schoolmasters, many of the coloured population have acquired the rudiments of knowledge, and are becoming industrious, intelligent, and well-behaved. The contrast between this settlement and any native town in

its natural rudeness is so marked as to be highly pleasing to the friends of Africa, and I could scarcely regret the valuable lives which have been sacrificed in producing this oasis of a desert continent—this refuge from slavery and barbarism in a blighted land. Free-town is surrounded with about twenty small towns and villages, in which nearly 40,000 liberated slaves are settled under care of the British government. Each has his own plot of ground, on which he erects his hut, and uses as a yard or garden according to his convenience.

As I was strolling through one of these towns, looking about with prying curiosity to see African manners improved by civilisation, I was accosted by an intelligent woman, of comely appearance, and of a lighter complexion than I had supposed to belong to the negro race. She was neatly dressed in native costume, having a garment thrown elegantly round her breast and shoulders, whilst another covered the lower part of the body: she wore European shoes, and had her hair fastened with a pretty handkerchief. She spoke broken English in a fluent manner, her language shewing that she was accustomed to read. After a few minutes' conversation, she invited me into her dwelling to take a seat, and refresh myself with a drink of milk. The hut which I entered was of superior workmanship, consisting of two apartments, besides outhouses, and containing some articles of good furniture: it was quite as neat and comfortable as an ordinary cottage in England, though necessarily in a lighter style. Two or three fine children, not so fair in skin as their mother, were playing about the door, clothed in a simple shirt or frock—quite enough for this warm climate. Her husband had gone out to look after some cattle. After various questions, which she answered with readiness, she yielded to my importunate request for a short narrative of her eventful life, which she gave to the following effect:—

I belong to one of the Foulah tribes who dwell in the interior of this country. The pastoral Foulahs have whiter skins than the other negroes: my husband is a Fencolar, speaking the same language, but of a darker colour. I remember nothing of my earliest childhood, and was never told about it by any person; nor do I know where my parents lived, nor where I was born. I have a faint recollection of dwelling in a village, composed of wattled huts, and surrounded with a stockade: it had one broad street in the middle, with cane-houses on either side, each in a little plot or garden. I played about all day with my infant brother and other children of our tribe: we did not wear any clothes, for these are not used by children in Africa. My father and his people—for he was head man of the town—used to keep cattle, and were obliged to take them in the dry weather wherever pasturage could be obtained. This is all I remember of my first home. We were never allowed to go out of the town by ourselves, lest we should be stolen by men or devoured by wild beasts. So we lived in safety though not in peace; for in Africa there is nothing sure save the vast forests, the desert sands, and the mighty rivers: these must always remain—but man has no quiet there. We are in constant fear of enemies, and we never know when to expect a foe. We are like a canoe in the water when the paddles are lost and a strong wind is blowing—we are like the chickens when the screaming hawks are flying over our heads—like the bleating goats when the howling wolves surround the fold.

Our stockade kept out the wild beasts at night, but it could not save us from the attack of wild men, for in poor Africa there is little in our houses which the wicked can steal; so they come to rob us of liberty and all we hold dear in life. We never grudged paying the Mandingoes for keeping us safe; and though their chiefs often imposed upon us, and asked many presents, we did not complain.

We were one night sweetly asleep as usual, the children lying on a wicker-frame at one side of the hut, and our parents occupying another on the opposite side. We were as birds in a nest, for our tribe was at peace with all around, and we paid a tribute to the king in whose country we sojourned. At midnight we were awakened by a great shout, and I felt much frightened, for I had never heard so loud a noise except from the thunder of heaven. It grew louder and louder like a mighty tornado crashing the trees, and sweeping everything before the terrible blast. Men's voices were now heard, and my father seized two spears which stood against the hut, and ran out. My mother was just following when we heard a loud noise of guns, and all was for a moment silent, like the still calm which prevails before a tempest blows. Then my mother ran in shrieking, and seizing us children, threw us under the bed and spread the clothes over, telling us to be quite quiet whoever might come in. We lay there in trembling suspense for a few minutes, when she again hurried us out; and we saw a great light as if all the town was on fire. The roof of our own house was burning, and we ran out to escape the flames. Near the door I saw the body of my father, covered with blood, his hands still grasping the spears. I called him to rise and come away with us, but he returned no answer; and my mother hurried us into the middle of the street. We there found ourselves surrounded by savage men, who bade us keep together, and then drove us like a flock of goats out of the burning town. There I saw all our cattle collected, and the women and the children of our tribe, and a few of the young men with their hands tied behind them; but we had passed by many dead bodies.

As soon as it began to be light we were driven into the forest, and made to go very fast, never stopping till the sun was quite high. When any of the children were tired and could not walk farther, they were given to the women to be carried. Some of these were old, and were themselves feeble, and they did not care to go into slavery; so they refused to go forward. They were then beaten, and if they still refused they were pierced with a spear, and left to be devoured by the hyenas and wolves which followed at a distance, for they know the track of the man-hunter. The bloody vultures also screamed over our heads, and I have been told that they often fight with the beasts for the bodies of the slain. At last we were all tired with walking and with the sun, and faint with hunger and thirst. We reached a river which we crossed, and sat down under the trees of the opposite bank, for the men could there see if any one was pursuing them. At last they judged that all was safe, especially as they were now far in another king's country, who was friendly to some of themselves. When the coffee had rested and our captors had satisfied their hunger—for we had nothing to eat, only they gave the children a little milk—it was then agreed partly to divide the spoil. Some of the men-hunters were quite strange to us, speaking a language we did not understand, and having come from a great

distance; but others were wicked men who lived in a country not far from our own, and who had joined the hunters and led them to our unhappy town for a booty. The women with their infants, and the young men and older children, were taken by the strangers, because they could travel, and it was needful that they should remove far away from their homes, lest they should find means of escape from bondage; but the little children who could not walk far, and who were heavy to carry, and who were not likely to know anything of the country, were given with most of the cattle to the hunters who lived in the neighbourhood. In this division I was separated from my mother and my little brother, whom she carried on her back. My mother begged hard to have me with her, and cried and tore her hair; but they forced her away, threatening to take her infant if she would not be quiet. She then desisted, and covering me with kisses, she wrung her hands in anguish, and bade me a long farewell. There were gloomy prospects before us all, but we only knew a part of our woe: we were like a sheep which mourns for her lambs that are killed, but does not know the fate which soon awaits herself.

Next day the party who had us for their prey reached their own town, and made a feast because of their success. The cattle and children were indiscriminately divided amongst the robbers, and my master went home exulting with two little slaves and many head of cattle. We were well used, and had little to complain of, in our childish forgetfulness of the past and ignorance of the future. The women who belonged to my master—for he had several wives—tilled the ground and prepared the food, and they were kind to us in our orphan condition; but I could never look at my owner save with feelings of horror, for visions of the bloody deed which he had done followed me by day and haunted me by night. It was too terrible a scene to pass away from my memory; and when I heard the other children calling "father" and "mother," I felt angry at him who had deprived me of both.

After a time my slave-companion was parted from me, being sold to a dealer who came round the neighbourhood. My master received in exchange some rum and tobacco. He would have sold me at the same time, but his chief wife wanted me to take care of her baby. After some years, when I was beginning to grow tall, she sent me into the field, for she claimed me as her slave, and I always obeyed her orders. Field-work was harder than that in the house, but I was not displeased to be away from my master, whom I could not bear to look upon; besides, he was a passionate man, often drunk, and then his fury was ungovernable, till they stupefied him with liquor, in which state he would lie for days together. On one occasion when he was absent a Moor passed by, and my mistress called me and shewed me to him. He examined me all over very attentively, looked pleasantly at me, and afterwards had a conversation with her on the subject. She then gave me to understand that the Moor had offered a good price for me at the end of six months, provided I then looked well and plump. She praised my beauty, and said that I should go to live with the Moor, but that I must take care to answer his expectations. For this purpose I was brought from working in the fields, was well fed, and had to drink a large quantity of camel's milk each morning. Thus, sir, we are treated like the cattle: like them we are bought and sold, and like them we are gorged with food when it answers our owner's purpose.

The time fixed upon was fast approaching, but I looked forward to it with far less interest than did my mistress. She was expecting my price in a quantity of necklaces, bracelets, and a fine shawl, which the

Moor had promised to give for me if I were in good condition, and she spoke much about the hoped-for finery. I cared little about the matter, feeling no interest in the barter; whether I were a slave or a slave-wife made little difference, and would scarcely alter my condition of servitude. My thoughts were very limited, and provided I should be well treated and have plenty to eat, I little cared where I was or to whom I belonged. I had no idea of a soul or of a future state, but regarded myself as one of the cattle—only having a more beautiful structure of body than they. I knew more than the cows, but not more than the ants and bees, and the sagacious elephant. What I heard of these creatures often made me wish that I was as free and as wise as they seemed to be. I lived for to-day, heedless of to-morrow, and nothing but my daily employment had ever exercised my mind. My master never prayed, for he was a Soninke or drunken infidel, and knew not God. We had dances at particular times of the year, and some of the people made offerings to idols, and we wore greengreases or amulets to keep away danger and disease; but we knew no more. The Moors, however, have a sacred book, and some of the negro nations worship Allah as they do; but this is for the men, not for the women.

The expectations of my mistress turned out like other African hopes—they were written on sand, which is scattered by a sudden whirlwind. One day while I was weaving cloth beside her, we were surprised by a small party of horsemen who dashed into the yard. All the men of the place were absent, which these freebooters had ascertained by their spies. They instantly seized us and as many more women as they could find, each taking up one upon his horse, and rode off at full gallop. It was the work of a moment, and we were all carried away—my mistress, her child, and the other wives, sharing in the same captivity with their slaves. In Africa a man may be great to-day and very little to-morrow, and he that plundered his neighbour's house yesterday may have his own home broken up next morning. When my master came home from looking after the cattle which he had stolen he would find his huts desolate, and might have no information about the robbers—only that they were Moors.

The sufferings connected with this second captivity were severe, but short compared with those endured by other Africans. After riding for a short time at great speed through the forest, and finding there was no pursuit, our captors dismounted their victims, and forming us into a group, they drove us like a herd of cattle at a rapid pace. If any one began to lag behind a rope was tied about her neck, and she was dragged and goned forward to keep up with the rest. We travelled hard for two days toward the south, when we reached a town where they traffic in slaves, and there the dealers soon purchased us of the Moors. The slave-merchants into whose hands we had now fallen were expecting a vessel toward the western coast, where a small vessel was lying in a creek of the Rio Grande waiting for a cargo. This circumstance saved me much bodily torment, which must have been caused by a long journey to the Gold Coast, and by the inflictions of a tedious voyage. The place of our embarkation was a hazardous one for the trade, being so near the British settlements; but it was attended with many advantages if the slave could only get clear of the coast: it was a short but dangerous enterprise. We were detained for a few days at the water-side, waiting until an expected cruiser had passed by the mouth of the river; then we were huddled at night into a small slaver, which immediately set sail. But who can describe our wretchedness during the next two days—being cooped up between decks, unable to sit upright, or even to change our posture, and nearly suffocated for want of air? A light wind had driven the slaver from the shore, and then left her becalmed in sight of land. This added to our sufferings; since

there was no ventilation in the ship's hold, and though we were perfectly naked, the heat was intolerable. To keep us alive we were released for a few hours in the morning, and went to take air on the deck. The sight of Africa's mountains, and gloomy anticipations of what might yet befall us at sea, and in distant lands, filled us with melancholy; but we were almost past feeling through fatigue and exhaustion. Perhaps I was as heedless of my fate as any on board, as I had not left behind any one for whom I cared. The only being in whom I had felt interested for many years was my mistress's daughter, who had been taken sick on the road, and was left by the Moors to be devoured by the wild beasts.

While looking over the side of the vessel at the huge sharks which swam around us, as if waiting for the body of some dead negro to be thrown overboard—for these fish are said to know and follow the slave-ships—I was struck with the appearance of a dark object coming towards us: it looked like a ship, but it had no sails, and I could not tell how it moved. It seemed to have a short, thick mast in the middle, out of which a black smoke issued in a long stream. It came forward without oars or sail. We all wondered; but the captain and sailors were greatly alarmed. They looked at it through a long tube, and then consulted together. At first they thought of throwing us all overboard, and even came to lay hold upon us for that purpose; but we shrieked and struggled, and as we had no clothes to hold us by, they soon found it would be too long a work, especially as there was an under-deck full of male slaves still below. Meanwhile the flying-ship was coming quickly down upon us, so the seamen lowered two little boats, and jumping in, rowed with all their strength towards the shore, which they soon reached, and disappeared in one of the creeks. The steamboat, as I have since heard it called, came close alongside. She was full of men, who had swords and pistols; others stood with matches in their hands ready to fire their great guns, with which I am told they can sink a vessel much larger than the slave. Several finely-dressed men leaped on board, but finding that all the crew were gone, they put up their swords and spoke kindly to us, telling one of their black sailors to inform us in the Mandingo language that we were all free, and would soon again be set ashore on Africa. The fetters of the male slaves were knocked off, food was given us, and we had as much water as we could drink, for we were parched with thirst.

In a very short time—for white men do things very quickly—all was got ready for sailing. A large rope was fastened from the steamboat to our ship, which was dragged through the water to Sierra Leone. You cannot think of our wonder and joy, our surprise and delight. It was like a dream; but I had never dreamed anything half so astonishing. To be delivered in a moment from slavery and sorrow; to be on the way back to Africa; and all this to be done by a ship which went without sails, which swam with fins like a fish, and belched smoke and fire from its mast! I knew not where I was, nor whether my head or feet were uppermost. At sunset of next day we reached Sierra Leone, and my surprise was increased by the sight of the place. Such large houses appeared at a short distance!—such fine soldiers came down to the sea!—such finely-dressed men and women, white and black, walked about! Many black people came to look at us, and to see if they had any friend among us; and all spoke to us kind and pleasant words.

When we had been taken to the King's Yard, and been washed and dressed, some people came to take apprentices, and among others the man who is now my husband. He is a Foola, but not of the same tribe as myself: he was once a slave, but had now been several years in the colony, and having worked hard he had raised himself to respectability. Perceiving my

fair skin he spoke to me in my language, and upon receiving an answer he asked me how I had been captured. I told him the chief events of my history. When I had finished he immediately went and spoke about me to the government officer, and then took me to his house, where he and his wife treated me kindly. They remembered that they too had been slaves and strangers in a foreign land, and they pitied me, for they were good people. My mistress was young, but she was sickly, and she had an infant which she wished me to take care of. I was also to help her in all matters about the house, which was easy employment. She was a very sweet woman, and I soon loved her much: she treated me more as a companion than a servant, and I was never so happy as in fulfilling her wishes.

A few days after I arrived was the Sabbath. I was surprised that the people did no work on that day, but all dressed themselves in their best clothes, and when a bell rang they went to a large house like a store-room, but much larger and finer. They told me it was called a church, where they sang and prayed, and heard a minister preach to them out of a great book about God, and their souls, and a future life. All this was new to me. I wondered at what I saw and heard, but could understand nothing. My mistress, who was herself a Foola, kindly explained to me about the Bible, the book which God has given to the white man. It filled me with much wonder, and I could not rest till I understood these great truths. It was the first time I had really thought about anything that deserved attention, and I was glad to find that I had a mind to think and a heart to feel. Eventually I was baptized by the name of Lydia, and became a happy member of the Christian church, being now able to speak a little English, and to understand something of what the minister said.

My sweet mistress continued sick for two years; and though we had a white doctor to attend her, she grew worse, and died. It was a time of great trouble to us all, and to none more than to myself. I loved her very much, even as my own soul; for she was always kind to me, and had taught me much that was good. She died in the faith; and I have often thought that if ever there was one on earth who was prepared by gentleness, purity, and peace, for a holy heaven, it was my dear mistress.

When my apprenticeship was nearly finished I had grown to womanhood, and was now tall and comely. Two or three young men were making proposals of marriage, which my master said should be entirely left to my own choice; only he advised me not to be in a hurry in coming to a decision, for I should easily get a good husband, and now I had a comfortable home. He had not taken another wife, and there was nobody who loved his child as I did, so I said that I would remain with him as long as he pleased. One day he brought home a new dress, which he told me to put on; he said that I looked very nice in it, and I replied that it was too fine for a servant. He said that he wished me to go with him to a wedding the next week, and that I must be dressed for the occasion. Upon my asking who was going to be married, he said that it was himself, and that he hoped to have me for a wife. Such a thought had never entered my head, and I was quite perplexed; but the result was that I became his happy bride. Since then my life has been as peaceful as a flowing river on a fine morning. It has always been the dry season in our house—no rains, no tornadoes of sorrow, have ever troubled our dwelling. We negroes are naturally a quiet race, and the Foola's heart right, filling it with love to God and man, it is as peaceful as the blue sky—as happy as the pretty birds which fly about the bushes. My youthful sorrows are almost forgotten, except to contrast them with my present blessings, and to thank God and the English for this colony of Sierra Leone. This is a hill on which

we live when the floods arise and cover the ground; it is a house of stone when the fierce tornado blows and destroys the huts; it is the shadow of a large tree when the sun smites the earth with his strong heat.

GOETHE'S TASSO.

It has been remarked by Mr R. P. Gillies, that Tasso's records of his own unhappy existence are far more interesting and romantic than the most elaborate of his poems, although the said records are only the chronicle of his wayward caprices and miseries. 'The scene only changes from the palace or convent to the prison vaults, and the vicissitudes of feeling are from the dazzling illusions of hope to the dark, heavy clouds of despondency.'* The minstrel—now dwelling in kings' houses, now pining in durance vile—was he who sang 'Jerusalem Delivered,' who in palace and prison could see farther and feel more deeply than his fellows: like his own hero—

'Molto egli oprò col senno e con la mano,
Molto soffrì nel glorioso acquisto.'†

Stone walls and iron bars could not indeed exclude the vision and the faculty divine, but they could stifle and distort the poet's aspirations—they could bruise and batter the wings of this poor struggling 'bird of paradise.' For, as Byron has it—‡

—'Form'd of far too penetrable stuff,
These buds of paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion; soon they find
Earth's mist with their pure pinions not agree,
And die, or are degraded.'

The pilgrim in Italy, as he paces the dull, deserted thoroughfares of Ferrara, looks up wistfully at the grated windows of St Anna's Hospital, and bethinks him of a time when at one of those windows might be seen, day after day, the earnest, pallid face of Torquato Tasso, peering anxiously through the bars—'a face handsome, but extremely sad, rather past middle life, but haggard beyond its age; the hair, though partially white, falling down in delicate curls from the high and somewhat wrinkled forehead; the cheeks pale and ghastly, as of one just recovering from severe illness; thin lips, anxiously parted from one another, and showing the white teeth set; eyes preternaturally bright, and fixed with an intense gaze down the street.'§ Tasso's situation under the duke's lock and key was, as Shelley observes, widely different from that of any persecuted being of the present day; for from the depth of dungeons, public opinion might now at length be awakened to an echo that would startle the oppressor; but *then* there was no hope.||

To represent in a dramatic poem—for such, rather than a drama, is Goethe's 'Tasso'—this 'victor unsurpassed in modern song,' on whose name attend 'the tears and praises of all time,' was a task worthy of Germany's chiefest bard. The action of the piece is comprised within some dozen hours; but, as Miss Swanwick remarks,¶ by skillfully availing himself of retrospect and anticipation, Goethe has presented us with a beautiful epitome of the poet's life. The period is that signalised by the completion of his great epic—a work which has elevated him, says Sismondi,** perhaps above all modern poets. (The *poet-à-à* in the Frenchman's criticism is of infinite importance, in the ears at least of the countrymen of Shakespeare and Milton.) We see him a guest of Duke Alphonso, in the beautiful retreat of Belriguardo, where Petrarch was entertained

and Ariosto found his models. He is surrounded with objects from which a happier temperament might have extracted the means of tranquil happiness. Not yet has Alphonso bound him fast in misery and iron, or done aught to merit the indignant denunciation of Child Harold; not yet had occurred that *heira* of the distracted minstrel from Ferrara to Sorrento, when, disguised in shepherd's garb, he told his own tale so touchingly to Cornelia, that the fond sister fainted with grief; not yet had he known imprisonment in the hospital of St Anna; not yet wandered toward his, honoured indeed, but miserable, seeking rest and finding none. But for all these sorrows Goethe prepares us. He reveals the forecast shadow of coming events. The cloud may be no bigger than a man's hand, but it is there: it is dark, lowering, grimly foreboding; and with the fifth act the rustling of its heavy drops is heard, and we feel that the storm is begun.

That Goethe has drawn a faithful portrait of this sensitive, irritable, melancholy genius, so far as actual history rather than ideal art is concerned, appears undeniable. For instance, in one of Alphonso's descriptions—

'Thus to secure my favour, he betrays,
At times, unseemly aidour; against some
Who, I am well assured, are not his foes
He cherishes suspicion; if by chance
A jester go astray, a hiring leave
His service, or a paper be mislaid,
He sees deception, treachery, and fraud
Working insidiously to sap his peace.'*

So in Leonora's remonstrance—

'And oh, dear friend, that Heaven would grant me this—
To make it clear to thee ere thou departest,
That in thy fatherland there is not one
Pursues thee, hates, or covertly molests.
Thou art deceived! and as for others' pleasure
Thou'rt wont to practise thine inventive art,
So in this case thou wov'st a cunning web
To blind thyself, the which to rend asunder
I'll do mine utmost, that with vision clear
Thou may'st pursue life's glad career untammell'd.'

Tasso's love for the princess is fervently told. Her he glorifies in every strain. Now exalting her to the starry heavens—now stealing after her through silent fields, hallowing her every movement, blessing the music of her every footfall—

'His loved ideal from the spheres he brings,
And doth invest it with the name she bears.'

When, in the palace gardens, she takes the laurel crown from Virgil's bust and places it on Tasso's bending head—an emblem of the crown that awaits him in the capital—he quivers beneath its gentle pressure, as though it were a sunbeam on his brain, scorching up the power of thought.

'Whatever in his song doth reach the heart
And find an echo there, he owes to one,
And one alone.'

to whom he passionately consecrates, once and for ever, his whole being.

Tasso's first appearance on the scene is with the completed epic in his hand, which he comes to present to his patron, who receives it with graceful compliments. His happiness for the moment is exuberant—happiness such as poet's electric blood alone can so intensely feel and so swiftly lose. Antonio enters; and lo! Paradise Lost! Antonio is the hard-headed practical man of the world—sage, deliberate, politic, courteous, conventional, and his *entrée* is as through a nightmare of materialism—

'Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen
ademptum.'

* Memoirs of a Literary Veteran, vol. i.

† Gerusalemme Liberata, c. i.

‡ Prophecy of Dante, c. iii.

§ Milman's Life of Tasso. § Shelley's Posthumous Essays.

¶ Introduction to her Translation of Tasso.

** Literature of Europe, ch. xiii.

* Miss Swanwick's translation.

had come to perch its intolerable weight on the breast of the transcendental dreamer. Antonio and Tasso cannot hunt in couples. They agree together much as do flint and steel—the result is sparks of discord. Tasso can admire the secretary, just as Coleridge admired men of business, for capacities wherein he felt himself signally deficient: he calls his conversation instructive, and his words ‘how useful in a thousand instances!’

‘For he possesses, I may truly say,
All that in me is wanting. But, alas!
When round his cradle all the gods assembled
To bring their gifts, the graces were not there;
And he who lacks what these fair powers impart,
May much possess and much communicate,
But on his bosom we can ne’er repose’—

any more than Shelley could have nestled in that of Jeremy Bentham. Tasso tries to like him, but the two can never be placed cordially *en rapport*; their constrained and evanescent alliance has no claim to a section in ‘Elective Affinities.’ The third scene of the second act opens with an interchange of ‘everything that pretty is’ between the poet and the politician, and ends with poor Tasso in an attitude, flourishing his sword, and trying to provoke his self-collected companion to get up a ‘scene.’ Alas for Tasso’s sensations when Alphonso enters, just in time to behold his martial pose *plastique*! while Messer Antonio serenely says:

‘Calm and unmoved, oh prince, thou find’st me here
Before a man whom passion’s rage hath seized.’

The consequence of the broil is ‘brief confinement’ for the excited poet—a sentence mildly passed by Alphonso, but overfraught with shame and bitterness to the subject of it, still writhing under the recollection of Antonio’s ‘formal wisdom’ and proud assumption of magisterial superiority, which Tasso is not yet old or wise enough to answer with a patient smile. Later in the play, Leonora, anxious to heal the breach, assures Tasso—

‘Yet often with respect he [Antonio] speaks of thee:’
whereto the fretting captive makes reply:

‘Thou meanest with forbearance, prudent, subtle.
’Tis that annoys me; for he knows to use
Language so smooth and so conditional,
That seeming praise from him is actual blame.’

The psychological truth involved in this state of mind is developed with considerable power, and illustrates Goethe’s mastery of the heart of man. Tasso is the ‘hero’ of this drama *de jure* only, not *de facto*; now and then our feeling towards him oscillates between impatience and compassion. He is not to be measured by the standard applicable to sound nerves and world-hardened, world-bronzed constitutions. He is one of those anomalies that abound in the domains of genius—who are a law unto themselves—jealous over their own insular rights—tempest-tossed by every aggression *ab extra*—misapprehending well-intentioned vulgarisms, and by them also misapprehended—denouncing the coldness and consciousness of society, but only to heap coals of fire on their own head. In Goethe’s ‘Tasso’ we see a noble, tender, morbidly-susceptible man, whose ill-guided ‘subjectivity’ implicates him in continual bewilderment, creates for his annoyance a recurring series of troubles, and reduces him to strange passes and sorry degradation. We witness the incipient stages of that mysterious madness, the real nature and extent of which is still among the unsolved problems of biography, the unsettled curiosities of literature. We watch the progress of that unhappy love which, in the words of Charles Knight, ‘swayed his whole destiny, made him the wayward, restless, self-abandoned, most unhappy slave of presumptuous hopes, of

bitter regrets, of agonising remembrances, of superstitious paroxysms.’ We see the abrupt awakening of his visionary spirit from the halcyon calm of dream-land to the harsh realities of a world where dreaming is illicit, and where dreamers are liable to be prosecuted as the law directs. Deficient the drama undoubtedly is in many important particulars, but the character of Tasso is portrayed with a vigour, animation, and *vérisemblance* that deserve and will repay study. As such we commend it to the reader; little disposed as we are to call the old man of Weinmar our *Magnus Apollo*, or to understand the sanity of those who would put him ‘far north’ of Shakspeare’s self—that bright particular star which dwells apart from and above the whole constellation of Germany’s dramatic genius.

THE NEW LAND SYSTEM.

Our attention has been specially drawn to a work entitled the ‘Irish Land Question,’ in which it is alleged that the author, Vincent Scully, Q. C., has at length shewn the true principles on which the tenure of land should be settled. We have read Mr Scully’s production, however, and it does not appear to our mind that the author has at all set at rest this vexed question, but rather mystified it by new and impracticable views.

What is the actual condition of land-tenure in Ireland? ‘For some centuries past, and up to the present time,’ says Mr Scully, ‘the great mass of those who till the Irish soil have possessed no permanent interest in its improvement; being mere yearly tenants, liable to be dispossessed at any time upon receiving a short notice, and therefore in a state of most absolute dependence upon their landlords. And the great misfortune arising from the existing law is, that it holds out no sufficient encouragements to induce either the landlord or the tenant to unite in converting this uncertain yearly tenancy into a certain and permanent tenure, but, on the contrary, creates some serious embarrassments impeding such a conversion.’ Are we to understand from this explanation that there is a law in Ireland to prevent landlords granting leases for a determinate series of years? We do not believe that there is any such legal restriction. The proprietor of an estate in Ireland is as free to give a nineteen years’ lease of one of his farms as if the property lay in Scotland. Such being the case, we cannot see that the alternative to an uncertain and improving yearly tenancy is to impart a proprietary or permanent interest in the soil. If letting land from year to year be bad, as we know it is, why, in the name of common sense, do not the Irish, like the Scotch landlords, grant leases for a period of years? After the repeated explanations that have been offered on this subject, it is provoking to find that Irish authors and lawyers are to all appearance as ignorant of what can be done by properly-arranged leases of land as if no such things existed. They just see two ways of proceeding—the yearly tenancy system, and the qualified or full proprietorship. Perceiving that the renting of land from year to year, with the chance of continual ejection, ruins the productiveness of the soil and leads to hopeless misery, they rush to the conclusion that the practice is to be got rid of only by substituting some species of *ownership*. Must we repeat that there is a middle course, which has been pursued with the greatest success in Scotland, and that it would be at least worth while to try the same in Ireland before attempting to upset society by new projects?

Mr Scully’s method of reform is amusing. His plan is ‘to encourage the creation, with the consent of the owner, and by voluntary arrangement between landlord and tenant, of a simple description of tenure or estate; which, without any injury or coercion to

* ‘Life of Tasso,’ prefixed to Fairfax’s translation. 1844.

wards the owner, will secure to each occupier a permanent interest in his holding, and eventually identify the actual occupation with the absolute ownership of the soil. The state, the owner of the land, and the occupying tenant, should each be a party to any voluntary arrangement by which all would be benefited alike. Any new system should be as simple as may be consistent with its possessing such peculiar advantages, as will effectually induce its speedy adoption, and tend to carry out its leading objects, of uniting the ownership with the occupation of the land, and of increasing its value by facilitating its future transfer. To effect these objects, the state should enforce and continue, as appurtenant to the land, the several incidents to become attached to it by the voluntary adoption of the improved tenure. For this purpose it will be necessary that a land-tribunal shall be constituted, in order to represent in each case the interest of the state, in sanctioning an adoption of the improved tenure, as well as in superintending its original creation and future continuance.

In this exposition there appears to be a curious confusion of ideas: the state is called upon to enforce and sanction voluntary arrangements. If proprietors are pleased to enter into bargains to sell lands to their tenants, pray what hinders them from doing so in the present state of things? But in this, as in many other matters, the Irish mind looks to improved action only through state interposition—as if the people were children, and could do nothing of their own accord. There is to be a public land-tribunal—a precious job doubtless it would be—which shall ascertain and fix 'the fair letting value, or the net annual rent which a solvent tenant can afford to pay above all rates, taxes, and public charges, including the entire poor-rates, quit-rent, and tithe-rent-charge.' The tenant is thus to 'have a perpetual interest, so long as he may continue to pay the rent agreed upon and fixed at its fair letting value.' And if the tenant pleases, he is to be at liberty to buy up his land by paying certain instalments of its value. If he have not cash to do this, he is to be permitted to borrow money on debentures; and, if need be, government is to lend him what he requires!

Such is the sober proposal of a Queen's council to settle the Irish Land Question. It is settling it with a vengeance! The scheme is a regular confiscation. A set of penniless occupants are to be allowed to take permanent possession of the lands on which they happen to be planted, the proprietors, under a mysterious kind of voluntary compulsion, being treated as nobodies in the transaction. It would scarcely be worth while to treat this modest proposition with anything like seriousness, were it not unfortunately the case that absurdities of this kind pass for sound political economy among a certain class of minds. Most strange is it that so acute a people as the Irish should listen to such reveries; and it is to warn them against these visionary ideas of social reform that we venture an allusion to the subject. As plain speaking in matters of this sort is the most friendly, we trust not to be misunderstood when we say that the outcry about tenant-right and fixity of tenure proceeds on an erroneous conception of the relationship of landlord and tenant—that is, of mutual rights and obligations. We must, in particular, condemn the notion of calling in the state to settle the terms on which land is to be let or purchased. The state has nothing to do with private interests. Every man is entitled to ask what rent he likes for his land, or to demand what price he pleases for any article he has for sale. And on the same grounds, every man is entitled to refuse taking lands or buying goods on the terms so proposed. Freedom to let, freedom to sell; freedom to go, freedom to come. Thorough liberty between man and man, to deal or not to deal. These are the true economics at which society has arrived; and we would as soon think

of calling in the state to regulate the price of quartern-loaves as to fix the terms on which landlords and tenants should carry on their dealings.

But the Irish small farmer is oppressed. His landlord will not deal with him fairly. He will not give him a lease, nor will he do anything for his lands. He leaves the poor man to struggle on with an insecure tenure, and turns him adrift when it suits his fancy. If all this be true, Irish landlords are demons, not men. It is our impression that Irish proprietors, though mistaken in some things and reckless in others, are still human beings, and governed by ordinary motives. We do not believe that any landlord will do a cruel thing merely for the wicked pleasure of doing it. It is more than probable that there are faults on both sides. One very common reason given by Irish landlords for not granting leases is, that were they to do so, the lands would be sublet, and that instead of having one they would have fifty tenants. They let a farm of a hundred acres to one man under the strictest obligation not to sublet it. No sooner, however, does the lessee enter into possession than he sublets it, in whole or part, to twenty tenants, giving each five acres; then these five-acre-men sublet again in smaller portions; and before the landlord has time to turn round he finds his lands occupied by probably fifty families. Now if there be the slightest foundation for representations of this kind, it is evident that the state is powerless in providing a remedy. The evil lies in the necessities and feelings of the people. Suppose that Mr Scully's plan were carried out: of giving a permanent interest in a farm to one tenant, the mischief would not be mended; for this single tenant would speedily assume the position of a middleman, and his subtenants would stand as much in need of fixity of tenure as he did himself. In short, unless the more substantial class of tenants in Ireland engage to work out covenants to the letter, and carefully exclude squatters and subtenants, there can be no hope of reform in land-tenure. On this point the whole question hangs. In Scotland no such thing as subtenanting is known or permitted. The tenant of a farm under lease must walk into it himself, and himself alone. The instant he introduced a subtenant, even for so much as a potato-garden, he would violate his covenant, and would be requested to vacate. Fortunately, there is no Court of Chancery in Scotland to interpose difficulties and heap up expenses, in the event of any such difference arising between landlord and tenant. The law is simple and of ready application through the agency of effective local tribunals (sheriff-courts), and every facility is afforded for the due execution of land-contracts. Provided, therefore, that landlords and tenants do their duty, tenant-right, as it is called, has no purpose or meaning. The proprietor lets his lands for a series of years on certain stipulated terms; the tenant accepts the lease on these terms, and honestly works them out. What more is wanted? Generally, in Scotland, the lease is for nineteen years. At its commencement, the landlord builds a farmhouse and offices, including a thrashing-mill, moved by steam or water power, or puts those things in repair if they already exist. He also encloses the fields with fences and gates, and makes farm-roads. The tenant has only to sit down comfortably in the dwelling prepared for him, and to set to work boldly with his capital to keep the land in condition, calculating that what he expends will be amply repaid before the expiry of his lease. When that period arrives, he either takes a fresh lease on similar terms, or goes off in quest of something more advantageous. The idea of postering the legislature to give him a permanent right to the land he has tilled never enters his head: if it did, he would only be laughed at by his more discerning neighbours. Is there anything in the soil or atmosphere of Ireland that should dispose a tenant-farmer to entertain notions which are scorned in other parts

of the empire? Nothing. The fault is in social habits and circumstances; and the remedy, as we apprehend, lies not in crotchety legislation, but in a resolute disposition on the part of all concerned to follow out in all integrity and mutual kindness the practices which have elsewhere led to peace, prosperity, and happiness.

SMITHFIELD.

SOME other agencies besides the barriers which in this country hedge in individual rights, or the 'wisely-and-slow' principle, which in matters of legislation suits the genius of our people best, have operated to defer the final sentence, now at last passed, of extinction upon Smithfield Market. One especially has been, that whilst the Smithfield champions have sturdily vindicated in words the purity, healthfulness, inoffensiveness of their beloved protégé, stoutly affirming that if there was any difference between the effluvia of Smithfield and Kensington Gardens it was in favour of the former; they, like sensible men, have been all the while keeping Master Smithfield steadily and quietly under the pump—washing, scrubbing, scouring, regulating, disciplining, with such good-will and effect, that positively there is all the difference in the world between his appearance now and what he was a comparatively short time ago. The aldermanic fancy-sketch of the metropolitan cattle-market which has so amused us all—a livelier Arcadia, enjoying a good, rattling trade, and possessed of a highly-sanative as well as balmy and wooing breath—is scarcely a more laughable exaggeration, as matters are now managed, than the wholesale imputations of reckless cruelty, barbarous violence, remediless confusion, frightful peril, and horrible filth, urged against it by equally imaginative opponents. The truth is that, thanks to its zealous patrons, Smithfield Market will die with decency, and by no means leave so unsavoury a reputation behind as if it had been hurried out of existence with all its odours rank upon its head. It is pleasant to part in so improved a spirit with a very old and for very many years useful and respectable acquaintance—so much so, indeed, as almost to reconcile one to the very lingering and painful struggle which has preceded the final exit.

Smithfield Market, for yet a little while, is one of the great sights of the metropolis, than which none offers a more vivid idea of the gigantic extent of the multitudinous population whose myriad mouths require to be alimented twice in each week with so prodigious an amount of flesh, over and above the enormous quantities of dead meat brought daily by rail from the provinces. The cattle-market days are Monday and Friday—the former being exclusively devoted to the sale of beasts, calves, sheep, lambs, with usually not a very large contingent of swine. Friday, in addition to all these—with a strong preponderance in pigs—displays a goodly show of donkeys, horses, vehicles, harness, whips, and other agricultural adjuncts, and is altogether a much more miscellaneous, noisy, and huckstering fellow than his grave and respectable elder brother, Monday. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday are hay and straw days, whilst Wednesday is a *dies non* in the Smithfield calendar.

Preparations for the Monday traffic commences in Smithfield soon after ten o'clock on the Sabbath evening. The holy day is then verging towards its close; respectable citizens are either in bed or preparing to retire thither; and the large expanse of Smithfield, with its intricate tracery of sheep and swine pens, cattle-rails, dimly visible in the light of the market gas-lamps, aided here and there by the dubious flicker of partially-closed taverns and gin-shops, is tenantless, save for a few passengers hurrying east or west to their homes before the brute-traffic has begun to encumber

their progress. There is consequently little to excite attention just at the moment, except it may be that the gate in the long, grim façade of St Bartholomew's Hospital opens for the reception of an accident, or that you chance to look up and are startled to perceive the great dome of St Paul's looming over the venerable building, as if watching, like you, when the huge stir and bustle necessary to the sustenance and life of the vast city above which it towers shall begin. You do not wait long. Police-officers, especially appointed for the duty, arrive and take up their appointed posts; and if you enter any of the houses of public resort—that, for instance, which proclaims in huge letters that whoever is desirous of obtaining 'wool for yarn' should buy the particular 'cream of the valley' sold there—you will perhaps see a paper stuck up on which is written the number of beasts and sheep which the salesmen who attend the market have notified to the booking-office will be the probable number requiring accommodation. Usually the actual supply falls short of the number expected, and very rarely indeed exceeds it. The publication of the quantity of stock anticipated affords, nevertheless, both buyers and sellers a sufficiently-accurate idea of the proportion of the supply to the probable demand, and in some degree governs their operations. The number of beasts expected on the 15th of June last was 8985—an amount considerably below the average—and 31,510 sheep. Imagine—but no one who has not seen this market can form any adequate idea of the scene—40,000 animals, including calves and pigs, congregated on a spot which a man's voice but moderately exerted could, during the night silence, be easily heard across, either way, from north to south, from east to west—from the entrance by Giltspur Street to Smithfield Bars, or from that by Snow Hill to the Three Foxes Court in Long Lane! We have been told, upon very high authority, that there are not more than two or three general officers in the British service who would know how to get 40,000 disciplined men in or out of Hyde Park. If this be so, either regimental soldiers are less orderly and docile than sheep and oxen, or the generals less masters of their business than the Smithfield drovers; for you will presently see that numbers of animals march in, take up their positions, and in due time march off again, with a despatch, regularity, and order which, under the circumstances, must be considered perfectly admirable. Now and then, to be sure, a silly sheep, at odds with destiny, will bolt suddenly off with a dog at its heels; but whatever speed may be put forth, it finds, alas! no egress from the perplexing maze of pens in which it is involved; and very soon, in obedience to the cry of 'Turn un—turn un,' is made to retrace its steps, and rejoin its Norfolk or Southdown companions. Perhaps, too, a *calcitrant* calf, obstinately inimical to conversion into veal, whilst gently led along by a halter, starts off with the boy in charge, and is with some difficulty restored to his place in quadrupedal juvenile society; or it may be that a restive porker, here and there, with the inveterate hogghish propensity by which he is distinguished of scampering off in precisely the opposite direction to that which leads to where his presence is most ardently desired, creates a momentary confusion; but with these trifling exceptions the behaviour of the animals, as far as my observation has gone, is generally unexceptionable. The larger and more valuable ones especially permit themselves to be tied to the rails without a murmur, except indeed an occasional 'Boo—o—o—o—' should be so interpreted. But this is doubtful, to say the least of it. I have heard them emit the same sounds whilst revelling in Saintfoin as when on view at Smithfield; and as a somewhat celebrated lady in her *Travels in the East* very truly remarks: 'Man as yet—(nor women either for that matter)—has done nothing to bridge over the gulf which lies between him and mental intercommunica-

tion with the lower animals, and it is therefore obviously impossible to say what the lowing of the ox, the baaing of the sheep, the neighing of the horse, or the braying of the ass, precisely indicate—albeit it must be conceded that the squeaking of swine has a rather exact significance. Nine-tenths of the noises, too, in Smithfield are made by the calves—a fact in natural history which persons of experience in the world will have no difficulty in believing.

'Ding-dong!—ding-dong!' It is half-past ten o'clock—the official hour for the admission of sheep is striking; and see, there glides in through Smithfield Bars the first instalment for this night of the tide of animal life constantly pouring from north, south, east, and west of the United Kingdom; from France, Holland, Germany, Spain, Italy, towards this great centre of carnivorous consumption. The permanent pens, each capable of holding twelve sheep comfortably, but which upon occasion accommodate sixteen or eighteen, fill rapidly under the guidance of the drovers—men licensed by the city authorities, and wearing a numbered brass-badger on the left arm. These persons are employed and paid by the salesmen—a highly-respectable body of tradesmen, to whom the stock forwarded for sale in Smithfield is chiefly consigned. The drovers are sent out to meet the sheep or beasts expected by rail or road; and as none but they are allowed to work in the market, the disposal of the animals is managed with a celerity and system which could not be attained if strangers were permitted to bring in and arrange the cattle. There are not many short of two thousand of these drovers attached to Smithfield Market—rude, coarse fellows no doubt, and in matters not pertaining to their business ignorant enough, but in that exceedingly expert, and generally trustworthy. The 'regulation' instrument of 'torture' which they use is not a very formidable instrument, but a stick about the thickness of a stout man's thumb, rather more than four feet in length, with an iron point at one end projecting not more than a quarter of an inch. Nevertheless the innate savagery of some vicious natures is at no loss for means of cruelty, and the vigilance of the police-officers is especially directed to the prevention or chastisement of acts of brutality. The last morning I visited the market I observed to one of the officers—a civil and intelligent Scotsman, by the way—that I had been looking on for five or six hours, and as yet had seen nothing of the outrageous cruelty said to be so prevalent there. 'I should hope not,' he replied with a laugh. 'A good deal of that is mere stuff and nonsense, though of course cattle can't be got to their places and haltered as gently and tenderly as babies are put to bed. Not but what the drovers require sharp looking after. This very morning we dropped down upon two of them before it was light, and locked them up for what we deemed cruelty.'

There can be no doubt that the greatly-improved aspect of Smithfield is in a great degree due to the vigilance of the now admirably-organised police-force—a body of men not only highly efficient in their vocation, but extremely servicable just now as interpreters of the mysteries of the market to the numerous foreigners—Germans principally—I have noticed, who visit this metropolitan lion at about sunrise. The astonishment of these gentlemen as the vast droves pour in hour after hour is often very vehemently expressed, especially after hearing from an officer the number that will probably arrive: 'What you say? Forty, forty thousand! Mein Gott! And you shall throw a stone over the place!' They are not so fortunate when driven to drovers for information. One rather ludicrous instance I myself noticed. A gentleman, one of a party of five, and their interpreter, flushed with the dying colours with which he had come off in his colloquy with a polite police-officer, must needs venture his English with a

coarse-grained, wiry-tempered old fellow, busy at the moment in getting some refractory sheep into place and order, and in so doing encountered a specimen of sour-kraut quite new to him. He wished to ascertain where the man got his badge, and very civilly said: 'How you get, my good friend, the arm-brass with figures?' As he touched the article whilst speaking, he was sufficiently comprehended, and the drover merely squinting at the questioner from the corner of his eyes, and without for an instant discontinuing his operations with the sheep, answered quickly and gruffly: 'Byes'em; ces a do byes'em!' The gentleman stretched his ears eagerly, but they conveyed no intelligent sound to his brain. English of that kind had never, he was sure, been taught in Vaterland. 'What you say, good man?' he anxiously replied—'what you say?' The answer was this time unbroken by a comma: 'Byes'em ces a do byes'em!' The querist was completely nonplussed; his reputation as a linguist fell rapidly with his companions; and I hastened to remark that the gutturals he had just heard was Smithfield for saying that the market authorities, when granting the badge, charged the recipient a certain sum for it.

But to resume the progress of the market. The hour-and-a-half's monopoly enjoyed by the sheep has sufficed to about one-third fill the pens; and now, twelve o'clock having struck, on come the dense, bellowing herds of oxen—stirks, stots, heifers, cows; short horns, straight horns, crescent horns, long horns, no horns; black, white, pied, dun, red; on come the huge beasts, and as they arrive are with surprising dexterity and dispatch securely fastened to the strong market railings. From this hour, midnight, till seven or eight in the morning, the living stream of beasts and sheep, and calves and pigs, gradually attenuating of course, and with widening intervals, will pour on. Those who, on a fine summer morning, have watched at an early hour any of the great roads leading into London, will agree that the sudden and repeated appearance of the droves or flocks at the brow of an eminence, or at a turn in the long, silent vista, bringing, as it were, the light with them, presents a panorama of the liveliest and most pleasing kind. It is not till about half-past five or six o'clock that the swine make their entrance into the market, and at about the same time numerous carts and small wagons arrive—two-storied for the occasion, or having a kind of basket or cage nearly the size of the floor of the vehicle, swinging under it between the wheels, and vocal, like the upper apartment, with the bleatings and baaings of calves and sheep. These conveyances are frequently driven by the proprietor of the animals himself; and just now he is pretty sure to be accompanied on the fore-seat of the machine by his wife or daughter, perhaps both, come up of course to see the Great Exhibition.

By this time—half-past five—the market will have assumed a very busy aspect, and if the morning be fine, will present a gay and animated scene. The salesmen, with their ink-bottles hanging down in front of their waistcoats, are at their posts; but if you are to believe the abstracted, indifferent expression of their faces when buyers approach, without wish, much less anxiety, to sell. It is clearly their opinion that purchasers on this particular day ought to esteem themselves fortunate in being supplied at almost any price—the supply, as they say, being so inadequate to the tremendous demand. The buyers, of whom there are probably already several hundreds in the field—many of them in blue aprons, and almost all with a pair of bright scissors peeping out of their breast or waistcoat-pockets—it is equally clear, from the same index-tablet, are merely present as spectators, and with no purpose whatever of purchasing, unless the prices are very low indeed. One has just told the stout, jolly-looking salesman yonder that he is not particularly in want of veal:

he has, in fact, been handling that fine lot of calves—pulling at their tails, peeping at their eyes, looking into their mouths, and feeling their shoulders and loins—from mere habit and curiosity: he asks, nevertheless, what would be about the figure to anybody that really wanted them. The answer in a curt, indifferent tone—for just at the moment the salesman is almost entirely absorbed in a conversation with a friend relative to the weather—perfectly astounds the questioner, and he starts away with an expression of extreme astonishment, almost of disgust. He does not go far: he returns and again examines the animals, just as he says to find out what on earth there can be about them to warrant the demand of such a preposterous price, and finally makes an offer. 'The salesman's 'No' is quick and emphatic; another bid is made, the salesman relaxes somewhat in both figure and face, and ultimately the buyer—the more quickly should another be handling the calves—extends his right hand, opens it, and presents it to the salesman, at the same time naming his last offer. 'The salesman ponders for an instant, recognises that it is the purchaser's final word, strikes his own palm into the other's, and it is a concluded irrevocable bargain by custom of the market. The salesman's account-book and the buyer's scissors are out and open the next moment: the purchaser's name and the price he is to pay are down in black and white, and his initials or some other peculiar mark are cut on the hair of the hind-quarter of the calves. Hundreds upon hundreds of such bargains are effected long before the mass of Londoners, whose appetites are thus entered for, are out of their beds. The skill of the buyer consists chiefly in his being able to guess correctly at the weight of the animal, which it is said many of them can do within a stone even of the largest beasts. The reports of the newspapers that beef and mutton fetched so much per stone, sinking the official, pork so much per score, record merely guess-prices; neither beasts, sheep, nor swine being actually sold by weight. The instant a bullock or cow is purchased, the hair of the animal's tail is cut off; if otherwise, a few of the hairs are pulled out and tied round the tail. These are signs to purchasers that the animals are disposed of, and prevents their being unnecessarily handled, or business-men from wasting their time unnecessarily in contemplation of their beauties. Sheep, the instant two hands have struck a bargain over them, are ruddled with the buyer's mark.

One peculiarity of this market is, that the salesman is not permitted to take money directly from the purchaser of beasts or sheep. There are five market-banks, and into one of these the amount agreed upon is paid; and when the seller has ascertained that this is done, the animals are delivered and driven off. This custom is said to have originated in a desire to protect the distant proprietor of stock from being defrauded of any portion of the price realised; but the real purpose appears to be the prevention of frauds on the city-tolls, which are, on all sheep sold, 2d. per score, and on all beasts, 1s. 8d. per score. These payments can only be demanded of non-freemen—citizens of London who have taken up their freedom being exempt. The charge for sheep or calf pens is 1s. each; entry of sale of horses, 4d. each; of pigs, 4d. per score. The ties of beasts and calves are 1d. each; of horses, 2d. each. The duty on hay is 6d. per load, and 1d. each entry of sale. Straw, 1d. each entry of sale. There being no charge on the sale of horses, donkeys, or swine, the bank-mode of payment with regard to dealings in them is not enforced; so that, as a dealer personally informed us, 'A hindividual as sells a pig, a 'oss, or a moke, draws his tin on the nail, and it's nothink to nobody.' The tolls and dues enumerated have been adopted in the government bill for erecting a new metropolitan market, and must, in the case of Smithfield, equal the revenue of half-a-dozen German principalities. Bear-

ing this in mind, and that moreover a sum of about £300,000 changes hands there weekly, the fierce and protracted resistance opposed to the abolitionists by the civic authorities at once assumes a natural and intelligible aspect and character.

The time for closing the market on Mondays is twelve o'clock, after which carts, wagons, and other vehicles may pass through; but it is usually two or three hours later before business is entirely over, and the unsold stock—seldom a large quantity—drawn off to the neighbouring lairs, there to remain till the next market-day. Swine especially, which arrive later than sheep and oxen, may be seen in every gradation of porcine existence, from the huge bacon hog to the milk-fed innocent whose roasted succulence has been so unctuously celebrated by Charles Lamb, panting in their exposed pens beneath the rays of the noontide sun, in scarcely-diminished numbers. The donkey and horse market is on Friday only: the first come early, but the 'osses,' which are 'strawed'—that is, which have a bunch of straw tied to their manes and tails as a token that the proprietor is open to a reasonable offer—do not arrive till two o'clock, by which time the demand for beef and mutton is supposed to be over. The din and hubbub at about the time of the horse-market, caused by the shouts and cries of ginger-bear, oyster, whip, and other vendors of miscellaneous products—the 'Hi! hi!' of the donkey-dealer whilst exhibiting the merits of his animals—the cracking of whips and trotting of horses up and down must be heard to be fully appreciated; constituting, as they do, a deafening uproar and tumult, compared with which the noise and rattle of Fleet Street at its busiest hour of the day sinks into insignificance. There are, of course, horses of every degree of value sold in Smithfield, and bargains may doubtless be picked up there occasionally; but it is not a place in which an amateur in horse-flesh should try his 'prentice-hand at purchasing. If there is one thing that cannot be successfully assumed, it is that of being a judge of horse qualities in the presence of a Smithfield dealer. However wisely and cautiously you may utter sententious depreciations of the animal after, as you think, the exact manner of the really knowing ones, he will detect with unerring sagacity the innocence of your heart in your speech or look; the price will be adjusted to your capacity with marvellous readiness; and you may fully depend that when the bargain is struck, another guess-sort-of-animal than the horse you have purchased has been sold. If you doubt the truth of this, make the experiment: once will quite suffice.

In this brief sketch of the great London cattle-market, many incidents and peculiarities which give it life and colour must necessarily be omitted; but the temporary visitor to the metropolis may rest assured that a visit to these scenes, soon to become matters of history only, will be amply repaid by what he will witness there. In conclusion, we may remark, that although every possible expedient has been adopted to insure the orderly and merciful management of the market, there can still be no question that its restricted space in the heart of a crowded city, the want of commodious lairs for unsold stock, the close and fetid holes and corners in which the animals are slaughtered, and the danger and inconvenience necessarily attendant upon driving such immense numbers of horned cattle through populous and narrow thoroughfares, fully justify parliament in enforcing its removal. The new market is to be situated at not less than five miles from London. 'This in itself will no doubt be a great change for the better; yet it may not be amiss to remark, that the danger of cruelty to the animals themselves, of which we have heard so much, will be rather increased than diminished by the change, inasmuch as the supervision which a jealous, antagonistic public exercises upon Smithfield will be to a great

extent withdrawn. It may affright the human imagination to picture to itself wretched, tortured animals battered to death amidst filth and darkness; but to the poor beast itself it is the same thing whether the blows be dealt in a dark cellar or in an open, freely-ventilated abattoir. It is a detestable cruelty wherever committed; and especially now—when, by the discovery of chloroform, science has afforded an agent by means of which the necessary taking away of animal life can be effected without the infliction of pain—such a brutal mode ought not to be persisted in. Many 'practical' eyebrows will doubtless be elevated at the suggestion. It is one, nevertheless, which public opinion will ultimately force upon reluctant butcherism; and the Cruelty Prevention Society could not act more efficiently in their humane vocation than in urging its early adoption.

STORY OF DUNCAN CHISHOLM.

SOME recent parliamentary papers embody the story of a remarkable adept at deception, and so useful is the moral that may be drawn from the perusal of this half-droll, half-melancholy case, that we depart from our ordinary custom in not noticing matters of state concern. We present the story pretty much as it has been ably condensed from the original 'blue-book' by a clever northern newspaper.*

Those who were familiar with the pretty little town of Inverness five-and-twenty, or, it may be, thirty years ago, must remember the hero of this story. Duncan Chisholm, says our parliamentary authority, seemed at that time to be about thirty years of age. He was somewhat slender in person; his stature was of the middle size—or, to be more specific, he stood about five-feet-nine in his boots; his shoulders were high, his complexion sallow; and it was particularly remarked that he seldom looked any one in the face. For his dress, he affected a blue surtout, a black waistcoat, pantaloons, and a hat. He united the somewhat incongruous vocations of a solicitor and dealer in leather. Between these two professions it was fated that Duncan Chisholm should fall to the ground: in plain terms, he found his way into the list of 'sequestrations' in the *Gazette*. On becoming bankrupt, he clandestinely left Inverness, and could not be found, although a reward of fifty guineas was offered for his apprehension.

Years rolled by, but no tidings were heard of the vanished solicitor. By many he was believed to have been long dead and buried, when suddenly a rumour reached Inverness that he was yet alive and well. Many and stiff were the tumblers of toddy that were drunk that night in the capital of the Highlands, in discussing the credibility of a report which affirmed that the broken-down leather-seller of Clach-na-cuddin was now, under another name, a man of fortune, high in office in Dublin Castle, a dispenser of magnificent charities, the counsellor of statesmen, the instructor of parliaments. Even so it was: when closely questioned, Mr George Mathews, of the secretary's office in Ireland confessed his identity with Duncan Chisholm, the man of law and leather in Inverness; and seeing that better could not be, he told the story of his transformation. Enlisting in the 53d regiment of foot, he rose to be a sergeant. He was reduced from that grade after a few months, only to rise again to a higher rank—that of staff-military-clerk in the brigade office at Dublin. Hence, about 1833, he made his way as a clerk into the Irish Tithe Office. Five years afterwards he was appointed secretary of the Tithe Million Fund, with a salary of ten pounds a week, besides his pay as a clerk in the Irish secretary's office. His ascent was now rapid: another year or two saw him in the management

of the Regium Donum Fund of £30,000 a year, closeted with Irish secretaries, controlling Irish estimates, and despatched to London when the Irish government wanted 'a useful witness' to stop the mouth of a troublesome committee.

Such splendid success could scarcely fail to provoke some little envy. The Irish government were duly informed of the Highland antecedents of their fortunate friend, and were particularly requested to see that his accounts were properly vouched and audited. The hint was taken—a board of inquiry was appointed by Earl de Grey, the viceroy of the day; but that board reported that Duncan Chisholm, *alias* George Mathews, 'was a public servant of unimpeachable integrity'; and Under-Secretary Lucas was instructed to convey to the much-maligned gentleman the lord-lieutenant's opinion that he had been 'completely and honourably acquitted of every charge affecting his character.' This was in the spring of 1842. An acquittal so emphatic seems to have silenced complaint if it did not remove suspicion; and it is not until after seven years have passed that the attention of the Irish government is again drawn by Mr Sadleir, the member for Carlow, to the proceedings of Mr Chisholm or Mathews. Mr Sadleir's letter goes over the old field, and breaks some new ground; but Lord Clarendon sees nothing in the statement to shake his full confidence in the verdict of 1842, and pronounces, therefore, that 'any new inquiry would be unfair towards Mr Mathews, and is uncalled for on any public ground.' Mr Sadleir returns to the charge, which he enforces by at least one strong piece of evidence; but still Lord Clarendon will not be moved, and the member for Carlow then retires discomfited from the lists.

But Duncan Chisholm had made to himself enemies more implacable than any political adversary. By the patronage which he lavished on the small religious sect of whose tabernacle he was a pillar, he had roused the hatred of some other sects of nearly the same persuasion. When once thoroughly excited, the *odium theologicum* never dies, never tires, never relents. The detection which had baffled successive viceroys, secretaries, and statesmen, was at length accomplished by the persevering enmity—'the patient watch and vigil long'—of two or three dissenting ministers who differed from Mr Duncan Chisholm on certain recalcitrant points of doctrine. The charges against him were once more renewed—another commission of inquiry was appointed; but before it could begin its labours the accused had admitted his guilt by an ignominious flight. The whole mystery was now at an end, and the twelve years' official career of this man, for whose 'unimpeachable integrity' two lords-lieutenants had stood willing sponsors, was proved to have been one continued tissue of crime and imposture. The amount of public money which he had plundered by fraud and forgery does not exactly appear, but it must have been large—and the daring way in which he effected his pilage is not a little remarkable.

We have said that he was a shining light in a petty religious body. This was a sect describing itself as 'Trinitarian Presbyterians, holding what are theologically called non-subscribing principles—that is, rejecting subscription to any creed, confession, catechism, or other formula as a test or condition of admission into the ministerial office.' This denomination, consisting only of a few scanty congregations, seems early to have presented itself to Chisholm as a convenient means for carrying on his robbery of the public, while he gratified at the same time his love of sanctimonious display. In the end of the year 1839, by one stroke of his pen he called into being three missionaries of his sect labouring in the south of Ireland; while, by another stroke of the same ingenious instrument, he conferred on these aerial preachers the substantial benefit of a stipend of about £100 a year. The stipend was voted

* Edinburgh Evening Courant.

by parliament, and paid by the Irish government; but as the missionaries never had any existence except in the teeming brain of the Highland leather-seller, the reader will scarcely need to be informed into whose purse the stipend went. What Sydney Smith somewhat profanely fancied of the sideboard of a New Zealand bishop might be truly and literally affirmed of the table of Mr Duncan Chisholm. He found missionaries to be indeed meat and drink to him—pocketing on this head alone, it would seem, somewhere about £500. Emboldened in his success in the creation of a missionary-staff, the exemplary Mr Chisholm next erected a presbytery. 'The Presbytery of Munster,' says the parliamentary paper, 'was created, in 1840, into a separate body of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, by Mr Mathews, as a medium through which he contemplated appropriating to his own management and trust sundry funds belonging both to the government and the Presbyterian Church, as well as to carry out other fraudulent intentions.' In these intentions he so far succeeded that he caused to be paid over from the public exchequer to the pretended agent of this new body a sum of £4220, which was lent out on mortgage, in the name of himself and one or two others, apparently his creatures. He had now a presbytery endowed by the state, and as he had formerly provided it with imaginary missionaries, so he now proceeded to endow it with imaginary libraries. By a stroke of his all-powerful pen he prevailed on parliament to grant the sum of £1599, 13s. for a 'Presbyterian Congregational Fund Library,' which never had any existence in this sublunary sphere. How the grant was spent is not clearly ascertained, but of course the inventor had his due share. One hundred pounds are shewn to have gone in paying the expenses of Mr Duncan Chisholm and his first spouse in a jaunt to London.

We cannot accompany the parliamentary paper any farther in its exposure of the profligacy of this enormous rogue—his personation of dead men, his personification of men who never lived, his foisting his own relatives into the pension-list, his defrauding the deserving poor of their little pittances, his placing on one charitable fund 'no less than thirty-two persons, all of whom, with a few exceptions, are or were members of the congregation of his own presbytery.' Imperfect as is the outline which we have sketched, it may serve at least to point the twofold moral of this extraordinary history—to shew, in the first place, the fatal facility with which the cloak of religious pretension can be assumed as a screen for the vilest rascality; and to demonstrate, in the second place, the necessity for an instant and thorough purgation of the subordinate offices of Dublin Castle. That such a monstrous and impudent system of deception as that daily practised by Duncan Chisholm should have escaped detection for more than a dozen years is a disgrace to the executive, and may be said to shake confidence in that very self-sufficient thing, the whole red-tapist system!

A NOVEL OF THE SEASON.

Among the works of this class that at certain seasons of the year pour in a continuous stream from the press, there are only a few of any mark or likelihood. Occasionally, however, it happens that there is one distinguished from the rest by some beam of thought, some touch of originality, which sets the reader to dream and to meditate, and which, even in the midst of the perusal of more brilliant, and, it may be, more talented works, retains a sort of magical influence over his mind. A book of this kind is termed 'suggestive' because it supplies the momentum which turns the winged thoughts loose in some suggested career—when the idea of the author being carried along, as it were, with the stream, becomes interwoven in the web of our fancies and reflections.

Such a work is now before us;* but, independently of the leading thought, it possesses considerable literary merit, and, above all, evinces, on the part of the author, a practical acquaintance with society, and the power of reading the human heart through the incrustations of conventionalism. This knowledge the fair writer has repeatedly used for the benefit of our own readers; in sketches, for instance, of the manners of the upper middle classes of this country—those, more especially, who live in the more distinguished kind of country-houses, termed by the English, *seats*, and by the French, *châteaux*.

The title—not a very good one—of 'The Cup and the Lip,' refers of course to the proverbial 'slips' that occur so frequently between our wishes and their expected fruition. The book, in fact, is in great part a record of disappointed hopes; but around the principal group of characters there is thrown a philosophical interest apart from the mere adventures that form the staple of romance. The heroine receives the Spanish name of Dolores, in testimony of the disappointment of her parents on seeing the face of a female baby, instead of the male they had hoped for, come to share in their poverty. The description of the first abode of the parents, after they enter upon the scene, is in itself a curious picture, and will be interesting to those who have looked with surprise at certain low, round, odd-looking structures along the coast, called Martello Towers, appearing like pieces of solid masonry:—

'Our readers have probably seen those singular-looking defences on the coast, now used as stations for the preventive-service sailors; but possibly some may not be aware, that at the close of the war they were inhabited by the officers of the coast-guard, and occasionally by their families: better and more commodious dwellings have been since then erected for them, one of which, with its flag-staff and picturesque group of seamen about it, forms quite a pretty object on the summit of the white rock at Hastings. The lower part of the tower, appropriated to Mr Nevil's men, was a magazine of arms and powder. You entered the singular abode by means of a short ladder. The upper part was divided in halves—one of the divisions being appropriated to the men, the other to their officer.

'The home of the Nevils consequently consisted of only two rooms, each in the form of a quadrant; the sitting-room received a faint, imperfect light from a narrow loophole facing the sea; the bedroom had only a borrowed light from the men's compartment of the tower. On first coming from the glare of sunshine, it was almost impossible to see, even in the room blessed with a loophole; but by degrees, as the eye became accustomed to the obscurity, objects grew more distinct, and the few people who visited Nevil's quarters were then made aware that woman's taste and ingenuity had given the dark, small apartment an air of comfort, and almost elegance. The carpet was bright-coloured, adapted to catch every scanty gleam of light that visited it; the chairs were of fanciful and pretty shapes. Close to the loophole was a couch covered with a brilliant chintz, on which lay two or three snowy pillows edged with lace, and a little coverlet, shewing that it was the spot dedicated to the baby's day repose. A harp stood in the sharp corner of the quadrangle. There were book-shelves well filled; and on the table in the centre a vase of beautiful flowers, a lady's work-basket, writing-materials, &c.

'There were also signs of Mr Nevil's participation in the occupancy of the room—a sword and pistols on the side-table, a small gold compass, and some other nautical instruments. It was wonderfully neat and comfortable for such a place; but light was wanting; and what can compensate for the deprivation of that first gift of the Creator to the universe?

* *The Cup and the Lip. A Romance.* By Laura Jewry. 3 vols. London: Newby, 1861.

Dolores is born in a pleasanter home than this; but the murder of her father throws a shade upon the spirits of the family; and after this is dispelled by time, the marriage of her aunt, and other family calamities—for this was indeed one—breaks up the circle. "Mamma," said Dolores, as that evening they sat in the dim fire-light alone, "I wonder people think a wedding a happy event! Aunt Katie's was quite a break-up to all our merriment. How we used to laugh in the fire-light, and now we are so grave and quiet! Everything and everybody changed by it: Grandpapa's quite cross when he talks of it, though he wished my aunt to marry; grandmamma looks older and sadder ever since; Mr Marsh is grown dull; you have no confidence now but your poor Dolores; and dear Flossy has never been well from that time. All this discomfort comes from what people call a "happy event."

This Dolores was somewhat plain in her person; but her intellect was, literally speaking, beautiful. She was highly imaginative, but had a sufficient sense of the ludicrous to prevent the romance of her character ever betraying her into absurdity. Without being the least sentimental or "missy" in manner, her poetical taste infused a certain sentiment into the actions of her every-day life. She was perhaps too grave and thoughtful for her age; but that might be accounted for by the deep sorrow in which her infancy had been cherished—by the tears that had often steeped her infant pillow. If, however, she laughed less than Flora did, she was more frequently the cause of laughter in others by her quaint sayings and wild fancies, by her pretty half-real, half-playful superstitions, and by the originality of her humour, which nevertheless tended less to mirth than to melancholy. She was so warm-hearted that it was impossible not to love her; yet few entirely appreciated her. Mrs Nevil was well educated and sensible, but the mind of her daughter was beyond the comprehension or sympathy of her own; and when Dolores ventured to reveal her fresh, original, and sometimes erring opinions to her mother, she was chocked and silenced by the conventional reproof or startled exclamation of alarm that met her confidence. Aunt Katie understood her better, and in many points sympathised with her; but Catherine's mind was rather elegant than profound, rather brilliant than comprehensive, and therefore in her even Dolores could not find all she sought. She was thus driven to hold more silent communings with her own thoughts than is perhaps good for any one. Her opinions and fancies, cherished in silence, and never combated by those of others, grew strong and obstinate, and but for a natural tenderness of disposition would have given her an unfeminine degree of self-reliance. As it was, she had great confidence in herself: there was nothing Dolores would not have fearlessly attempted; and this dauntless reliance on her own powers frequently insured her success. She liked overcoming difficulties, or trying to overcome them; and the mental toil and self-development in which she was continually engaged took all weariness from her quiet mode of life, and rendered her as unsusceptible of girlish day-dreams of love and lovers as Shakspeare's

"Fair vestal throned by the west."

The interest of the young lady is excited by a very tall and well-looking young man, with a deep, rich voice, and that expression of melancholy which is commonly said to be so interesting to the softer sex. Walter Livingstone has all the advantages of person and fortune which form what is called in the world a good match; but although sufficiently partial to female society, and to that of Dolores in particular, he appears to have no thought of marrying. He hovers, however, round the poor girl; and without any idea of even trifling with her, engages her in correspondence, and yields as if by fatality to a fascination which can have no result but disappointment and misery. Dolores is

astonished; but her perplexity reaches its height upon a conversation held between them at a time of family calamity and excitement which has drawn them into confidential familiarity. The occasion is the elopement of Aunt Katie's unworthy husband.

Dolores stole softly to his side, and for a few instants neither spoke. There was something solemn and silencing in the scene before them: the quiet expanse of mighty tranquil waters; the dark sky, with its myriads of cold, bright stars; and the hymn, meant to be triumphant, but which had nevertheless a strain of mournfulness in its quaint melody. At last the voices died away, and Livingstone turned towards her: she could not see the expression of his face, but she fancied that he was agitated, and she hastened to deliver her message, adding, as she ended it: "This is a sad Christmas-eve, Mr Livingstone. I wonder if through all England there is any one at this moment more miserable than poor Aunt Catherine."

She was startled by his catching her hand and exclaiming vehemently: "Yes, Dora, I am!"

"You, Mr Livingstone?"

"Ay; a curse has followed me from my birth, and will rest on me till those quiet stars shall shine upon my grave!"

"A curse!"

"Ay; one that I must keep hidden within my own soul—one that cannot be alleviated by sympathy! If I were to tell it to you—even you, tender and truthful as your spirit is, would shrink from me in fear and horror!"

"Surely no! I never could feel fear or horror of you."

"You could—you would! But this is not a time to harass you with a new tale of the woe this wretched earth bears upon its bosom. (Good-night, Dora! When you pray for yourself and Catherine, pray also for Walter Livingstone."

He grasped her hand in his, and pressed it earnestly—then turned again towards the window, shrinking behind the curtain-fold, as if desirous to hide the passionate emotion that shook his frame. Dolores remained stupefied: there was terrible anguish in the tone in which his wild words were uttered. She longed to comfort him—to implore him to confide in her—to trust to her sympathy and her silence; but a feeling of shyness stole over her, and she could not utter one word beyond the timid and fearful "Good-night," with which, after an instant's pause, she left him.

The ponderings of Dolores upon this singular text—the hold taken of her heart by the image of her unhappy friend—the longing that arose within her to soothe and comfort him—all may readily be conceived, for they belong to the ordinary routine of a generous womanly passion. We cannot follow the story, however, even sufficiently to break the wildness of the conception; but Walter Livingstone is *insane*, and knows that he is so! It would have been well for him if his illusions, which were of a harmless and poetical kind, had extended throughout his whole life; but unfortunately they occurred only at rare intervals, and in the whole lucid space between he had the horrible conviction that he was a madman.

Another lover appears upon the scene—the cousin of Livingstone; and in him the family disease assumes a new form, and receives another name. The one has an unsound mind, and the other a depraved heart; and in the contrast between the insanity of the intellect and that of the affections lies the philosophy of the work. Livingstone is stripped of his property, and goaded into accessions of the malady by his cousin; and this gives rise to the exhibition of feminine devotion in a strange and original form. Dolores, who has become, by the accidents of life, a wealthy heiress, receives her insane lover into her house, and nurses him as a mother nurses her sick child. He is legally

forced, however, from her protection, and immured in a madhouse; from which eventually he makes his escape: whereupon she determines, if there should prove to be no other means of accomplishing her purpose, to give herself a legal claim to the guardianship by marrying him! Having helped him on thus far, let the reader pursue the story for himself.

It would be unfair to conclude without adding that, aimed all its serious purposes, there was a good deal of amusement in the book. The half-witted major, who is in love with Dolores in the days of her poverty, is sketched with great spirit, and the mode he at last hits upon of making her an offer of his hand, after gazing, and laughing, and asking questions, and saying "it does not signify" through half a volume, is very ingenious. "The place was accordingly lurched, and the day fixed for their departure from London. Major Simpson was much distressed on learning their intention: he awoke every morning, asked Dolores "Which she liked best to live?" and answered her reply invariably by the observation "that it did not signify!" She grew quite used to this daily interrogatory, and at last scarcely heeded it, but the day before they left town a more decisive proof of his interest was vouchsafed her. He came earlier than usual, and, after talking for some little time in a nervous and less connected manner than was his wont, drew from his pocket a very splendid finger card case, and asked Dolores to look at it. She examined and admired it. "Oh, but open it—pry open it, and look at the cards, Miss Nevil!"

"She complied, and read "Mrs Simpson," engraved on their smooth surface. Rather puzzled, she looked up inquiringly at her companion. He coloured a good deal, laughed sheepishly, and asked "Do you like it - eh?"

"Yes, it is a very pretty case, and the cards are very nice."

"Oh—yes—I should say 'very nice, ch'! It looks well—Miss Simpson, ch?" And drawing out a card he examined it as if it were some bit of work of art, ending his inspection by the nervous laugh he always found difficult to stop, and in which in spite of all her efforts to be grave, Dolores now joined.

"Very good," he said at last, "very good—capital, isn't it? Quite my own idea—nobody ever thought of *that* before, eh—eh?"

"Of what?" asked Dora greatly mystified

"Why—tho' to be sure, you understand 'You'll keep the card—' it is *for you*!" And, charmed at his own sagacity in this ingenious mode of proposing, he gave way to another extraordinary burst of laughter.

SECRET OF TAMING ANIMALS

We have no direct means of divining the 'why and because' of certain predilections and prejudices observable in birds and other animals. We daily see actions among them for which we cannot in any way account. Thus, for instance, if a dog enter a room full of company, you shall presently observe him make a careful tour of the apartment, sniffing first at one and then at another of the assembled guests. Towards some his tail will be seen to wag with every symptom of kindness and good will, whilst towards others he will, with tail deflected, shew unmistakable signs of suspicion, perhaps of disgust. Depend upon it the animal's discernment is rarely at fault. I would willingly be guided by such a Mentor. Just so it is with the feathered race. Some masters and mistresses can never tame their birds: never get them to be on terms of intimacy. The cause is evident. There are no feelings of affection in common between them. They do not love their birds. The latter know as much, and are assuredly aware that they are kept simply for the sake of furnishing amusement. I have noted the same morose sagacity with all my squirrels. They would constantly detect any

person who might be preparing or wishing to play them off some practical joke, and would, to my great delight, fasten on them at once—paying handsomely and in full for all favours 'about to be' received. It was, however, impossible for me to anger them. They too will know the friendliness of my disposition—seeing what merry romps and gambols we had together, both by day and night, up-stairs, down-stairs, and in the garden. No doubt it is a wise provision of Nature thus to endow our little friends with instinctive powers of perception. The face is the index of the mind. They read our character when they catch our eye—*William Kidd, in the (arctic) Chronicle*.

THE VFNAL SANCTUARY.

BY THE REV JAMES GILBORN LYONS, LL.D.

'While in our churches is the place for the poor?' I ask this question with shame and sorrow. WHERE IS THE PLACE FOR THE POOR? — * * * Admit that here and there a poor person is a help. WHERE? It is he made to sit with us in the pews or do we say to him, 'stand thou there, or sit here unless my foot stool' — R. J. H. L. Bishop L. L.

* I will bring your sanctuaries unto desolation

1000 (8 22 1 3)

I know the hallowed ground that bore
A Christian temple tall and proud,
When at each wide and lofty door
Went streaming in a joyous crowd
A welcome day bid all rejoice
A fair and ancient festival,
And the glad organ's mighty voice
Shook the strong roof and Gothic wall

Iull many a token marked the fll
Where rich and high believers met,
The sacred volume clasped in gold,
The costly robe, and diowar scar
Priest, people, altar, chancel, ch n,
Arch, column, window, porch, and gate
That ample fane, from vaulted space,
Looked solemn all and calmly great

But mark! An old and weary man,
A stranger clad 'in raiment vile'
With failing steps and features wan,
Went tottering up the fair broad aisle
They cast him out, oh, faithless race!
(On some rude bench unseen—mute,
Convicted in *that* hour and place
Of a lean purse and threadbare coat)

Yes! and if He, who saved the lost,
 Died fainting on that haughty floor,
 Arrayed in weeds of little cost,
 Neck as He sought our world before
 In spite of words which none might blame,
 And works of goodness freely done,
 What sordid post of wrong and shame
 Would greet—Jehovah's only Son

Oh for a prophet's tongue or pen
To warn the great in wealth and lath
Who build their God a house, and then
Plant there the meagrest pomps of earth
To brand that church which spurns the poor
From every arm and stall pew,
Where ' clothed in purple ' hard secure
To kneel or sleep—the lordly few !

(Give me the shed, low, bare, and plain,
Where love and humble truth abide,
Rather than earth's most noble fane,
Poised by selfish pomp and pride:
(Give me the damp and desert sod
Walled in by dark old forest-trees,
Roofed over by the skies of God—
But perish temples such as these!

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THE MYSTERY OF MONEY.

'Hang them!' said Reynard, turning away from the tempting bunch that looked down upon him with its calm and juicy smile from a height just beyond his reach—'hang them!' said he, 'they are as sour as crabs!' The story is somewhat musty, but wondrously true. Even so do the of the human race console ourselves for our aspirations by disparaging that which we cannot obtain. Riches, fashion, power, dignity—every unattainable goal of desire, every unslaked thirst of the soul, becomes an object of contempt or denunciation; and a large majority of the world pass much time in sneering at the aims and aspirations which are the very life of their lives.

Take money as an illustration. To judge by the terms in which it is spoken of, you would suppose its possessors to be the most unlucky of mankind. Few poor persons can find any better words for it than dross or trash; the devotee denounces it as the accursed thing; and the moralist discovers it to be the root of all evil. Nay, the hatred and contempt with which it inspires those who are baffled in its pursuit, extend not unfrequently to the individuals who have gained that deadly loss; and the rich, instead of being pitied, are abused for their misfortune! But, setting aside the inconsistencies of men, there is something peculiarly mystical in the word Money, which appears to have been disconnected by time and use from the idea it originally represented, and to have become in itself a substantive thing. It calls up no distinct images before the mind; it does not even resemble a pagan god, whose name is suggestive of his attributes—

'And thus from Jupiter whate'er is great
Proceeds; from Venus everything that's fair.'

It is rather the superstition than the idol; it is more a feeling than an object; and the larger the sum we contemplate in our thoughts, the more vague and shapeless is the impression we receive.

Money suggests no ideas of grandeur, luxury, or beneficence. Its possessor may be a plain man, of simple tastes and retiring habits; he may be selfish and ungenial; his enjoyment may consist in amassing treasure, in knowing himself to be rich, and in feeling that others know it; or his propensities may be secretive, leading him to hoard and hide, to feign poverty, to steal through the world as an object of compassion, to live in destitution, and die a wealthy beggar. From the word we receive no hint of anything of this. It determines no position, no character; we only know the man has money—What is money?

The answer is easy! It comes glibly off the most

juvenile tongue; and we are told that 'money is the representative of purchasable commodities' with some air of scorn at the ignorance betrayed in the inquiry. But the definition serves no practical purpose. It is lost sight of the very next time we use the word; and if we only seize our thought as it passes, we shall find that 'money' stands for nothing but itself. To prove this, let us suppose it to be actually the things it represents; that instead of a well-filled purse, or a coffer of coin, or a current account in the bank, we are surrounded by every article of necessity, comfort, or luxury within our pecuniary means. Let us suppose that with the same ease and directness with which we put our hand in our pocket we stretch it forth and grasp the objects it is our purpose to buy—whether houses, lands, raiment, food, or anything else: let us do this, and we shall find what a marvellous effect the mere substitution of the thing for the word will have upon our views, sentiments, and actions.

The rich man who lives in voluntary destitution we designate by the Latin word *miser*, which means a wretched, pitiful, abject fellow; but if we change the money he hoards into the things it represents, we shall find quite another name for him. This man possesses an elegant house sumptuously furnished, its doors open for his reception, and breathing forth an inviting atmosphere of warmth and comfort; but he shuts both doors and windows, allows the house to stand unoccupied, and burrows shivering in a cold and filthy cabin by its side. He is hungry in this dark and miserable den; and straightway a table is before him, furnished with steaming dishes of exquisite meats, and lighted with perfumed wax. But he looks on—longing, yet unmoved. The dainties he will neither touch himself nor allow others to touch; and he satisfies his appetite as well as he may with such scraps as a beggar would look at with suspicion. After his meal he must go forth upon his affairs; and there are lying before him for his choice clean and comfortable or handsome and fashionable clothes of all kinds; but choosing instead some old and filthy rags, he sneaks into the street, an object of mingled pity and disgust. This self-denial is based upon no religious asceticism: his sole motive is the dread of diminishing by use some mystical value he imagines to reside in the articles in question. He is, in short, a *maniac*.

In a former number of this Journal there was an account—only too true, we are informed—of a man in moderate circumstances, of ordinary intelligence, and some accomplishments, whose attachment to money was so great that he allowed his son to perish of disease before his eyes rather than be at the expense of medical aid. A man like this is commonly termed

'an unnatural parent' but if we substitute for the money the aid and medicine it would buy, we form quite a different estimate of his conduct. The youth gets worse and worse; his sickly appetite turns with loathing from the ordinary food of the family; and as his father opens a cupboard near him, his hollow eyes are fixed eagerly on a heap of fruits and other delicacies it contains. But the father looks unmoved on the wasted face before him, and locks the cupboard. The patient gets still worse. Oh for skill to investigate his complaint!—oh for medicine to heal and comfort—to cool his parched tongue—

'To draw around his aching breast the curtains of repose!'

Medical men stand close by, but no summons is heard from the father's lips: the table is loaded with the necessary medicine, but the father looks at the sinking boy, and stirs not hand nor foot. A draught—one draught—would yet have a chance of saving him. There: the phial is labelled; a glass stands near—quick, quick! The father folds his arms, looks on as before, and the son dies. What manner of man is this? Still an unnatural parent? He is a murderer.

In the opposite vice of extravagance the world plays the very same part. We give away money without knowing what we give. Under that name we throw about food and dresses by armfuls: we scatter bags of corn and sacks of wheat upon the wind, and shovel away whole acres of land for a pastime. We exchange for a worthless gewgaw what appears to us to be pieces of gold; but they are in reality a pile of leaves sufficient to feed hundreds of human beings. If we would only think what money really is when we give it away! If we would only think what it is we withhold when we refuse it!

This unaccountable disruption between the word and the thing has another curious effect. A man who has an extreme dislike to parting with his money without an equivalent, is frequently very ready to give away gratuitously that equivalent when it comes into his possession. Look at the scene which takes place at a dinner-party; but in order to understand the better its moral, imagine that the good things on the table are the actual money they have cost.

'What will you have?' says 'Amphytrion ou l'on dine.' 'Sixpence?' That is too little. 'Do take a shilling! Here is a shilling. And you? My dear friend, let me give you half-a-crown! There it is. John, carry these gentlemen at the other end a shilling or two a piece. And now sixpences all round. Here is a sovereign: let me divide it among you. You will find as much opposite you—and you—and you: pray divide them liberally. But first another round of shillings'—and so on. The guests in the meantime receive the coined cheer with festive gratitude. A small portion of it they convert into wholesome food; another portion they swallow outright, to the extreme consternation of the digestive powers within; and the rest, which is by far the greater part, they throw out of the window. This entertaining, he it observed, who is so lavish of the things represented by money, would look very blank if asked for the representative. He would part grudgingly to his friends with pain after coin—if he parted with them at all—deploring and believing that he could not afford the liberality.

Some years ago the operatives of this country had a great fancy for styling themselves, *par excellence*, the

'useful classes'—meaning, that by the work of their industrious hands they achieved a pair of boots, or a suit of clothes, or anything else with which they supplied the wants of their useless employers. These employers, it is true, gave them something in their turn; but that was only money. Had they sent them instead a pile of quatern-leave, a respectable cheese, and a stone or two of butcher-meat, they would have been cheerfully accorded the honour of ranking among the useful classes; yet the two payments are virtually identical, and the mistake of the operatives is merely another illustration of the mystery of money.

This mystery is so unfathomable, that few men can tell correctly whether they are rich or poor. A man in the middle rank, whose moderate income is just sufficient for the comfortable support of his family in the station to which they belong, reckons himself comparatively poor because he has not more than enough. He looks at the stately dwelling of a neighbour, the multitude of its apartments, the number of servants required to take care of them, and the beauty of the promenades in the demesne to which he and others are allowed free access. 'Alas!' exclaims the complaining spirit, 'he is rich!' Why so? He eats no more than you—perhaps not so much, he does not relish his food better; he wears the same number of garments; he sleeps in a single chamber; and he sits, actually, and from choice, in a single room. If the rest of his food is to be eaten at all, it must be so by other people; if the rest of his house is to be inhabited at all, it must be so by other people. So far as these extras are concerned, he is only better than an unkeeper in having, to some extent, the choice of his guests. For them he keeps numerous apartments in order; for them wants he provides; and for their convenience he employs a retinue of servants. This rich man does not attempt the feats of the circus—he rides but one hour in short, as an individual, he is in precisely the same position as yourself.

'And the promenades?'

They are yours as well as his, for he has no more means of enjoying them than you. But the fact of their being patent to you and his other neighbours points to a source of enjoyment he fully possesses, and the only one from which you are excluded. He has the power to bestow upon those around him a true pleasure, and in the exercise of the privilege consists the only advantage he derives from being what the world—with very little apprehension of the true meaning of the term—calls a rich man.

We are told, in the figurative language of Scripture, that a rich man would find it as difficult to enter into the kingdom of heaven as a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. Nothing can be more true, or more forcibly expressed; for it is impossible for any person who is rich in the signification commonly attached to the word 'to do his duty either to God or man. Beyond a certain point, where individual appetite, convenience, comfort ends, a man cannot be legitimately rich. What he is unable to absorb personally is an excess, for the use or abuse of which he is answerable. The popular meaning of the term—in which it is of course used by a Scripture addressed, not to philologists, but to all mankind—involves a solecism occasioned by the disruption that has taken place between money and what it represents. Instead of the vague, formless, but imposing idea suggested to us by the expression, 'a rich man,' if we could only conceive an individual with more houses or rooms than he could occupy, with more horses than he could ride, with a vast storehouse of hats, coats, and unwritables, and with a dinner spread before him consisting of thousands of dishes, we should understand better his position, and see that in the character vulgarly ascribed to him—in which his possessions appear as a part of his individuality—his

chance of getting through would not be at all better than the camel's!

Thus we see 'words are things,' and very important things too. If we would only give ourselves the habit of connecting clear and definite ideas with those we use, we should escape many serious mistakes, and get rid of many mysteries; but of none at once so mischievous and so ridiculous as the Mystery of Money.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

THE Signor Giulio Mercadante was an Italian nobleman of merry disposition, who delighted in frolic and jovial disportments, whether in season or out of season. But into the villa of this enemy of care death entered suddenly and awfully. One of his followers, Baptista by name, a man of ferocious bearing, of great strength, and of bad repute, was found dead in the garden, stilettoed by an assassin. Report with her many tongues had been busy with his name, whispering that he, as well as another of the signor's servants, named Francesco, had been once enrolled in a bandit troop, but having quarrelled with their chieftain, had thrown off their allegiance, and taken service with the more peaceful Signor Mercadante. People murmured that it was hardly safe to trust them as inmates within the walls of a commonplace, everyday, legally-organised villa. But what was it to them? The signor was surely the best judge of the organisation of his own household; and he knew their former history as well as he knew that at present they were his faithful though rude valets.

'If,' said his lordship, 'they have been robbers, so much the worse for them: they are good servants now, so much the better for me. May the Holy Virgin!'—and here he would cross himself—'intercede for their pardon for the past, and bring before the throne of grace their present faithful service and good deeds!'

When he was told of Baptista's fate he grieved and stormed; he called upon his patron saint to witness his re-registered vow of vengeance; and then with kindred spirits he sat himself down to his evening repast.

Meantime the body of the murdered man was placed in a kind of summer-house, which stood at some little distance from the villa, and which had Venetian windows opening upon the garden. Here an old crone had paid all necessary duties to the departed, and here his friend Francesco came to see that nothing had been omitted which the custom of his country deemed useful.

'And thou art to be with him this night, Francesco?' said the woman. 'I wish thee hearty joy of thy office! But mind thee, my boy, to leave the window open, that when the Evil One comes for his own there may be no impediment to his entrance.'

'What sayest thou, old mother?' asked the young Italian, stealing a glance at the corpse.

'Why,' said the crone, 'I give you a friendly warning—that's all. Have you not heard, maestro, that when the clock strikes twelve the Evil One comes for his own?—and here there was a devout touching of the forehead and shoulders, to signify the form of the cross—'and have you not heard that at the same moment the good angels come for their own?—and if there be any impediment in the way to or from the chamber of death, wo be to him who causes it!'

'And what, think you, will be the message for our old comrade there?' said Francesco, trying, under a mask of levity, to hide the perturbation within.

'Think!' said the old woman.—'I do not think about so plain a matter! In his lifetime it is well known that Baptista sold himself to the Evil One; and he will surely claim his own. So keep a watch, and leave the window open, that his entering may not be barred. And now, good-night, and fair slumbers keep thee from harm.' And the hag, in nowise deceived by

Francesco's manner, chuckled and hugged herself with her skinny arms as she tottered from the death-chamber.

The Signor Giulio Mercadante meanwhile was entertaining his guests—three young men as thoughtless as himself—with the hapless fate of his domestic; remarking how curious it was that one with deportment in general so rude and ferocious should have the power of inspiring, where it so pleased him, the strongest attachment. He himself confessed to have been brought in some slight degree under this inexplicable influence, and to have felt a certain affection for his uncouth follower. But the greatest proof of this nameless power, he said, was evinced in Francesco; for this poor fellow, despite his former lawless career, was known to be a most unhesitating believer in all kinds of apparitions, be they good or evil: he dreaded ghosts and goblins—he feared the dead. Yet, with all this, he was going to keep guard in the lonely summer-house beside the corpse of his friend, because he deemed that so doing was a proof of the love and friendship he had ever borne him; and the signor marvelled that the poor fellow had not at least asked some person to keep him company in this mournful vigil. This discourse led to a discussion of the notions entertained by the peasantry respecting the struggle of the good and evil angels for the spirit of man as it left its mortal tenement; and the conversation suggested ideas to the Signor Giulio Mercadante which were infinitely tempting to a practical joker. Forthwith he summoned Pietro, one of his serving-men—a fine soldierly-looking fellow, not at all unlike the deceased Baptista in person, but very dissimilar to the poor wretch, Francesco, in character, being a boastful scoffer at all belief in the agency of the invisible world.

'Here, Pietro,' said his master, 'would you in querdon for small service like to earn this?' And he held up delicately by the fore-finger and thumb a silken purse, through the open network of which there glittered several silver coins.

'Say but the word, signor,' replied the man, 'and the purse shall be mine!'

'Hark, then!' said his master: 'you know that some vile assassin has given the deathblow to my poor Baptista, who is even now stiffening on his funeral couch in the summer-house; and you know, too, that his comrade Francesco keeps him company?'

The man acquiesced by a bow.

'I should like,' continued the Signor Giulio, 'to cure this simple Francesco of the foolish fancies he entertains respecting the dead: it might make him a better servitor for the future. I care not to have one in my train who starts at shadows after nightfall, though he be valiant enough in the broad daylight; and for this I want your wit and aid.'

Pietro grinned from ear to ear in anticipation of what was to follow. He had had some experience in similar freaks since he had entered the service of the Signor Giulio Mercadante.

'You are not afraid of the dead?' questioned his lord.

'I, signor!' said Pietro, as he curled his moustache. 'Many a time have I couched me on the battle-field with none but the slain beside me; and methinks if the dead could ever give cause for dread, they would do so at such a time and in such a place. But, tush! they were as incapable of moving as the soil on which they were stretched.' And he snapped his fingers above his head as he spoke.

'Then,' said his master, 'you will not hesitate to take the place of Baptista for this night, and to play the part of a dead man?'

'Signor!' said the puzzled servitor.

'Thus,' said the signor, 'is what I require of you—simply to lie motionless and stiff in his stead, to deceive Francesco. Mark well what he does; and when the

bell tolls midnight, rise up in your bed, and call him by name.

'I will do it!' said Pietro, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the scene. 'Poor Francesco! he will be scared to death! Ah, we shall have a joke against him for life!'

'But,' said one of the guests, 'have you considered that upon this night, above all other nights in the year, the powers of the air have influence on man, and that Baptista, whom you will thus represent led a most wicked life?'

'Fut, tut, my lord!' said Pietro — 'all old wives' fables to scare women and children!'

When the door had closed upon him the guests unanimously expressed their doubts as to the actual scepticism of the fellow.

'Will, let us try him!' said their host, who now fully found himself in his element, and who with his friends hastily set to work to dupe both Pietro and Francesco.

Two of them proceeded to the summer house where they found Francesco keeping watch by his friend's body, and telling him that his master desired his presence, they removed the corpse during his absence and placed Pietro upon the funeral couch.

Night was drawing her sable curtains round the earth when Francesco returned with a large bottle of wine, and some old journals as aids to enable him to pass the night with composure. He placed the table at the further end of the room with a lamp upon it and sat, it may be well believed with his back to the couch. He tried to become deeply interested in the journals in vain — his eyes saw the characters but these would not impress themselves on his brain. Now and then, but evidently with an effort he turned his head slowly over his shoulder to steal a glance at the supposed dead man, and often he started and nervously glanced round the room.

All this for a time served highly to amuse the stiff and motionless Pietro, indeed he would have willingly given vent to his laughter the more so as he dared not, and thus inclination gave him a tickling sensation in his throat, which cost a superfluous effort to repress it. What relief a cough or a yawn would have given him!

Then after awhile he became weary — still remaining perfectly still for so long a time was a far more difficult task than he had imagined, and in order to nerve himself to the endurance of such a put to the end he had to bear in mind not only the glittering purse, but also that mocking incredulity which he had seen so legibly impressed upon the faces of his master's guests. 'No,' he thought, 'were I to fail they would attribute it to unwillingness to remain in the dead man's place at midnight, and not to this insupportable feeling of restlessness.' So he persevered. A blessing it was to him that the plotters had drawn the mosquito curtains in full and ample folds around him, for he could open wide his eyes he could pout his lips, put out his tongue, stretch the muscles of his feet, or elongate his legs to their greatest tension, or press the hands crossed upon his bosom, without much fear of detection. Once or twice indeed Francesco had turned sharply round, but after an awfully-secured look he had apparently become convinced that the movement had only been fancied by him, or was caused by the fluttering of the light on the distant couch, and he had again turned to the perusal of the journal. But the stillness was far worse for the impostor to bear than the visible indications of Francesco's inquisitiveness. It gave him the fear of falling asleep. If he did, he should assuredly adore, and then there would be a forfeiture of the purse, and the laugh would be against him instead of his dupe. But the temptations were very strong: the bed, the gloom, the stillness, the stillness of the timepiece, the rustling of the journal as its leaves were turned over with a peculiar rustling sound — surely never was mortal so tempted by external

objects to turn upon his side and enjoy a good nap. He was fain to punch his skin, to keep himself awake.

The timepiece struck half-past eleven. Another half hour more must he suffer such purgatory and how fervently he wished that just for a few minutes in that term the journal could prove a soporific to Francesco and allow him the opportunity of easing his cramped frame!

Now, had poor Francesco been really thinking of the journal, it is ten chances to one that he might have slept, but his thoughts were wandering despite his will. He recalled those scenes in which he had stood side by side with the murdered Baptista — scenes of robbery, of violence, and even bloodshed. He divined full well who had given the deathblow to his old comrade — that it was one of those former associates who never forgave a desertion from their band and whose vows of vengeance were always kept. But how had they hunted him out? Then there came the conviction that he too was a marked man and somehow with that conviction there flashed across his mind doubts of the old woman who had laid out Baptista for burial, and who seemed so perfectly acquainted with his former life. He too would know how many agents among the poor the robbers could command! What if information of his lonely watch should have been communicated to them, and that, in order to give facility to their purpose, he had been desired to leave the window open advice given under the mask of superstitions fear?

These and similar conjectures chased on in the through his brain, until he forgot his ill-luck until what he considered more substantial came to his aid. Under their influence he rose from his chair and paced up and down the room.

Poor Pietro! No chance of movement for him now. He was obliged to close his eyes for fear of detection, so he could not perceive Francesco's next movement. He, following the current of his thoughts, examined a small pistol which he drew from his vest pocket, and again returned it to its resting place.

The timepiece struck the quarter to midnight. Pietro could not help it — he moved a little. Francesco started, sank into a chair he glided up on the bed, and there followed no movement — all was still and motionless! He took his handkerchief, wiped clammy moisture from his brow, trimmed the lamp, and set off a glass of wine. The old woman's words recurred to his memory fresh perhaps the warning after all was given in sincerity. He approached the window half credulously, half mistrustfully. He opened it. He places himself in the shade, and looks out and soon his attention becomes so riveted upon what he perceives to be going on in the garden, that he forgets the corpse, or if there be some dim idea of its presence, it is only in connection with its being made the vehicle for his own destruction. Now all doubt of the old woman's treachery has vanished, for there, creeping within the shadows of the trees, or resting behind some statue, or stealing on all-fours by the fountains, come four figures, stealthily winding their way to the summer-house. He thought even he recognised the night-prowlers by their separate manoeuvres.

In those few minutes Francesco was transformed from a timid coward into the bold, resolute man. He knew that it was mortal agency he had to encounter, and that he must trust entirely to his own arm for defence. He quickly and gently withdrew further into the shade of the room, and took up his position where he could command the open window, near which was placed the couch.

The timepiece struck midnight. As the last sound reverberated, there was an indescribable noise at the open window — a groan, mingled with the clanking of chains or the click of steel, and then a figure darkened

the entrance: it had come into the room. Francesco waited not to see who or what it was, but quick as lightning he levelled his piece and fired. With a piercing shriek the figure bounded upwards a few feet, and then fell upon the couch.

The three guests, who had little anticipated this termination to their folly, now shouting to Francesco, rushed into the room, where they found Pietro sitting upright in his bed, with eyes glued in an idiotic stare on the frightful object which was stretched across his feet, and to which he pointed, mumbling unintelligibly.

It was the Signor Giulio Mercadante, who, in a black robe, with flames daubed upon it, and horns and wings and glassy eyes, was now pouring out his lifeblood over the desecrated couch of the dead.

It was some time before Pietro entirely recovered the use of his senses; Francesco fled the country; and it may well be imagined that after this terrible lesson the three thoughtless guests never again attempted a practical joke.

THE EARTH'S ROTATION ON ITS AXIS.

THE ingenious experiment of M. Foucault of the oscillation of the pendulum as a test of the rotatory motion of the earth, which has of late so much occupied the public attention, has likewise served to bring the whole subject of the earth's rotation into discussion. It is strange to think that, not more than two centuries ago, this same subject occupied the attention of men of science and intelligence throughout the whole of Europe, and, we may say, the civilised world, though in a very different way. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the doctrines of Copernicus, timidly divulged about fifty years before, were taken up by Galileo, and fully and boldly asserted. It took fifty years more, however, before they were even publicly admitted in Europe, and it is surprising to find a subtle and learned, and, on the whole, very capable man, Thomas Browne, even so late as 1616, denying his belief in such doctrines. In his 'Vulgar Errors' the following sentence: 'Nor will it acquit the misdirection of those who quarrel with all things, or dispute of matters concerning whose verities we have conviction from reason, or decision from the innervable and requisite conclusions of sense. And therefore, if any affirm the earth doth move, and will not believe with us it standeth still, because he hath probable reasons for it, and I no infallible sense nor reason against it, I will not quarrel with his assertion.' Now the somewhat quaint Sir Thomas was a thinker and writer in many respects far ahead of his times, yet he was on this question behind Galileo and his contemporary countryman, the immortal Milton. In his denial, however, he is not dogmatical; not so his commentator, Sir Christopher Wren, dean of Windsor, and father of the celebrated architect of St Paul's. He denounces the new doctrine with vehemence, and without any reservation whatever, and may well be taken as a type of the prejudiced and ill-informed objectors of the time, as well as of all times, to any doctrine which disturbs the still quiet of old-fashioned and long-received opinion. It is amusing, and in some respects edifying, to glance over the various objections propounded in those days against the earth's rotation on its axis, and its annual revolution round the sun. If the earth rotates with such a velocity, say they, a stone thrown up into the air should be left a far way behind; and so should the air or atmosphere itself, and especially the water of the ocean. Now, to some extent the two latter at least of these phenomena do take place, but not in the way which the objectors suppose. In a general way the atmosphere and the ocean revolve as part and portion of the solid earth, and even the stone 'thrown up into the air' still continues to preserve its motion as a particle of the earth, and rather falls to the eastward

than to the westward of its point of projection. But the chief objection was a scriptural one; or rather a list of eighty contradictions from the Scriptures. Turn up a volume of Sir John Herschel, or any celebrated astronomer of the present day, and we shall readily find eighty such objections. With all our knowledge of the earth's rotation, we still speak of the sun 'setting and rising,' of the 'motions of the stars,' and the 'sun's course in the heavens.' In short, we still find it most convenient to use the language of the senses, not the intellectual language of the reality; and throughout the whole of Scripture nothing more is done than this.

The diurnal revolution of the earth is now one of those received and established facts which demand no proof. Abstracting our thoughts for a moment from the incongruities between vision and relative motions, we can at once discover, from watching the position of the sun, that we travel continually in this latitude at the rate of 500 to 600 miles per hour; or at night, fixing our eye on the moon, that we far outstrip her in her progress through the deep blue sky, though she also has her eastward course, as may be demonstrated by fixing on some far-distant fixed star, when we shall find that during every passing hour and minute both the moon and earth recede, though with very different velocities, from the tiny, twinkling orb.

We owe to one of England's most celebrated astronomers of former days, Dr Halley, the first true exposition of the atmospheric currents. He first pointed out that in a current of air coming from the pole to the equator, there is a much less lateral velocity in high latitudes than in low; or, in other words, while the air at the equator is carried from west to east with a velocity of 1000 miles an hour, the air within the polar circles only moves with a velocity of 100 or 200 miles an hour, diminishing almost to nothing at the pole itself. From this circumstance arises the well-known direction of the trade-winds north and south of the equator, which, instead of blowing directly north and south respectively, acquire a direction of north-east and south-east. This circumstance, once ascertained, is perhaps one of the most self-evident proofs of the rotation of the earth—a proof not liable to the deception of vision, as many of the others are, but which can likewise be appreciated and confirmed by the other senses. When a current of cold, and consequently heavy air presses from the polar regions towards the equatorial, every degree it advances it comes over a portion of the earth that is revolving eastward at a greater velocity than that part which the current first left: when it arrives within the tropics, the earth's motion is from 900 to 1000 miles an hour, the motion of the wind-current is perhaps one-half less than this. The consequence is, that the earth outstrips the air-current, which, so to speak, is left behind. Now, we know that in travelling on a railway with a velocity of thirty miles an hour, if the air is not moving at all, we encounter a wind blowing at the rate of thirty miles an hour, forming a stiff breeze; but say that there is a gentle current blowing along with us of fifteen miles an hour, still we outstrip it, and create for ourselves a counter-current with half the velocity, or fifteen miles an hour.

Did the earth, then, not turn on its axis at all, the trade-winds ought always to blow due north and south respectively on each hemisphere.

The experiment of Foucault is, we presume, so well known to our readers, that we need not enter on it here. It derives its interest, as a proof of the earth's rotation, from the well-ascertained fact, that a pendulum continues to rotate in the same plane in which it has been set in motion. From this circumstance, and having a free motion at the point of suspension, it preserves its original plane of rotation while the point of suspension, and consequently the part of the earth's surface

where it is placed, is making a daily revolution. This simple, ingenious experiment has also the merit of affording a proof, free from the fallacy of vision, of the earth's daily revolution on its axis.

THE UMBRELLA PEDLER.

THE trade in second-hand umbrellas is one which is very industriously pursued in every part of the metropolis, although in seasons of dry and fair weather no trace or indication of it may be visible to the most experienced observer. The fall of the barometer, however, lures the hawkers from their hiding-places, and, simultaneously with the pattering descent of the first smart shower of rain, they may be beheld, if not numerous as frogs on the windward bank of a dry pond, yet vocal as their salutory prototypes, and, like them, rejoicing in the blessed dews of heaven. In them the forgetful pedestrian, who has left his umbrella behind him, encounters accommodating friends, ready to dispense a shelter at any price, from a 'taunter' to a 'bull,' as they phrase it, or from sixpence to a crown-piece. In the neighbourhood of some sheltered court or covered archway, where the crowd have rushed to covert from the rattling storm, the umbrella pedler takes his stand—his back to the breeze, his battered frock buttoned to the chin, his blucher-booted feet firmly planted on the slushy pavement, and his burly figure effectually shielded from the assaults of the tempest beneath the simple dome of gingham upheld in his sturdy fist. With a dozen or two of serviceable umbrellas of every possible colour and material gathered up under his left arm, he stands erect and scornful of the inclement sky; and as you shrink from the driving sleet or peppering hail, jostling uncomfortably with 'damp strangers' beneath the crowded covert, he pits his patience against yours, pretty sure to conquer in the end, unless the heavens prove adverse, and the beams of the returning sunshine put his mercantile prospects to flight. He is an admirable prophet of the weather, and knows far better than did Murphy when the clouds intend to drop fatness. When you see him emerging, stock in hand, from some malodorous alley in the purlieus of Clare Market or Drury Lane, you may set it down as a matter of certainty, whatever be the promise of the hour, that he has derived from some mysterious source or other infallible indications of impending moisture, and that he is prepared to take advantage of it. A sudden change to wet occurring at eight or nine o'clock on a summer's evening is a special providence in his favour, adding 50 per cent. to the value of his goods, and insuring a certain and rapid market for them. He is off at such a crisis without loss of time to Vauxhall, or Cremorne, or some other popular resort of out-of-door entertainment, where thousands of callow Cockneys, who piously believe that to carry an umbrella is to invite wet weather, are to be found fluttering in their Sunday's best, and in the precise condition he would have them for the encouragement of trade. The disgorgement of Exeter Hall after a May meeting, or an Oratorio by Handel, during a summer storm, is a harvest which he is sure to be on the spot to reap. Wherever, indeed, a crowd is caught in the rain he is present to catch the crowd, and on such occasions, it need hardly be said, is pretty sure to be well received and well remunerated.

When fine weather has fairly set in, our moist friend disappears from his accustomed stations, and if, as it ought to be, his stock be greatly diminished, he has now the task of replenishing it to perform against the return of the wet season. With this view he makes the tour of London on a principle peculiar to himself: avoiding all the main and business thoroughfares, he penetrates into the back slums and private-door districts, where, in a monotonous voice, reminding one of

the magician's cry in the tale of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp—a voice intended for the ears of servant-girls and peopling servitors—he bawls the interesting announcement: 'Sixpence for any ole hummellar!' Now as he sells hundreds of umbrellas in the course of the year at sixpence a piece, it is hardly to be expected that this announcement is to be taken in its literal sense. It means, in fact, that he will give sixpence for an article that he approves of. If you offer him a dilapidated machine, he will prove to you logically enough that, so far from being a (wh)ole umbrella, it is only a portion of one, and is therefore only worth a part of the price. He will buy it, however, at his own valuation, be it what it may, as he has ample means in store for supplying all deficiencies. If the relic in question be that of a genuine manufacture, with ribs of actual whalebone, and not the substitute of blackened cane, he will hardly let it escape him unless you are really inordinate in your demand. Umbrellas whose sticks and ribs are of iron are his utter abomination, and he tells you to bring them to him red-hot; he 'haves nuffin to do wi' them sort without the chill took off.' It is not always that he pays for his purchases in ready-money; he carries with him on his rounds a dozen or two of tidy little parasols, not too large for a servant-girl to smuggle out of the house in her pocket, in cases where the mistress forbids her domestics the use of such vanities. When he has overhauled the goods he means to buy, 'Looker here, my dear,' says he, 'if you got a mind to gi' me a bob (that's a shillin' you know) and these here three or four bits o' hummellars, you shall have an ansome parrysaul fit for arry lady in town, and take your chice.' With that he unfolds his tempting display of bright-coloured sunshades, and the bargain is only delayed till the dazzled abigail has fixed her hesitating selection.

When he is sufficiently provided against a rainy day, and the wet weather, as is sometimes the case, does not set in to suit his convenience, he sets out on a repairing campaign. Furnished with a canvas or leather bag strapped round his waist, and well supplied with ferrules, handles, tips, and all the little et cetera that go to the construction and repair of umbrellas, together with a few simple tools, he perambulates the various suburbs and quiet streets of the capital, crying at the top of his voice: 'Hummellars to mend!' His ingenuity in the repair of any disorder incidental to the constitution of those useful articles is really marvellous. Your old companion in travel shall have had his brazen nose knocked off—shall have been actually turned inside out by the blustering assault of Boreas—shall have had the whole of his eight ribs wrenched from his spine, besides sundry other minor injuries—and shall yet emerge from the hands of this peripatetic bone-setter restored to his pristine integrity; hale, hearty, strong, and serviceable as ever—and all for the small charge of 'such a thing as tenpence.' In addition to what may be called his independent trade, carried on on his own account, he is bound by certain contracts to the keepers of retail umbrella and parasol shops. These contracts are not to him of a very profitable description: he has undertaken to do all the repairs required to be done—to medicate the wounds and fractures of each individual sufferer at a price comparable only to that at which a parish doctor is remunerated for attendance upon workhouse patients. Two shillings per dozen is the liberal allowance generally paid by the shopkeeper to the travelling artisan for the repair of umbrellas and parasols, lumping them all together, irrespective of the nature of the injury to be repaired. New coverings of course are not included, and the shopkeeper supplies such new handles as may be necessary; all the rest is furnished by the repairer. Some few of the more liberal dealers allow half-a-crown a dozen, which, seeing that sixpence is the lowest charge ever made for a single job to the public, and that the

generality of cases cost the customer a shilling, they can very well afford to do.

Sometimes a member of this fraternity will lay by his umbrellas and repairing-kit for a season, and betake himself to an analogous pursuit in the sale of walking-sticks. In carrying out this branch of his profession, he becomes the subject of a temptation to which he is not always superior. True he is a 'natty' hand at a walking-stick; and though he may not be, like Sir Plume, critically correct 'in the nice conduct of a clouded cane,' he is an admirable judge of the quality of canes in general, from the common chair-bottom bamboo to the costly amber-coloured Malacca. *The perfection of his judgment in this particular has indeed been the source of the moral declension above hinted at. In his purchases of second-hand umbrellas, or perhaps in his barterings with serving-maids at gentlemen's back-doors, he meets occasionally with specimens of which the stick is a good partridge-cane. This truth compels us to say, he invariably extracts (substituting a common one of beech), and dressing it up as a walking-stick, readily disposes of it as such at the price of a shilling or eightpence—the regular price for such a cane being from half-a-crown to three-and-sixpence. The purchaser soon makes the agreeable discovery that he has parted with his money to no purpose, and that his bargain, like most bargains, is good for nothing—the cane proving unsound, and snapping short at about a foot from the lower extremity. He sees when it is too late that his new walking-stick had done service as the rod of an umbrella—that it had been excavated at the part where it has now broken, for the insertion of the spring—that the wood had become rotten from the moisture collected there, and had consequently given way upon the first pressure. It is impossible to detect the imposture by examination before purchase—the cavity being cleverly filled with an imitative composition, and the whole subsequently varnished over.

Not a few of the ambulatory umbrella-merchants and menders are Jews, who are at all times ready and willing to exchange their wares or their skill for any portable species of marketable commodities. The writer many years ago took lessons in Hebrew from a travelling umbrella-mender, who read into such English as he was master of—he being by birth a Pole—any part of the Old Testament with the utmost ease and rapidity. He did the same with equal fluency with a Bible Society copy of the Hebrew New Testament, and plainly shewed, by his remarks on what he read, that the contents were entirely new to him.

No further back than the 14th of last month, a picturesque-looking figure, stately and erect as a young oak, but grizzled with the frosts of near seventy winters, knocked with his knuckles at my window, as I sat tapping at the outer wall of my brain, to try if any ideas were within, and civilly requested to know if I had any umbrellas to mend. There was something in the man's face which forbade the abrupt negative that was already upon my lips: age, honesty, suffering, and something besides that is indefinable, compelled me to comply with his desire. He was clad in a garb which bore very solid pretensions to antiquity—smooth and shining with the unctuous friction of years, yet carefully stitched and mended throughout. I judged him to be an old soldier; and, mindful of the tale of the 'ancient mariner,' I found the means of setting him to work upon a job which occupied him for three-quarters of an hour, during which, in compliance with the inquiries I piled him with, he delivered himself at intervals to the following effect:—

'This here's a French hummellar: I know'd he was a Frenchman afore I laid hold of him. I knows the make of that sort well enough. Ha—I reflect the time when we used to get five or six-and-thirty shillin' for a good silk un. Free-trade in hummellars and free-trade in bread! Well, one tells up agin t'other, I s'pose.

I had a pretty good taste of the French once in my time.'

'Have you lived in France?'

'Four year two months and twenty-seven days.'

'You have kept a pretty exact account. I hope you enjoyed your sojourn there?'

'Not a bit of it; bein' I went there again' my will, and was a prisoner of war pretty well the whole time.'

'Pray, how came that about?'

'Why, you see 'tis more nor forty years, agone now—full that since I first went and listed in the army. About the end of 1810 I were servant to an officer, and sailed with my master from Lisbon to join the garrison of English and Spaniards as lay beleaguered by the French in Cadiz. I was unfortunately took ill of a fever the very day as I stepped aboard, and confin'd to my berth all the voyage. Having the weather again' us, we were sixteen days at sea afore we came in sight of the Isle of Leon. But we never got there: a bad storm driv us ashore full ten miles or more to the west of Cadiz, and we was wrecked. While all hands was trying what they knowed to save the crew and transports, the French kept firing on us all the time.'

'Are you sure of that? Such cruelty is not customary in civilised warfare.'

'I says nothin' but what's true. You see we had been driving in the storm under bare poles, and hadn't got a flag to strike; so that we couldn't shew no surrender: besides, 'twasn't the reglar French army as took us, but a gang of irreglars as worked on their own account again' the British. The want of a flag to strike cost us a good many of our men killed by their shots. There was a good many sick besides myself, for the fever had spread a good deal on board; and when the enemy seen our hands a-gettin' the sick men out in their hammocks, and lowering 'em into the boats, they left off firing; and though they didn't offer no assistance, they allowed us to land as well as we could. We all got ashore pretty nigh, but every one on us was made prisoner to a gang of fellows made up of the raff of all nations—French, Italian, and Irish volunteers for the most part—fighting for the sake of prize-money under the patronage of Marshal Victor. They forced the Portuguese sailors, and a lot of our own fellows too, to bear a hand in plundering the vessel; and when they had got all they could out of her, they set fire to her. I see her blow up as I lay shiverin' in my hammock under a ledge of a rock in the middle of the night. I was dreadful bad for a long time while we lay in prison that winter, w' nothin' better than straw for a bed, and that most times wet. They turned the sick out of their hammocks, and bundled us all together upon one heap of rotten straw. But our lads stood by one another, and my master done what he could to have me took care of, though he could not come and see me. As the spring come on I got better, along o' many more, though some of the poor fellows died just when they should have got well for want of warmth and nourishment. The Frenchmen wanted us to work in the trenches, and we might have got out of prison if we would ha' done it. But that didn't suit us, and we were allowed to decline it, preferring to be marched off to prison to France. If I was to live for a thousand years—which, thank Heaven, I shan't—I shouldn't forget that there miserable march. We was seven months on the route, sometimes a target for grilly fighters, who never shewed their faces till they sent a volley of shot among us—sometimes short of victuals and water—sometimes camped for the night on the top of a frosty rock without a bit o' coverin' beyond our own flusterin' rags. There was ne'er a bit of shoe or stocking among us by the time we had been a month on the route—no change o' linen—no victuals fit to keep the soul in a man's body—and no bed to lie on arter the horrible fatigue of a march w' bare

feet over a mountainous country. Many times we was all druv together into a hole where half on us couldn't lie down at once. A good number of the prisoners got so badly knocked up on the road before we had crossed the mountains, that they was forced to be left behind, where some died, and some got well, and was exchanged, and joined the duke's army. If it hadn't been a little better travelin' in France than it was in Spain, I'm pretty sure I should have left my bones there. We marched all through France into French Flanders. When at last we got to Cambray, there wasn't much more than seventy of us out of wellnigh two hundred that escaped out of the vessel. My master was left behind on parole, and was exchanged, and, worse luck for me and him too, poor man, was killed in battle before I got my liberty. 'Tis a bad thing to go to prison, but 'twas the happiest day of my life, 'cept the day as I got out, when I first got into the prison at Cambray, and had a good bed of clean straw to lie upon, and a mouthful of decent victuals to comfort me. I stayed here near three years, and, considerin' all things, wasn't very badly off. My master, while he lived, didn't forget me, and through a French officer as he had made his friend, I got many indulgences and many a good ration from the governor. Perhaps I might have broke out o' prison, and found my way to the coast, as some of my comrades did - though whether they ever reached home I can't tell—but it wouldn't have been handsome in me to return the kindness of the governor by giving him the slip. There came a release for us all when Bonny had lost the game.

'Did you get pay for all the time you were in prison?'

'I did; every penny of it, and spent it, like a fool, in double-quick time.'

'Was that the end of your soldiership?'

'No. I was transferred to the 21st, and before the end of the year had landed on the shores of the Mississippi, where I got into a worse mess than the tother.'

'You mean the affair of New Orleans?'

'I do—I was in it. There ain't much talk o' that in England. 'Twas a shameful bad business.'

'It was a fearfully fatal one to the British.'

'All owing to stupid management, sir—nothin' else. We should ha' done the business proper enough if we'd a been well officered. Our generals thought, I s'pose, that we could all eat up half-a-dozen Mericans a-piece; but they took care we shouldn't get at 'em, by leaving the scalin' ladders behind. So there we stood at daybreak, close up to their heavy guns, while every shot riddled us through. As it was, we might ha' stood some sort o' chance if we'd a been brought up in line; but in close column as we was, thousands of our men was cut down in next to no time. I hadn't been standin' there three minutes afore I could awalked over the muddy canal in front of us, which was about four foot deep, on top o' the dead bodies o' the 44th. I could see an old nigger, not twenty paces in front, grinning at us wi' his white teeth through the fascins, and cramming heavy bags of musket-shot into the muzzle of a thirty-two pounder, and sending certain death to hundreds at every discharge. I would have giv' my two arms to have got at the leering devil wi' my teeth. I see Paknum killed by a rifle-shot, and I was druv myself, wi' a lot more, smack agin the fascins by the rush o' the 98d Highlanders, who scrambled over us into the enemy's works; but not a man o' 'em come back to tell what had be found there. We stood there till more than half of us had nothing to stand on, and then Lambert ordered the retreat to be sounded. It made me sick to stagger back through the piles of dead and dyin' men, whose brave hearts had been fooled away from the want of a little common prudence. If we had been led on by a Merican, we should ha' done just what we did do—there is, walked into the jaws of the very trap that had been so long getting ready for us. Our bad

management, and the want of a little respect for the enemy, cost us some thousands of lives, and spoiled the success of Colonel Thornton, who carried the battery on the tother side o' the river, but was also obliged to retreat, because the whole force was blown to pieces, and there was nothing left to back him. If we had mastered that battery before we did anything else, and reduced the town first on that side of the water, we should have had a different tale to tell about New Orleans at this time o' day. After all, the Mericans had no pluck. They might ha' druv us into the river if they had the sperrit to come arter us. They had more than ten thousand men, and we was reduced to two thousand effectives; but they let us retreat in order, with guns and baggage, to our vessels fifteen miles off. That scan'lous affair was the first and last of my military service in Merrie. Soon arter that the peace was made, and I got my discharge, along of a bad roomatiz picked up through campin' in the swamps of the Mississippi.'

'Of course you have got a pension?'

'No, I han't—no pension. nor no medal, nor no nothin'!'

'How comes that about?'

'I can't tell 'xactly. If I harn't got it, 't aint for want of asking for it. But it seems I didn't take steps as I knowed nothin' about. If I'd done a sartin thing at a sartin time, they tell me that every two years of my service would ha' counted for three, and then the government would ha' had a right to ha' made me a pensioner. They are very sorry, of course, and so am I; but it can't be helped now.'

'It is well, then, that you have a resource in your trade. I suppose you learned that after your discharge.'

'No, I didn't, sir. I served my time regularly to the business in that very house that fell down the tother day in Graysher Street, and killed poor Hoolagan, and more besides. Here's your humrellar, sir; I must charge you ninepence for it, and hope you won't think it too much. You see I have new-tipped all the bones, put on a new ferrule and new cap, repaired the spring, and fastened the handle, which was loose.—Thank 'ee, sir—much obliged—proud to do anything for you, sir, at any time. I often comes round this way; if you'd lay by any little jobs for me, sir, you won't say I does 'em badly, sir, or overcharges.'

Exit old soldier, carefully closing the garden-gate after him; then, making a speaking-trumpet of his hand, slowly marching off to the tune of 'Humrellus to mend! AINY humrellars to me-ee-end!'

THE 'INDEFATIGABLE WODROW' AND HIS COLLECTIONS.

THERE are few readers of history who have not heard of 'The History of the Troubles of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the Revolution:' a book which has had the rare good fortune of being liked and praised even by those who are thoroughly hostile to its author's opinions. In fact, though Wodrow is a prejudiced, one might almost say a violent partisan, yet there is so much singleness of purpose and genuine honest enthusiasm throughout his writings, that people are inclined to pardon their thorough one-sidedness. All he has stated is not true; for he was credulous: but then he had the great merit of never stating anything he did not believe. He has thus often been relied on even by opponents in statements bearing against their own side when they saw that he had sufficient evidence. They might distrust his judgment, but not his honesty. His industry procured him the character of 'The indefatigable;' and some notion of its extraordinary extent may perhaps be formed from the present sketch. The objects of his labours were pretty multifarious, but they all had a sort of tendency towards one during one of the illus-

tration of the persecutions and perseverance of the Church of Scotland during its time of trial. Though he himself belonged to it in the days of its prosperity and power, and was a flourishing and influential man, yet there were a sufficiency of incidents in his family and infantine recollections to bring vividly before him the perils and anxieties of the time. Among these nothing could be a more startling memorial than the circumstances attending his own birth; and no one who knows the story can wonder that the child, often hearing it told at the more secure and cheerful fireside of peaceful days, should have been deeply imbued with the tone of these thrilling events.

His father was one of the covenanting clergy who would not agree to the regulations of Charles II.'s government, and performing their worship in remote places among the mountains and forests, came under the proclamations against conventicles or field-preachers. He was obliged to abscond from his house in Glasgow; but when his wife's hour of peril was at hand—she being disturbed by a presentiment that she would not survive the event—her husband made a perilous effort to see her. Though it was night, and he had disguised himself to the best of his ability, he was recognised as he passed 'the guard-house in the Trongate,' and his destination being easily guessed, a party was sent to his house to search for him. Delicacy kept them from the sick woman's room until every other possible corner had been searched, and they were about to make this conclusion of their search, in considerable certainty of finding their victim, when the arrival of the physician, Dr Davidson, suspended their proceedings. He came attended by 'a man-servant with a lantern carrying before him—it being now night—and the soldiers allowed him to go in with his servant when he told them his errand.' The military party still watched the premises, and it was during this interval of suspense that the historian of the troubles was born. The mother's life appears to have depended on the safety of the father, and the worthy physician found that his best prescription would be, if possible, to rescue the fugitive. The son thus describes the incident in a memoir of his father. 'A method offered to the doctor, which proved effectual through God's goodness for his escape; and he proposed that my father should change coats with his servant—a pretty large man—and put on his bonnet, and briskly take up the lantern, and go out before his new master with all the assurance he was master of. The thing took; and the soldiers having seen the doctor come in just now with a servant, when he went off let him pass without observing the matter. In a quarter of an hour or thereby the captain returned and searched the whole house, and my mother's room, with the greatest care; so that they stugged with their swords the very bed my mother was lying on, jealousing he might be concealed there. My mother was now easy, do as they would, and told them with much cheerfulness the bird was flown, and they needed give themselves no farther trouble.'

So began and terminated all that could be called adventurous in the career of Robert Wodrow. The child who entered the world at a moment of such wild excitement and peril was to lead a quiet, prosperous life, devoted to his ministerial duties in the pleasant rural parish of Eastwood, and to his literary labours and collections. He had no farther troubles save theological controversies in his own church, and save annoyance suffered from the remaining Cameronians. Of these, his chief worldly source of trouble, he says, on the occasion of his having, contrary to their tenets, observed a government fast: 'Instead of the converse I some time a-day had with excommunicated Christians about their own spiritual ease, I was engaged in disputes about the public and about separation, and how to defend the lawfulness and duty of hearing men preach

the gospel, and for the most part to no effect. So that many a time it was a terror to me to go out among them; and coming to particular places, I often looked very blunt, finding myself beset with contemners of me and my ministry, who often kept not within the bounds of common civility.'

The collections made by Wodrow are in some measure dispersed: a portion, chiefly biographical, is in the University of Glasgow; others are in ecclesiastical libraries, and in the possession of private individuals. But the largest and most valuable department is in the Advocates' Library, where its extent and variety is a wonderful testimony to the collector's diligence. The circumstances which brought so large a portion of them to light are interesting. The many manuscripts scattered here and there, which were either in Wodrow's handwriting or bore marks of having been in his possession, prompted the Rev. Dr Burns—his descendant, we believe—to institute a general search, for the purpose of bringing all that could be found to light. 'With the valuable aid,' he says in a letter to the editor of Wodrow's *Annals*, 'of Mrs Wodrow, grand-daughter of the historian, who had a good many manuscripts in her own possession, and who gave me useful hints as to the probable resting-places of others, I succeeded, partly by domiciliary visits to garrets and other repositories where these exuviae had remained for a series of years undisturbed, and partly by corresponding with surviving relatives of the historian, in unkenning from the dust of years some fourscore volumes of various sizes, and almost all in excellent preservation.' One portion of the collection was of use only to a peculiar class of students. It consisted of 'lectures, sermons, homilies, and other compositions of a similar class, by the father of the historian, the historian himself, his brother Alexander, several of the worthies of the covenanting age, and many of the theological students under Professor Wodrow, from 1690 to 1707.' Forty volumes, containing matter of more general interest to history and literature, were transferred to the Advocates' Library, where, along with several others, they constitute 'The Wodrow Collection.' A considerable portion of it consists of the historian's correspondence. He preserved and bound up the letters addressed to him; and having an equally good opinion of his own, he copied them, in his peculiar, compact, square hand, into volumes. Three volumes are still in existence; another, the earliest of the series, has been lost sight of. His writing is as close and compact as small print. The three little volumes contain about six hundred letters, and some of them by no means brief. But all that is worth knowing of his own personal correspondence is now pretty accessible in one of the publications of the Wodrow Society. This is one of the book-clubs which have lately sprung up. It was instituted in May 1841, 'for the publication of the works of the fathers and early writers of the Reformed Church of Scotland.' It was very worthily named after one who had worked so amply in the same field; and besides his biographies of eminent clergymen, of which he wrote many, the society printed his correspondence in three octavo volumes.

The miscellaneous documents in the Wodrow Collection cover a very wide field. A catalogue of them fills a considerable volume, and one wonders how a country clergyman could have got such papers into his possession. Many of them were connected with the great civil wars; and one might turn over a despatch with a reference to 'Oliver Cromwell, Esq.,' on which the said still adhered, or a letter from the unfortunate Laud, which sometimes puzzled the reader with its signature of 'Gul. Kant:—a contraction of Gulielmus Kantuariensis—William of Canterbury. Some portions of the Collection go over still more distant ground, as popes' bulls, minutes of catholic councils, foreign diplo-

matic negotiations, and the like. Many of the papers are copies made in Wodrow's own peculiar, square, regular handwriting; and the extent of these alone, besides his collections and original writings, might have entitled him to his designation of 'The Indefatigable.' Among the most curious of his copied manuscripts is Lord Ruthven's relation of the murder of Rizzio. This strange, characteristic account, though it has been more than once printed, is scarcely known to general readers. There have naturally, notwithstanding its picturesqueness and air of reality, been doubts of its authenticity; but Wodrow's painstaking preservation of a copy is something in its favour. It is a strange piece of brutal ruffianism, and curiously illustrates the manners of the court and aristocracy of Scotland in that day. According to his own account, when the conspirators burst into the apartment, he called out, 'That it would please her majesty to let yonder man, Davie, come out, for he hath been ower lang there!' The purpose for which Davie was thus courteously asked out was that of being killed. The tragedy is described; but almost more characteristic than the deed of violence is the coolness of the ruffian after it is over. 'The said Lord [Ruthven] being so enfeebled with his sickness and wearie of his travel, that he desired her majesty's pardon to sit down upon a coffer, and called for a drink for God's sake! So a Frenchman brought him a cup of wine, and after that he had drunken, the queen's majesty began to rail against the said lord—Is this your sickness, Lord Ruthven? The said lord answered: God forbid that your majesty had such a sickness! for I had rather give all the moveable goods that I have. Thun said her majesty: If she diud, or her bairn or common-weal perished, she should leave the revengo thereof to her friends to revenge the same upon the said Lord Ruthven and his posterity; for she had the king of Spain her great friend, the Emperor likewise, and the king of France her good brother, the Cardinal of Lorrain, and her unkeis in France; besides the Pope's holiness, and many other princes in Italy. The said lord answered, that these noble princes were over-greut personages to muddle with such a poor man as he was, being her majesty's own subject,' &c.

Besides the manuscripts there are andlows thick volumes of printed pamphlets in the Advocate's Library, collected and bound up by Wodrow, each volume having at the beginning a catalogue of its contents in his peculiar handwriting. They are of great value as containing a mass of that sort of fugitive literature which lets us into the secret history of the times, but is so apt to be lost unless there happen to be a zealous Wodrow collecting and arranging it. Undoubtedly, however, the most valuable morsel in the Wodrow Collection consists of six stumpy volumes carefully written in his own hand, each with an index. The title at the commencement of the first volume is 'Analecta; or Materials for a History of Remarkable Providences, mostly relating to Scotch Ministers and Christians.' It is partly written in a sort of contracted or secret hand, as if he wished no one to read it—at least all of it—but himself. In this design, if he entertained it, he has been defeated, since the 'Analecta' have been as completely deciphered as the far more difficult diary of Samuel Pepys, and have been found to be a scarcely less curious and amusing book. This has been printed in four stately quarto volumes; but to the public at large they are still much the same as if they were in manuscript, since the impression is limited to the members of the Maitland Club of Glasgow.

The leading feature of the 'Analecta' is the author's credulous and strange, grotesque narratives 'in secret hand'—his so-called. Though the remarkable events mostly relate to Scotch ministers and Christians, and they were doubtless collected for purposes of church history and biography, yet there are

divergences in all directions, and especially into natural history, if what is altogether supernatural can admit of that name. In one place we have the marvellous consequences where a 'corby bigged in a tree at Balmaclellan, and the Laird of Home, a brisk and venturesome young gentleman, went up and with danger climbed the tree, and took out the eggs, and boiled them hard, and put them again in the nest.' We are sorry to be obliged to tantalise the reader, but the consequences of this anomalous act on the population of Scotland were of a kind which cannot well be told to the polite ears of the present day. Immediately after it comes another natural-history anecdote which will better bear telling:—

'The same person tells me another account which he had from a very sensible gentleman about four or five miles from him. There is a rock beside a loch where the earns or eagles do bigg. There was one part of it very convenient, which a corby or raven chose to bigg her nest in. Within a while one of the earns came and dispossessed her. After some struggle for some days, at length the corby went off, and was not seen for several weeks—ten or twelve. At length the corby came back with a little bird with it, about twice the largeness of a sparrow, and waited and hovered about the place. One day the gentleman observed, and the earn is coming out of his nest, and the corby attacks him, and the little bird joined. And after some time's struggle, and the bird striking below the earn at her breast, he observed the little bird strike with the side of its wing at the neck of the earn. At length, after several misses, it struck off the earn's neck as if it had been done with a razor, and the neck and trunk fell down to the earth, with a little feather, which he took up and supposed was the instrument of cutting! It was very stiff, and sharper than a razor, and full of blood.'—(*Analecta*, iii. 88.)

The 'Analecta' are strewn with ghost-stories, some of them very picturesque. There is a long and somewhat tedious description of the troubles suffered by the inmates of a haunted house, the ghostly persecutor of which appears to have been a person of a very substantial kind. 'The family were mostly disturbed in the night-time, and that by unaccountable knockings on the bed, as if done with a great hammer or axe, as if one were dinging it all in pieces; by throwing down of all the pewter vessels in the kitchen, making a great hurling noise, and yet on the morrow morning they find the vessels all in the order they were in before.' The ghost advanced to the still further insolence of seizing the young lady of the house, 'and beat her severely, so that she could not get any rest for several nights.' In winding up the narrative he says: 'Upon one of these days, a servant-man that belonged to the family, as he was at his work in the field, happened to say to the rest of his neighbours that were sheering with him: "Lord be thanked, the ghost has not troubled us this last night!" He had no sooner spoken this word than he got a severe pelt on the back with a stone, thrown at him from some invisible hand, which they all observed to rebound off his back on the ground, and some of them took it up.' A little farther on is a very Highland-like incident of one seeing a vision of a friend with a dirk sticking in his breast. That night he was stabbed by a tinker, whom, as a magistrate, he had punished.

Two 'Analecta' contain many anecdotes of distinguished men, not less marvellous than the other portions. Is it possible to believe the following told of Andrew Marvell and Harrington?—

'That Marvell and the advocate [Sir James Stewart, lord advocate] were great comrades to Harrington, the author of the *Ocean*. That Harrington had this particular fancy, that the seas that were about him were all procreated by the heat of the sun out of his body, which weakened, and would at length destroy

him! One day discoursing with Marvell on the head, since no reasoning would prevail with him, he advised him to this experiment: to cause make a little cabin of timber, with the one side glass and the top glass, as close as could be, and enclose himself there, and let the sun beat on him; and when all was close, if he observed any flees there come out of his body it was well; if not, then to cast off the prejudice! The machine was made, and Harrington and Marvell goes in. There is no appearance of flees. Marvell sat with him till, with its closeness and heat, he was almost suffocated. On which he went out, and came directly to the advocate and told him the story, complaining that he was a great fool himself than Harrington, who continued still in the imagination, saying he did not know but something in the machine might then hinder flees coming out of him.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

AUGUST.

HAVING been prevented by the lateness of the hour from botanising the heath and hillside on my return from Daleage bog, I resolved on taking the earliest opportunity of doing so; and therefore, shortly after that pleasant excursion, I again set forth on my donkey, and with my intelligent young companion, George the donkey-boy, whose ardour for flowers almost equalled my own. There was, however, this difference between us—that with him it was an entirely new pursuit, a passion taken up on the moment, and carried on in a state of profound ignorance, so that oftentimes he brought to me as wonders plants which he must have daily seen, but which, from his attention having never been directed to the subject, he had hitherto passed by unnoticed; whilst with me a love of flowers had grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, and from that root of love had sprung up a power of discrimination which had led to much pleasure and some knowledge. George's eyes were, however, in a measure opened, and I doubt not that the film has not again gathered over them, but that he will throughout life look on nature with a more enlightened and interested mind than he ever did before. And now that I am on the subject, let me suggest to those who are in the habit of country rambles, and are informed on any subject of interest, how much pleasure they might give, and how much knowledge they might impart, if they were more ready to communicate with others, especially with those below them in station. If you can succeed in drawing the attention of your donkey-boy, or the servant who attends you in your walk or ride, or of the cottage child who acts as your guide amid those rural haunts which you are in the habit of exploring, to natural pursuits, and allure them to search out and understand a little of those bright objects which surround them, and which you are yourself studying with interest, whether those objects be trees, or flowers, or birds, or shells, or fossils, you do them the greatest service. There is no need for giving them technical knowledge: much important and deeply-interesting information may be imparted without using one hard word or technical term; and by opening their eyes to discern beauties and detect wonders in those things which lie within their reach, but which have hitherto been shut out from them from the want of a little instruction, you supply them with a legitimate source of rational amusement and employment for powers and thoughts otherwise idle, and by so doing may in many cases be the means of keeping them from yielding to the temptations which base and vulgar minds of finding amusement in scenes of

vice and folly. He who delights in a garden, in watching birds, in classing or collecting flowers or shells, or in any other country pursuit, is less likely to be found in an alehouse than he who has no such interests. By all means try to bring as many minds as possible under such wholesome influence, and never count it loss of time or of dignity to endeavour to point out the leading characteristics of the plants, or other natural objects they bring you, and their wonderful structure and uses; and in so doing you will have a good opening to direct their minds to Him who formed all these wondrous and beautiful objects for man's delight, and to lead them to 'look through nature up to nature's God.' Happy he of whom it may be said—

'He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say: "My Father made them all!"'

By the time my excursions were over George was almost a botanist. He had certainly a new source of delight open to him, and one which, being easily gratified, I have no doubt beguiled him of many weary hours when, tramping beside his donkey, he would have otherwise been very dull. The day had been very hot, and continued so even after I had set out. I therefore abandoned the high road, which I should have otherwise followed, and diving into the shady lanes, soon found myself again following the course of the brook in its way from sweet Daleage. As I rode on I found that handsome species of the galium tribe—the wild madder (*Rubia peregina*). This plant seems to be confined chiefly, if not entirely, to the south-west of England and Wales, and abounds in Devon and Cornwall. Its long branches waving high and wide in all directions, like others of that family, are great ornaments to the hedges. The chief difference in appearance between it and the galiums consists in the hard, persistent character of its leaves, which grow from four to six in a whorl, are elliptical, shining, and smooth, with a fringe of sharp, short teeth, very thickly set at the margin. The stem is square and branched; the flowers of a yellowish green, in compound terminal panicles. (The panicle is a sort of loose, subdivided cluster.) The berry is black, and something like an ivy berry; but either it turns seed sparingly, or else the birds eat it early, for though the plant grows profusely throughout the district, I have seldom found it in fruit. Its long branches hang on the hedges all the winter, the leaves being then dead, brown, and dry. It takes its generic name from Ruber, red; to dye which colour some of the species are used.

The wall-pennywort (*Cotyledon umbilicus*) abounds in this neighbourhood, though marked as 'rare' by some authors. It is a singular plant: the leaf is thick, round, and very succulent, the stem being inserted into the centre like a nasturtium-leaf; it grows as low as the stone-crops, and from the root rises a purplish flower-stalk of from about eight to twelve inches in height, according to the amount of soil and sun of which it partakes. The flowers are pale, greenish-yellow little bells, arranged in a double row on one side of the stem, like the lily of the valley. One of the cottages at Knowle which I passed exhibits this plant in its greatest beauty, the whole thatch being ornamented with clusters of it, which have apparently grown there for very many successive years—the old decaying plants forming annually fresh petalums for the crops of the succeeding year, until the whole has become one mass of verdure; the clear, semi-transparent

leaves and stems, with the bunches of tall, upright flower-stalks and delicate flowers amassed on it, giving to the irregular roof of dark thatch a most singular and beautiful appearance. The tops of thatched houses and sheds, as well as old walls, are very favourite habitats of the pennywort; and it is also often found bursting out from between the interstices of the red-sandstone rock which is so abundant in South Devon, on which it looks very handsome, as well as on the high banks which almost overhang our Devonshire lanes.

But if I linger thus amidst these most bewitching lanes I shall never reach my destination, so resolutely turning my attention from the alluring plants on all sides, I hasten Master Jack's pace a little, and turning to the right beyond Daleage Mill, I soon find myself on rising ground, and encircled by distant land-scapes and near flowers, scarcely knowing to which first to direct my attention. A richly-undulating ground lies all round me, glowing with the gorgeous hues of the gorse and heath, now in their full bloom. To the right I see the mouth of the beautiful river Exe, and the pretty town of Exmouth just in sight. Multitudes of vessels lie in the harbour formed by the mouth of the river: and others, with their white or red sails glancing in the sunbeams, are dancing over the waves—some bearing gay groups of young people, with perhaps a guard of elders, for a happy sail on the bright water, and possibly conveying with them some poor invalid to enjoy the sweet scenery and reviving air after the exhaustion of a hot day. Others are freighted with limestone from the quarries of lovely Babbicombe and Petty Tor, those beautiful cliffs where whole hieatombs of madrepora seem to have been simultaneously caught and imprisoned in the solid rock, whence they are now hewn out in mighty masses, and formed into chimney-pieces, and chimney ornaments, and tables, and a thousand other decorations, for the habitations of a species of beings which had not yet been called into existence when these little half-animate creatures ceased to live. All is bright, all beautiful; and there, on the right, we catch even more noble views of the wide open sea, and of the range of white cliffs between which lie Sidmouth and Lyme Regis, and many other lovely little towns; and even in such a clear day as this we can perceive Portland itself, whilst right before is a wide stretch of healthy hill, interspersed with copses and plantations, and with broad fruitful fields reclaimed from the wild.

But now I turn my eyes and mind from the more distant beauties to the immediate object I have in view; and lo! before me and around me, on all sides, a most inexplicable appearance claims my attention. This singular object, whether animal or vegetable, natural or artificial—for I am in some doubt at first—appears like an interminable mass of tiny scarlet cords, twined in an inextricable maze over and around every twig of heath or furze within my range, and knit together and matted over the tops of the plants, running from one to another in every direction, and both on the lower and the upper shoots. I examine it more closely, and see that it is evidently a vegetable production, and that the red cord-like material is as evidently the stem of a plant, and not, as I at first almost believed, the web of some sort of spider (though the thickness of the cord would, on examination, have refuted such an idea, it being in the stoutest parts as large as a coarse silk thread, though towards the points scarcely thicker than a hair.) I search for leaves, but there are none—a few stunted scales being the only substitute; then for the root, but here I am sorely puzzled, for I cannot trace any of the shoots to the earth; likewise there are in abundance—the little white knobs which break the lines of the thread in ten thousand places consisting of clusters of little flowers, which I find, on examining them under a microscope,

are very elegant, composed of five stamens and two pistils, with one four or five-cleft petal of a pale-whitish flesh-colour. The whole has a waxy look, and forcibly reminds me of the beautiful greenhouse-creeper *Lloya carnosa*. Its characteristic marks confirm my hope that it is the lesser dodder (*Cuscuta epithymum*), a plant which I had not before seen, although it not unfrequently occurs on heath and thyme in exposed situations both in England and Scotland. The dodder is of the natural order *convolvulaceæ*, and is parasitic on heath, furze, and thyme. I call it parasitic, because though springing, I believe, originally from earth, after it has thrown up its shoots sufficiently to lay hold on the plants above, it abandons its hold on the ground, and lives independently of its original root on the juices derived from the plants to which it has attached itself; absorbing them through small tubercles or papillæ, which act as roots, and which start from every part of the stem which remains long in contact with the adopting plant, into the bark of which they penetrate. Lindley gives the following lively description of it:—‘Have you never remarked on the stems of the heaths, on nettles, or of the furze, clusters of stout reddish cords, which are so twisted and intertwined that you would take them for a knot of young snakes, if the colour first, and then their touch, did not undeceive you? If ever you have remarked so strange an appearance you have seen dodder, which, originally earthborn, soon lays hold of some neighbouring plant, twists her leafless shoots around it, fixes them firmly to the branches, quits her hold of the soil, and thenceforward, as if ashamed of her humble origin, feeds only upon dews and rains till the frost comes, nips her tender frame, and leaves her dead and shrivelled form still clinging to its place, a monument of the punishment of vegetable ambition.’

There is but one other species of dodder in England—*Cuscuta Europæa*, the greater dodder—which is parasitic on nettles, flax, &c. Griffith speaks of ‘a gigantic species in Afghanistan, which even preys on itself, one mass of which half-covered a willow of from twenty to thirty feet high.’ A fit emblem thus of the morbid self-tormentor who wounds himself, and sucks, as it were, his own life-blood by means of the convolution of his own rootless fancies. In tropical countries orchideous and other parasites abound, but in England we have few which can properly be so called. The mistletoe (*Viscum alba*), that plant of Druidical celebrity, is one. In Somersetshire, and in many other counties, the apple-trees are loaded with huge bunches of this very curious plant; but in Devonshire it is not to be found growing, though, from the rapidity and cheapness of conveyance, it is commonly imported at Christmas, and Devonshire people are no longer deprived of its presence among the forests of holly which decorate every house at that mystic season. The mistletoe is a curious and interesting shrubby plant, of the natural order *Loranthaceæ*. Its stems, of a peculiar green, are repeatedly forked and jointed; its leaves grow in pairs, are lance-shaped and rounded at the point, the texture being thick and succulent, and becoming leathery as the juices of the plant dry up; the flowers are small and unnoticeable, of a yellowish-green, in terminal heads; and it is only the white semi-transparent berry, almost like white cornelian, which is in perfection at mid-winter, that gives it interest. This berry is globular, smooth, and filled with a sort of slimy substance, in which is contained a single seed. It is supposed that these seeds are carried by birds from tree to tree. Griffiths states, that ‘in this tribe the ripe seeds adhere firmly to the substance to which they are applied by means of their viscid coating, which hardens into a transparent glue. In two or three days after application the radicle curves towards the support, and as soon as it reaches it, becomes enlarged and flattened; by degrees a union is formed between the woody system

of the parasite and the stock, after which the former lies entirely on the latter, the fibres of the succour-like root of the parasite expanding on the wood of the support 'in the form of a *pâte d'œie*.' Prior to that time the parasite had been nourished by its own albumen, which is gradually absorbed. I have seen bunches of mistletoe full twenty feet in girth. Birdlime is made from the bark and root of this shrub.

But I must not quit this subject without a word about the old mystic rites with which the name of mistletoe is associated. Although in great request as an adornment for servants' halls and farmhouse kitchens, this evergreen is not admitted into churches, being excluded as a relic of the old pagan customs of the Druids; at least so says Brand, and I certainly have myself never seen it used in sacred edifices. Brand quotes from an old author, who says that Yule-tide was the most respectable festival of our Druids, and that they at that season 'laid branches of the mistletoe, called also "all-heal," on their altars, as an emblem of the salutiferous advent of the Messiah: this custom is still prevalent in the north, and was lately at York.' Brand so writes not much more than a century ago: 'On the eve of Christmas-day they carry mistletoe to the high altar of the cathedral, and proclaim a public and universal pardon and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people at the gates of the city towards the four quarters of heaven.' In former years a branch of mistletoe was hung up in most houses, I believe, among the gentry, as well as among the rustic population; and it was the privilege of all in the company to kiss each individual whom they could catch under it; but in the present day, when such unrestrained licence does not prevail, it is only to be found thus exalted in the more remote and secluded corners of England, where it still holds its seigniorial rights, and produces much noisy romping and merriment among the farmhouse servants. A pretty scene often occurs when it is suspended over a family group of children, whose merry gambols are greatly enhanced by its presence—the chubby urchins, boys and girls, jump about and kissing each other with rosy lips and soft, dimpl'd arms twined round each other's necks, one fair little girl dragging her fat baby brother in her arms to be 'kissed under the mistletoe,' whilst another forces grandpapa to the same charmed spot, to undergo the same ceremony; and another fine, bold, curly-headed urchin of seven or eight years old shouts with uproarious delight at having caught some little blue-eyed Annie, or tiny Jeannette, or saucy Helen, at unawares, and seized the kiss which the little damsel, aping her elders, did not mean to have bestowed! In one instance I knew a little girl of some four or five years old secrete a sprig of mistletoe under her pinafore, which, when she was taken to visit a little brother, born but the night before, and seated on her mother's bed to look at him, she suddenly drew out, exclaiming with great exultation: 'Bess his itta face, petty itta fellow, muss kiss him under the mistletoe,' which, with all due solemnity, she proceeded to do.

Where the mistletoe-bough is intended to be hung up in state, no small twigs are allowed to be placed among the decorations of the hall or kitchen, for fear of interfering with the sport, by drawing off attention from the grand point of interest. The broom-rape (*Orobanché*), a plant of a peculiar appearance, is another of the tribe of parasites—one species growing on the roots of clover, furze, and broom; another on those of the *gallium*; whilst a third (*O. ramosa*) is confined to those of the hemp: of this species Vaucher of Geneva states, that 'its seeds will lie many years inert in the soil, unless they come in contact with the roots of hemp, the plant on which that species grows parasitically, when they immediately sprout.' This plant might, by a common observer, be taken for one of the orchis tribe; but it is not so—it and its congener, the greater toothwort (*Lathraea squamaria*), forming a

class of themselves without other allies. The species of the broom-rape differ much from each other. It is named from *orobus*, a vetch, and *ancheim*, to strangle, because its parasitic habits are frequently the cause of the destruction of the plant whereon it grows. The corolla is tubular and lipped: the whole plant, when it first bursts forth from the earth, is of a yellowish hue tinged with purple; it then becomes of a dingy purplish-red, turning as it matures to a browner hue, and looking so livid, and so like a dead plant, that none, till they closely examine it, would believe that it was in the prime of life and vigour. This appearance is common to most of the species; but they vary in some degree both in hue and form, as well as in size—the largest being from 1 to 1½ feet in height, whilst others do not exceed 4 or 5 inches. It is a strange-looking plant, and one which one might well suspect of underhand and murderous proceedings, scarcely doubting that it was quite capable of strangling the young offspring of the clover in their earthly cradles, or of sucking their life-blood if they were strong enough to escape strangulation! Schlechter says that the seeds of this tribe only attack seedlings, and are unable to attach themselves to plants of larger growth. *O. major* is a powerful astringent.

But I must no longer dwell on the subject of parasites, although the bird's nest (*Monotropa Illypsipitys*) and many others should be noticed; for the heaths wait for a word of praise, and well they deserve it. A fine stretch of undulating heathy ground is a beautiful object, as far as the eye can reach, and bounded only by the blue sea, like the golden gose (*Ulex Europæus*), interspersed with the purple glow of the heather and wild-thyme, and here and there varied by a patch of the singular reddish-brown which marks the position of a bog. The air is alive with the hum of bees which have flown miles, perhaps, to procure the honey from the aromatic thyme—and honey drawn from the heathy hill-side is even purer and more delicious than that which is procured from any other source. And then there is the cry of the landrail, and the hoarse croak of the rook filling up the harmony made by a thousand free and happy birds, whilst now and then a hare or rabbit scuds across your path, or a covey of partridges rises before you with a *whirr* like the rush of an ascending sky-rocket. But few varieties of heath grow in England—five species of true heath (*Erica*) and one of ling (*Calluna*) completing the catalogue. The common sort which colours our hillside with its deep purple bells is *Erica cinerea*, the badge of the Clan Macaulister: this and the ling (*Calluna vulgaris*) are alike abundant and useful, being employed for making brooms, for thatching, and often for ropes. The grouse feed almost exclusively on them, and some part of them is used for dyeing yellow. The cross-leaved heath (*E. tetralix*) grows on this hill, and is surpassingly elegant. It is from six to twelve inches in height, with fringed leaves, four together, bristly and downy; its flowers are in dense terminal clusters of a bright rose-colour, and sometimes white: it is the badge of the Clan Macdonald. We do not find either of the other British species here—the Cornish heath (*E. vagans*) and the fringed heath (*E. ciliaris*) being both confined to Cornwall, whilst *E. medieterranea* is said to be found only on the Connemara Mountains in Ireland. The heath form belongs more particularly to the Old World, those exquisitely beautiful exotic specimens which adorn our greenhouses coming principally from the Cape of Good Hope and the northern shores of the Mediterranean. Humboldt speaks of Italy and Spain, and the Peak of Teneriffe, as localities where he has seen heaths in the greatest luxuriance and beauty. It has puzzled botanists to discover the reason of the fact that the *Calluna vulgaris* suddenly disappears on the eastern declivity of the Ural Mountains, and is not again found to the east, though it abounds to the west of those moun-

tains; and it is also remarkable that this plant, though found in the Azores and in Iceland, is wholly wanting throughout all the continent of America, in which, though possessed of such a noble and extensive Flora, only one individual of the heath family has as yet been found. I shall hope at a future time to enter further on hillside topics: I must now forbear, for the setting sun and rising fog warn me to seek my home before the evening is too far advanced; therefore, with fine specimens of dodder, &c. for my *hortus siccus* in my case, I set forward, hoping that to-morrow will lead me to 'fresh fields and pastures new.'

INCIDENT DURING THE MUTINY OF 1797.

THE nineteenth century may now be said to have attained middle age, and in the brilliant noonday of its intellect and science the important events that marked the close of its predecessor are becoming dim and indistinct, like the vanishing images of a dissolving view. Progress has been so rapid since the peace that a wider chasm intervenes between 1799 and 1851 than any dividing the preceding centuries: much more than half a century appears to separate us from the eighteenth. But a stirring and a troublous period lies before this interval. Life, doubtless, was more rife with interest and excitement to those whose youth belonged to it than it is in this calmer age. One feels that the 'old people' of to-day have more of a 'history in their lives' than our age will have; and even while we acknowledge with devout gratitude the blessing of peace, it is pleasant to listen to stories of 'the War-time.' One evening, whilst sitting with a relative of our own gazing on the waters of the Channel, which were trembling and quivering beneath the rosy sunset, we expressed some such sentiments, and after agreeing in our opinion that life in those days was more animated by hope and fear than at present, he added, smiling: 'For instance, in '97 I narrowly escaped hanging!'

We were much surprised at such a declaration from one who, at the time he spoke, was a brave and distinguished admiral, and eagerly asked the 'how and why' of the adventure; and he told us. We regret that we cannot recall the exact words of the animated relation, but we will try to give the substance as nearly as possible.

In 1797 mutiny broke out among the seamen at Spithead—an inexcusable crime in the opinion of naval men, but which he who related the story palliated in some degree by candidly acknowledging that in those days the poor fellows who were guilty of it had great and just cause for complaint. They were not only ill-paid, but their food was of very bad quality, many captains in the navy were harsh and tyrannical—as, in consequence of the perversity of human nature, will probably always be the case; and the men whose blood was freely poured out in the defence of their native land were, to say the least, neglected and uncared for by their rulers. Oh happy consequence of peace and advancing knowledge! these men are now well-fed, have the means of instruction afforded them, and homes provided for them when, returning from 'the dangers of the sea,' they are discharged and sent on shore. The poor mutineers at Spithead dreamed not of such advantages as these.

Admiral R— was a junior Lieutenant on board the *Saturn* when the mutiny broke out; but promotion was very rapid then, and though bearing that rank he was still only a youth in his teens. Probably the mutineers had discovered, and in a measure appreciated the kindness of his nature, for exempting him from the thralldom of his comrades, whom they had confined in the ward-room, they bade him to bear their propositions and to take to the port-admiral—swearing at the same time that if he did not bring them back a favourable

answer they would hang him on the yard-arm! He was obliged to obey their will of course, secretly resolving, however, not to give them the opportunity of fulfilling their kind intentions by returning to the ship; but the young officer calculated too much upon being his own master. He was put on shore at the Point, and proceeded at once to the admiral's house in the High Street. The naval chief gave him a good-natured and cordial reception, and listened patiently to the message he delivered from the mutineers, which was to the effect that they must have an immediate advance of wages, good biscuit, pork, &c. or that they would carry their ship over to the French.

'Go on board again, sir,' was his reply, 'and tell these gentlemen that none of their demands can be listened to till they return to their duty: inform them also that the moment they attempt to weigh anchor hot shot will be fired on them from the Isle of Dogs, and their vessel and themselves sent to the bottom.'

The lieutenant bowed and left the office. Outside he paused. He was going, in obedience to his superior, to certain death. It was a fearful trial of courage and professional discipline. A mother whom he idolised lived at no great distance: he would at least bid her a last farewell! But the admiral, aware of the sacrifice he exacted, so much greater than that of perilling life by mounting 'the deadly branch,' had followed the poor boy, and lightly tapping his shoulder, told him he would walk with him to the beach. Thus even the last look at home for which he longed was denied him. A waterman's wherry reconveyed him to the ship. It was May—a bright glorious May, such as England used to enjoy 'once upon a time'; and very sad were the feelings with which the young officer looked back upon the retreating town, and round on the glad sunny waters and blue-tinted Isle of Wight, deeming that he beheld them for the last time. Occasionally also, he told us, his eyes would revert, in spite of his endeavours to forget it, to the fatal yard-arm, distinct with all its tracery of cordage against the clear blue sky. He gained the ship, was received on board, and conducted to the fore-castle, where the chief mutineers had assembled. Here he delivered his message. They were greatly enraged, and commanded him not to repeat the admiral's threat of sinking the ship to the crew. He replied simply that it was his duty to obey the orders of his superior officer. Their looks and words threatened him at first with instant and summary vengeance; but after a short consultation they agreed to try him by a court-martial, and proceeding aft, ordered him to be brought before them. It was a fearful scene; the men were terribly excited, frightfully ignorant, and believed that their cause required a victim.

The courage of the youth bore him through the trial, however, bravely. He ventured boldly to reproach them with their guilt in confounding the innocent with those whom they looked upon as their enemies; taunted them with the cowardly injustice of the deed they contemplated; and persisted, in opposition to the ringleaders' commands, in repeating the admiral's message to the crew. He was heard by the officers in the ward-room, and their loud cheers when he spoke probably gave him fresh courage. The ringleaders becoming alarmed at the effect his words and bearing might have on the British instincts of the ship's company, condemned him to be hung in two hours' time, and ordered him to prepare for death meantime in his cabin. There a new and singular scene awaited him: one of the seamen had taken possession of it, opened his lockers, and finding some brandy, had been drinking till he was perfectly intoxicated, and lay in the sleep of drunkenness on the floor, which was strewn and littered with the lieutenant's clothes, books, &c. A deep snore escaped the lips of the ringleaders at this sight. Throughout the fleet the mutineers had forbidden drunkenness on pain of death; for, fully aware of the

peril of their position, they kept up among themselves a terribly severe discipline. They were raising their insensible comrade in their arms, and coolly preparing to throw him overboard, when, aware from their words of their intentions, the condemned officer struck one of them to the floor, and standing over the again prostrate drunkard declared that while he lived he would not see men who had sailed beneath the British flag guilty of murder! The mutineers paused, touched probably by this generous defence of a foe—for the insensible seaman had been peculiarly bitter against the officers—and after a muttered oath or two they left the cabin.

The lieutenant remained alone with his disgusting and unwelcome visitant, and the two hours following he described as the most painful of his life. It was less the fear of death than the destined mode of it which tortured him; not that he was insensible or indifferent to the blessing of life, for he was by nature of a happy, joyous temperament, and fair prospects of advancement were before him, but in 'war-time' existence was held on such a precarious tenure that the idea of death in battle would scarcely have troubled his equanimity. Two hours waiting to be hanged, however, is a far different trial for courage, and we have never read or imagined anything more painful than the description which the aged admiral gave us of that (to him) endless period of time. As it is to add to the horror of his position the silence on board was so great that it appeared as if he could hear the pulsation of his own heart while the low snoring of the drunken man struck with painful distinctness on his ear. At last the toll struck the fatal hour, and steps were heard on the ladder. His door opened, he rose prepared to show no symptoms of faltering courage, when the leader of the party advancing, told him 'that the pilot had taken his case into consideration, and as it is believed the individually laid no ill feeling towards them and as he had recently given proof that he cared for the men they had changed his sentence from death to *life imprisonment*.' He must therefore prepare to receive three dozen on the following morning.

My kinsman, with the ready humour that never deserted him returned thanks with mock gravity for their clemency and begged them to carry his compliments to the gentlemen who sent them, and assure them that he could not have believed he should ever have felt so much satisfaction at the prospect of a whipping. The men, always susceptible of fun, laughed. From that moment he was at last installed in his despair of gaining the love of Prince John, because he could not make him laugh, the young lieutenant acted as if he possessed Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature when he awoke by his jest the slumbering sympathies of the sailors. He was detained a prisoner, but no further notice was taken of the threatened flogging.

The mutiny subsided on the 16th of May, when parliament passed an act to raise the seamen's wages, and the royal pardon was bestowed on the mutineers, not, however, before some sacrifice of human life had ensued, as Admiral Colpoys, on the recommencement of the mutiny on board the *London*, had ordered the marines to fire on the people, and three seamen fell. The funeral of these unfortunates was described to us as a singularly impressive and touching spectacle. The townspeople were fearful of some violence or riot on the part of the sailors when they landed to bury their dead, and consequently closed their shutters and retired into their houses. The mournful procession moved therefore through deserted and silent streets on its way to the village churchyard, in which the victims were to be interred. But there was no cause for alarm. The men walked silently and solemnly, two and two, after their slain comrades, a stern, quiet sorrow, legible on their weather-beaten faces; and nothing could

exceed the reverence and propriety of their conduct beside the grave. It is a quiet, pretty village churchyard in which these most pardonable rebels have their resting-place, not far from which is the large grave where three hundred bodies of those who perished in the *Royal George* are buried.

One can scarcely but wonder at the little real mischief which proceeded from this alarming mutiny. It afforded, on the whole, a noble display of the principal characteristics of the British seaman—the frolic-spirit peculiar to him manifesting itself even when he is most sadly and seriously in earnest. A captain of marines, who was especially the object of the mutineers' aversion, was brought on shore by them, and compelled to parade up the High Street to the 'Hogues March,' which was drummed before him. He was a tall, gaunt old man, with a singularly long neck. The day after his expulsion from his ship, the crew sent a man to his house with a message, ordering him to 'come on board again and be hanged!' The unpopular veteran sent back his compliments, but considering his throat unbecomingly long *naturally*, he did not wish to have it stretched he declined, therefore, accepting their invitation. The men went away laughing. The people and the times were both extraordinary!

HAATCHING FISH BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS.

Among the Chinese, who are not so indifferent about their fisheries as Englishmen appear to be, a curious method of hatching fish by artificial means is very extensively practised. 'The sale of spawn for this purpose,' says Mr. Martin, 'forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of water, all the gelatinous matters that contain spawn of fish, which is then placed in an egg-shell which has been fresh emptied, through a small hole, which is then stopped, and the shell is placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days the Chinese break the shell in warm water (warmed by the sun). The young fish are then kept in water until they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan in some measure counteracts the great destruction of spawn by tides, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries.' *United Counties Miscellany*. [Sir Francis Mackenzie of Garloch has succeeded, by some process not yet made public, in assembling a shoal of young salmon fry hatched in a pond during spring, and ready, at the proper age, to be turned into their ancestral river—the Tweed.]

CURIOUS SCENE AT SEA.

While a passenger from Aden to Bombay on board the East India Company's steamer *Queen*, in December last, it was our lot to fall short of coals, having had contrary winds and a heavy sea nearly the whole distance, our trip was prolonged to fourteen days, usually performed in eight. The vessel had coaled in Aden only for ten days' steam, and luckily she had besides a considerable quantity of small coal on dross, but still it was found that it would be absolutely necessary to burn part of the ship's stores to bring her into harbour. Orders were accordingly given to that effect, and it was with a kind of terror mingled with surprise that we saw, one after another, the long boat, spare spars, junk soaked in grease and oil (to facilitate its burning), the engine hatches, and the topmasts, cut up and burned. Then came the turn of the orlop deck, which was torn up from beneath our feet and stuffed into the insatiable maw of the furnace, then went the gun-sheds, and then a number of packages of government powder barrel heads and staves; and at length rumors were rife among the seamen that their sea-chests were to share the same fate. It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the passengers, more especially of the ladies, when looking on at the ship thus being torn to pieces before their eyes, and when listening throughout two sleepless nights to the noise of sawing, and chopping, and throwing. It would be equally

difficult to describe the relief with which, on the fourteenth morning, they beheld through the telescope, by the light of the rising sun, a faint outline of the island of Bombay, the harbour of which we duly reached. In explanation of this extraordinary scene, I may mention that the instructions of government insist persistently upon the commanders of mail-shippers, in the event of the fuel running short, burning anything and everything that will assist in bringing the vessel to her destination. I retract from a private letter from Bombay, dated 14th May last.

BENIDITTA MINFLLI*

THE NUN

It is near morning 'Tis the next night fall
I shall be made a bride Heaven's bride! Then home
To my still marriage chamber I shall come,
And spouseless, childless, watch the slow years crawl

These lips will never meet a softer touch
Than the cold crucifix I kiss—no child
Will clasp this neck—Oh, Virgin-Mother mild,
Thy painted bliss will mock me overmuch!

This is the last time I shall twist the hair
My mother's hand withheld, till in dust it lay,
The name—her name, given on my christening day,
This is the last time I shall ever bear

Oh weary world—Oh heavy life, farewell!
Like a tired child that creeps into the dark
To sob itself asleep where none can marl,
So creep I to my silent convent cell

Friends, lovers whom I loved not, kindly hearts
Who grieve that I should enter this calm door,
Grieve not! since closing softly evermore,
Me from all sorrow, as all joy, it part

Love, whom alone I love! who stand'st full
Lifting compassionate eyes that could I not save,
Remember, this my spirit's earnest grave
Hides me from worldly pity, worldly strife

'Twas not thy hand but Heaven's that came between,
And dashed my cup down—So, I have no tears,
And if I think of all of vanished years,
'Tis but to bless thee for what joy has been

My soul continually does cry to thee
—In the night watches—ghostlike—stealing out
From its flesh tomb and wand'ring thee about—
'So live, that I in heaven thy face may see'

Lave, noble heart, of whom this heart of mine
Was all unworthy. Build up actions great,
That I, down looking from heaven's crystal gate,
Smile o'er my dead hopes hid in such a shrine

Live! keep thy spirit undefiled;
That which we stand before our Master's feet,
I with an angel's love may crown complete
The woman's faith, the worship of the child

Then thou shalt see no sorrow in these eyes,
And even then love, by God's great love subdued,
Shall never grieve thee with a pang too rude.
The incense-clouds have veiled the sacrifice

Dawn, solemn bridal-morn! Ope bridal door!
Enter. My vowed soul may Heaven now take!
My heart, its virgin-spousal for thy sake,
Oh love! keeps sacred thus for evermore

* A noble Florentine lady, whose family belonged to the political faction of the Ghibellines, while her betrothed joined the opposite side of the Ghibellines. They were forced to renounce each other; she went into the convent of San Chiara, but afterwards, during a plague, became a Sister of Mercy—dying very aged, and in great sanctity.

11

THE SISTER OF MERCY

Is it then so? Kind friends who sit and sigh
While I lie smiling—is my life's sand run?
Will my next matins, hymned beyond the sun,
Mingle with those of saints and martyrs high?

Shall I, with these my gray hairs changed to gold,
These aged limbs enrobed in garments white,
Stand all transfigured in the angels' sight,
Hymning triumphantly the noon of old—

'Thy will be done'—It was done—Oh my God,
Thou know'st, when over grief's tempestuous sea,
My broken-winged soul fled home to Thee,
I writhed, but unmurmured not beneath Thy rod

It fell upon me, stern at first, then soft
As parents' kisses, till the wound was healed,
And I went forth a labourer in Thy field—
They best can bind who have been bound of

God, Thou wert pitiful! I came, heart sore,
To drink Thy cup, because earth's cup was dry,
Thou slew'st me not for that impiety,
But mad'st Thy cup so sweet, I thirst no more

I came for silence, dark, dull rest, or death
Thou gavest instead life, peace, and holy joy
My sighing lips from sin Thy dust assueth,
And fill with righteous thankfulness each breath

Therefore I praise Thee that Thou shouldest bid
Unto my misery, did'st Thy will, not mine
That through this length of days Thy hand should
My feet from falling keep—mine eyes from tears

Sisters, draw near! Hear my last words scarce
When I was young I walked in mine own way
Worshipped—not God, sought not alone His grace
So He cut down my gnat while it was green

And then He o'er me threw His holy shroud,
That, though no other earthly plants were left,
Mocking the glory which was laid so low,
I dwell in peace, and what He willed, be left

I thank Him for that joy, and for its pain
I've healed pangs, for years of calm content
I've blessedness of spending and being spent
In His high service whor all loss is gain

I thank Him for my life and for my death,
But not, that in my death my life is crowned,
Since I see thee, with angels gathering round,
My Angel—Ay, love, thou hast kept thy faith—

I mine—The golden portals will not close
Like those of earth, between us—Reach thy hand!
No 'Miserere,' sisters!—Hail out grand
'Te Deum laudamus!'—Now—'tis all repose!

ECONOMY IN CANDLES

If you are without a rushlight, and would burn a candle all night, unless you use the following precaution it is ten to one an ordinary candle will gutter away in an hour or two, sometimes to the endangering the safety of the house. This may be avoided by placing as much common salt, finely powdered, as will reach from the tallow to the bottom of the black part of the wick of a partly-burnt candle, when, if the same be lit, it will burn very slowly, yielding a sufficient light for a bed-chamber the salt will gradually sink as the tallow is consumed, the melted tallow being drawn through the salt, and consumed in the wick.—*The Economist.*

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POSITION OF WOMEN.

THAT is a strange, muddling, under-current of opinion, which occasionally gurgles up to the surface, and appears before respectable company, to the effect that women are not done justice to by men; in so far as they are not allowed the same political privileges, and are excluded from several professions. The movement has hitherto been most conspicuous in America, where there have been one or two conventions of females for the purpose of issuing declarations, and taking other measures for the purpose of obtaining the rights assumed to be withheld by the opposite sex. Even in this country, where there is usually a soberer feeling towards novel views, there are some writers who seriously avow their belief that it is right and fitting for women to intermingle in politics, and to contribute their votes along with men at all elections, and who can foresee no impropriety whatever in inviting women into every profession for which they may conceive themselves to be fitted. It will readily occur to most people, as a serious difficulty in the way of granting them common electoral rights, that in nearly every part of our empire they would in that case outvote the sterner sex, there happening to be 800,000 more women in the island of Great Britain than men. We refer, however, to this merely as a jest, for the other objections are so overwhelming as to require no such aid to make them hold with the rational part of society.

It is either blindly overlooked or perversely ignored by the arguers for women's rights, that nature has, in the very first place, given women a different physiological constitution, and therefore a different social destiny from men. There never could be any true political equality between the sexes; and even their legal rights can scarcely be equal, simply because they are naturally unequal. It might be more polite to say they are different; but we shall still prefer the honest, downright course of saying they are unequal.

A late writer on the side of the Women's Rights' Movement was content to do no more on this point than to quote a passage from the writings of Sydney Smith: 'A great deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women, as if women were more quick and men were more judicious—as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of sensation, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with, everybody, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none, surely, which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without

referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt and trundle hoops together, they are both perfectly alike. If you catch up one-half of these creatures, and train them in a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon.'

Now, in the first place, we never could be content to rest to great a question as this upon the opinion of Sydney Smith or any other man, as to the mere mental organisation of the sexes. In the second, we deny that the opinion of the reverend canon of St Paul's is right. We appeal to every father of a family who has had both sons and daughters, and to every teacher who has had both boys and girls in his charge, if he did not observe a substantial difference in the mental organisation of the sexes. We have put the question to hundreds, and never did we fail to get for answer that boys are from the earliest period of infancy different from girls, and require a different kind of management. In truth, it is so notorious a fact among those who judge from experience, that we cannot look but with a kind of pity on a writer avowing an opinion so heterodox to the simplest principles of mental science. It is indeed true that the human mind is the same thing in the two sexes; and it is not less true that there is more intellectual power in some women than in some men. How a Mrs Somerville, for instance, downweighs a whole load of common men! But these particulars are nothing to the purpose. We must take women in general against men in general; and we must consider not merely the amount of intellectual acuteness or force which may be in the two sexes respectively, but the entire female character against the entire masculine character.

What is so striking to those who have really entitled themselves by observation to speak on this subject is, that while the girl may learn her lessons as fast as her brother, and speak on most subjects as much to the purpose, she is in her entire character a softer and weaker being. The boy is rough, difficult to control, adventurous, self-dependent, obdurate—this as a rule: of course there are exceptions. The girl is at the same time found gentle, docile, timorous, submissive: this also as a rule, fully admitting that it fails in particular instances. We have heard numberless parents of families declare that they could more easily manage six girls than two boys. In attributing the difference usually observable to the boys and girls being trained

to a particular set of actions and opinions, Sydney Smith has only pronounced himself, to our apprehension, as ignorant of the whole matter. The idea deserves only to be ranked with that of certain philosophers who have gravely argued—we believe it has been argued several times from the days of Plato downwards—that there is no native difference of talent or disposition in men, and that all the differences seen in their mature days are the effect of education. From how many foolish philosophical fancies would a little actual observation free us!

We cannot stop to adduce proofs in support of our view; but we have no doubt that the great mass of sensible and reflecting men will support us in assuming that it is on the whole correct. If it be so, it takes all plausibility away from the claim put forward for women, that they ought to be excluded from no privilege which is enjoyed, and no profession which is open to the opposite sex. Public life and all its concerns require those qualities of resolution and reflection in which women are in general deficient. If intrusted with votes, they would, in ninety-nine out of a hundred instances, use them at the command or entreaty of some male connection; so that no fresh independent opinion would be infused into the election. True we accept a female as a sovereign; but so also should we in that situation support a moderately-endowed man. In that case the genealogical idea constitutes the quality required: we do not look for personal qualities beyond a medium share of the ordinary human faculties. As to the professions, we might at once bring the claim to the *reductio ad absurdum*, by asking if the army ought to be composed of equal parts of women and men. But we proceed to wider ground, and say that the general sense of fitness and expediency has hitherto determined, and will continue to determine the point. A woman obviously cannot be a soldier or a sailor. There are many occupations which she cannot cope with from want of physical strength. There are others, both high and low—as an example of the former we might adduce the law—which women might undertake, if mere intellectual aptness and diligence were the sole requisites; but it often happens that in such professions there is a necessity for personal vigour and combativeness such as can only be regularly looked for among the harder sex; in others a certain rudeness of circumstances is unavoidable, and from this it is most desirable that women should be exempt. We here lay no stress whatever upon the liability of women to be diverted or withheld from any duties they undertake by those connected with maternity, for we regard that difficulty as one of an occasional character which might to a great extent be overcome. But we cannot but attach consequence to those objections which refer to the preservation of feminine delicacy. It is entirely a question of comparative advantages.

On the one hand, it must be admitted that the enforced idleness in which a great number of women belonging to the middle classes are kept, by reason of the scruples which forbid their entering into any kind of business which brings them in contact with the public, is an evil under the sun, and one which is attended by many bad effects. On the other hand, the lady who is confined to the retirement of elegant domestic life possesses a charm which most people would think poorly exchanged for the fruits of any professional activity she could exert, attended as these would necessarily be by more or less damage to that fine moral enamel which is so highly appreciated. Here we think there is some room for debate. It may be fairly questioned whether the refinement of the retired lady is not bought at too high a price—whether the evils apprehended from a freer intercourse with the world are not less than those which actually arise from the vacancy of thought resulting from a harem-like seclusion. We, for our own part, are most ready to

deplore the unnatural vacuity in which women are left, and the hardships to which they are often exposed from the difficulty of procuring a means of independent subsistence without a sacrifice of their position in society. But we believe that these are evils which the progress of society, and nothing else, will cure. Humanity and refinement are extending every day through the mass of the people. Generous, forbearing, and protective feelings towards women must, in the course of things, supersede much of the reckless levity and the unworthy sensuality with which the softer sex are now regarded. An improved *morale* will enable women to venture into spheres of exertion which they cannot now safely approach. In the meantime, if women are injured by the public opinion which prevents them from entering upon various occupations, we must lay the evil to the charge of the public morality and civilisation, which is not yet competent entirely to protect them.

The advocates of what are called Women's Rights make a loud complaint of the subordinate state in which women are kept by men, as if they were the victims of some monstrous tyranny, and never exercised any influence as women. This seems to us fully absurd when we recollect the equality of consideration, the deference, and the protecting tenderness shown to women almost everywhere throughout society. It is a suspicious fact against the views of the new party, that the women themselves do not as a class grumble at their situation—unless we look upon the attempt now making in America at a change of costume as the beginning of a general revolution. It must be considered, however, that the appropriation by the transatlantic ladies of that mythical garment usually monopolised by men is not so much an invasion of the rights of the male sex as an expression of their discontent at the inconvenience suffered by their own. There can be no good reason why our drawing-rooms should continue to the end of the chapter to be filled with Mother Bunches, or why our streets should be swept perpetually with muslin or satin besoms; and for this reason we think it no abandonment of our theory to suppose, and to hope, that the movement alluded to may end in some modification of the female dress. But in other matters tasteful women are by no means the malecontents they might be supposed from agitation of a less reasonable kind. The fact is, they are generally sensible that their proper position is one which allows of man standing forward to bear the shock and struggle of the world. They feel that it is their proper part, not to make and support a home, but to adorn it when it has been made by a being more fitted by nature for that duty. There are some points, we believe, in their legal position which might bear amendment; but on the whole their condition, when they observe moral rules, is not a severe one, and they may take further comfort from the consideration that it will continually improve.

FADLALAH.

FROM a who have been employed in official situations under absolute and irresponsible princes, though from old habit not very communicative, sometimes, in their moments of expansion, as the French phrase it, indulge in strange revelations of the secret workings of authority. As a matter of course their sympathies are engaged for the most part on the side of power; and it is curious to observe the exclusion from their narratives of all moral reflections, of all positive opinions, and, above all, of that natural indignation which the contemplation of uncalled-for cruelty arouses in the majority of men. This state of mind is brought about by an attempt to satisfy their own consciences. They try to persuade themselves that they have been the instruments of a kind of human destiny, to which no more

responsibility attaches than to the motions of a steam-engine. A consciousness of some fallacy in this theory lurks of course in their mind, but it rarely betrays itself in language, though not unfrequently in an uneasy manner, and a scrutinising look at the face of the listener. The following anecdote is told in the words of one of the Frank secretaries of the celebrated Boghos Bey, chief minister of Mohammed Ali, late viceroy of Egypt.

I was sitting one day in the private office arranging some papers, and waiting the arrival of my principal, when a rapid dialogue in the outer room, the doorway of which was covered by a curtain, drew my attention. Both voices spoke in Arabic—the loudest in a tone of passionate entreaty, scarcely justified by the indifferent objections urged by the other against an invasion of the privacy of my apartment. I was in the act of clapping my hands, when the curtain was thrust hastily aside, and a person dressed in the European style entered, followed by a black slave expostulating, as in duty bound, on the intrusion. The newcomer looked surprised and annoyed at seeing me, and muttered something about its being of the greatest consequence to him to have an interview with his excellency. I begged him to be seated, and wait for half an hour; dismissed the slave; and proceeded with the arrangement of the papers. Properly speaking, I should have inquired his name and business; but so great and evident was his agitation, that I thought it best to allow him some time to recover. He threw himself on a divan, and endeavoured to appear calm, but without success. From time to time I cast a glance towards him, and gradually felt my curiosity and interest increase. He was a young man, not more than two-and-twenty years old, and of marked Oriental physiognomy. I could not, however, make out to what race he belonged—such delicate and expressive features being found in nearly equal proportions amongst Turks, Arabs, and Latins of various classes, without being common everywhere. He was dressed rather elegantly in the Parisian style; and the more I observed him the more I was struck by the contrast between the general polish of his manner and the uneasy covering expression that occasionally flashed across his features. It is due to my sagacity to say, that I arrived at last at the conclusion that he was an Eastern slave in the disguise of a European gentleman.

My curiosity went on increasing, and the desire to speak was becoming irresistible, when the bey entered the apartment. I shall never forget the look of perplexity and compassion that appeared in the countenance of the old minister, nor that of mingled fear and hope by which it was met. 'Fadlallah here!' at length exclaimed the bey. I was surprised at the rapidity with which I understood the whole affair in the sound of that name; and probably my settled conviction that it was a hopeless case disclosed itself in my look, for the young man, seemingly anxious to collect all opinions, bent his eyes intently upon me when he saw me start, and then, burying his face in his hands, wept like a child.

The case was this: Fadlallah was one of the young men who had been sent for education to Europe. He formed part of the Leghornese College, and I knew that various very unfavourable reports upon his conduct had been forwarded by the superintendent; and that, in fact, some time previously, it had been announced that he had not only broken the bounds but turned Christian, and claimed protection from the native authorities. This was an unpardonable offence; and for him voluntarily to throw himself into the hands of the Egyptian government appeared to me to be sheer madness. Possibly his excellency thought as I did, for after some silence he muttered, 'Poor fellow!' and then recovering his official serenity, coldly asked what was the meaning of this visit.

The meaning was evident enough. Poor Fadlallah wanted to be forgiven, to be taken again into favour, or at any rate allowed permission to join his family—wealthy people in Cairo. He spoke a long time, and said some eloquent things; but it was evident that his protracted residence in Europe had caused his views of the state of Egypt to differ considerably from the truth: and when he two or three times based his hopes of pardon on the fact which he had read in newspapers, that Mohammed Ali was now the 'father of his people,' I could see a smile, half-satirical half-contemptuous, play for an instant round the thin lips of my sagacious master. When the appeal was concluded, I began to suggest some questions; but the bey interrupted me, saying: 'There are three facts ascertained: Fadlallah has disobeyed orders, has claimed foreign protection, and has embraced Christianity—fatal, unpardonable acts; on the other hand, he has trusted in the clemency of his highness. We shall see whether that trust be well founded.'

Fadlallah was handed over, not exactly to my custody, but to my care; and he was advised rather than ordered to keep the room allotted to him next to mine. He had probably expected to be sent to prison, or at least to have a sentinel placed at his door, and anguished well from the omission of these precautions. For my own part I scarcely knew what to think, and could not refrain, the first time I was alone with the bey, from asking what his real opinion was. But he at once checked my inquisitiveness, and rather roughly turned to another subject. This was enough for me; and considering that, after all, I had no particular reason for feeling an interest in this young man, I contented myself with quoting the highest result of Oriental philosophy: 'God is merciful. What is decreed will come to pass.' It is astonishing of what vast utility this doctrine proves in the East, even to us Europeans. There is scarcely any other justification to an honest man for remaining in these countries; certainly there is no other preservation for the sensitive man from despondency and despair. Fortunately everything, even the climate, seems to inculcate its truth and necessitate its adoption. Practical fatalism is the growth of these hot and dreamy latitudes.

Nevertheless I could not but feel some interest in the fortunes of young Fadlallah; and though he was melancholy, and at first averse to society, in two or three days we began to be sociable. We took our meals and smoked together, but it was some time before he alluded to his own circumstances. Indeed, we had not exchanged more than a few words on the subject, until one afternoon, when I had concluded my usual work, the bey took up a letter, and with a very grave countenance read the following paragraph:—'His highness has been made acquainted with the case of Fadlallah, and has paid attention to the extenuating circumstances. What is needful to be done will be ordered.'

'And what may be the inference?' I began to inquire.

'Communicate this paragraph to the person whom it concerns,' said the bey dryly.

I took a copy, and was retiring. The bey called me back, and having looked very steadfastly at me for a moment, observed with an affectation of carelessness: 'I believe the Greek barque *Otho* sails for Smyrna to-morrow morning at break of day.'

'I will make inquiries,' I said.

'I shaw! I know she does. You ought to know it too,' replied the bey peevishly, and motioning to me to retire.

His meaning was now evident. I went to join my new friend Fadlallah, and with as much gentleness as possible told the news. He listened over and over again to the paragraph, read it himself, and so far from entertaining any sinister apprehensions, believed that

his pardon would surely be given. It was in vain I suggested that the boy ought best to understand his master's character, and strongly urged the prudence of flight, according to the hint that had been thrown out. He only hesitated for a moment, smiled at my fears, and jocularly asked where the money was to come from. He had not got a piastre. I offered to advance him money, which I was sure his family would repay; but he could not be brought to believe that there was any immediate necessity for action. 'To-morrow,' he cried, 'a positive decision will arrive, and then, if it be unfavourable, there will be time to fly.' I shrugged my shoulders, and as if by mutual consent we dropped the subject—I remaining anxious and gloomy, he becoming full of hope and spirits, and talking with incessant vivacity.

After supper he asked me if there was any objection to his walking out to enjoy the evening air. I saw none, and proposed to accompany him. We went forth together, and soon found ourselves on the then deserted beach of the Cape of Figs, between the castle of the Pharos and the Lighthouse. The moon had already run the greater part of her course, and sloped her yellow beams over a broad extent of dancing waves that came to break in flashes of melancholy light amidst the ruined barrier of rocks that nature has extended to protect the shore. The massive forms of the palace and its attendant buildings were nearly buried in gloom; but the white houses of the Turkish town clustering at the base of the promontory shewed in fantastic and spectral beauty in the distance. These objects, however, were visible only for awhile. We soon went down close to the water's edge, and could see nothing but a dim bank on one hand, and on the other, as I have said, the shadowy sea, from which ever and anon gleams of light seemed to arise.

It is not often that I feel the effect of external nature on my spirits; but there are times when, if I may so express myself, my individuality is not on the watch, and I suffer certain scenes and outward objects to play their own tune upon my mind. Not that I believe there is any mystical communion on such occasions more than on others between man and nature, but our attention not being particularly directed to some absorbing topic, physical impressions do not merely beat against the senses, but carry their vibrations as it were into the centre of our being. Probably it was the combined result of previous intellectual fatigue, of the confined prospect, the imperfect light, and the cold, damp wind that blew, as well as of some childish association between the confused rustling sound of the waves, and the idea of fear—possibly an undue solicitude about the fate of one who really had no particular claims on my interest; but I must confess, that after we had walked to and fro for about twenty minutes, I fell into a horrible state of despondency and mental discomfort, felt myself shivering, and could not resist the inclination every now and then to look over my shoulder. A medical man has informed me that had it not been for a violent shock I subsequently received, the consequences sooner or later might have been a severe fever.

I am not the man, however, to yield tamely to such a defeat. I resolved to rally and regain lost ground, and accordingly entered into conversation with Fadlallah, and by degrees persuaded him to give me an account of some of his adventures, and of the motives which had led him in the first place to quit the college, and which had now induced him to put himself once more in the power of an irate master. He seemed rather eager to do otherwise to satisfy my curiosity, and told me his whole history—how he had been taken very young from his parents, and sent to Leghorn; how he had studied with enthusiasm, and become an adept in the learning of the Franks; how he had expected to astonish the Egyptian world on his return by the brill-

iancy of his acquirements. It was evident that he had left Egypt so young that he had totally forgotten the spirit of its civilisation, if that word can without derision be applied in such a case. His ideas were entirely European: there was nothing Oriental in him, except that fear of superior power, and that absolute acquiescence in its decrees; that cringing hope of favour, and that impotence of imagining an escape from wrath which I had noticed when I first saw him, and which was made still more manifest by his unwillingness to entertain for a moment seriously the proposition I had that night made to him—not to depend on a doubtful clemency, but to gird up his loins, and fly for his life and liberty.

About a couple of years before his return he had gone to Pisa; and there, in a season of unexampled happiness, his errors and misfortunes took their rise. Having visited the Campo-Santo, the Cathedral, and the Leaning Tower, in company with several companions, he had strayed alone down a long and silent street, partly overgrown with grass, and flanked by houses which seemed to be dreaming of centuries past, and to take no note of the present time. At the farther end was a garden surrounded by a low, half-ruined wall and the remnants of an iron paling, behind which, forming a better defence, rose a hedge of solid green. A number of trees—as willows, hylas, acacias, and others—drooped, moreover, their green and purple and golden tresses overhead, and flung fragmentary shadows on the pavement without the ruined wall. Fadlallah went up to the gate, attracted by these cheerful objects, and finding it ajar, with true Eastern audacity entered, and sitting down by a quaint foamam on a rickety bench, very soon fell into such a state of trance, that he fancied himself in the gardens of Shonbrun, or perhaps in those of Paradise itself. The latter imagination might have been encouraged by a sight which presently appeared, and disturbing his unsubstantial reverie, gave his waking senses something to feed upon. This was a young girl who issued forth from the door of a house, which, I had forgotten to say, stood at the bottom of the garden, and came slowly in the direction of Fadlallah's resting-place. His presence was not soon observed, partly because the new comer was occupied in watching the progress of a variety of shrubs and flowers, planted probably by her hand, partly because the willow-tree under which the young man sat threw its drooping branches around him in a kind of natural screen.

I will not attempt to repeat the rapturous ecstasies which Fadlallah bestowed on the beauty of this young girl. By a not unnatural consequence of an education in opposition to his temperament, he spoke of her in terms of incoherent adulation—now as an angel, now as a houri; now almost materialising her into the saltana of a harem, now subtilising her into a spirit. Suffice it to say that he loved her—not with the feeble, squamish affection which boys call love, and which young ladies, with truer taste, call 'inclination,' but with that passionate, all-absorbing love of which we read in romances, and which I have no doubt is sometimes felt by natures of mingled tenderness and ferocity. For my part I never experienced more than a gentle friendship for any woman, and even with as much difficulty put myself in the position of the impassioned Fadlallah as in that of a raving madman.

I can understand better the delight with which he saw her draw near—now seeming to be a dim shade beneath the trees, now a ray of sunshine more bright and tangible than the others. Standing on that dark and desolate beach, Fadlallah raised his voice above the hoarse lashing of the waves, and told with garrulous enthusiasm how his vision of beauty came on—now stopping to trim a plant, now to gaze at an exquisite flower; sometimes streaming slowly on in one of the pensive reveries of youth, sometimes trip-

ping lightly under the impulse of a lively thought: as I heard all this I began to feel a friendship for him perfectly incompatible with my official character, and which, thank Heaven! a stranger does not often succeed in exciting in me.

The path wound, and the view was sometimes intercepted by a clump of trees. More than once as the young girl lingered behind one of these, Fadlallah feared that she had changed her intention of advancing, and had gone back or turned aside; but at length she came to the opposite front of the fountain, and observing a stranger, stood for a moment in an attitude of surprise and confusion. Fadlallah's presence of mind seemed not to have deserted him in his admiration. He spoke, apologised for his intrusion, praised the garden, and said something of the beauty of its mistress. Her answers were brief and apposite; but she was too timid to enter into a regular conversation, and Fadlallah was beginning to feel that he was prolonging his intrusion beyond reasonable limits, when an old gentleman, who had been approaching unobserved by him in a different direction, made his appearance.

I leave you to work up a romance out of this narrative if you please. For my part, I shall adhere exactly to truth. The old gentleman was Count —, the head of a noble family reduced almost to poverty, and scarcely able to continue inhabiting the large mansion of his fathers. The garden was tended by his own hands and those of his daughter Fenella; and in spite of their aristocratic origin they were both very simple, nay, humble people, except when one or two hereditary prejudices were brought into play. You seem to think that such characters are not necessarily unromantic; but where, in the harmonious monotony of their existence, can you find the materials of the sublime: what mighty passions can have played around their tranquil hearth—what greater sorrows are likely to have occurred to them than the bursting of a bottle of the count's good wine, stored up for special occasions? or the death of Fenella's linnet; or the rebellion of the aged domestic, sent round unreasonably often to beat up credit amidst plebeian shopkeepers? You smile; but my ideas of romance include spacious halls and battlemented castles, and haughty dames and gallant knights, and elegant squires and prancing horses, and hooded falcons and the glistening of warlike weapons; and quite exclude a decayed, old, shabby-genteel nobleman, living on economical principles with a daughter who makes her own clothes, and is as often seen in the kitchen as in her bower!

Admitting, however, that something might be made of all this—what do you think of our schoolboy, Fadlallah, representing himself as an Eastern prince on his travels, and suppressing altogether the fact of his Mohammedanism?—what do you think of his thus acquiring the confidence of the old count under false pretences, as well as the love of his daughter? This came not all to pass in a day, but it came to pass very shortly. Fadlallah played the truant; remained a fortnight instead of a day at Pisa; spent every day in the society of the count and his daughter; and returned only to restraint and reprimand when every farthing of money he possessed was exhausted. Of course he contrived to construct a plausible excuse; and of course, after a brief period, he started off to Pisa again without permission. One or two escapades of this kind produced a threat from the superintendent that he should be sent back to Egypt; upon which he openly rebelled, scorned all authority, and absented himself entirely from the school. He obtained a little money by selling some jewels and weapons he possessed, and naturally repaired to Pisa, to drink in draughts of love and hope from the eyes of his fair Fenella.

Whether from a conscientious motive, or from a desire to produce a decisive impression on a somewhat superstitious mind, he was led to confess to being a

Moslem, and to express a desire of conversion. He solemnly and publicly abjured his religion, and adopted that of the delighted Fenella. Soon he openly declared himself her suitor, was accepted, and looked forward to being speedily united with the object of his love. His means, however, were drawing to a close, and he was ashamed to confess the falsehood he had originally uttered about his wealth. He wrote to his family in Egypt, but received no answer -- all his letters being intercepted in our office; and at length, in a fit of rash confidence, or under the irresistible impulse of fate, went down to Leghorn and again entered into communication with the Egyptian agents. These persons, it appears, considered it to be of paramount importance that an example should be made of him, and adopted very unjustifiable means; such as stating that the pacha had expressed benevolent intentions towards him, to induce him to go on board an Egyptian frigate that happened to be in the harbour. Thus he had come to Alexandria, entertaining high hopes of forgiveness; but determining in his own mind that when he could lay hands on a certain sum of money he would again make his escape, and return to claim the hand of Fenella. A letter to the count had already explained that sudden business had called him back to his country; and he had prepared a very beautiful and probable story for his return -- to the effect that he had been driven from his dominions by a rival prince, and had only escaped with a small sum of money.

Laying aside all prudential considerations, I repeat this story by overthrowing every hope expressed by poor Fadlallah during its relation, and earnestly besought him to accompany me at once down to the old port, where I could easily get a boat at any time of the night, and I engaged in half an hour to put him on board the bark *Otho*. He seemed staggered by my serious tone, and asked me in a very troubling voice what the usual punishment of such disobedience as he had been guilty of might be. He did not understand that the most important charge was the change of religion; and when I mentioned the galleys for life, or perhaps death, he laughed; but it was an uneasy, fearful laugh, representing the strange and terrible ideas that were arising amidst his reverie of love like a huge loathsome snake rearing its head above a beautiful bed of flowers. He told me then, in a few rapid, pathetic phrases, such as I have heard no other man pronounce, how his whole soul was wrapped up in Fenella; and how he feared death only because it would cause a separation between him and her. Then certain doubts and anxieties shook his mind, but they were expressed in disconnected sentences; and I could only guess that his soul was rising towards that delirium which it only attains when earth seems to have broken all its bright and glorious promises, and heaven, closing in its marble vault, sternly shuts out the golden vista of futurity, and coldly echoes back the shout of agony which scepticism and despair hurl up against it. I tried to bring him into a better spirit, and recollecting the words of some good old German pastor considered appropriate for such painful occasions, preached to him very effectively, though more in the style of a jail chaplain who has no time to love than in that of a casual friend.

In this kind of dialogue we lost some time; but I was again urging the absolute necessity of flight, and pleading for Fenella as if I knew and loved her, when a number of torches rapidly advancing from the direction of the palace drew our attention.

'What are those?' inquired Fadlallah, frightened at anything now.

'Nothing but the patrol,' I said; 'let us remain close down by the water's edge. They will pass along the high bank; and when they are out of sight we will cross the promontory to the boat, and you shall go aboard.'

'Yes,' he answered, half-crouching as if to hide; 'I will do as you tell me. I will quit this place of blood—I will fly for my life. What if I be poor, will Fenella love me less? I will tell all—I will offer to work to gain my living. I can be a physician, a lawyer—anything, so that I get free from this horrible country. Don't you think that Fenella will love me poor, as she loved me supposing me to be rich? Is it probable she will change? Oh fool, madman that I was to tell that lie, which the effort to conceal has brought me into the Valley of the Shadow of Death!'

He was talking in this strain when the torches reached abreast of us and suddenly came to a halt. It was the patrol; but with them was the terrible Billal Aga, governor of Alexandria, whose presence under such circumstances always told of vengeance and blood. I had nothing to fear for myself, but my whole frame trembled. I could not utter a single word, but stood by gasping whilst that tragic scene took place. It passed rapidly like a hideous phantom borne on the wings of a tempest-dream. Not a sound but the hoarse murmur of the waves disturbed the air—no cry of menace, no shriek of terror. The Billal Aga stood forth, and on the lofty, pure brow of that unhappy youth, who only drew himself up as if recovering his dignity at the last moment, the deadly mace rushed like a sledge-hammer. An expressive sign commanded the head to be severed from the body, then the corpse was thrust into a sack ready prepared, and presently I saw two soldiers in then white uniforms staggering along a projecting ledge like two dumb spirits, with the surf rushing about their feet, and the glare of the torches flashing feebly and more feebly upon their form. A heavy splash, awfully distinct, came at length to my ear; the two soldiers returned; the patrol, which had stood impassively looking on, resumed their marching order; the Billal Aga smiled one feroceous smile, and away they swept along the solitary beach, watched alone by me until the blood-red gleam of the torches lighted up the gloomy walls of a mass of ruined houses, and then disappeared.

The narrator paused, endeavouring to regain his composure. But he afterwards added, that he had written an account of this tragic occurrence to Fenella's father. No answer ever came; and thus we must remain ignorant whether Fadlallah was remembered as he deserved to be, or whether the love he had inspired was buried with him in the hungry waves.

'THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF'

HAVING seen the fruits of the world's industry, let us go and see the world itself. Our journey will be to no greater distance than Leicester Square; and in that region, sacred to needlework, panoramas, and foreigners, we will see a representation of our earth, unique in its design, unparalleled in its magnitude, and unsurpassed in its accuracy. In fact, since the world was a world it has never contained such a portrait of itself.

In the centre of this close and dingy-looking square there has been erected by the enterprise of Mr Wyld, the well-known map publisher, a large circular building, surmounted by a dome, and approached by four neat loggias opening into the four sides of the square. Entering by one of these we find ourselves in a circular passage about 250 feet in circumference, the walls of which are profusely hung with some of the finest maps ever engraved. Atlases and other geographical works are seen on every table, and globes, terrestrial and celestial, from six inches to three feet in diameter, meet the eye in all quarters. Overhead are many supporting beams beautifully decorated, and hung with globular lamps, in admirable harmony with the purpose for which the building was erected. These beams support part of the side of the globe, all of which within the build-

ing is painted blue, with silver stars grouped according to their position in the southern hemisphere, and delineated according to their magnitude. The portion of the globe within the building is, however, so small, and the breaks caused by the supports so numerous, that this mapping of the stars is of little value educationally, and from their irregularity of still less value as decorations. A few astronomical diagrams, illustrative of celestial phenomena and celestial bodies, might with as much, if not more propriety, and certainly with greater utility, be substituted.

Having seen thus imperfectly the exterior, you cross the dimly-lighted corridor, and as soon as your eyes have recovered from the sudden change of the light of day for that of gas, you see that you are standing on a small circular floor at the bottom of a huge sphere, the whole interior of which is occupied by a series of floors or galleries about ten feet apart, giving one the idea of a dumb waiter on an extraordinary scale. Casting an eye upwards at the margin, you see that they increase in dimensions as they approach the centre of the sphere, and leave a clear space all round of about three feet in width. Thus from each floor a view of a zone of the globe some ten feet in width is obtained. The globe is about sixty feet in diameter—that is, twenty times the diameter of the largest yet made—and about the seven-hundred-thousandth part of the real diameter of our earth. It is of course impossible to get a complete view at once of the surface of the globe from the galleries; but as you ascend, numerous lights, so disposed as to be hidden from the visitors, throw a brilliant illumination upon each portion of the concave surface on which the earth is delineated.

It was at first intended to represent the earth on the exterior of the globe, but the objections to such a plan were so numerous and obvious that it was abandoned, and the interior was chosen; so that the visitor, though inside the earth, must suppose himself viewing it from the outside. The representation belongs exclusively to physical geography—that is to say, it is not broken up or varied by the divisions of countries, by lines of latitude and longitude, or by names. The horizontal or plane surface is represented on a scale of one inch to ten miles, while the vertical is on three times that scale. Thus a mountain is shown three times larger in proportion than a plain. Had the proportions been the same, the elevations on the surface would have appeared so small as to be almost imperceptible. Even on this larger scale, the highest mountain-ranges appear at a very small elevation above the general surface, giving the spectator the most perfect realisation of a fact hitherto so imperfectly illustrated by the 'protuberances on the rind of an orange.' The snow-line of the mountains is beautifully delineated by a white incrustation that sparkles in the gas-light, just as the snow on the real mountains may be supposed to sparkle in the beams of the rising sun. The volcanoes are all represented in a state of eruption, their peaks being painted a fiery red, and surmounted by a little cotton-wool, teased out very fine, to represent smoke. The rivers are marked by blue meandering lines, and the line of sea-coast is more or less of a bright yellow. According as on the real earth, the shore is sandy or rocky. Deserts are represented of a light tawny colour, and fertile districts by a bright green. Thus standing on one of the galleries opposite the eastern hemisphere, a very correct idea is obtained of the extent to which the cultivation of the soil has been carried in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Our own islands, Central Europe, and the shores of the Mediterranean, indicate the highest state of cultivation; while large portions of Northern Africa and Central Asia stretch in one dreary line from the mountains of Atlas to the Kurile Isles, broken only by a few bright oases in Zahara, and by fertile valleys like those of the Nile and Cashmere. The sea is pictured a light-green or blue (it is difficult to tell which in the

gas-light), and a better idea of the vast magnificence of the Pacific Ocean it is impossible to obtain than from one of the galleries, where nothing can be seen but a vast expanse of water, that seems 'a sea without a shore,' dotted here and there by those

'Flow'ry islets that do lie
'Alm beneath a Pacific sky.'

Pursuing the route we took from the bottom, we perceive the blue expanse of the South Atlantic, South Pacific, and Antarctic Oceans; nothing but 'water, water everywhere,' till you come to the southern extremity of America, comprising part of Patagonia, Terra del Fuego, and the islands, one of which forms the redoubted Cape Horn. With the exception of the Falklands and the desolate isle of Georgia there is no other land to be seen, as the floor fills the space in which would appear the more southern lands—the antarctic continent, with its mighty volcanoes. While wondering at the apparent insignificance of the land in comparison with the vast extent of water around it, you mount by a convenient stair to the first floor, and see in the upper part of the zone which it discloses the Cape of Good Hope, Van Diemen's Land, a corner of New Holland, New Zealand, and some of the smaller islands, while a broad patch of South America, from Valparaiso to the mouth of the La Plata, with its rivers, hills, and pampas, presents an interesting study. The sense of disappointment felt on first entering now disappears—the place seems lighter, the land assumes a distinct relief, and a growing interest in the object around takes possession of you. Another stair: there is Madagascar, our little island of Mauritius, and a good portion of the *terra incognita* of Africa. Crossing the ocean you come to Australia, its whole solid form taken in at one view; and commencing with the ocean beyond, there are the numberless islands that enliven its surface. Measuring the distance between Africa and South America with your eye, it is easily seen that a ball could not help discovering Brazil: the wonder would have been had he missed it. Here, too, are the highest peaks of the Andes, and the mighty region drained by the Amazon and its affluents.

Mount again: the broadest scope of Africa is before you from the Cape de Verdes to the Red Sea. There seems something awful in such an extent of unknown territory! Lake Tchad and the Niger are conspicuous on the left; and on the right the Nile, flowing through 'old hushed Egypt,' at sight of which the wonders of Scripture history recur to the mind, and the whole region becomes invested with a solemn and touching interest. There is besides the Overland Route, on such a scale as to convey a positive idea to the mind. Continuing eastward, Ceylon and a portion of the Indian and Malay peninsulas come into view, and the Eastern Archipelago large and distinct; and far away in the ocean is Hawaii—so small and so solitary, that its ever having been discovered seems almost marvellous. Presently you reach the American isthmus, and may form your opinion as to the rival routes across it by way of Panama or Tehuantepec. There, too, are Mexico, the West Indies, the great basin from which issues the Gulf stream, and the vast valley and stream of the Mississippi.

Up once more to the topmost gallery. Here you are as much struck by the prodigious extent of land as you were below by that of water; and to this part you will perhaps devote more attention than to any other. Immediately overhead is the Arctic Sea. Or you can cross Behring's Straits, and trace the course of Russian discovery along the desolate shores of the Asiatic continent. The United States from Massachusetts to California are in full view—the great lakes, Niagara, the St Lawrence, and the Canadas.

To any one unacquainted with geography the great globe proves a disappointment; but an informed mind

on viewing it may learn much, and in a most interesting way. Concrete ideas of geography may here be obtained in place of those abstract notions concerning the earth, and its surface which mere reading often creates; while for comparing positions, and remarking what places lie opposite each other or on the same parallel, this globe affords peculiar facilities. It has been suggested that by carrying round a few red and blue tapes close to the surface, the lines of equal heat and equal magnetism might be represented, without confusing the general view.

A few words on the construction of this remarkable work. The concave surface of the globe is composed of casts taken in plaster-of-Paris, each cast being about three feet square, and about an inch in thickness, or more when it is of a mountainous district. These casts are screwed on to a series of beams, somewhat like barrel-staves, and then neatly joined. Their number is said to be about 6000. Three operations were necessary after the correct draught had been made on paper: First, a model had to be made in clay; then from it a mould was formed, which again produced the cast. Now, when it is considered that all these separate casts must not only join to each other with perfect accuracy, like the sheets of a map, but must also have each its peculiar curve, so that all may form a perfectly concave surface, some idea may be formed of the vast amount of patient labour and skill that have been expended on the work, and the formidable difficulties that have been overcome. The surface was of course not painted until after the casts had been fixed, and this again must have proved a task of great difficulty.

AN EVENING BY THE RIVER.

It is just past six o'clock on an evening in May, and the best of the hall divers are lounging 'across quad.' The scouts have already nearly folded the cloths, and you see them passing out laden with the plates and tankards, or chatting by the buttery-door in eager anticipation of to night's boat-race; for they are almost as sensitive as their young masters to the honour of upholding their place upon the river—not to mention the sundry bets the more adventurous have staked upon their boat, and the bright hope of sharing the glory of success in the shape of foaming ale.

There is a sound of merry voices; and on looking up you see half-reclining on the window-seat a few 'outlying' members of a wine-party that is going on inside. 'Holloa, S—! where are you off to? Here! we want you!'

'No, no! come here; I am off for the river: I like to be down early to watch all that's going on before the race. Get your beaver, and come along!'

'Very well; stop a moment,' is the reply; and in five minutes we are sauntering arm in arm in the direction of the river.

Already what crowds are pouring towards Christchurch Meadows. Look at them as they go—men, women, and children; young and old; tradespeople, townsfolk, strangers, gownsmen, 'dons,' the lately-plucked, the expectant classman; fast men and slow; the money-lending Jew, the indefatigable dun, debtor, creditor; maid-servant, mistress; stable-men and billiard-markers—pressing alike eager to the scene of action. Here a college 'messenger' hastening to the barge with his master's hat or tie; and there a crew with their bright-ribboned straw-hats and 'flannels.' How proudly they press on, as if the glances they attract as they pass by were theirs of right! And well they may, for they are each and all fine specimens of the spirited and open-hearted boating-man.

And now we have turned in through the big doors opposite the livery-stables, and are in the lane, thronged from one end to the other, that leads from St Aldate's

to Christchurch Meadows. See! there goes the proctor with his velvet sleeves and his attendant 'bulldogs.' What a pace he is going! There must be some suspicious quarry in view.

'Holloa, Blakely, you're scarcely late; you'll take the shine out of yourself before it's wanted!' we cry to 'a man' passing us at speed.

'Well, what are the odds now? Will Christchurch catch Biazennose?'

'Not a chance of it, although they have their 'old stroke, F—, up; and it is said that he put himself into training in the country; and B— and C— are going into the middle of the boat. But what do you think to do?'

'Oh! we mean to walk gloriously into Wadham at the 'hut.' (The 'hut' is a bend in the river where the steering is difficult, owing to the meeting of two streams.)

'Not you; that level, steady, stealing stroke of theirs makes them go a tremendous pace without appearing to do so; they are, I calculate, one of the best, certainly, of the strongest crews on.'

We are soon among the elms just opposite to Hall's yard and establishment, and cross over to the Berkshire shore. How well the university barge looks! It is quite an ornament to the river, with its gilded decorations and elegant build; and yet they say that M— was sadly blamed, when president of the A.U.B.C. (Oxford University Boating Club), for buying it at £200. It was a London state-barge, I believe. What a pretty contrast it presents to those unsightly hulks, that are moored along the shore before it and behind! though the Christchurch barge does not look bad, being all the better for its recent painting: and there is the hand upon it. I wonder who pays those fellows: I suppose, the O.U.B.C. out of the common fund; for a few years back they used to dun each college. Listen! they are playing the Bridal Waltz. How I love that air! and you don't know how easy it is to pull to.

Whow! look at B. N. C.'s (Biazennose College) new flag! They are determined, it seems, to keep their place. Meanwhile the different crews, in various moods of despondency or gaiety, are hanging about the barges of the different colleges; either their own, or hired for the term: some with their oars on, others stripped, and giving orders for the alteration of a stretcher or a row-lock; some securing small bags of powdered resin for their hands, so as to give them a firmer hold of their oar; others conversing with their friends, who are lingering by them till the last moment to keep up their pluck, and who promise to be down to start them; and others again 'chaffing' a rival crew, or consulting with an interested or friendly waterman.

There are some loungers with their spruce dress and massive chains, their rings and dandy-canes, their summer coats, white hats, and contemptuous eyeglasses, lisping as affectedly as if the whole world were made for their pleasure, and nothing ever could arise to disturb their equanimity. There go by a laughing trio along the shore in a punt well-laid with cushions; two with bare arms, and, as we have observed, generally bright scarlet braces, are propelling alternately and leisurely, as they step from stem to stern (if the ends of a punt are so distinguishable); their indolent companion, who, in real Epicurean, Nile-life enjoyment, lounges so complacently on his soft couch, calmly contemplating the sky between the puffs of his cigar, and occasionally nodding to or exchanging a word with the parties as they pass them on the bank.

Here comes stealing, like a wild duck over the water, a light new skiff, apparently without exertion from the arms of him that sits it so evenly and secure; a craft at once delicately fragile, elegant, and perilous. It is the great skiff, nephew of the late 'Forgotten W—'. And there is a brace of 'green skiffs' (an antique boat of

awful build, the only merit of which is, that it is warranted to swim without capsizing.) What a variety of boats! What an abundance of laughing faces! By the opposite bank is stationed 'Charon' in his huge punt—an old skeleton-looking man, with a long brown topcoat reaching to his feet, and a ghastly grin upon his countenance as the naughty ones bully him in passing. The Humano Society, I believe, pay him to keep a look-out on the river.

Ever and anon goes by a Robinson-Crusoe-kind-of-craft, with a fellow sitting at the bottom holding the string of a three-cornered sail, and steering his course by an oar behind him over the side. These will leave their boats at the bridges, and run up with the race. See, there is an old 'Master' (that is, M.A.), who has come up from the country to 'honour' his wife and daughters: he has persuaded some unfortunate connections or acquaintances to sacrifice their pleasure for the evening in duty-service, and give a helping-hand to pull along that ancient craft, so necessarily weighty for the safety of its fair burden.

But we must not loiter or we shall never reach the starting-place; for you lose half the fun if you do not see the excitement, the catastrophes, the flurry of the start. You see behind you the men are turned and looking towards the river, and a row of nodding heads is visible above the bank. There is a boat coming beyond the bend by 'the willows.' Here they are in sight!

But what a glorious evening! I must say I am thankful that I am not pulling to-day. How calm, how placid all around! The clear, bright river, with the small roach darting to and fro and glancing in the sunlight, as they bite at drifting stuff or chase the evening flies! How sweet the distance of soft woods by Magdalen Tower—which, by the way, is the mark the steersmen aim at in coming up the first reach—with what is seen of distant Christchurch over the glory of her old elm walk! How beautiful the fields, too, look with their fresh green growth, all studded with patches of the graceful wild tulip (*orchepus*), both white and speckled lilac, the golden mallow, and the hawthorn hedges! Joy—joy for all! How the brain, overwrought with study too long continued and intense, regains here its elasticity amid Nature's charms! How the tool-worn mechanic there, with his apron and paper-hat, seems recruited by the gladdening scene! There is a glow on all around, which the human breast partakes, as we watch the pointed, long, warm-tinted clouds that streak the summer sky floating listlessly upon it like 'islands of the blest!'

You saw that fellow erecting a kind of stage upon the bridge? He is a regular attendant at the races, and shows off in diving from the height into the pool below, fleeing in return the timorous new possessor of an independence who has just 'come up.' There are some delicate-looking men, in capacious bag-like coats, trying the mettle of their long-haired Scotch pets at a round-backed, artful, determined-looking rat, that has been just let out of a cageful of the like by one of those rough fellows, the pockets of whose fustian shooting-jackets might hold an infant each. There he goes cantering, half-sneaking through the long grass, under the conviction that prudence is the better part of valour, but still evidently resolved upon 'war to the knife' in case of an attack. And he is right: his master may pay for his amusement, but our friend the terrier has no notion of anything so serious, and contents himself with cautious sniffs, accompanied by deprecatory appeals to his indulgent owner.

But here comes an 'eight' down the reach. What can it be? Oh! by the light-blue. How regularly and well they pull! It is a remarkably fine crew. Look at that great fellow 'Six,' with his brawny arms and the black hair curling over his front like that of a Spanish bull. Number 'Eight' seems a small man, but

he is full of muscle and pluck, and gives a good swinging stroke. 'Three,' with a showy upright figure, does little despite his fine pretensions.

We shall be late if we do not mind, for here is *Balloo* coming along in their clean spirited style. How well they look!—so fresh and clear, they seem to have caught a tint from their striped pink jerseys. There now is a pattern of a boat! These fellows 'read' hard with scarcely an exception. 'Seven' is a first-class man; the coxswain is a 'first,' and tutor of his college; 'Three' is a 'second,' and 'Bow' a 'first,' and the rest are all likely men for the schools.

You see a man need neither be a beer-drinker nor an idler to succeed upon the river; for where is there a more promising crew than the one we have just seen pass? And here is *Ecceter*, and close behind them *Jons*—the one with their neat uniform, white trimmed with green; the other, white with red. The white and green of those Welsh fellows, I understand, represent the root and leaf of the leek—the emblem of their country.

But come on, or we shall never reach Hilley before the boats start. There is a lot of people coming by 'the weirs,' where the pigeon-shooting goes on, though the proctors have almost put a stop to that work. Where can they be coming from? Principally from Oxford. They have preferred that way either for the sake of a longer walk, or because they avoid the ferry. One boat, it is *Merton*, is already alongside, and her crew are watching with keen eye each of the others as they pass down to turn by the lock.

Look ahead, sir—look ahead! and the coxswain is upon his legs. 'Easy all; hold her!' But it is too late. Crash, and they are over! She could not check her way in time. An adventurous 'pair oar,' without a steersman, just coming round the corner, at a time when no boat but the racing ones should be about, is run down by an 'eight,' but the stream is shallow, and they easily, though breathless and frightened, reach the shore.

'How long till the boats start, Mr Wyatt?' we ask a plump, blunt-looking man, standing beside a brace of small brass cannon which are to give the signal for the start.

'Very soon, sir, now: it is already past the time—half-past seven gone; but here comes *Christchurch*. They will be off directly now; as a neat-looking crew, with an easy swing, and keeping the most faultless time, but peculiar in having no fixed uniform, dash by, their oar-blades, as they feather, high above the stream; and strike in with a sweeping cut, a forward stretch, and a quick pull home, that sends all dripping from the blade. How beautifully they row together! Did you ever see anything so perfect? It is a treat to see their swing alone; but they have pulled together at Westminster from boys: there is the secret of that united crew. Last year they had in their single boat no less than three men who had been severally Stroke of 'the University,' but this year they are weaker. Those fellows in the bows, although they pull so gracefully, want vigour. They will not have the good fortune we wish them, I fear. They say, moreover, that 'Stroke' is too weak; but I cannot think it. Despite his delicate appearance he has strength, and lasting, and pluck indomitable; his 'reach' is, moreover, the longest on the river, though almost too slow.

But see, they have turned, and are 'spiriting' to their place. How they lift her!—beautiful indeed! With each impulse she leaps forward, and seems literally to 'walk the waters,' her light keel alone immersed. And now they are ready. How cleverly that was steered!

Bang!

The first gun, and many a heart leaps; captains grow anxious for missing men; stragglers are hastening to their places, generally too nervous to return the haunter of their friends; and there runs one who has been for an orange to the refreshment-room beside the

lock; and many a flask is drained of its last drop among the willows there, or beside the haystack; for many 'coaches' recommend a thimbleful of brandy for each man to recruit his frame with just at starting, but it is undoubtedly a pernicious practice.

Each boat has now beside it a group of friends, consisting principally of members of the same college; and here and there a tutor—one of those whom the men love and really respect, who toil hard in the lecture room, but are foremost to sanction and encourage, as well as sometimes to share, their due and proper recreation. They are exhorting the desponding and self-doomed to make a struggle: they may get off. They are adding fuel to the spirits of the sanguine and likely. And here, for the information of the uninitiated, it may be as well to mention that the boats are placed in a line along the bank, and behind each other at an interval of fifty yards, in order according as they stood the last year, or the previous evening after the first race. Four minutes are to elapse between the first and second gun: two have already expired. The crews are mostly in their boats, with their coats stripped, but wrapped around their shoulders, as there is a treacherous chilliness in the evening air, and the distant windings of the river are beginning to look gray. An uneasy feeling pervades even the men upon the shore. One or two of the more inexperienced and irrepressibly-anxious boats are already out, and with difficulty maintain their position against the stream.

Bang!

The second gun, and they are almost across the stream. Now, throw your coats ashore—push out, steady; and with a slice of lemon between their lips, and their clean white trousers rolled up the leg, halfway to the calf, the crews are bending forward till the moment comes, each chest thrown out, the arms at full stretch, the heels together on the stretcher, the oar-blades laid back, but not too far for the first stroke, and near the surface of the water: they are ready. Five seconds gone—ten be ready; start with the flash when I tell you. Half a minute gone—forty seconds—look out!

Off!

The oars have dashed in when the third report is heard. What a roar of voices! 'Steady, steady!—you are too wild.' 'Now you're gaining!—now you're gaining! That's the style! Keep it up! Well pulled! Capital stroke—gaining every pull! Hurra! You'll have them at the "five water stone!" Only ten—only five yards ahead of you! You're on them!—now's your time! Now Stroke, now "Five" and "Four," now "Bow," now all! Hurra! Yoicks! It's all up!' And a wild maddening shout rings through the air. What a conflict of excited voices! What counter-cheering as the crowd rush along the towing-path, their eyes fixed upon the river, jolting one against another; while ever and anon some one more vehement than the rest forces his headlong way amid the rage and indignation of those he tramples on or jostles from their course; while here and there is one tripped up, and sprawling on the grass, or laid along the river-side, having just escaped being hurled or twisted into the river, as he stopped imprudently an instant in that living stream. There they rush—friends, tutors, scouts, backers, ends, exquisites, 'bargoes,' in one frantic throng! How they squeeze through the gateways on the bridges, the more prudent and capable leaping by preference the gutter!

The best way, we may observe, and the pleasantest, to view a boat-race, is to drop behind the throng that accompany the boats, or run outside them in the field. You then escape being bruised or knocked about. The contending boats are now close together; the last has nearly reached the object of their chase; they are both rocking on the same troubled wave that the rush of boats before has raised. Each crew is straining every

her to be termed a prolific correspondent even in Horace Walpole's days. There are but few letters extant of her able and enterprising rival, Queen Elizabeth. Perhaps it may be said that she had other things to do, and little time to give to correspondence, while Mary had too much; but, on the other hand, poor Mary spent a long period of her life in durance, when she could only correspond by stealth and artifice, and had often to use the circuitous medium of a cipher. The extent to which, under all her difficulties, she managed to blacken paper, may be conceived by an inspection of the collection of her letters published at Paris in 1815 by the Russian prince, Alexander Labanoff.

The prince has proved himself the most truly disinterested and romantic of all her chivalrous champions, since even the vanity of literary distinction has not been courted by him, and he has been content to hunt the world for her letters, transcribe them, and accurately put them in type. In the British Museum, the State Paper Office, the Advocates' Library, the archives of the Scottish Catholics; in the collection of several private gentlemen; in the archives and libraries of Paris, Rome, Vienna, Florence, and many others, did the prince gather the objects of his search; and the result was that he printed the *Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart* in seven well-filled octavo volumes—a goodly correspondence for one person to imitate. Whatever expectation the minds of persons fresh from reading Sir Walter Scott's novel of the 'Abbot' might form about anything connected with the romantic history of Queen Mary, the great part of this collection is dull enough. Many of the letters are on business; and that they are chiefly written in antiquated French does not make them more valuable. Some of them are of considerable interest, as bearing on the more striking parts of her history; but, as a whole, the chief impression imparted by the collection is the notion we have already referred to of Queen Mary's industry. She appears to have had an active mind, ever doing something to occupy herself upon. Quantities of manuscripts are shown as the work of her hands; and though much of it is perhaps spurious, there must have been a considerable portion of it genuine to set imitators at work. One letter, written when in captivity at Sheffield, shows an earnest hanker after occupation. 'I have nothing else to tell you except that all my exercise is to read and work in my chamber; and therefore I beseech you, since I have no other excuse to take the trouble, in addition to the rest, for which I thank you, to send me as soon as you can four ounces more or less of the same crimson silk which you sent me some time ago, similar to the pattern which I send you. The safest way is to inquire for it at the same merchant who provided you with the other. The silver is too thick: I beg you will choose it for me as fine as the pattern, and send it to me by the first conveyance, with eight ells of crimson taffeta for lining. If I have it not soon my work must stand still, for which I shall be very vexed, as what I am working is not for myself.'

The most interesting of Queen Mary's letters to inspect in autograph are certainly those which were written in extreme youth, and are contained in the Balcarras Collection of Papers in the Advocates' Library. There are fourteen of these letters addressed to her mother—Mary of Guise, the queen-regent of Scotland. They have been pronounced by critical inquirers to be in the young queen's own handwriting, all except two, and they must have been all written ere she was fifteen years old. At what precise period of her life the earliest one may have been written it would be difficult to determine. Only two of them have dates: that of the earlier is 23d Jun 1554. She was born on the 8th December 1542. They are written

with extreme clearness, each letter being finished by itself. Their form is the modern written hand known for a long time after her period as the Italian. Indeed she must have been one of the first out of Italy who employed it; for a sort of corruption of the old Gothic form was used not only at that time, but for a century and a half later. There is no misreading her words, and any one with a tolerable knowledge of French will be able to make out her letters in their antiquated diction. The lines are long and straight, containing many words; and, on the whole, the letters of this young girl have a matured, almost manly air of systematic strength which is very remarkable. The signature, 'Marie,' is particularly large, square, and powerful. As an on-looker remarked, it was more like that of a surveyor of taxes or a messenger-at-arms than of an accomplished high born female, but it has been long a practice to accustom royal personages, even of the gentler sex, to write a large, bold signature, as that of her present Majesty Victoria may testify. The letters of mere children are spoiled in translation, as their interest consists in the simple peculiarities of expression. In English, therefore, and to the English reader not very deeply versed in old French idioms, there is nothing very remarkable in the letters. One of the shortest may be thus rendered:—

MADAM—I feel assured that the queen and my uncle the cardinal make you acquainted with all the news, and I am thus deterred from writing you at great length, or farther than to bid you very humbly to hold me in your good grace. Madam, if it is your pleasure to increase my establishment with a groom of the chamber (*huissier de chambre*), I pray that it may be Ruffus, my groom of the hall, because he is a very good and old servant. I send you the letters which madam my grandmother has written to you. Praying our Lord to give you with long health a happy life, your very humble and very obedient daughter, MARY.

To the Queen, my Mother.

The address on the cover is in the same brief terms: '*A la Reine, ma mere.*' Royal letters went by special messengers, who knew well for whom they were intended without specifying the place. It was a peculiarity, too, especially in the letters of great personages, that the address should indicate nearly as distinctly the writer of the letter as the person it was sent to; so in the same volume there are letters from her uncle, Henry of Lorraine, with the address—in French of course:—'To my good Sister, the Queen-Dowager of Scotland.'

The short letter above quoted indicates an amiable feature in the young queen's character, which adhered to her to the last, and seemed to grow in her adversity—a kindness and concern for her dependents and adherents. From the Bishop of Ross to her 'three Marias' she identified herself with the interests of those who were faithful to her—a point very interestingly brought out by Sir Walter Scott. In the instances of Chatelard and Iizzio, this feeling became a weakness, which was the occasion of her worst calamities; but there is no doubt that it laid the foundation of the chivalrous devotion which procured her so many champions during her life, and vindicators of her memory after death.

Some of these letters are of considerable length. They generally bear on matters of family business, have little sprightliness or youthful carelessness, and are, on the whole, scarcely like the production of so young a person. Nor do they seem to have been written by dictation or instruction, as they contain here and there the alterations and erasures which a letter-writer makes in changing the intention or expression. But the interest attached to them is not in their substance so much as in the associations connected with them, and the wonderful and melancholy history which passed over the writer between the

* Translation in Mr Turnbull's selection from Prince Labanoff.

bright dawn of hope in which they were penned and the darkness which closed over her in her latter days. History scarcely records an instance where, at an age so early, the prospects were so magnificent as those of the writer of these scraps. Queen of Scotland ere she was conscious of existence, she was acknowledged by nearly all Europe as the heiress of the throne of England, and it was generally believed that any opposition offered to her claims was a mere partial, factious attempt that would blow over. Then she was betrothed to the King of France, and people naturally expected that this couple would be the parents of a line of monarchs ruling the greatest empire of the world. An accident at a mock tournament destroyed all these brilliant prospects, leaving the young queen only the comparatively poor, and the very factious and turbulent kingdom of Scotland. With her fate there every reader of history is acquainted.

The collection of documents in which these letters appear is an instance, like that of Sir James Balfour already noticed, of the importance of preserving the collections made by persons whose rank or official position have given them the means of procuring such documents. The Balcarras Papers, bound up in nine thick volumes, were collected by John Lindsay of Menmuir, secretary of state to James VI., who died in 1598. He was a clergyman and a judge, and appears to have been a man of some scientific acquirements; for he was appointed master of the metals, the king having noticed 'his travells in seeking out and discovering of dyvers metallis of great valor within this realme, and in sending to England, Germanie, and Denmark to gett the perfite essey and knowlidge thairof.' He was for some time ambassador in France, and it was probably when holding this office that he enriched his collection. An interesting account of Lord Menmuir will be found in Lord Lindsay's 'Lives of the Lindsays.' The papers collected by him were very liberally made over to the Advocates' Library by Colin, Earl of Balcarras, in 1712. For upwards of a century they lay a shapeless mass, little known, and it was only when they were arranged and bound up in volumes that their rich contents were really appreciated. They are more interesting to the students of French than of English history, containing many letters from the Lorraine family, including the celebrated cardinal, the Orleans, and other branches of the royal family—the Constable Montmorency, Diana of Poitiers, and other personages.

THE SCALP HUNTERS.*

It is now generally recognised that the pictures of American savage life given by the novelist Cooper are far more pleasing than true; and that, in fact, his Indians and trappers are little more than the phantoms of a somewhat feeble imagination. Dr Bird came after with a rough, coarse, masculine touch, which startled European readers into a conviction that in his 'Nick of the Woods' they saw for the first time the denizens of the transatlantic forest; and since then more than one writer has followed in the same 'trail.' Captain Mayne Reid, although his scene is in a different part of the continent, is of the Bird school, but with a curious eccentricity—his genius being distinguished by more literary refinement, and at the same time more moral consciousness. It is strange to think that any man should choose for his heroes a band of professional murderers; but the taste is quite unaccountable in an author who possesses an exquisite relish for the beauties both of nature and sentiment! In the work before us this

oddity is carried to an extravagant excess; for the leader of the gang—who is represented as an amiable and estimable person—has no other motive for becoming a wholesale butcher of human beings than the abduction by the Indians of one of his children, whom they obey and reverence as a kind of priestess-queen.

Notwithstanding this prodigious fault, there is a freshness and vigour about the book which render it quite a readable production; and in spite of some obvious exaggerations, we feel the conviction as we read that the sketches, however highly coloured, are really from nature. The scene is in the 'wild west,' a general sketch of which is given at the commencement. There is the 'weed prairie,' a seemingly limitless plain surrounded only by the blue heavens, and carpeted with flowers—the golden helianthus, the scarlet malva, the purple monarda, the silver euphorbia, the orange asclepias, and the pink cleome—all waving in the breeze like the undulations of a sea, into which dip myriads of insects which look like winged flowers themselves. There is the 'grass prairie,' where there is an expanse as far as the eye can reach of living verdure, only varied by the shadows of the passing clouds. There is the 'rolling prairie,' disposed in parallel undulations like the soft, smooth swell that remains on the waters after a storm has swept by. There are the 'mottes,' or islands of the prairie set, rising in what might seem to be a boundless plain, where buffaloes, antelopes, and wild horses are the cattle, and turkeys and pheasants the poultry. There is the autumn forest, where the red, brown, and golden leaves resemble flowers, and where birds of glorious plumage flit through the long vistas and sunlit glades that open everywhere. There is the cactus forest, where strangely-shaped trunks and branches grow out of cliffs, and hang over rocks scattered on the brown, barren earth. There all is silence and loneliness, save when the solitary owl sails into the thicket, or the rattle-snake glides into the shade, or the coyote stalks through the gloom. There are the Rocky Mountains, where, as you mount height after height, there are still peaks beyond clothed in perpetual snow. Cliffs hang stretching over your head, gulfs yawn at your feet, and there the grisly bear drags himself over the ridges, and the bighorn bounds from crag to crag. 'Such are the aspects of the wild west,' says our author, after describing them in full: 'such is the scenery of our drama. Let us raise the curtain and bring on the characters.'

The characters are eminently picturesque: they all look like portraits, and might stand for originals to be copied. Rube the trapper is one of the most striking of them—manned, disfigured, his ears cropped close to his head, and the skull minus its scalp! This Rube we shall shew in action. Gary, a fine young hunter, has been surpassed by an Indian in a shot; and determining to vindicate his reputation, he calls to his comrade the old trapper, and gives him a round white shell to hold about the size of a watch.

"'Whar do 'ee want me to go?' said Rube. The other merely pointed to an open glade, and answered—'Sixty.'"

"'Take care o' my claws, d' yur hear! Them Injuns has made 'em scarce; this child can't spare another.'"

'The old trapper said this with a flourish of his right hand. I noticed that the little finger had been chopped off!

"'Never fear, old boss!' was the reply; and at this the smoky carcass moved away with a slow and regular pace, that shewed he was measuring the yards.

'When he had stepped the sixtieth yard, he faced about, and stood erect—placing his heels together. He then extended his right arm, raising it until his hand was on a level with his shoulder, and holding the shell in his fingers, flat side to the front, shouted back:

"'Now, Bill-ee, shoot, an be d—d to yur!'"

*The Scalp Hunters; or Romantic Adventures in Northern America. By Captain Mayne Reid, Author of the 'Rifle Rangers.' York: Longman: 51, Fleet. 1881.

'The shell was slightly concave—the concavity turned to the front. The thumb and finger reached half around the circumference, so that a part of the edge was hidden; and the surface, turned towards the marksman, was not larger than the dial of a common watch!

'This was a fearful sight. It is one not so common among the mountain-men as travellers would have you believe. The feat proves the marksman's skill: first, if successful, by shewing the strength and steadiness of his nerves; secondly, by the confidence which the other reposes in it, thus declared by stronger testimony than any oath. In any case, the feat of holding the mark is at least equal to that of hitting it. There are many hunters willing to risk taking the shot, but few who care to hold the shell.

'It was a fearful sight; and my nerves tingled as I looked on. Many others felt as I. No one interfered. There were few present who would have dared, even had these two men been making preparation to fire at each other. Both were "men of mark" among their comrades—trappers of the first class.

'Garey, drawing a long breath, planted himself firmly—the heel of his left foot opposite to, and some inches in advance of, the hollow of his right. Then jerking up his gun, and throwing the barrel across his left palm, he cried out to his comrade: "Steady, old bone and silver! by a's a' ye!"

'The words were scarcely out when the gun was levelled. There was a moment's deathlike silence, all eyes looking to the mark. Then came the crack, and the shell was seen to fly, shivered into fifty fragments! There was a cheer from the crowd. Old Rube stooped to pick up one of the pieces; and after examining it for a moment, shouted in a loud voice: "Plain centre, by—!"

'The young trapper had, in effect, hit the mark in the very centre, as the blue stain of the bullet testified.

'The Indian, thus defied by the successful shot of Garey, do's not avoid the contest. He is a most gentlemanlike person, speaking good English, but dressed in very picturesque attire.

'I looked at the Indian with increasing interest. He seemed a man of about thirty years of age, and not much under seven feet in height! He was proportioned like an Apollo, and on this account appeared smaller than he actually was. His features were of the Roman type; and his fine forehead, his aquiline nose and broad jawbone, gave him the appearance of talent as well as firmness and energy. He was dressed in a hunting-shirt, leggings and moccasins; but all these differed from anything worn either by the hunters or their Indian allies. The shirt itself was made out of the dressed hide of the red deer, but differently prepared to that used by the trappers. It was bleached almost to the whiteness of a kid-glove. The breast, unlike theirs, was close, and beautifully embroidered with stained porcupine quills. The sleeves were similarly ornamented, and the cape and skirts were trimmed with the soft, snow-white fur of the ermine. A row of entire skins of that animal hung from the skirt-border, forming a fringe both graceful and costly. But the most singular feature about this man was his hair. It fell loosely over his shoulders and swept the ground as he walked: it could not have been less than seven feet in length. It was black, glossy, and luxuriant, and reminded me of the tails of those great Flemish horses I had seen in the funeral carriages of London. He wore upon his head the war-eagle bonnet, with its full circle of plumes—the finest triumph of savage taste. This magnificent head-dress added to the majesty of his appearance. A white buffalo robe hung from his shoulders with all the graceful draping of a toga; its silky fur corresponded to the colour of his dress, and contrasted strikingly with his own dark tresses. There were other ornaments about his person:

his arms and accoutrements were shining with metallic brightness, and the stock and butt of his rifle were richly inlaid with silver.'

During the scene described this personage has 'stood silent, and calmly looking on. His eye now wanders over the ground, apparently in search of an object. A small convolvulus, known as the "prairie gourd," is lying at his feet. It is globe-shaped, about the size of an orange, and not unlike one in colour. He stoops and takes it up. He seems to examine it with great care, balancing it upon his hand, as though he was calculating its weight. What does he intend to do with this? Will he fling it up, and send his bullet through it in the air? What else?

'His motions are watched in silence. Nearly all the scalp-hunters—sixty or seventy—are on the ground. Scarcely any, with the doctor and a few men, is engaged some distance off pitching a tent. Garey stands upon one side, slightly elated with his triumph, but not without feelings of apprehension that he may yet be beaten. Old Rube has gone back to the fire, and is roasting another rib.

'The gourd seems to satisfy the Indian for whatever purpose he intends it. A long piece of bone—the thigh-joint of the war-eagle—hangs suspended over his breast. It is curiously carved, and pierced with holes like a musical instrument. It is one. He places this to his lips, covering the holes with his fingers. He sounds three notes, oddly inflected, but loud and sharp. He drops the instrument again, and stands looking eastward into the woods. The eyes of all present are bent in the same direction. The hunters, influenced by a mysterious curiosity, remain silent, or speak only in low mutterings.

'Like an echo, the three notes are answered by a similar signal. It is evident that the Indian has a comrade in the woods, yet not one of the band seems to know aught of him or his comrade. Yes; one does: it is Rube. Rube has had some previous knowledge of the Indian, and the conjecture he now makes is verified by the result.

'A rustling is heard, as of some one parting the bushes, the tread of a light foot, the snapping of twigs. A bright object appears among the leaves. Some one is coming through the underwood: it is a woman; it is an Indian girl, attired in a singular and picturesque costume. She steps out of the bushes, and comes boldly towards the crowd. All eyes are turned upon her with looks of wonder and admiration. We scan her face and figure and her striking attire.

'She is dressed not unlike the Indian himself, and there is a resemblance in other respects. The tunic worn by the girl is of finer materials—of fawn skin. It is richly trimmed, and worked with split quills, stained to a variety of bright colours. It hangs to the middle of the thighs, ending in a fringe-work of shells, that tinkle as she moves. Her limbs are wrapped in leggings of scarlet cloth, fringed like the tunic, and reaching to the ankles, where they meet the flaps of her moccasins. These last are white, embroidered with stained quills, and fitting closely to her small feet.

'A belt of wampum closes the tunic on her waist, exhibiting the globular developments of a full-grown bosom, and the undulating outlines of a womanly person. Her head-dress is similar to that worn by her companion, but smaller and lighter; and her hair, like his, hangs loosely down, reaching almost to the ground. Her neck, throat, and part of her bosom are nude, and clustered over with bead-strings of various colours.

'The expression of her countenance is high and noble. Her eye is oblique. The lips meet with a double curve, and the throat is full and rounded. Her complexion is Indian; but a crimson hue struggling through the brown upon her cheek gives that pictured expression to her countenance that may be observed in the quadron of the West Indies. She is a girl, though

full grown and boldly developed—a type of health and average beauty.

As she approaches, the men murmur their admiration. There are hearts beating under hugging-shirts that rarely deign to dream of the charms of women. I am struck at this moment with the appearance of the young trapper Garey. His face has fallen—the blood has forsaken his cheeks—his lips are white and compressed, and dark rings have formed around his eyes. They express anger, but there is still another meaning in them. Is it jealousy? Yes. He has stepped behind one of his comrades, as if he did not wish to be seen. One hand is playing involuntarily with the handle of his knife; the other grasps the barrel of his gun, as though he would crush it between his fingers.

The girl comes up. The Indian hands her the gourd, muttering some words in an unknown tongue—unknown at least to me. She takes it without making any reply, and walks off toward the spot where Rube had stood, which had been pointed out to her by her companion.

She reaches the tree, and halts in front of it—facing round, as the trapper had done.

There was something so dramatic, so theatrical, in the whole proceeding, that, up to the present time, we had all stood waiting for the *dénouement* in silence. Now we knew what it was to be, and the men began to talk.

The conversation referred to the further proceedings of the Indian; but the general opinion was that he intended to shoot the gourd from the girl's hand; that it was no great shot after all; and that, at any rate, it would merely equal Garey's.

What was our amazement at seeing the girl fling off her plumed bonnet—place the gourd upon her head—fold her arms over her bosom—and stand, fronting us, as calm and immobile as if she had been carved upon the tree!

There was a murmur in the crowd. The Indian was raising his rifle to take aim, when a man rushed forward to prevent him. It was Garey!

"No, yer don't! No!" cried he, clutching the levelled rifle; "she's deceived me, that's plain; but I won't see the gal that once loved me, or said she did, in the trap that-a-way. No! Bill Garey ain't a-goin' to stand by and see it."

"What is this?" shouted the Indian in a voice of thunder. "Who dares to interrupt me?"

"I dares!" replied Garey. "She's your'n now, I suppose. You may take her whar yo like; and take this too," continued he, tearing off the embroidered pipe-case, and flinging it at the Indian's feet; "but y'r not a-goin' to shoot her down whiles I stand by."

"By what right do you interrupt me? My sister is not afraid, and"—

"Your sister!"

"Y'es—my sister."

"And is you gal your sister?" eagerly inquired Garey, his manner and the expression of his countenance all at once changing.

"She is. I have said she is."

"And are you El Sol?"

"I am."

"I ask your pardon; but"—

"I pardon you. Let me proceed!"

"Oh, sir, do not—no! no! She is your sister, and I know you have the right, but thar's no necessity. I have heard of your shootin'. I give in—you kin beat me! For God's sake do not risk it—as you care for her, do not!"

"There is no risk. I will shew you."

"No, no. If you must then, let me! I will hold it. Oh, let me!" stammered the hunter in tones of entreaty.

"Hilloo, Hillee! What's the dratted rumpus?" cried Rube, coming up. "Hang it, let's see the shot. I've

heern o' it afore. Don't be skeert, ye fool! he'll do it like a breeze—he will!" And as the old trapper said this, he caught his comrade by the arm, and slung him round out of the Indian's way.

This is a fine bit of nature; and our author may take our word for it that it will excite more admiration than the most terrible scene in the book. But to proceed with the adventure.

The girl, during all this, had stood still—seemingly not knowing the cause of the interruption. Garey's back was turned to her; and the distance—with two years of separation—doubtless prevented her from recognising him.

Before Garey could turn to interpose himself, the rifle was at the Indian's shoulder, and levelled! His finger was on the trigger, and his eye glanced through the sights. It was too late to interfere. Any attempt at that might bring about the dreaded result. The hunter, as he turned, saw this; and, halting in his tracks, stood straining and silent.

It was a moment of terrible suspense to all of us—a moment of intense emotions. The silence was profound. Every breath seemed suspended, every eye was fixed on the yellow object—not larger, I have said, than an orange. O God! will the shot never come?

It came. The flash—the crack—the stream of fire—the wild hurra—the forward rush—were all simultaneous things. We saw the shivered globe fly off. The girl was still upon her feet—she was safe!

I ran with the rest. The smoke for a moment blinded me. I heard the shrill notes of the Indian whistle. I looked before me. *The girl had disappeared!*

We ran on to the spot where she had stood. We heard a rustling in the underwood—a disputing footstep. We knew it was she; but, guided by an instinct of delicacy, and a knowledge that it would be contrary to the wish of her brother, no one followed her. We found the fragments of the calabash strewn over the ground. We found the leaden mark upon them: the bullet itself was buried in the bark of the tree, and one of the hunters commenced digging it out with the point of his bowie. When we turned to go back we saw that the Indian had walked away, and now stood chatting easily and familiarly with Sequin. As we re-entered the camp-ground I observed Garey stoop and pick up a shining object. It was the *gaze d'amour*, which he carefully realigned round his neck in its wonted position. From his look, and the manner in which he handled it, it was plain that he now regarded that *souvenir* with more reverence than ever.

The reader has now before him a specimen of the living interest of the work; and if he will only fancy such pictures framed in the romantic and gorgeous scenery we have noticed at the beginning, he will be able to form a pretty accurate idea of a production as original in its faults as in its excellences.

Column for Young People.

INDIAN SWEETMEATS.

You are all, no doubt, fond of rock, lollipop, or that delicious sweetmeat kept in the confectioners' windows in large glass-bottles, which bears the name of a hard substance, and yet melts in your mouth like snow. Rock is very popular in India too, and the Old Indian is now going to tell you something about it. It is pleasant to read how things are made in other countries; and although the Indians are far less civilised than we, and work with far inferior tools than ours, yet some of their manufactures—sweetmeats, and their rock among other things—are very good.

The Hindoos, like ourselves, eat peculiar sweetmeats and peculiar dishes at certain seasons of the year. We have our Christmas-bun, cross-bun, twelfth-cake, and mince-pie; and so they have their various sweetmeats,

What I have now described may be seen at any time of the day, but the procession of the horrid idol Kali—which is a fierce, black-looking Amazon, with coarse, flowing hair, and bloodstained hands—commences at four in the afternoon. She is carried, with beating drums and sounding gongs, and the din of thousands of voices, to the river.

The festival of Dussehra, I may add, which is styled *Dussehra*, is held on the last four days of the decade of the month of October. The last night—on which the procession takes place—is the grandest and noisiest. Fine weather may almost with certainty be looked for at this time of the year, and so the crowds of people run on a bed of foam put to flight, or the illumination of bonfires, and, by the showers of rum that have such a habit of assailing them in this high festival.

These two anecdotes have reached us through such channels as to give us perfect assurance of their authenticity; they could, indeed, be probably matched by most persons who have noticed the efforts at reasoning in some of the lower animals. For example, we possess a favourite

dog of the small spaniel variety, Fiddy, by name, which does very surprising things in the way of observing. On one occasion, when we were from home, Fiddy was found in a state of extreme agitation opposite our portrait which hung on the wall, and which, to all appearance, she recognised and mistook for the original—by the way, as high a compliment to the artist as that which was paid to a certain painter by the birds which pecked at the representation of fruit on his canvas.

THE TWO TEMPLES.

Time was when Shinar's eastern plain
Was peopled with the tribes of earth,
Sworn in their pride to rear a fane

To grace the scene of Empire's birth,
Where man with man in union strong
Might firmly fix the rule of wrong.

The dread design was vain as vast
Before high Heaven's aroused wrath;
And o'er the face of earth outcast,
Each nation soon its separate path
Of wealth, or war, or peace pursued,
Subduer oft, and oft subdued.

Thus man's dark passions, self-destroyed,
To crush the good have powerless been
That, still upspringing in the void
Their strife had left, arose unseen,
Till in its calm and hallow'd shade
Her home lost Love again hath made.

Time is when to the western shore
From farthest east, and north, and south,
The nations of the world, once more
Together banded, pour them forth,
Their mighty monument to raise
Of Arts' new triumphs now in praise.

Fair first-fruit of Love's genial sway,
And forerunner of a happier hour,
When woes of war have passed away,
And 'neath her noon of peaceful power
Shall Science, bursting Error's chain,
Its rule o'er all the earth regain!

TRIN.

IMPOSSIBILITIES POSSIBLE.

What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us that a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years reaching it, it yet affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly organised beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see. Nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second! Do not such

things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.—*Herschel.*

ADVERTISEMENT DUTIES.

It will be learned through the public channels of information, that there has been a careful and lengthened investigation by a committee of the House of Commons respecting the stamp-duty on newspapers. In the evidence taken on this interesting subject there appears to have been some curious information furnished by the manager of the 'Times.' He mentioned that the 'Times' proprietary had paid £66,000 last year, the average circulation of the paper per day being 39,000 copies; and that the supplement attached to this large number was actually too great to pay. He goes on to say:—"The value of the supplement consists of advertisements, and those advertisements pay a certain sum, of course, to the proprietors; that sum is fixed; it is the same on a small impression as it would be on 100,000. As the sum which is paid for paper, printing, and so on, fluctuates, and is increased by the amount of circulation, of course there is a certain point at which the two sums balance each other. Suppose that the value of the advertisements in the supplement was £1,200, you would know that you could publish as many papers as would cost £1,200 to manufacture in paper, stamps and printing, and if you go beyond that you publish at a loss; that is, of course, obvious. The greater the circulation the greater the loss, beyond a certain limit." It was asked: "Do you not mean that the profit is less?" To which the manager replied: "No; the greater the circulation the greater the loss from a circulation beyond the point at which the expenditure and receipts balance each other." Hereupon, "an absolute loss;" and he made the point clear, beyond all possibility of mistake, by taking the instance of the very day before he gave his evidence—namely, May 2, when the value of the advertisements in the supplement precisely balanced the expenditure on the paper, and the printing of further copies was stopped. The government charges paid that day by the "Times," in the shape of direct taxation, for that one publication, amounted to £1,395 1. Again, he says: "I have no doubt in the world that, if there were no considerations beyond a mere desire to circulate the paper, that it would double itself within a couple of years;" and at present from ten to twelve columns of advertisements are excluded daily from the "Times" for want of room notwithstanding the supplement.

To compute small things with great—the position of the 'Times' may be said to illustrate our own inability to accept advertisements for our pages. We are occasionally advised to extend the size of our sheet, or issue a supplement, so as to afford space for advertisements, 'which would be so very profitable.' The truth being that the expense for paper and printing of our impression—from 60,000 to 70,000 copies—goes far beyond what could be realised by any charge for advertisements. The thing, therefore, is practically impossible. Latterly, however, to meet a very general call, we have begun to print an Advertising Sheet, which is done up with our Monthly Parts. As these Parts use up about 35,000 copies of the impression, there is a system of advertising so far in connection with our circulation, although the cost to advertisers is necessarily high. Should any modification take place in the fiscal burdens affecting the press, it will be for us to consider how far any improvements of an acceptable nature may be made on 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.'

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by W. & O. G. Allen, Amen Corner, London; Th. M. CHAMBERS, 55 West Nile Street, Glasgow; and J. M'GLASS, 50 Upper Mackville Street, Dublin.—Advertisements for Monthly Parts are requested to be sent to MAXWELL & CO., 31 Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London, to whom all applications respecting their insertion must be made.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

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LOSERS.

WHETHER life be a game of skill, as the winners generally infer, or of chance, as the losers uniformly assert, it is evidently one in which no man gains always, whatever industry, forethought, or caution he may bring to the attempt; while, without these adjuncts, losing appears to be certain in spite of the fairest opportunities. Those lucky cards of the world are indeed strangely dealt, with no reference, it would often seem, to desert or abilities. Every man, it has been said, gets hold of some of them at one period or other in his time, and but small research among the waymarks of common life will suggest that their distribution is by no means so unequal as one might imagine on first view. The winners in every case secure the largest share of attention, and certainly present the most agreeable subject for remark; but the qualifications for losing are in some individuals so prominent, and in society at large so various, that they may well be noted among the curiosities of character.

The beaten ways to loss of worldly goods and advantages—intemperance, gambling, living above the means, and so forth—are too direct, and unfortunately too common, to merit special notice; but some men have facilities for getting rid of anything like property, which, compared with these everyday methods, seem the very effects of genius. The best or the worst of such people's history (one knows not which to consider it) is, that their efforts in the losing line are never accompanied by that degree of selfish gratification which at once attends and tempts the ordinary spend-thrift. They are generally hard-workers and spare livers, taking little enjoyment out of the funds they dispense, and allowing still less to those in their immediate vicinity. I once knew a man of this order in a small country town. Mr Slater had a small family, and inherited what his neighbours regarded as a respectable share of house and landed property; his personal expenditure was strictly economical; his helpmate was a proverb for uncompromising carefulness; and their domestic arrangements leaned rather to the stingy side. Yet Mr Slater's income diminished with a celerity which the most determined aspirant to high life could not surpass. The man had a taste for improvement, but it was peculiarly his own; and not only all his time, but all the funds he could command, were put in requisition to keep carpenters, masons, and others of the constructive kind in employment on some portion of his premises. Slater's repairs were always ruinous. He had a special gift for making things unsightly, and could turn either house or garden into a specimen of the waste-and-howling-wilderness variety

on the shortest notice. Besides, his great designs were never completed—time, money, or patience generally failing about midway, when the work was abruptly concluded by the roughest of all patching, which, after a season's complaint and nuisance, once more gave employment to the mechanics of the neighbourhood. By these means, and an immovable attachment to high rents, Slater contrived to reduce the returns of his property every year—the natural consequences of bad tenants. Litigations and disputes with the lord of the soil also came in due course, till part of his holdings were leaguered by the law, and the rest utterly uninhabitable; while his right in the whole was purchased by a stranger at a miserably low price, which the necessity of his latter days obliged him to accept. His neglected and pinchedly-brought-up family sank and settled, as might be expected, far below the condition of their birth; and business having retired from Slater, the old man spent his ill-provided leisure in warning all who would listen against repairs of any kind, with literal quotations of the sums he had lost in improvements.

There is another class of losers from whom property passes away like the waters from certain lakes, without any visible outlet—close-handed people who live in the faith and practice of save-all, and will not part with a farthing easily. They are generally inheritors, though often heirless themselves, and by what chance they escape riches is the natural wonder of their neighbours. Most of them enjoy a reputation for wealth at some time in their lives; but just when gayer or more needy relations begin to calculate with certainty on their testaments, the long-practised economy is found to be a financial requisition, and tales of usurious but ill-secured loans, great and bad bargains, or neglected interests, come out, though they never half explain to the many disappointed why the childless uncle or bachelor cousin is, after all his saving, so little to be reckoned on. It is curious to remark what an amount of penny wisdom inveterate losers often possess. Small expense is generally a terror to them, and they occasionally make shifts to avoid it which might edify real penury; but Franklin's celebrated maxim, 'Take care of your pence, and your pounds will take care of themselves,' is rendered null and void in their case—the pence being usually saved at the expense of the pounds. No risk is too great to run if a comparatively trifling economy appear on the foreground; and the miser who triumphantly boiled his gruel in the silver ten-urn his aunt bequeathed him, rather than purchase a cheaper and more suitable utensil, though perhaps a proverbial myth, has many a humble imitator of his policy. A different but congenial order of

minds are those whose hopes go out so desperately after gain, that any promise, provided its tone be high enough, is sufficient to make them peril their whole stock or provision. Quack schemes for fortune-making owe their existence to such men; and the advertisements one meets with in metropolitan papers proclaiming thousands to be had for the gathering by one project or other, evince that they are not supposed to be extremely rare. This belief in spontaneous profit is not restricted to any limit of fortune or division of rank. The scion of nobility and the artisan's widow are alike to be found among the shareholders of self-enriching banks and companies expressly constituted for gold-gathering in Britain; but they are seldom individuals engaged in active business, and few of the bold adventurers have ever scraped together with their own hands the funds they embark so fearlessly. The professional alchemists who almost monopolised the quackery of Europe till far on in the eighteenth century, appear to have been peculiarly fitted for attracting and profiting by such trusting souls. An offer to transmute all the pots, tinware, and old iron about his house into virgin gold—how it must have captivated a worthy of the kind in times when the state of popular education still permitted a belief in the philosopher's stone! The story of those ages abounds with instances of losing in that fashion, and the loss was generally wholesale. 'I will buy the lead of all the churches in London and have it transmuted,' says the dupe in Ben Jonson's play, out of the fulness of his expectation; and a Polish nobleman actually carried that design into execution, by expending on the dull metal his entire fortune, or rather the remnant left from supplying the scientific demands of a sage who, after labouring with furnace and crucible for eighteen months in a certain apartment of his castle, which no uninvited foot might enter, was at length missing one day, leaving the count with his mansion and offices literally full of lead.

Less credulous and far more energetic spirits also swell the ranks of the losers: men of great business and bustle, who hurry through work and life as if in pursuit of Fortune's wheel, and clutch with eager hand at every chance of gain. They are ready-reckoners of probable and present profits, and keen-sighted as regards the nearest advantage; but their vision carries a short distance. In their hasty generalising, particular details are overlooked, and their active and busy days are passed in continuous alternations of hard earning and rapid loss. These men act as channels for their own gatherings, and have an extraordinary knack of multiplying dependents round them, not so much from liberality of disposition, though they are never niggards, as from a perpetual inclination to *do and rule*, which is apt to turn the stream of their patronage on the worthless and the indolent. They make, however, most uncertain holds of trust, and probably leave more reduced and helpless families than any members of the losing community. Successful quacks mostly belong to this order, and so do many of those honest and enterprising men who devise new branches of industry, or open unthought-of avenues for trade. Mighty are they in expedients, and of all but exhaustless energy; yet the least clever of their generation at times get and keep the start of them in life, and their superannuated days, should they ever come to such, are too often poverty-stricken and comfortless, except through the recollection of great and working times, concerning which their memory is apt to be amazingly perspicuous. I remember an old man in my native village, who lightened the burden of age, infirmity, and misfortune, by tales of the time when he kept two shops, a saw-mill, a stage-coach, and a tavern, in one of the western townships of the United States. He had emigrated early and poor, made earnest efforts to better his fortunes, and succeeded to the extent so faithfully chronicled in his many narrations. How the two shops, &c., melted

away and left no trace in his finances was never satisfactorily explained; but he had returned, increased in years, though not in goods; and many a day when the township of his tavern and shop-keeping exploits had grown to an American city, did he astonish old neighbours with accounts of the unparalleled profits and marvellous exertions he had made within its borders.

Some men seem appointed by nature or destiny money-conductors to certain dispensing hands. They are active and careful gleaners, even where others have reaped, in the fields of fortune, economical in all their thoughts, and unsparingly devoted to business. Yet with every qualification for realising wealth, they live in a continual process of losing—the fates having provided a constant drain on their gatherings in the form of a grandeur-loving helpmate, an expensive family, or a race of decidedly ill-doing relatives.

It is sad to look on the profitless toil and unenjoyed savings of such a life; neither the gala days of the spendthrift, the magnifications of the great busy man, nor the miser's reward of mere accumulation, with all its attendant homage from legacy-hunters, are there, and the spenders of that poor earner's gains may miss, but they seldom mourn him. One meets with another order of very provident losers in almost every society, for its members are widely scattered. People who toil, and spare, and lay up through prudent industrious years, till some speculation which glitters with honour as well as profit in their eyes charms the well-reckoned hoard out of strong-box and bank, never to be gathered back again. These lures to misfortune come in different shapes to our worldly-wise men, but always spiced with something of the pride or vanity of life. Sometimes they appear in the building form, sometimes, they tempt to untried branches of trade, and very often to an extension of business, with all the pomp and circumstance of commercial increase. Those who thus venture beyond their depth doubtless merit loss, and generally meet with it; yet there is a melancholy lesson in the shipwreck of so much trust and striving. It is not only the fruits of meagre and laborious days, the reward of patient toil, or the purchase of lengthy sacrifice that one regrets to see dwindling away with the unlucky scheme, but the hope and the glory that was in it, the thousand day-dreams that were built on that foundation, and the various efforts of which it was the goal; for in many an instance the fine house or great shop has been the plan and promise of years. The saddest example of losing in this line I ever knew was a member of the gentle craft; in short, a cobbler. The aim and high place of his ambition was a shoe-shop in a back street of the little town in which he had been born. For that he toiled and hoarded from his youth, remained unmarried, kept no holidays, and put in practice such expedients to keep and gather money that his neighbours set him down for a miser. It is marvellous what mere determination can accomplish in the way of saving out of almost any income. The cobbler persevered in his plan through many a vicissitude of health and trade, keeping the outlay far below the earning, till, at the close of almost twenty years, he found himself in possession of the sum long resolved upon as a capital sufficient to establish the shoe-shop. His fancy had chalked out its arrangements years before, and intimates had grown familiar, through his confidential details, with the sign-board, the windows, and the back-parlour, with a glass-door, wherein he was to entertain his most deserving customers. They were all completed, to the serious diminution of his capital—for the cobbler's memory could spare no jot or tittle of that cherished design—and the back street talked of nothing else for a fortnight; yet, whether his selection of goods was injudicious: whether the surrounding tradesmen thought it incumbent on them to put down the *parvenu*; or whether his pride in the great Babylon went beyond his neigh-

hours' toleration, I could never ascertain; but custom would not come. All the commercial manoeuvres within his knowledge were tried in vain; low prices and liberal credit were the only methods by which he could succeed in creating a sale, and these ruined the cobbler. He had laid up too much of the trust and store of life in that scheme to have any chance of recovering from its disappointment. The man's mind seemed to fail with his shop, for he utterly mismanaged its closing affairs; and when the Insolvency Court had discharged him, and the premises were occupied by a grocer, who, I am told, daily praised their convenience, and grew actually rich there, he could return no more to his old working ways, but spent his time lingering about the door in a state of melancholy stupor, which deepened into broken health; and he died, they said, with a low lament for the shoe-shop!

Two fertile sources of loss among the more intelligent classes are civil lawsuits and impracticable projects in mechanism. Difficult of explanation as the fact appears, no losses are more readily referred to at home with greater equanimity than what are incurred through these methods. The sufferers in general seem to survey the havoc made in their finances with a mournful complacency resembling that of a veteran looking on his scars. It may be that the idea of having sought justice, however vainly, which most losers by law entertain, gives a salt and a savour to their losses; while the projectors who would have served science, and through it the world, but for some cross accident, being sure of eventual success, honour, and riches, had they only some additional thousands to spend, find in this a noble opportunity to rail at the generation which would neither appreciate nor encourage the great design.

I had two old neighbours long ago in a little country town, who turned their respective failures to the very last account by making out of them an interest and an occupation for their declining days. One of them had been the chief of a prosperous business which his father established and bequeathed to him. He was a steady, quiet, obstinate man, who might have plodded to his grave in the track on which Providence had set him, and left the concern much as he found it to his heirs, had not a pugnacious brother-in-law quarrelled with him about a small bill, and dragged him into law. The case of Struthers *versus* MacLuskie is doubtless yet familiar to some of these professional persons who had to do with it during the many years of its progress through the courts. Which of the brothers-in-law eventually won, my memory cannot certify; but I know that the one died a bankrupt, and the other lived an old man in a small house with his equally aged partner, pinchedly supported by the contributions of a married daughter and two nephews. Nevertheless MacLuskie (for he was the survivor) had reserved to himself a consolation. Enshrined in an old desk, which had once done duty in his counting-house, were sundry bundles bound with red tape, and consisting of all his lawyer's letters, with every scrap of the accounts connected with his lawsuit. This hoard was set up in a secret corner of his habitation; and thither, in the dearth of all amusement or interest, would the poverty-stricken man retire to pore over those endless bills, as the miser does over his more substantial, though not more useful, treasures. One can imagine the proud glow with which the old man would peruse these proofs of a past importance, reflecting that it was about *him*, veritably about himself, humble as he was, that so much had been written.

My other neighbour had inherited a small but respectable fortune, which might have enabled him to live in secure comfort, or make a promising start in business; but the man had a puerile turn for mechanics, and after the usual exercises with clocks and turning-lathes, it prompted him to imagine one of those

self-moving machines—the dream of all mechanical speculators since the dawn of useful art. It was to dispense alike with water, air, and steam, and save labour in every direction from the plough to the piano-forte. On it the inventor laboured and spent till his money was gone and his hair had turned gray. It might be that repeated disappointments stimulated the latter process, for often had the machine fulfilled his highest expectations in private, but failed on a public trial. On one occasion I believe the model actually moved some twenty feet, and then stood still, to the great chagrin of several country gentlemen, who had been induced to patronise the undertaking. That was the last opportunity granted to his genius, and when I knew the man he taught a very little school; but the thought, the time, and the money expended on that engine formed the Talmud of his life, which he mused, enlarged, and commented on with the zeal and relish of the elder rabbins. In the early stages of their acquaintance, MacLeod (for so they called the schoolmaster) and MacLuskie had many a skirmish touching the greatness of their respective losses; but peace was at length established between them, on the tacit understanding that each should hear the other's tradition to an end; and as MacLeod's conclusion was always the signal for MacLuskie to begin, their meetings were a terror to the neighbourhood. The old men are long gone, and I have lived to learn, as most people may, that life has other gains and losses than those of worldly or even visible things; yet as failures in such matters are more obvious, and therefore more easily discussed, they seem the natural subject of a spare hour's *Essay on Losses*, by

ONE WHO HAS NOTHING TO LOSE.

A PEEP INTO THE OBSERVATORY.

PROFESSOR BOND'S CLOCK FOR REGISTERING ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS BY TIMOTHY.

THE great globe on which we dwell spins round in space with an even movement from day to day and year to year. It has not made any important change, either in the direction of its revolution or in the rate with which it goes, since the dawn of human history. Out of this unvarying uniformity the most exact of all the sciences springs. For man, having learned to trust to its enduring steadiness, plants his telescope firmly upon the revolving surface, and looks out through its tube as it sweeps along in its circular course. Again and again he sees the same star returning across the visual area of his instrument. He fixes a delicate thread in the centre of this, and counts the minutes and seconds that intervene between the periods when the star appears to make its recurring contacts with the thread. If those intervals are always of equal amount, he calls the star a fixed one; but if they are of varying length, he notes the difference as the measure of the wanderings of the star; and the telescope thenceforth becomes the observatory of an astronomer.

The great object of astronomical observation is the exact determination of the times when certain important luminaries pass behind threads placed within the tubes of fixed telescopes. From multiplied observations of this nature a knowledge of the planetary and stellar systems is deduced. But in order that the deductions may be sound, it is necessary that even seconds shall be split into fractions. The observer must be able to say, not only in what second, but also in what part of a second, the star has been observed behind his thread. Both his eye and his ear must be trained by long custom to a state of exalted activity.

The threads within the visual field of his instrument must also be of the utmost degrees of fineness; for fifteen spider-threads, held three feet and a half away from the eye, will cover the breadth which a star seems to move through in a second. Dr Wollaston has succeeded in drawing out platinum wire for the use of astronomers to such extreme tenuity, that 150 of them may be twisted together to make up the thickness of a silk-worm's fibre; and yet one of these will suffice to cover the point of a star when placed behind it under favourable circumstances. But the better to understand how it is that such gossamer material can be employed in the solid work of the observatory, let us enter for a little while into the interior of one of those interesting temples of science during the performance of its ordinary rites.

It is night, and the fixed transit telescope is just about to sweep over the star *Azietum*. Through a slit, which rises in the opposite wall high into the roof of the room, we perceive a galaxy of twinkling stars. As our eyes grow accustomed to the dimness of the light which alone is allowed to pervade the space in which we stand, we notice before us a grave-looking telescope, supported by means of a firm, transverse axis upon two solid piers of stone, and pointing up towards the higher portion of the slit. An observer in a loose coat and close cap has already taken his place in a comfortable reclining-chair, which enables him, without fatiguing effort, to keep his eye before the end of the telescope. He holds his tablets and pencil in his hand, and a large clock—the living genius of the place—is audibly ticking near. The beats of this clock the observer is mentally counting. Before he placed himself in his chair he took the second from the clock face—that is, he began his enumeration by noting the number of seconds that had already elapsed in the current minute. His ear is now strained to catch with precision each succeeding beat, and his eye is strung to concentrate its attention upon the star as soon as it impinges upon his sight. The earth moves on with its almost imperceptible and stately pace, and carries the telescope and observer with it, until at last the expected object is found within the range of the tube, and the advancing star appears at the margin of the visual field.

The circular space in which the star is seen is illuminated by a subdued tinge of artificial light thrown in from a lantern at the side of the telescope. By means of this light fine upright threads are discerned crossing the illuminated field at equal distances. Towards the first of these the star advances with a twinkling gait, but with its whitish hue, nevertheless, distinct on account of being contrasted with the yellower field. Onwards it moves; the observer following it carefully with his eye, and counting the clock-beats as they fall. 'Thirty-two' was the last reckoning; 'thirty-three' follows as the next. Then for an instant the star disappears behind the thread—appears again, and beat 'thirty-four' is heard. The obscuration has taken place not half-way between the beats, but nearer to the following than the preceding one in the proportion of four to six: 33·6 seconds is therefore jotted down upon the ready tablets as the period of the occurrence. By the time the record has been made the star has approached the second thread. The observer is therefore again on the alert, and counting the clock-beats that he may register the transit behind it. This process he repeats afterwards with the three remaining threads. The five recorded numbers are then added together; the sum-total divided by five; and the result, with the hour and minute taken from the clock-face inserted before it, is registered as the exact time at which the star passed the central wire.

The five threads are used, and five observations taken, simply that any error incident to the process of observation may be diffused among the five. If the

observer has estimated and jotted down the fractional second of one observation a little too soon, the chances are that the error will lie in the other direction with the next; and the one inaccuracy will thus tend to correct and neutralise the other. By this contrivance the process of observing has been brought to so great a nicety that even personal errors are taken into account. The eye of one man sees quicker than that of another. The peculiar power of the observer's organ is therefore tested by comparative experiment, and a refined correction in accordance with this is made in the record of the observation.

Notwithstanding all that has been thus done to perfect the process of observing, the astronomer still continues to find cause for dissatisfaction. It is not enough that he has made his instruments analyse and define their own faults of construction; it is not enough that he has fitted them with optical powers that magnify hairbreadths of space into vast areas; it is not enough that he has split the errors incident to his own inexactness into fragments by causing them to divide themselves; it is not enough that he has entered into successful competition with spiders in forming fine threads for the visual fields of his instruments; it is not enough that he has made his own rate of perception to enter as an element into his estimate;—for there yet remains the important fact, that the eye and the ear are not themselves in perfect accordance with each other. When the eye notes an occurrence, and marks it as simultaneous with a sound that is recognised by the ear, the two perceptions are caused by phenomena that are perhaps some fraction of a moment asunder from each other in time. The message that comes through the ear takes longer to pass into the seat of perception than that which enters by the eye. Every observation therefore includes a residuary error dependent upon this source, which is sufficient to distort, to a certain extent, the symmetry of the deduced results, making cycles to seem longer or shorter, and causing sums to give in an erroneous account of themselves.

The Americans have taken the initiative in attacking this source of inaccuracy: they have invented a plan for making electricity register upon paper instantaneously both the clock-beats and the exact time of observation. The observer makes the record of the latter by merely pressing an ivory key which he holds in his hand. This gives a more exact result, because the contact between the eye and the sense of touch is much more intimate than that between the eye and ear. When the eye is engaged in observing, the hand can obey almost instinctively a suggestion coming through it, and indelibly register the instant by a grasp; for this is a form of obedience that it is practising all life-long. The hand becomes wonderfully skilled from habit in effecting rapidly the purpose that has been willed under the influence of the quick sense of sight; whereas the mental comparison of a sound with a visible sign involves the necessity of a far slower and less familiar process. It is this principle that constitutes the value of the American contrivance. Professor Bond, of Harvard University, United States, is the inventor of the instrument by which the electrical register is proposed to be made; and this was exhibited in operation at one of the sectional meetings of the British Association, at Ipswich, on the Thursday morning during the visit of Prince Albert.

In one corner of the council-chamber of the town-hall, in which the meeting was held, stood a small square frame of mahogany, supporting a cylinder covered with paper. This cylinder was kept revolving by means of a weight-and-clock movement, so that it completed each revolution in a minute. Upon its top the point of a glass-pen rested, whose interior cavity was filled with ink, so that, as the cylinder turned beneath it, a continuous trace appeared upon the paper, which was lengthened out into a spiral line by a slow

shifting of the cylinder sideways. Upon any given portion of the paper this ink-trace appeared, after the cylinder had made a few turns, in parallel columns somewhat thus—

Behind the frame containing the revolving cylinder peered forth the face of an astronomical clock. From this connecting wires might be seen passing backwards into a cupboard containing a charged galvanic battery, and forwards to the registering cylinder. The steady click, click of the clock was telling off the seconds in the usual way; and so long as no electrical communication was established between it and the registering apparatus, the cylinder continued to move on with stolid indifference, covering itself with parallel columns of even lines; but as soon as the clock and the cylinder were brought into electrical relation by an altered arrangement of the wires, the aspect of affairs was strangely changed. The pen, before so quiet and sedate, became all at once convulsed with a paroxysm of twitches, which of course registered themselves upon the paper of the cylinder; so that the parallel columns produced by a few successive turns of the apparatus now presented this appearance—

Each little offset in each column had been made simultaneously with a beat of the clock, and was in fact the permanent record of a corresponding second. The eye and ear could easily trace the connection while the operation was in progress. Each twitch of the pen was evidently instantaneous with a sonorous beat of the pendulum: some mysterious sympathy connected together the movement and the sound.

The secret of the sympathetic connection was simply this: the pen was fixed to an armature of steel, placed close to the extremities of a horse-shoe of soft iron. This horse-shoe was surrounded by a coil of the connecting wires. Whenever a current of galvanic electricity was passed along the coil, the horse-shoe iron became a magnet, and attracted the pen and armature into close contact with itself. Whenever the galvanic current was interrupted, the magnet lost its power, and allowed the armature and pen to spring away for a short distance under the influence of an elastic force. Each springing away of the pen registered itself by an offset upon the paper. Whenever the pen was held in close contact with the magnet, the even line was traced. The clock itself was placed in the line of connecting wires, so that each time the pendulum swayed from side to side it broke the contact of the conducting line, and thus arrested the passage of the electric current for an instant: and thus each offset formed by the pen, when the horse-shoe ceased to be a magnet, came to be simultaneous with the beat of the clock which arrested the galvanic current that sustained the magnetic power.

When an observation is to be recorded by the aid of this instrument, the observer takes a small key of ivory, attached to the end of a wire in his hand. He places the clock and registering-cylinder in communication, and then fixes himself at the telescope. Concentrating his attention upon the star, he gives a momentary pressure to the key, when the luminous point disappears behind the thread: by so doing he breaks the galvanic circuit for an instant, and this break is registered among the clock-breaks. An additional offset is interpolated among the ordinary second offsets, and the result appears somewhat thus—

The observation is here recorded as having been made at thirty-three seconds and six-tenths. The fractional part of the second line at which the interpolated offset is found is measured off as the exact estimate of nine.

In the old mode of observing by the ear, the fine threads of the telescope were necessarily placed so far asunder that the observer had

time to record the passage of the star behind one, and prepare himself for its contact with the second, before that occurrence could take place. But in observing by the aid of Professor Bond's apparatus, the wires may be so close that the successive star-contacts may be made almost in consecutive seconds, for the hand will be ready to register them as quickly as they can happen. In this way a considerable saving of time will be effected in making each observation—an important piece of economy when many are to be taken in the course of a day.

It has been proposed that this instrument shall be made a means of ascertaining the rate with which the electric current travels. Suppose, for instance, the case of a break-circuit clock working at London, and registering its time simultaneously upon two cylinders at once—the one placed close by in London, and the other at the end of a long connecting wire in Liverpool; and let it be assumed that the electric influence that ran along the wire to register the seconds in Liverpool took a quarter of a second to travel to its journey's end; then, although each clock-beat was registered a quarter of a second later in Liverpool than in London, there would be no possible means of ascertaining the fact. But now, again, imagine that in this state of affairs an observation is made in Liverpool of the passage of a star behind the transit-thread of a telescope, and that the observation is registered simultaneously upon both the Liverpool and London cylinders by an offset effected through the instrumentality of a break-circuit wire held in the observer's hand, then the record in London would be made a quarter of a second later than the record in Liverpool, owing to the time taken by the transmission of the recording influence. And when the records upon the two cylinders were placed side by side, and compared together, this would become immediately apparent: in fact, there would be found a difference of half a second between the registers. The effect would have been doubled, for the second was registered in Liverpool a quarter of a second later than the second was in London; and the observation made in Liverpool was registered another quarter of a second later in London than in Liverpool. It was therefore registered later, and, so to speak, by earlier time, so that both the lateness of the register and the earliness of the time became elements in the result. It will be understood that the rate assumed for the velocity of the electric influence is greatly exaggerated for the sake of familiar explanation. It is well known that it would not need anything like a quarter of a second for its transmission from London to Liverpool. But it is anticipated that its velocity is by no means so great but that it may be detected by the break-circuit apparatus when the longest possible circuit of wires has been selected for the performance of the experiment.

The astronomer-royal is contriving a modification of the break-circuit apparatus for the use of the National Observatory. He proposes, for economical reasons, to give the signal by the formation of an electric current instead of by breaking one already established. The record will then appear in interrupted dots instead of in continuous offsets. He also proposes ultimately to make the same clock both drive the cylinder and record the seconds. The cylinder, which is already prepared, is twenty inches long and twelve in diameter, and is to be made to revolve once every two minutes, affording space upon its surface for a six hours' record. For the present, the rotation of this cylinder is to be effected by a separate train of wheel-work, and is to be kept uniform by means of a mercurial pendulum revolving in a circle of 20 degrees diameter instead of oscillating backwards and forwards. The driving power is to be transmitted to this radial arm by a modification of the steam-engine

governor, which will be able to shut off any accidental excess of force that would otherwise disturb the uniformity of the result.

THE BUSHRANGERS.

SUCH of our readers as have their superfluous cash invested in the remote colony of New South Wales will have had ample opportunities within the last few years of moralising sadly over the mutability of all things earthly—antipodean or otherwise—in the shape of banks bankrupt, and property that profiteth not. Diverse have been the discussions as to the cause of these reverses among the hardy colonists, by many of whom, especially the squatter portion, the whole was ascribed, and perhaps not unjustly, to the sudden withdrawal of convict labour, thereby depriving them of what they had no means of replacing, and throwing them unexpectedly on their own resources. That convict aid was the chief element in the rapid prosperity of the settlement cannot be denied; yet, as bringing in its train numerous evils, not quite so evident at first as the advantages, it was not surprising that long before penal labour was abandoned there were many persons who felt that the time had come to put the colony fairly on a trial of its merits for a due supply of working *material*, and who still feel, that if its capabilities are equal to the representations made of them, there will always be a sufficient inducement for persons to emigrate from the mother country, and thus supply the want complained of.

Perhaps had there been greater circumspection in the arrangement of the ill-fated outlaws to their masters, the system would have existed to the present. In my time almost any person who could prove that he was in possession of a few acres of land could have one or more convicts assigned. Often these small proprietors were themselves recently liberated felons, not more reputable or trustworthy than some of the persons committed to their care: generally in such cases master and assigned servant lived together in the same guynah or little hut—a communion not unfrequently terminating in horrible details of murder, perpetrated on or by the ignorant and criminal masters. Nor was it uncommon, as inquiry proved, that persons of great respectability abused their trust; neglecting the moral welfare of those assigned to them, punishing them with undue severity, and providing them with scanty and unwholesome food; while others again, with ill-judged leniency, allowed their convict servants such licence that they became unmanageable, and fell from one step to another, until some glaring atrocity brought them back to gang-labour.

No wonder, then, if such a tree produced bad fruits; and of these not the least evil was the number of bushrangers it called forth, giving rise to a romantic but very disagreeable state of insecurity to those who pursued their avocations in the distant backwoods of the colony. Once entered on the path of crime, nothing seemed too atrocious for the bushrangers: they lived in a state of continual excitement, endeavouring by inebriating stimulants to banish from their minds the forebodings of evil; wandering from place to place like evil spirits, and afraid of the gaze of their fellow-men, except when the way to plunder was safe and expedient.

In those days persons who lived in the remote stations, or who had frequent occasion to visit Sydney,

seemed to make up their mind to be plundered occasionally by the 'bailing-up' gentry. Arms or numbers served not to protect from these cunning and adventurous vagabonds, who, unexpectedly making their appearance with ready-cocked double-barrelled guns, or other unpleasant-looking weapons, left their victims no choice but to surrender unconditionally. Even to this hour the sound of 'bale up,' when so saluted by an Australian friend, brings with it anything but agreeable feelings, and I always expect to hear the accompanying click of a gun-lock.

Of the many brigands who traversed the country in 1832 and 1833, raising 'black-mail,' none were more daring or notorious than the Bold Donoghue and his band. Songs were written extolling the prowess of himself and his lads; and the morning-chant of the convict servant, as he hied to labour, was often in praise of this gang of villains. The daring, the known sanguinary character of the leader, together with his almost ubiquitous powers, by which he seemed to put time and distance out of the question, caused his name to become a general source of apprehension. Scarcely a week passed over in which some impudent robbery was not recorded against him, and the mounted police sent out on his trail; but while perhaps they were hunting for him at Maitland or Scone, they would receive intelligence of a later crime on Liverpool Plains, or some other more distant locality. Two other runaways, Webber and Walsley, were usually his accomplices—Underwood, his first associate, having been put out of the way, as will hereafter appear. I was then residing near the Hunter River, and although in the most likely place to receive a visit from Donoghue, had so long escaped that much of the zest of 'pleasing expectation' had subsided, and my family of young cornstalks ceased almost to think of the bold highwayman.

In the summer of 1832, having occasion to visit Sydney for the purpose of balancing accounts with my wool agent—which business was arranged to my satisfaction, for prices were then remunerative—I set forth, intending to take a circuitous route homeward, by Paramatta, Wiseman's Ferry, and Mangrove Creek, where some little matters were also to be adjusted. Mounted on an excellent nag, and accompanied by my faithful native servant Buks, I wended my way merrily towards the then flourishing village of Paramatta, the road leading through a beautifully-diversified country, and well frequented with noisy bullock teams and other signs of progressive improvement, which made the fifteen miles appear but a short ride. Inns are of course just the places to meet with adventures; and had such a taste formed part of my composition it might perhaps have reconciled me to the annoyances of an Australian country tavern; but the rough, every day pursuits of a squatter's life had long taken away from me any zest of that sort, and I would gladly have availed myself of the usual hospitality of the respectable country settlers had not business ruled it otherwise. Inn-keeping, or rather pothouse-keeping, has always been one of the most lucrative though most disreputable ways of money-making in New South Wales. Such places are too often there, as in the mother country, the haunts of all the bad and dissipated characters; with this addition, that translation from the mother country, whether as bond or free, has generally altered for the worse the habits of the lower orders; and it would perhaps be impossible to meet with similar scenes of rioting, drunkenness, and swearing in any other colony as are met with in these rural taverns. Moreover here,

as in all newly-risen colonies, there was a freedom of thought and action common to high and low; and in the country-houses of entertainment, the man who had a little money, and sober enough not to 'break glass,' might take his place in the best room with the richest settler, thereby bringing the traveller sometimes into very strange company.

On the present occasion I was not more fortunate than usual. The general reception-room contained a party of eight or ten who were enjoying the 'stone-fences' (brandy and ginger-beer), while the smoke emitted from about the same number of pipes almost obscured the struggling rays of the candle intended for our illumination. Some of the neighbouring squatters present, with whom I had slight acquaintance, soon entered into conversation; and we were afterwards joined by a stranger, who, leaving his own companions, seemed very desirous of introducing himself to our notice, but in such an awkward, half-confident, half-sheepish way, that I felt almost at a glance that he was what is usually styled a 'lag,' or convict on leave. His dress was that of a poor squatter—a cloth shooting-jacket, the worse for wear, and a pair of molleskin nethers, kept up by a leathern belt. The face, as far as could be seen under the broad grass-hat, was pleasing, and indicative of mildness, which his voice also confirmed; but his restless, uncertain manner made me regard him with extreme suspicion. Neither the place nor company was such as to induce me to remain long; and accordingly I retired to my modest sleeping apartment, where I had been for some time trying to accommodate myself to the attacks of the fleas and B flais, those very numerous enemies of mankind in the antipodes, when to my astonishment Master Buka entered very unceremoniously, his manner indicating that he had something of importance to communicate. It may be well to mention that Buka had been taken at an early age from his tribe on Lake Macquarrie, and brought up with much care to eradicate the propensities of the savage; but although personally attached and strictly faithful to my interests, he retained much of the irreclaimable wildness of character which pertains to the race. It was no uncommon thing with him to betake himself to the bush for a season, joining his own or any other tribe which would admit him, whence he would again return to my service. He was, therefore, in the habit of addressing me in his own language, or the patois introduced among them by the settlers. Giving a cautious look round, he whispered in my ear: 'Bale me like that wanagail fellow, piyaller with you to-night -that fellow Webber.' In short, he informed me, very much to my disquiet, that he had recognised Donoghue and Walmsley in the darker corner of the parlour, and that the timid gentleman was no other than their companion Webber, who had probably been sent over, on hearing my name, to ascertain my route on the morrow, and which in the conversation had been inadvertently made known to one of the squatters.

My first impulse, on learning that this notorious gang was so near, was to call the landlord and ask assistance to secure them; but Buka told me they were off soon after I retired; that, being well mounted, they were far beyond the possibility of capture; that 'nothing but devil devil could catch them;' and that if we made the attempt, or raised any alarm, their friends in the village would assuredly inform them, thereby entailing the certainty of an early visit at our station. Having passed a restless night, what between the real attacks of fleas and the imaginary ones of robbers, we got on our road at an early hour, taking care not to apprise mine host of our knowledge of the parties who had been entertained in his house the previous night. He might perhaps have not been aware who they were; but at that time most of the country tavern-keepers considered only that these bushrangers were lavish of their easily-acquired gold, and that giving unsuccessful

information was the surest way to bring them to the establishment, not to spend money, but to extort it.

Who that has visited Australia can readily forget the delightful freshness of the morning air, breathing its acacia odours, and reminding him of the blooming heath on mountain or moor in his distant native land? Its mildly-bracing effects put rider and horse in good spirits, and in about two hours we reached the quiet, sequestered hut of an old miser, well known by the sobriquet of Dirty Jemmy, whose guncloth was the usual halting-place of those travelling northward, and where most persons stopped to bait their cattle. On reaching the hut, Buka hailed the inmate; but instead of receiving the usual reply, was accosted with 'Who the devil are you? Stand off—I'll bale up no more for mortal man!' at the same time the tip of a rusty musket was protruded through one of the loopholes with which the tiny edifice was perforated—an attempt at fortification which testified to the insecure nature of the district. With some difficulty old Jemmy was made to understand that ours was a friendly visit, on which he allowed us to enter, while he took charge of the horses. The cause of his exasperation was soon learned. In the middle of the previous night the Bold Donoghue and friends had been on a visit to Jemmy; and although they took no money—possibly on account of the old man having been once a convict—yet, as he said with a sigh, 'they made me cook the best parts of some sheep intended for the day's market at Paramatta, and fed their horses without payment,' which, to old Miser Jemmy, were mortal offences. His account of Donoghue certainly did not afford me any increased feeling of security for the money in my pocket. 'Oh, he's a devilish-looking ruffian, and so's Walmsley; but Webber's a quiet chap.' Before settling with Dirty Jemmy, I asked him how he would have acted had money been demanded. He replied: 'Why, all the little I have I'll keep; I've been "baled up" three times—I never gave money. O no; blood they might take, but old poaching Northamptonshire Jemmy never would give up the dust.' He advised me, in conclusion, to take the path to the Maitland side, and not the main road, as he had heard them mention that as being the probable route of some one they expected shortly. From this retired spot all our ride was now through a magnificent forest country, traversed by lines of hills, along the summits of which our path lay, every now and then looking down into immense valleys, in which scarcely anything was visible but rows of towering red gum, blue gum, and swamp oak, while here and there, matted on the rocks, were numerous dendrobinas, with their clusters of yellow-white or mottled flowers. With some reluctance Mr Buka informed me under what circumstances he had first become acquainted with Donoghue; and as the general truthfulness of his leading statements was afterwards confirmed by the confession of the bushranger, I may as well put it in a connected form before the reader.

'You remember, bingai (friend), the feud that existed between my tribe and the Wyongali about the capture of a jin or native wife, and I had promised the husband and brother to go with them to avenge the wrong. Well, last year we spent many days on the Wollomai range, for we had been told that some of the Wyongali were abroad in the neighbourhood, and with cautious step we prowled about on our mission. Evening had closed in upon us. Fearing to light a fire, we lay down beside a fallen tree, as is our custom, covering ourselves with the soft, yielding bark of the tulka or tea-tree—for you know that the gatti (dead men) and povrang (the evil spirits) are then flying about, and we dared not move after dusk. In about an hour my companions, Pir-ra-ma (the Wild-duck) and Mot-to (the Black Snake), called my attention to the glimmer of a fire at some distance. "Now," exclaimed the bereaved husband, "the piyaller blood for my jin!"

Slowly and stealthily we crept over the ground, and approached the fire, our spears ready for instant work, as we felt convinced it must be a party of Wyongali. Much to our surprise we saw two white men in a furious contest, one holding the other by the throat. "I have found you out at last, Underwood," yelled this one, who seemed to be the master; "here's your book, villainous traitor, and everything ready to sell me by peaching; but by the blood of myself, Donoghue, I'll square accounts with you this minute. Down on your knees till I settle you!" relinquishing his grasp, and cocking a double-barrelled gun. The victim seemed at once to lose all self-possession, whether overcome by a sense of his discovered perfidy, or of the unrelenting nature of his companion in crime, he fell down in the attitude of prayer. "Let me first pray, Donoghue, for forgiveness of all the dark deeds you led me into. Wont you spare me for old times' sake, Donoghue?" "No, you traitor: five minutes must finish you and your prayers; so make haste." The doomed man went on muttering a prayer, till at last Donoghue fired both barrels, and his victim rolled over dead. The aborigines of New Holland have a superstitious dread of a dead body—nay, even to be near the spot where one is laid—and we also shrunk back into the thick bush. This unusual noise caused Donoghue to start up. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "you police devils, are you come for me? But he deserved it." Then finding no response made, he set up a loud laugh, like a madman—"Ha, ha, ha! Was it only the wallabi" (small kangaroo) "that disturbed the Bold Donoghue?" Slowly we crept away, and at early dawn started off, having had quite enough of looking after the Wyongali. Wild-duck, who had known Underwood to be a companion of Donoghue, went some time after and gave notice to the authorities, who sent out and discovered the remains of the murdered bush-ranger, which quite corroborated the account of his death; and indeed Donoghue confessed to some of his companions that he had despatched him, and no good had ever followed him afterwards.

Buka had scarcely finished his narrative—which, had I not known the native dislike to refer to scenes of murder or death in any shape, would have made me wonder at his keeping it so much a secret from me—than he suddenly reined his horse up, observing: "Three yanaman (horses) pass out this wood; hale me (I do not) like him." He then dismounted and looked narrowly around, as if to assure himself. 'Yes, 'tis them wanagui dogs—Jemmy piyaller me—that Webber rob one shoe his niece yanaman, to put on him muny carbon yanuman.'

He pointed to the ground in proof of what he stated—namely, that one of the horses had a smaller shoe than it ought to have. He might as well have shown me hieroglyphics, as I could discover nothing but a series of irregular marks on the hard road; yet here the experienced eye of the New Hollander could trace even that slight difference in the indentations. There was now no doubt as to the fact of the daring outlaws having passed along the only path then open to us, and I could not help feeling certain that their object was to waylay me, under an impression that I possibly had more money with me than usual; for had they not had something specific in view, they would probably have turned up by the Windsor Road, where they might expect better game; and, moreover, the only house along our route was Wiseman's, at which they might look for determined opposition.

The enemy was getting on apace, and we were yet seven miles from Wiseman's Ferry, our destination, and under the circumstances I was rather puzzled what to do. To go forward would be to meet the party; our horses were too tired to carry us to Windsor or back to Duff Jemmy's; and if I hid the money, and met the party, certain death was to be looked for in revenge

for being cheated out of their booty. Master Buka soon came to my aid: 'Ah, bingai, me mill-mill (look after) those dingoes,' and giving me his horse to lead, and desiring me the moment I saw him running back, or, if dusk, when he imitated the cry of the little hawk (pipita, pipita), it was a signal of danger, and I was to turn at once into the adjoining thickets.

Probably I had followed on as directed for about an hour, my vision on the rack to discover in the multifarious forms which seemed to hover about in forest twilight, and my ears on the stretch to catch the first indication of alarm, when I heard the little hawk's screech, and in a moment turned into the wood, concealed by long reeds; which I did so hurriedly, that in the imperfect light my head came into violent contact with the remains of a gum-tree, and put me in a train of reasoning on the comparative influence of a waddy or native bludgeon used on the cranium. Buka soon joined me, and commenced rubbing the ears of the horses to keep them quiet, and with much satisfaction I could discern the bushrangers approach and pass on without discovering our whereabouts. Donoghue's rough Irish voice sounded above the others; for I heard him say we could not be far off, but perhaps we had turned up by Maitland way. My faithful servant told me afterwards that he was very close upon them before he was aware of it. They were resting in a bo-i-kon-umba, or fern-covered spot, apparently discussing some plan of operation, but the kea-ra-pai (white cockatoo) gave him notice. 'Yes, bingai, 'twas this mur-ra-mui (pointing to a round crystal he carried in his opossum girdle as a charm) which saved us. Some day me piyaller you how that murry hoojerri (very good), that murramai (charm) for budgel (sickness): but murry (make haste),' saying which he mounted and set off at a brisk canter, although nothing but the expectation of a return of the brigands would have tempted us to rattle along as we did over a rough, in many places steep road, which lay very often close to the edge of a precipice.

Trusting to my lynx-eyed guide, I was not long in reaching the path leading down to the southern bank of the river Hawkesbury, whose tortuous windings lay mirrored below us in a series of broad bright sheets, on which the moon, just rising, threw her sober light. We took up our night's quarters at Wiseman's. Early on the following morning we were ready for our journey, and leaving the hospitable roof of the old lug—once a convict, but now worth thousands—passed through the gateway, each side of which was (and I believe still is) decorated with the statuary attempts of some exiled Nollekins: an emu marvellously resembling a goose with very long legs, and a kangaroo nondescript-sort-of-animal, as a squatter would express it, between a jungle-dog and a window-shutter. In answer to Buka's coo-wee, the ferry-boat, plied by two convicts, came across for us—the standing order being that whenever a native came to either bank he was to have immediate and free transit. Once landed, we commenced the ascent of the northern bank, one of the most surprising roads in the colony, cut as it is in most places out of the solid rock. The scenery in this locality is some of the finest in New South Wales. In winding up the first range, the lofty dark rocks on the right tower sullenly over the narrow road, which on the left looks down into a series of yawning, precipitous, but well-wooded valleys; while here and there might be caught among the trees a glimpse of the Hawkesbury, winding broadly and brightly down between its mountainous limits, resembling more a chain of lakes than a river. It was truly one of the most delightful pictures of nature's own painting I had ever looked on.

My attention was at length withdrawn from the fair scenery by the conversation of some convicts who were wading up the hill before us. 'Yes, he'll be scragged this morning, and no mistake, for old — is

to sit in the gibergunyeh to-day.' 'Halloo!' 'Here they are at it now.' On looking forward, and something to the right, I noticed a few soldiers standing under arms near the road, their faces upturned, as if gazing intently on some object above them. Thither the road led me. The gibergunyeh, or rocky hut, as it was then styled, is a natural excavation in the rock, over which a sort of pulpit projected; steps had been cut in the stone leading up to it, and here sat the magistrate to try the delinquent convicts of the immense gang then employed on the road. We arrived just at the moment the unfortunate wretch was about to expiate his offences; for under such circumstances little time elapsed between the sentence and its execution. A few paces below where sat the judge was a little spot cut out of the rock, on which was erected the gallows, and from which, in almost as little time as it requires to narrate it, the finale of the morning's work was evidenced in a yellow and gray striped object which dangled from the little triangle. The few convicts assembled for the purpose of witnessing this sad example were marched to their respective duties under the military escort. Having stopped for a moment to inquire the cause of this execution—repeated robberies with violence—I proceeded on my journey, just hoping and wishing that if the gentry who were yesterday in pursuit of my cash should cross the river, they might never pass the gibergunyeh.

As we entered over the crest of the fine range of the Wollambari, the beauty of the scenery was greatly enhanced by the variety of brilliant flowers which gemmed the road skirts, among which the splendid mountain tulip, rising from its sword-leaved bed to a height of six or eight feet, displayed its enormous crest of dark pink blossom; even the philosophic Buka could not help remarking that the animal was 'murry bungery.' Nor failed he to criticise some of the equally fair though less pretending orchidacea, which hung in many-coloured festoons from the impending rocks. My chief reason for taking this route homewards was to inspect a property I had recently purchased near Mangrove Creek, and I hoped to reach it at an early hour in the afternoon. In this, however, I miscalculated. We had arrived within seven or eight miles of it, when, happening unfortunately to halt for a short time at the hut of shingle-splitters to inquire the nearest way, Master Buka, whose olfactory were of the most critical acuteness, detected the remains of roasted kangaroo. Under pretence of lighting his pipe, he dismounted, and was not long in getting what he termed a belly-tightener. Of this I was not aware until, calling upon him to mount, he returned a sort of low growl not unlike that of a wild beast disturbed in his food. In short, he had crammed himself to repletion, and, like every other Now Hollander in a similar case, move he would not without a siesta. Neither threats nor cuffs availed: all I could extort out of him was 'Bale me go—bale me go; or, in plain English, 'I'll not stir.' This had occurred so often before to me that I knew there was no resource but an hour or two of patient waiting; after which I tried my foot on a sensitive part of his person, and thereby prevailed on him to rouse up. The old shingler informed me that four persons had passed the gynyeh in the course of the day; but there was nothing by which I could identify any of the bush people. As this detention had somewhat interfered with my prior arrangements, I was unavoidably obliged to choose a less direct and little-known path between Ten Mile Hollow and my destination, instead of the usual route, which was quite unfit for twilight travelling. Master Buka was of course, like other savages, rather out of humour at being disturbed so soon after his meal, and scarcely a word was exchanged until something seemed to rush suddenly across him. His eye brightened up, and after listening for an instant, he exclaimed: 'What coonoe that? That not

black fellow coonoe—that some payal gomerah white; and when assured by me that it was some squatter out in search of his distantly-strayed cattle, his face assumed the stupid inanimate look of his countrymen when just recovering from a feat of gluttony.

A few minutes only elapsed, however, before I was sensible of my mistake. A voice neither loud nor rough saluted me from behind a large springy bark-tree with 'Bale up, or you are a dead man!' In an instant I discovered it was Webber's voice; and the sounds of others rapidly approaching convinced me there was only one hope of escape—to stand and fight, and perhaps disable with my pistols any one of them that might advance. I cocked one of my pistols, and was just on the point of levelling it at or about the situation where Webber was in ambush, when Buka called out: 'Murry, make hast—Murry, make hast!' at the same time whipping his horse, which darted off at full gallop close to the spot where Webber stood. My nag instinctively followed, and so rapidly, that I passed through the smoke of the barrel fired at Buka, which possibly saved me from the effects of the second, sent whistling after me.

I could hear Donoghue apparently sweating at his horse, which might have become restive by the firing. Still I halted not to assure myself of the fact, but let my yanaman take his course, as he played a game of follow my leader—almost as dangerous as the bush-ranger's rifle—through clove trunks, over fallen trees, and down precipitous rocky pathways which would have made a Galway steep-chaser halt. We reached a point at last where we were obliged to dismount and drive our horses down a series of precipitous rocks, which the poor creatures, as if aware that mischief was behind us, went down, sliding and jumping in a way nothing but a squatter's stock-horse could accomplish.

It was now so dark as to render it unsafe to proceed at the pace we had lately been going; and as we were within two miles of Mangrove Creek, I suggested to my attendant that we might safely take more time, particularly as we were so close to the village, where I could hardly expect the villains to follow us. 'Bale—bale, bingui; I smell poito (fire), mill-mill that!' pointing to a blaze in the bush about half a mile ahead. 'Hah-hah; that dingo Wainmsley make that. Donoghue has sent him before us to make poito; but Buka strike-alight (understands) all same ki-ko-i (native cat), hate he catch us dis time.' As soon as the nature of the ground would allow we again mounted, and as the path improved, made as much dispatch as the indifferent, dusky light permitted, and in a few minutes we were close to the fire, which blazed furiously on the right, our proper path. Buka, however, led me down by the edge of a morass, along which we were obliged to advance very cautiously, being a sort of quagmire overrun with water-lilies, excepting at a narrow stripe, in which our horses picked their way with much trepidation.

We had scarcely entered on this, before the smoke to windward came rolling down so densely that I felt my breathing becoming quickened and choked. The coonoe of our assailants, however, at no great distance, roused me, and dismounting, I staggered on a few paces. I fancied I could hear a person swearing, which Buka afterwards told me he believed to have been Wainmsley; but the dreadful suffocating sensation soon prevented my being conscious of anything going on around me. My sagacious companion was not long in guessing at my state: he threw himself off his horse, gave it a switch with his stock-whip, and drove it into the bog, then grasping my hand, he called out, 'Murry, make hast—Murry, make hast; bale you mind yanaman; let him go devil, devil!' Letting fall the bridle, I was dragged along what seemed to me to have been miles, but was in reality only about a hundred yards, expecting every instant to drop under the pain-

ful effects of choking and thirst. At length we reached a tolerably clear space, and got past the fire, which I now observed with satisfaction was rapidly spreading towards where we had distanced our pursuers, whom I was uncharitable enough to wish it might overtake.

My poor horse, with the attachment and instinct of some of his race, had followed closely behind us, and thus enabled me to ride into Mangrove; and on the following morning Buka set out to recover the one he had been riding the previous night, but the poor creature was found dead in the bog, and with difficulty even the saddle was recovered. Another yanaman was procured for him, and crossing the Warren-warren Mountains, in two days reached my station on the Hunter River, not a little thankful to have escaped the Bold Donoghue and his friends.

About a week afterwards I received a hurried note from a neighbouring magistrate requesting me to give all the information I could relative to the dress and appearance of these wretches, as a foul murder had just been committed by them on a Mr Clements. It appeared in evidence that this amiable person had set out from Sydney, taking with him a considerable sum of money; he was going to Captain Bingle's station, and had with him two armed attendants—Hickey, a discharged soldier, and another styled Billy the Welshman. The party was crossing the Bulga Road towards the Hunter, little anticipating an attack, as they were so well prepared to defend themselves. Three persons were observed coming towards them with guns in their hands; but being dressed like squatters, and having kangaroo dogs, Mr Clements supposed they were merely sportsmen. Donoghue walked up at the head of his party, and after the usual salutations of the country, asked Mr Clements to give him some tobacco. This he was preparing to do, when the bushranger said to him in a rough, quick way: 'Come, come, mister, what are you humbugging about it so long?' Mr Clements, perceiving at once into what company he had fallen, endeavoured to draw out one of his pistols; unfortunately they were fastened through the trigger-cover to his belt—a matter which had not escaped Donoghue's attention. In this dilemma Mr Clements called on his servants to fire; but the words were scarcely out of his mouth before Donoghue killed him by discharging both barrels of his gun. At the same time, the other bushmen presented their arms against the attendants, who quickly surrendered. Both of them acted with so much want of decent courage that it led to the supposition that they were accessories; but perhaps their pusillanimity was excusable if we remember the characters of the men they had to deal with, and if, as has happened, a whole coachful of armed persons could be 'haled up' by three or four bushrangers, two not very stout hearts might be pardoned for yielding without a shot.

After this outrage became known, a strong force was sent out in various directions, and a reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of Donoghue. For several weeks the mounted police were in pursuit, but his intimate knowledge of the country enabled him to elude their endeavours for some time. At length, separated from his companions in crime, and wandering up and down the country—the most miserable of Cain's—he became less particular about his haunts. Information was given of his being in the neighbourhood of the Bargo-Brush, between Campbelltown and Berrima, on the southern road. A patrol of mounted police came unexpectedly on him, but not before he had first fired and slightly wounded one of them, who, taking a good aim at Donoghue, killed him on the spot.

Walmsley and Webber escaped for some little time, but were ultimately hunted down, and suffered that penalty which I had secretly wished for them in passing the gibbet. After that the neighbourhood was tolerably free from bushrangers; but to this day, in

the district of Hunter River, the name of the Bold Donoghue is connected in the squatter's mind with murder and terrorism.

POETRY OF THE DAY.

'HAPPILY a magazine is now published,' observed Moore to Scott, when talking of the poetry of the day, 'but would once have made a reputation.'—'Ecce!' said Sir Walter, 'we were very lucky to have come before these fellows!' If one were not disarmed by the good-humour of the remark, it might be hinted that both the interlocutors have now subsided into the rank of the minor poets of their own generation, and that therefore the compliment paid to the lesser lights of our day was not very extravagant. There may be plenty of Scotts and Moores among us, but assuredly we do not boast of many Wordsworths and Byrons, or Shelleys and Keats! But nevertheless there is in these last days an astonishing under-current of poetry welling constantly on, and working its way towards the light. The struggle after excellence, however, though brave, is fitful. The difficulty of concentrating the thoughts becomes greater and greater; for although the whole world of mind is astir, its attention is snatched hither and thither by the events and exigencies of a time in which all men are busy from morning till night in hearing or telling some new thing in art, science, or history. If this is not the cause of an interregnum in poetry which threatens to rival in duration the peace, we know not what is; for the age is essentially poetical, and even in its everyday life are seen the embodied forms of what in earlier times were only dreams and prophecies.

We have caught up at random two of the poets of the day, and shall set them to do their spitting for the delectation of our readers; in some hope of being able to force from them the secret, why they are not great poets, but merely the producers of such works as 'would once have made a reputation.' It is possible that the titles of these volumes may call up only a faint recollection—if any at all—in the mind of some readers, but that is of no consequence. It is a peculiarity of the time that even genius of a high order frequently stumbled upon in unknown books; for unless the genius has concentration and sustained power, it takes no decisive hold of the pallid and jaded mind of the age—and if this should be so in the present case, we are all the more thankful to have the opportunity of drawing attention to real merit.

The first of these books is 'Lelio,'* in the principal piece of which we see as clearly as is possible (though that is not very clearly) into the character of the poet's mind. His idea seems to be to give a kind of personification of Conscience, or rather of the operations of conscience, such as would have the same effect upon an intending criminal 'as the animated eyeball, as it were, of the Phidian Jupiter, fixed on him, and flashing with divine indignation.' He would 'give a local habitation and a name to our avenging thoughts, and which must be in some sort suited to the nature of the crime.' His pictures are no mere creations of sentiment, but 'the embodiments of an evil conscience, put forward in poetical garb and prominence,' and which he supposes 'to be forced upon the reflective part of man's nature while he is carrying on his schemes of worldly pleasure and aggrandisement.'

This great and difficult attempt commences with a light conversation on love and wine—two kinds of enjoyment which are poetically entwined by one of the speakers; but in the next scene the poem really begins. Lelio is wandering among the Apennines immersed in twilight musings on 'the ways of God to

* *Lelio, a Vision of Reality; Horror; and Other Poems.* By Patrick Scott. London: Chapman and Hall. 1861.

man,' in the course of which he earnestly longs to behold in real form and presence that mystical power—if we comprehend the author—which operates by means of the conscience:

'Or see before me pass in specular vision
The distant truths that form the essential sound
Of which the world's hard life is but an echo.'

His meditations appear to have a creative power:—

'—Ha! the time fits these thoughts, and these wild thoughts

Have given formation to the dusky air;
Or, do I dream, or is the gloom around
Heap'd into shape, such fitful shape as suits
Impalpable things! Again 'tis there! I see it
Deepest amid the deepening shade, and growing
In fearful life; its features only seem
Distinctly fashion'd, yet show less the impress
Of physical nature than the hot reflection
Of a sun-like soul; as if creative power,
Willing to give to mind a visible clothing,
Materialized a God's intelligence!'

'This phantom is an Angel, his 'bodied thought,' by whose ministration he is forthwith conveyed to the world of spirits.

'Angel. What seest thou, Lelio?
Lelio. Nothing!

A. Look again; thine eyes
Are not yet cleansed from earth. What seest thou?
L. Nothing

Distinctly, but as 'twere the flickerings
Of undulating gloom.

A. Once more, what seest thou?
L. That which might shake a statue! All around
Dim shapes are looming into light, as flashes
Of a pale flame, instinct with morbid life,
Reveal the infernal palace of the dead.
Some lie as if the sickness of despair
Had fed upon their strength, and stolen its colour
From the unhoping eye; on glittering thrones,
Raised high by magnificence of crime,
Are seated kingly and yet drooping forms,
The burning aristocracy of hell!'

All this is explained by a personage called Eidolon; a word which means image generally, and which the poet applies to signify ambition—pleasure—avarice; any of those treacherous embearers of the heart which drug the bowl with poison. Eidolon is all in turn, and exhibits the extremes of enjoyment and remorse, giving matter for didactic conversation between the seer and the angel. Unsatisfied, however, with this view of the unveiled passions, Lelio desires to see beyond them—to see power itself in the work of creation. This, too, is accorded.

'Angel. Away then—in thy breast
I breathe the spirit that will bear thee up
Unfaintly above the realms of matter.
Away, on rushing wings that leave behind
The sunbeam in its flight, and to the regions
Unvisited by Heaven's extremest star!

What seest thou, Lelio?

Lelio. Let me look again,
For my sense swims upon a boundless ocean,
Struggling against its own magnificence.
I see the flashings of bright points that pierce
The solid night, whence floats a spinning sound
Of a low melody—while round me ripples
Impalpable ether, whose conflicting waves
Breaking in flame, the evanescent bloom
Of blackest darkness, show nought near but thee
Standing beside me in untenanted space!
Behold, immeasurable shadow creeping
(O'er the clear void, and from a form that might be
The form of man, could the weak eye take in
Its limitless outline, stretches forth a hand,
Within whose hollow rests a new-born world;

The other arm extends a mantle o'er
Its naked limbs, and showers all forms of matter
And fire of mind upon its mighty surface,
Heaving the pulse of a stupendous life!
A little while those awful fingers poise
The trembling globe, then hurl it flashing from them;
Away, it rushes through the lash'd air, waking
Time into life, and night to light—away—
Lifting its voice of giant joy, and shouting
To the unbounded universe, to welcome
A radiant brother of God's ancient stars!'

The next vision is the typical history of the new-born planet—which may be supposed to be our own—and which, passing through the reign of war and vice, arrives at length in the course of ages at the perfection of virtue and happiness—and then vanishes in space. On this consummation the Angel declares—

'Thus will it be, but on the highest point
Man is not placed at once, nor nature bids
The gradual seed spring instant to a tree.
Up the slow path he toils enduringly—
Such is Heaven's law—and gathers strength by
climbing.

And think not that the buried past hath hid
Its treasures with it—that the single soul
Wok'd singly, and then died—it cannot die
In its large life! The spirits of all time
Are but the swelling waves of one vast ocean.
The meanest mind that thinks, but forms a part
Of an eternal whole, the sunniest flash
Flows in to aggregate the living sun
Of glory, less than God's!

It will be seen from these quotations that there is much lofty and genuine poetry in the volume; but the clue to the philosophy is lost ever and anon, till, before the close of the piece, it is entirely forgotten. We receive the idea that Mr Scott while writing had either no distinct conception at all of his own subject, or that, owing to the want of a power of concentration, it vanished every now and then from his mind. The mixing up with so fine and lofty a strain a commonplace story of human passion is of itself a symptom of weakness; but independently of this, our author makes the vulgar mistake—to which he ought to be superior—of confounding loveliness with beauty. On this subject, however, we have perhaps already said more than enough,* and shall now therefore only give it as our opinion that if Mr Scott had been able to separate the two ideas, he would have avoided what must strike every reader of judgment as an incongruity, and have so far supplied the wanting loveliness in his design. His descriptions of beauty, notwithstanding—of which we add one as a specimen—are certainly among the finest things in a volume of poetry which we look upon as one of the most remarkable of the time, both in power and promise.

Lelio. Oh! let me not
Faint ere I fill my gaze! Before me springs
Expanding visibly the fresh growth of beauty,
An exhalation of divinity
(Clings to her like an atmosphere, each limb
Seems moulded by the Deity anew,
While the blue veins swell proudly, as if crying
It were a damning shame on him who tried
To soil that glorious temple! 'Tis a shrine
Where saints might worship!

Angel. She was form'd from dust.
Lelio. Dust! ay, a most brilliant dust, of which
Each atom was a star! I may speak madly,
But to be madden'd by a cause like this
O'erweighs a world of reason. I dare tell thee,
All angel as thou art, thou hast not seen
In Heaven's own courts a thing more beautiful

* See 'New Theory of Beauty,' in No. 382.

Than that I gaze on; mind and matter there
Are so consummately fused by the great Artist
Into a strange and most divine communion!
Life were too short to look. I do, I do
Look on the master-effort of a God,
The point at which Omnipotence arriv'd,
And stopp'd when it made Woman! She is gone,
Moving along in stately beauty, like
The chariot of a king—And yet not gone;
Space seems made up of mirrors, multiplying
Her magic presence, as if viewless spirits
Cloth'd their immortal essence in the form
She wore, as next to Heaven's; whose musical lips
Draw the rich air she breath'd, and then exhale it
In one enchanting measure—listen!—listen!

* We now turn to another poet whose genius presents some curious contrasts with that of the author of 'Lolio.' Calder Campbell, we believe, has never even attempted a long flight, but has continued for many years showering around him, with a prodigal hand, all sorts of lyrics that address themselves to the sentiments and affections. There is no name better known than his in periodical literature; and not a few of his pieces will bear comparison with the best of the kind that have been produced in his own generation. But his range is limited. He is satisfied with the external world which presents itself to his senses, and busies himself with the humilities of life. His muse flies neither high nor far, but her wings are always laden with the perfume of the earth.

We shall select our specimens from the principal poem in the volume before us—of which, however, it fills only seven or eight pages.*

'The joyous young Loidie!
She boundeth, in her childlike happiness,
Where her tame linnets breed
Among the golden broom, which she no less
Loveth for its bright radiance and sweet smell,
Than for its guarding her young linnets well.'

This Loidie is twelve years of age, and is loved and watched over by everybody around her.

'Pass'd is the merry brook,
Spann'd by her feet, as fairy-feet might do,
At one light bound! A look
Upon the blue forget-me-nots she threw
As she bled—low-singing a sweet song
To which the skylark answered loud and long.

Pass'd is the hazel copse—

Pass'd the gray village church, whose graves call up
No idle fens: she stops
To pluck a weed, and place a buttercup
Fron and upon a new-made grave—then o'er
The meadow glides—not singing as before.'

We have italicised these words, but without that they must have struck the reader by their eloquence. On goes the child—

'Pass'd is old nurse's cot—
Pass'd is the fairy lady's crystal well;
And so she nears the spot
Where breed her linnets dear. The fragrant smell
Of furzes, all aglow, spreads up round her
An incense, which sets all the bees astir.'

The young birds are flown! They are flashing through the blue heavens, and with their gleeful songs laugh at her tears and her despair! This is the first trial of Loidie.

But she has still her father's and her mother's love, by which she is encompassed like clasping arms; and she proceeds on her path of young life with sunshine on her head and flowers at her feet. One summer morning

* The Three Trials of Loidie; Sunshine and Shadow; The Phantom Rejoice; and other Short Poems. By Calder Campbell. London: William Shoberl, 1851.

—but let her speak her *réveille* herself, for it comes upon the ear with an Elizabethan freshness:—

'Waken, my father, wake!—
Waken, sweet mother! lie-a-beds too long!
Come forth for my dear sake,
And hear the early lark's rejoicing song:
Waken!—I've flowers for ye—your favourite ones,
They've had no kisses yet, but mine and the sun's!'
And in the bloss'ning sheaf
She flingeth at the lattice. No reply
That gift of bud and leaf
Welcomes—but one low, pained, wailing sigh
(That crept out of the window, like a sound
Of something wend and wild) made her heart quail
and bound!

Her parents are dead! This is the second trial of Loidie.

But Loidie is kept up by another love. That, too, is lost in turn; and there lies upon a white stiff breast on the battle-field a lock of her auburn hair!

'She did not wed, she ne'er could love again:
A widow's holy weal
Upon her heart she wore; but o'er her pain
She plac'd no blazon—calling folk to see
How she lamented her virginity!

By ones, by twos, by threes,
Sorrows steal on us; trials to be borne
Not in mad ecstasies—
Not in hard apathy—not in proud scorn—
But with our human tears in human eyes,
And breaking hearts, and all but hopeless sigh'

Her early childhood's birds,
Her parents, and her faithful lover, these
Were lost in turn! Sad words
Are "parting," "death," "the grave," but I with
foresees

Such things as meetings, where no Death hath room
To dig a grave, and Life's eternal bloom.

And thus did our Loidie
Live on, nor sink beneath her Trials, shall!
By Faith and Hope, whose creed
Quenched the fever of the heart, when quail'd
We die, to live and meet! only, upon
The road of Life, farewells, like thorns, are strewn!'

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

August 1851.

By the time these lines appear in print the majority of your readers will have seen the Exhibition, and returned to their homes with a reminiscence of which they will become prouder the longer they live; and not a few will now be able to comprehend the force of the Spanish saying—'See Seville, and die.' What a subject wherewith to delight and instruct the minds of future grandchildren! As day after day passes over, pouring its sixty or seventy thousand visitors into the Palace of Glass, so do the perceptions and experiences of the executive officers become clearer and wider. Differences in taste, skill, and handicraft, before unobserved, become appreciable in the articles exhibited; comparisons can be more fairly instituted; and, as a consequence, we must hope that the judicial awards will be the more conscientiously pronounced. There will of course be complaints, but if justice be done even the dissatisfied may be conciliated.

Such is the sum of one division of our metropolitan talk; another topic, and a notable one, is whether the building shall, in accordance with the terms of the contract, be pulled down after the close of the Exhibition. As yet the 'noes' have it until next May; but unless parliament, or some other equally efficacious power, make the temporary preservation permanent,

we shall lose the means and opportunity of establishing a winter garden—a perennial recreation-ground—scarcely less attractive than the Exhibition itself, and a desideratum much hoped for by all who love to see nature yielding to art for man's behoof, and more especially by those of delicate lungs condemned to wear respirators. After the intimation which has been given, that if the nation wills it the building shall stand, it will be the nation's fault if the building falls. Lieutenant-Colonel Lloyd proposes to purchase the raw materials, models, &c. now exhibited, to create 'a vast and most useful collection of the products and works illustrating the arts and manufactures of the world, which might form the nucleus of a still more extensive museum of practical knowledge and manufactures, the want of which has long been felt in this country.'

The past few weeks have to a considerable extent realised the expectations that were formed as to the influx of visitors. Our crowded streets have been more crowded than ever; and notwithstanding the complaints made in many quarters that business is stagnant, there are many retail-shopkeepers who consider this as their lucky year, and find their cash-boxes grow pléthoric. It is easy to understand that of the thousands who come to London, a large percentage will naturally carry away with them a keepsake, or some sort of tangible evidence of their visit, and thus the phenomenon is accounted for. Apropos of this influx, it forms not the least interesting of metropolitan sights at present, as may be readily proved by watching the coming in of trains at any one of our railway stations, the arrival of from fifteen hundred to two thousand passengers by one train, producing a scene of bustle and bewilderment anything but agreeable to timid travellers, however stinking it may be to studious spectators. It is not less an evidence of locomotive facilities than of the attractions of the Exhibition.

Of other matters, I may tell you that the poet-laurate has betaken himself for awhile to Italy; that Mrs. Brownlee has come over to see the Exhibition; and that her noble poem 'Cass Guido Windows' has been translated into Italian by Mazzini for the edification of his countrymen. Lamartine is busy with a 'History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France,' intended as a sequel to his *Grandis*; Mr. Gladstone's 'History of the Roman State,' translated from the Italian, is an acceptable addition to our knowledge of that apparently exhaustless subject; then we have a 'History of Adult Education,' by the secretary of the Manchester Athenæum; and De la Rive of Geneva is to give us a 'Treatise on Electricity,' with such historical details and elucidations as will add largely to its value; and Laebig is increasing his knowledge and his own reputation by a new edition of his 'Familiar Letters.' Thus you will see that all business is not at a standstill. Besides these, there is a work published at Lyons on the 'Metaphysics of Art,' in which the author takes a logical view, and says: 'The best endeavour in the interest of art is not to study it in itself and abstractedly, but to appreciate it in a single point of view, in its general relation to nature, and the actions and destiny of man.' And next, a poem in six cantos by a noble viscount on a singular subject—'Abd-el-Kader,' and Mr. Babbage's 'Exposition of 1851,' a book much talked about. It discusses, among other questions connected with the Exhibition, the vexed one of prices; and in not affixing these to the goods displayed the author contends that the commissioners made a grievous mistake. Unfortunately the utility of his work is neutralised by the personal matters which he has mixed up with it. A prize essay, too, on the Exhibition has made its appearance; and the author of 'Ten Thousand a Year' has found in the Crystal Palace material for a romance, of whose merits readers will shortly have an opportunity of judging. These are but a few among the works waiting for purchasers. Could you see the number

and variety of 'Guides,' 'Handbooks,' 'What to See, and How to See,' &c. &c. &c., you would hardly wonder at the advance in the price of paper. Truly there is no end to the making of many books.

Signs of what is called 'progress' are apparent in the formation of a committee with a view 'to establish a uniform rate of postage throughout the world,' comprising natives as well as foreigners; the latter to undertake the task of bringing the subject before their respective governments, and of inducing them, if possible, to assent to the proposed arrangement. The proposal to make penny receipt stamps universal is still talked about, with more or less of favour, as well as the newly-announced 'Plan for Registration-Offices for Needlewomen;' 'the intention of which,' according to the prospectus, 'is to improve their (the needlewomen's) condition, and prevent their pauperism by securing to them the profits of their own work. The plan promises the consumer a superior article for his money; and to enable men, without any previous knowledge of the trade, to procure their garments as easily, and with as much economy, as experienced females can do. It also proposes to afford every facility to families in finding suitable needlewomen, either to work by the day or by the piece, and securing them against loss by damaged work or non-fitting garments.' The promoters of this measure—who, by the way, might advantageously bestow a little pains on the syntax of their manifesto—consider that if set agoing by subscriptions during the first year, it would afterwards prove self-supporting. If they can accomplish what they propose, many a

—'sempiterns lean, and weary, and wan,
With only the ghosts of garments on,'

will thank them for their benevolent endeavours.

We are soon to hear what took place during the eclipse along the line of its totality, from some of the observers who went abroad for the purpose of watching the phenomenon. And apropos of astronomy: government has been asked to establish a large reflector in some part of our Australian colonies, as the atmosphere there is much more favourable for observation than our own. The askers will have to wait a little longer. A similar request for a reflector on the Neigherry Hills has been made to the East India Company by Mr. Jacob, the astronomer at Madras—and refused: that gentleman, therefore, has set to work upon a twenty-foot reflector, which, should he meet with no assistance, he will finish at his own cost.

The programme or prize-list issued by the Dutch Society of Sciences at Haarlem has excited some attention: they have awarded a gold medal to Dr. Cramer of Groningen for his able paper on the question—'What certain knowledge has been gained by the researches of naturalists on cryptogamous plants, which infect the organs of living animals, and especially of man? In what relation is their development with that of unhealthy products, and will their natural history, when well understood, lead to a rational medication?' Among the questions proposed, to be answered before 1852, is one—'On the presence of arsenic in mineral springs: On the chemical combinations of metals: Whether negative Artesian wells might not serve for the drainage of lakes and marshes if sunk in an absorbent soil: On the change of colour in birds according to the change of season: Which is the actual organ in the eye that accommodates vision to distances: As cinchona forests disappear so rapidly in consequence of the gathering of bark that there is cause to fear a failure of the supply, is there any reason to hope, from what is known of the natural history of this tree, that its culture might be successfully undertaken in the Dutch colonies? Whether the sails of windmills, which have scarcely undergone a change during the last two centuries, are susceptible of improvement: Whether electricity has any share in the

Daguerreotype process: On the effects of electric clouds on telegraph wires, and the means of prevention: On the physical properties of water as touching its colour, propagation of sound through its mass, &c.: Are sponges animal or vegetable?—how are they produced and multiplied? On the nature of clouds and fogs, and what is the force which holds their component globules separate? And last, the Society call for further information concerning the dodo; and suggest that, besides the fragments now existing of this extinct bird, others may yet be met with if sought for with intelligence. These are only a sample selected from a voluminous list embracing a wide range of scientific subjects, the bare enumeration of which would serve to show that the Society is not disposed to be inactive or incurious on points which have for some time baffled philosophical investigation. The prize medals are valued at 150 florins, and in certain cases the same amount is granted in money additionally. Competitors may choose their language, and write, as best suits them, in Dutch, French, English, Latin, Italian, or German. With such a scope we shall surely get something worth the reading.

Have you heard that Boutigny's theory of the spheroidal condensation of water has been in part adopted as an explanation of the cause of volcanic action? It is a point on which both chemists and geologists may exercise their wits. The latter may also cogitate on the statement put forth by M. Nilson, in a work on the ethnology of Sweden, that at Fjellbarka, in 55 degrees 35 minutes north latitude, there is a rock which was two feet below the surface of the water in 1532; seven to eight inches above in 1662; two feet above in 1712, and four feet above in 1844—making a rise of six feet in three hundred years. Besides this, which is, as you know, a debatable subject, M. Ed. Collomb says, on another question open to discussion, that the appearance of ancient glaciers took place at a period less remote than is commonly supposed. He considers that 'glaciers and floating ice did not exist on our globe at the palæozoic, jurassic, or cretaceous periods, as no traces of the action of solid water have been met with in the strata of these periods. This action commenced at the close of the tertiary period, and very probably but a short time before the appearance of man.' Such glaciers as are at present in existence he regards as 'relics of a great phenomenon, whose greatest intensity corresponds to the period of the dispersion and establishment of man on the earth.'

Give me leave here to interpolate a few miscellaneous items, as there is more geology to follow. An important one is, that there are now 22,000 miles of electric telegraph in the United States; the Danish government have authorised the construction of a submarine telegraph to connect Copenhagen with some of the provinces; two Englishmen have obtained a charter for the work. An act has just received the royal assent which provides for the improvement of common lodging-houses. These establishments are to be registered, to be visited whenever the inspector may think fit, and cleansed should he so decide; and the proprietors are to give notice in the proper quarter whenever fever or contagious disease breaks out among the inmates. A commendable enactment this. From the published returns, it appears that 26,818 persons were committed for trial in 1860, being 1003 fewer than in 1849. Of these 2578 were transported, 17,602 imprisoned, and 49 executed, leaving some thousands still unaccounted for.

There has been some talk about an account of a recent exploration of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Professor Silliman, junior, who, in company with one of Dr Mantell's sons, visited that remarkable locality. There is sufficient interest in the details to warrant my introducing them here by way of conclusion. After stating that a barometric measurement of the cave shows it to be 325 feet below the adjoining level, Mr Silliman

observes: 'One atmospheric phenomenon attracted our attention, and tasked our ingenuity for a satisfactory explanation. If the external air has a temperature above 60 degrees Fahrenheit, the observer, on approaching the mouth of the cave, is met by a blast of cool air blowing outward from the mouth; and if the external temperature is high—say 90 degrees Fahrenheit—the blast amounts to a gale. . . . In hot weather this contrast of temperature and its accompanying blast of air are at first quite overpowering, and you feel as if immersed in a cold bath.'

'If the air without has a temperature of 59-60 degrees, no current is observed, and the flame of a lamp held in a favourable position indicates none.' Mr Silliman ascertained that there were not two currents flowing in reverse directions, as at the entrance of a room; and from observations made by the guide during a considerable period, he was satisfied 'that only one current existed, and that this flowed out when the external air was above 60 degrees, and inward when this was below 60 degrees. Going in one day at noon, we found the outward blast very strong; we prolonged our stay until past midnight; meanwhile a storm of rain, accompanied by lightning, had come up, and at three A.M., when we again emerged, the temperature outside had fallen to 50 degrees, and the inward gale blew so strongly as to extinguish our lights several hundred yards from the mouth. In fact the guide told us, when more than two miles in the cave, that a storm had taken place in the outer air, and that we should probably find a storm raging without. His geological senses detected the gentle current inward which we did not notice at so great a distance; and he perceived, as he afterwards told us, a change of level in the subterranean rivers since our crossing them in the morning, the rain, which had fallen copiously, having already affected them.'

The explanation offered for this phenomenon is, that as the galleries and avenues of the cave extend for many miles in different directions through the solid limestone, there is always a vast collection of air, having no other outlet than the one chief entrance. The prodigious extent of the branching galleries may be inferred from the fact, that the blast at times continues in one direction, either outwards or inwards, for several weeks together, and occasionally months.

Of living things within the cave, the explorers found 'a sort of cricket with enormously long antennæ'; 'several species of coleoptera, mostly burrowing in the nitre earth'; certain water insects, and some varieties of fish—the latter all blind, notwithstanding they have eyes. Bats hang to the roof by millions; and besides these the only mammal is a rat, covered with a bluish in colour, with a white breast, and 'possessed of dark black eyes of the size of a rabbit's eye, and entirely without iris; the feelers also are uncommonly long. We have satisfied ourselves that he is entirely blind when first caught, although his eyes are so large and lustrous. By keeping them, however, in captivity and diffuse light, they gradually appeared to attain some power of vision.'

Mr Silliman is of opinion that the excavation, or rather denudation of the Mammoth Cave, is due to the action of running water, which by some convulsion was suddenly drained off to a lower level. His views will help to set geologists speculating; and until confirmation comes, we must admit that his statements possess considerable interest, particularly as regards 'an entirely new feature.' While traversing the galleries, he says, the sound of falling water is occasionally heard; and 'approaching cautiously to the spot from which the sound proceeds, we find usually a deep pit often surmounted by a dome. These pits are of various depths, but mostly not less than one hundred feet, and cut down with walls of limestone so entirely vertical, that in many cases we were able to measure them from the

edge with a line and plummet.' These pits or domes are in some instances 200 or 300 feet deep or high. At one point of Gorin's Dome, the most remarkable, 'the outer diameter of the circle bounding it comes so close to one of the adjacent galleries, that the thin shell of interposed rock has been removed for a space two feet square, through which, as through a window, the observer may put his head, and obtain an imperfect glimpse of the interior. You perceive that the loophole through which you look is midway between the ceiling and the first gallery below; and by a powerful illumination a tolerable view is obtained of this monolithic structure, built without hands. I was provided with the means of producing the Drummond light; and with the guide, my assistant, and Mr Mantell, we succeeded in making the perilous descent, where only by groping in the dark over profound chasms could we find a foothold to point some hundred feet below the opening above described. Here we erected the Drummond light, and by its aid obtained the first view of the lofty ceiling. The dome is of an irregular outline, in the main ovoidal; and from the ceiling hangs a great curtain of sculptured and vertically-grooved rock, unsupported below, with the graceful outline and apparent lightness of actual drapery. A small stream of water falls from the top, which is broken into spray long before it reaches the bottom, and keeps the whole interior wet with its splashing. No gallery has been found which leads to the bottom of this most beautiful dome. We found other similar domes in which the pendent curtain just described had fallen, and portions of it but little removed from their original position seemed poised to a second fall.'

Mr Silliman hunts further at 'mysterious rivers, with their many-tongued echoes; the mounds of mud and drift which they annually heap up; the long miles of avenues which stretch away beyond them, rugged or smooth; and of the vaulted ceilings, crystal grottoes, and gypsum canonets, which tempt the mineralogist to untiring exploration.'

THE INNES TRAGEDY.

Among the family papers belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh, there is a manuscript history of the House of Innes of Innes, from which his Grace is descended. It was printed in 1820, but its circulation is limited to the small class who occupy themselves in genealogical inquiries. Among other matters of family history, the volume contains the following series of incidents, all connected with each other in a manner to justify the title we have given to the narrative. We may observe, that we have seen these events narrated already by an English genealogist, but without that reference to the Scottish habits and manners, or that adherence to the tone of the original which are, we think, necessary to fully comprehending their tenor and character.

To understand the motives of the actors in this tragedy, it must be kept in view that the family of Innes had possessions both in the Highlands and the Lowlands. The former carried with them the important right of chieftainship, held by the head of the family. The estates of Lowland proprietors at that time—the sixteenth century—followed the regular line of hereditary succession; but it was otherwise with the Highland chiefs. They were a kind of patriarchs chosen by the clan, and it did not always follow that the next heir in the hereditary sense was selected. It often happened when the son of the deceased chief was a youth that his brother succeeded him. The law, it is true, was against any such practice; but the civil courts were not strong enough in the Highlands to suppress it. The matter was more complicated, however, when, as in the case of the Innes family, the same man became both Highland chief and Lowland laird. The next heir in the feudal sense was the indubitable

possessor of the Lowland estates; and this gave him so much influence in the Highlands, that it would be difficult if not vain for any other member of the family to stand against him for the chieftainship. It happened that a cadet of the family of Innes had acquired an estate for himself called Cromy. It was always the desire of such families to accumulate whatever property might be dispersed among the branches, in the possession of the head of the house; indeed a cadet nearly related to the owner of a great estate had more influence and a higher position than in the absolute possession of a small estate in his own person. It was desirable that the Innes and the Cromy property should thus both belong to one owner, and a 'mutual bond of tailie' or entail was entered into by the two relations, to the effect that if either died without a son, the whole property should go to the other. As the Laird of Innes was childless, Cromy assumed the dignity of being his representative and the virtual head of the house.

It happened that a Laird of Innes several generations earlier, called 'Ill Sir Robert,' or Wicked Sir Robert, the brother of 'the Red Tod,' had three sons—the eldest, 'James with the beard,' the second, Walter, called 'Wyllie Watt,' the third, Robert of Drynie. The descendants of Wyllie Watt acquired the considerable estates of Innermarkie and Balwey. The representative of the branch had married into the powerful House of Atholl, and though not so nearly related to the existing Innes of Innes as Cromy was, he formed the design of getting himself made head of the house. In the words of the chronicler: 'The House of Innermarkie, about this time, having attained to the possession of a considerable estate, had for that reason thought themselves the next in respect to their chief; and finding the family of Innes like to be childless, Robert of Innermarkie grudged exceedingly that Cromy, who was inferior to him in estate, should be advanced so far before him, as he behoved to be by such a succession.'

The matter was laid before a sort of parliament or jury of the House of Innes, who decided that their head 'Laird John,' as he was called, did rightly in arranging that the heir-at-law Cromy should be his successor. Cromy himself, who appears to have been a chivalrous, gallant fellow, offered to leave the matter to single combat—to lay the entail 'on the grass,' and see if Innermarkie 'durst take it up.' But open warfare was not Innermarkie's nature. He set about secretly poisoning the ear of Laird John against his representative, showing how he assumed all the pomp and circumstance of Laird of Innes, leaving their real owner 'no better than a masterless dogg.' Laird John, who seems to have been a weak man, yielded to these insinuations, and was brought to the point that 'he would have given anything to have that undone which was done.' Then came out the dark design of the treacherous kinsman. 'Innermarkie, having once thus possessed him, told him that it was impossible he could recover what he was cheated out of any other way but by killing of Cromy, who certainly would never part with what he had gotten but with his life. And if he pleased to concur with him, he would be the doer of the thing himself, be the hazard what it lyk'd—he would undertake it rather than see his chief made a slave as he was.'

The design of the murder took full possession of Innermarkie's mind, and he carefully watched all the motions of his victim, that he might fall on him apart from the usual attendant followers who generally then accompanied a northern chief. In April 1580, Cromy's son, who was at college in Aberdeen, fell ill, and his father went to visit him. Innermarkie, ascertaining where he lived, collected a band of his followers, and stealthily entered the town. At that time every considerable town in Scotland was a sort of battle-field, where the neighbouring families fought out their feuds.

In the country each kept to his own territory and his own castle; but when they repaired to the town on business or pleasure, they must needs come in contact with each other, and they could not do so without bloodshed. The confusions thus occasioned gave ample opportunities for such crimes as Innermarkie desired to perpetrate. There was at that time a feud between the Gordons and the Forbesees. Cromy was a partisan of the former; and as the courtyard of the house where he lived had been carelessly left open, his enemy knew that he had nothing to do but to raise the Gordon rallying-cry within the court. Accordingly Cromy, hearing shouts of 'Help—help! a Gordon—a Gordon!' ran down half dressed to a postern opening to the court. He had no sooner opened it than Innermarkie, who was prepared with his matchlock, shot him, and the followers rushing on him, despatched him with their dirks.

The old Laird of Innes had accompanied Innermarkie on his murderous expedition, probably in the belief that his intention went no farther in the meantime than coercion. At all events, he seems not to have been prepared for so tragic a scene. Innermarkie swore, however, that he should be as deep in it as any of them; and taking one of the dirks which had stuck in the body of the murdered man, he held it to the old man's throat, and threatened to plunge it into him if he did not strike the body with his dagger, 'and so,' says the chronicler, 'compelled him to draw his dagger, and stab it up to the hilt in the body of his nearest relation, and the bravest that bore his name. After his example, all who were there behooval to do the like, that all might be alike guilty. Yea, in prosecution of this, it has been told me, that Mr John Innes, afterwards Coxton, being a youth then at school, was raised out of his bed, and compelled by Innermarkie to stab a dagger into the dead body, that the more might be under the same condemnation.'

The next object of the murderers was to despatch the sick youth, Cromy's son and representative. They had, however, lost time with the dagger scene, and by the connivance of some neighbours he had escaped by a secret passage—'the Lord in his providence,' says the chronicler, 'preserving him for the executing of vengeance for these murderers for the blood of his father.'

The next object was to get hold of the entail, which was of course safe in Cromy's own fortealice. They took the dead man's signet-ring, and having got over one of his followers to their side, sent him with it on one of Cromy's horses, to desire the lady of Cromy to send the charter-chest instantly with the bearer, as it was so urgently needed that her husband had not time to send a written order for it—a tedious operation sometimes to a Highland laird. 'Though it troubled the woman much,' says the chronicler, 'to receive so blind a message, yet her husband's ring, his own servant, and his horse prevailed so with her, together with the man's importunity to be gone, that she delivered to him what he sought, and let him go.'

It happened that there was present a young relation of the family, called Alexander Innes, of Cotts, a companion and friend of the lady's sick son. He was exceedingly anxious to pay a visit to his friend, and believing this to be a good opportunity, desired the man to give him a seat on his horse. The man refused with a sternness and determination inconsistent with the habits of one in his position, and the youth becoming exasperated, the man, in his attempts to explain and apologise, fell into a series of inconsistencies and contradictions, which made young Alexander resolve to accompany him at all hazards. Accordingly, he waited at a spot at a small distance from the door where the man required to ride past, and in the darkness leaped on behind him. The man drew his dirk, but Alexander snatched it from him, and in his fury buried it in his bosom. He returned to the house with the charter-chest, and laid scarcely set it down when a messenger

from Aberdeen told of the tragedy that had been perpetrated.

The lady immediately fled to Edinburgh with the precious documents in her possession, and sought the protection of her kinsman, Lord Elphinstone, the high treasurer. But Innermarkie had his friends, who rallied round him, and in the name of the old laird he kept for some time possession of the estates of Innes. He had no difficulty in getting the chief to execute various documents in his own favour, but nothing could obviate the fact, that Cromy's son was not only the next heir, but was in possession of previous documents which could not be recalled. The young man in the meantime made favour with the lord treasurer, and married his daughter. This put the preponderance decidedly in his favour. He obtained a sentence of outlawry against his father's murderer, and was authorised to proceed northward with letters of fire and sword against him—a sort of general commission to hunt an outlaw—and kill or take him, breaking through all impediments. 'As to Innermarkie,' says the chronicler, 'he was forced for awhile to take to the hills, and when he wearied of that, he had a retreat of difficult access within the house of Edinlassie, where he slept in little enough security; for in September 1584 his house was surprised by Laird Robert, and that retiring-place of his first entered by Alexander Innes, afterwards of Cotts, the same who some years before had killed the servant who came from Innermarkie with the false token for the writs, and who all his life was called Craig-in-Perrill (throat in peril) for venturing upon Innermarkie, then desperate.' The murderer was despatched at once, like a wolf found in his hole. His head was cut off, and taken as an acceptable present to the widow of the victim. She in her turn, properly appreciating its value, sent it to Edinburgh, to be laid at the feet of the king—'a thing too masculine,' says the chronicler, 'to be commended in a woman.'

CURIOUS ZOOPHYTES.

Sir John Graham Dalyell, Bart. of Binns (under whose ancestor, in the time of Charles II., originated the celebrated cavalry regiment of Scots Greys), has lately devoted two elaborate and profusely, as well as delicately illustrated quarto volumes, to the rare and remarkable animals of Scotland, being chiefly the zoophytes, some of them fresh-water specimens, but the major part derived from the Firth of Forth—as, for example, the simple *tubularia*, or 'oaten-pipe coralline' (*Tubularia indivisa*), an animal product, resembling a flourishing vegetable, dwelling at the depth of thirty or forty feet, from the surface of the sea, with a living head resembling a fine scarlet blossom, and often pendent, cluster-like grapes, and having the ornamental aspect of a strict resemblance to a bouquet of vivid flowers from the hand of nature. These creatures, by the way, are generally found on shells, entire or decayed, empty or tenanted. A brilliant group was on one occasion seen on a shell carried along by the crawling inhabitant.—*Fyfe's Summer Life on Land and Water.*

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THE PROPHETIC THOUGHT.

CHILDREN are a prophecy. They contain in themselves the yet unrolled future, and they contain, too, the predisposing causes which give that future its general form and contour, and even its hues and tints. Coming out of one infinity, and going into another, they receive from the Divine Hand the endowments which stamp life with its image. If every one has a character of his own, the mould of that character is born with him, and in him; and he can no more depart from the type than he can throw off his humanity. And if the varieties of character are endless, then, in all their minute and mingling shades, their causes and occasions are innate—as much a part of a man's primal being as are the impulses which determine the colour of his skin, fix the outline of his features, and form and mould his stature. Circumstances are powerful, but theirs is only a secondary influence in human life: they yield to the internal pressure of the soul. They may enroach on the weak, and become masters of the wicked, but it is a usurped dominion they exert—they have no legitimate throne, and for their deposition, it is needful only that the rightful heir should awake to the consciousness of his prerogatives.

Children are a prophecy. Their future they in each case bring with them into the world, as much as the rosebud, the sapling oak, the callow lark.

This prophecy, like others, is difficult to read. Children cannot read their own prophecy—who can read it for them? No one perfectly, very few well, most not at all. In order to read the prophecy, you must know the characters in which it is written. In that book of God every component element of each one's life is written down. But it is a sealed volume, although some transcripts therefrom are imprinted on the infant soul. Who has the eye to discern and the skill to decipher those dim and scattered characters? In them is *The Prophetic Thought* of each one's life. A babe lately struck my attention as it lay in its sister's arms. I believe it was the broad contrast between the two that attracted my eye. The babe itself was very lovely. Of pure Saxon blood, its large light-blue eyes, flaxen hair, and fair oval face, afforded the sweetest sight I had seen for many a day: blood of darker hue flowed in the veins of its nurse, whose face was commonplace, and almost mean. Broad as was the physical contrast between the sisters, yet more diverse was their attire, as well as their general appearance. The infant, clean in its person, was clad in white garments which might have been bleached on the Alps; the girl, with hands and face begrimed in dirt, wore an old woollen dress, in which rags and stains seemed to strive for the mastery.

Attracted by the singularity, I stopped to take a closer view of the two children; when out of the deep liquid ether of the infant's eye issued and glanced away a look which, for a child's look, was full of meaning, and struck me as a prophecy of that child's history. 'Yes,' I said to myself, 'thy future is there; dimly dost thou see it: in no distinct consciousness does it stand before thee, but I discern its general outlines—I know what thou wilt be.'

It is what the infant will be I know, not what it will do. Whom it will marry I know not; where it will dwell I know not, the number of its children I know not: yet I can tell its fortune—I have discovered its prophetic thought. I know, therefore, what will be the great bearing of its life.

Before I attempt to lay down its horoscope, I will explain myself a little as to the nature and efficacy of this prophetic thought, which, as I have intimated, envelops the future of that child, and of every child.

Systems of philosophy have each their prophetic thought. The imaginative which predominates in Plato laid down by anticipation the history of the Platonic philosophy; and in like manner in the common sense of Socrates was the germinating principle of his influence. If you had heard Plato lecture in the Academy, if you had seen the fire of his eye, marked the deep tones of his eloquence, observed how his chest swelled, and his figure became erect, on occasions when he was under the inspiration of a great thought, you would then have known what impression his writings would make on the world—who would be his admirers, who his opponents. Not more certain is the chemist of the result when he puts oxygen and hydrogen together in one vessel, than might you have been that those words would have affinity for men of soaring thoughts, and delicate sensibilities, and refined speculations—with the elements of whose soul they would blend and unite, adding 'fuel to fire,' until, as with a hot iron, they would burn their own likeness on individuals, systems, and institutions.

All great men have their prophetic thought, which is a condensed summary of their lives. The classics were aware of the truth which we are endeavouring to expound. Accordingly they made the infant Hercules strangle a serpent while yet in his cradle, and tell how bees gave sweetness to the infant lips of Plato. Could we see and study the features of illustrious men ere they left their mothers' arms, we should discern their essential qualities, and be able to lay down the chief outline of their history. Those smiles that pass across the countenance of the sleeping babe are sparklings of the heavenly waters of its soul; they are flashes from the past into the future: rending the veil of the inner

temple, they shew things to come in the shadowy light of things that are.

Some illustration and enforcement of our views may be found in the great diversities which children present in the cradle and the nursery, and long before the outward can have had any marked influence on their characters. Of the existence of these diversities every thoughtful mother is well aware. I have myself observed them in great number. Indeed every child may be said to have moral and intellectual qualities peculiar to itself; and so intimately interwoven with the fibres of his being are these qualities, that they make him what he is—forming his disposition, giving expression to his features, and determining even the tones of his voice. Any attempt to classify and describe these idiosyncrasies must fail—so minute as well as numerous are they, and so imperfect an organ is language when it has to speak of spiritual realities. Look round your own family, and you will understand what I cannot set forth. And in your fears for this child, and your hopes for that child, in the choice of a profession which already you have half-made for a son who yet sits on the lowest form in the school, you have divined the prophetic thought of each, and believe in it so firmly that you act under its suggestions.

Would that its mother and its father could discover and respect the prophetic thought of that infant whom I left nestling in its sister's arms! No ordinary history lies in embryo in its bosom. The first genius of that history may have to be sought in the blood of some distant Saxon dame—so linked to the past is our present life; and the remotest branches of that history run out into a futurity which no human being can measure, so close on the infinite does the soul of man press. But who shall estimate the weal and the woe which lie between these two extremes? Who shall say which will be the greater? Intense in that child's case will both be—the joy exquisite, the woe terrible. No, I cannot tell whether she will be an actress, and marry a coronet, or prove a castaway, and perish while yet little more than a girl. But I do know that hers will be no common lot. Her sister may become a kitchen-maid, and marry a chimney-sweep. She herself is both lovely and loving: lovely and loving will she long remain. As she is loving, so will she be loved. Such a soul as hers will burn with affection: some return, a large return it will exact. Will it be a pure return?

I see that sweet child again. No longer innocent, she sits in the corner of a prison, her face towards the door, as if to salute the corner with a look of defiance. As I contemplate her face, the prophetic thought passes in thick shadows over her brow. Once, again, in a thousand times her past determines her future; and force having done its best, or rather its worst, and found no response in a heart which would have answered to the lightest touch of love, she is set on shore in a distant land, and falls a prey to the degradations of a penal colony. Thus a human spirit which might have become an angel has to stand before its Maker in the attributes of a demon.

This paper has its prophetic thought. I have written it because I have a burden for the public. If the man lies folded up in the infant, as the oak in the acorn, then the condition which is first in time is first also in importance. Whence comes our infantine condition? From sources of influence over which we have no immediate control, but also from sources which in process of time we may at least modify. The Saxon blood in that infant's veins came without the will of man; but the will of man may in time to come determine whether more of the Teutonic or more of the Celtic peculiarity shall enter into generations that will be born. To some extent we of this age hold future ages in our hands, for we have an option as to what qualities we will propagate. In these remarks I have confined myself to general qualities—the Saxon and the

Norman. But inborn qualities are very numerous. By nature some persons are melancholy, just as some are scrofulous. The melancholy temperament forebodes sorrow, as much as the scrofulous constitution threatens idiocy: why should the one or the other be transmitted and perpetuated? If allowed, may not the evil gain preponderance, and the race become incurably degraded?

Temperament and constitution ought to be regarded in marriages far more than a pretty face or a large fortune. 'Of good blood?' Yes, I would see my own children marry none but such as are of good blood, but then by blood I do not mean 'men of blood,' warriors of ancient renown, and nobles who have the felicity of knowing the names, and it may be the features, of their grandsons fifty times removed; but by blood I mean 'a good stock,' a healthful and vigorous race, a virtuous and cultivated family. I add the last qualification because, beyond a doubt, moral tendencies of a more or less decided kind are propagated from father to son.

These facts seem to declare that education requires to be enforced, regarded, and cultivated in a new aspect. The education of the race—in plain English, the improvement of the breed in man—demands and must receive attention, else society is now pregnant with a thought prophetic of a fearful doom.

If in our birth we are all big with our future selves, parents at the earliest day should study, learn, and watch the prophetic thought of each of their children. Very soon is there some manifestation thereof. One child will bite and kick, another child will sulk, if interfered with. 'This child is forgiving, that child is vindictive. See what an affectionate nature shines forth in the eyes and looks of that little girl! That boy has the soul of a brigadoio, and that other possesses the self-denial and generosity of a hero. Do not all these qualities require cultivation? Some may be encouraged, others must be restrained; and others again must be counteracted, overcome—nay, eradicated. A wise parent has now to soften a disposition, now to give firmness and strength to a character. Here restraint is required, there impulse. In all cases proportion and harmony are of great consequence: what is weak should be fostered, what is defective should be supplemented, what is low should be raised, what is gross should be refined, all excess should be pruned away; and head, heart, and soul should be brought into a well-balanced and effective operation. If so high a work is to be accomplished, it must be begun in the very first days of our earthly existence.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

THE PUZZLE.

TEMPUS FUGIT! The space of but a few brief yesterdays seems to have passed since the occurrence of the following out-of-the-way incidents—out-of-the-way even in our profession, fertile as it is in startling experiences; and yet the faithful and undying tell-tale and monitor, Anno Domini 1861, instructs me that a quarter of a century has nearly slipped by since the first scene in the complicated play of circumstances opened upon me. The date I remember well, for the Tower guns had been proclaiming with their thunder-throats the victory of Navarino; but a short time before a clerk announced, 'William Martin, with a message from Major Stewart.'

This William Martin was a rather sorry curiosity in his way. He was now in the service of our old client Major Stewart; and a tall, good-looking fellow enough, spite of a very decided cast in his eyes, which the rascal, when in his cups—no unusual occurrence—declared he had caught from his former masters—Edward Thorneycroft, Esq., an enormously rich and exceedingly yellow East India director; and his son,

Mr Henry Thorneycroft, with whom, until lately transferred to Major Stewart's service, he had lived from infancy—his mother and father having formed part of the elder Thorneycroft's establishment when he was born. He had a notion in his head that he had better blood in his veins than the world supposed, and was excessively fond of spying the gentlemen; and this he did, I must say, with the ease and assurance of a stage-player. His name was scarcely out of the clerk's lips when he entered the inner office with a great effort at steadiness and deliberation, closed the door very carefully and importantly, hung his hat with much precision on a brass peg, and then steadying himself by the door-handle, surveyed the situation and myself with staring lack-lustre eyes and infinite gravity. I saw what was the matter.

'You have been in the "Sun," Mr Martin?'

A wink, inexpressible by words, replied to me, and I could see by the motion of the fellow's lips that speech was attempted; but it came so thick that it was several minutes before I made out that he meant to say the British had been knocking the Turks about like bricks, and that he had been patriotically drinking the healths of the said British or bricks.

'Have the goodness, sir, to deliver your message, and then instantly leave the office.'

'Old Tho-o-o-rney,' was the hicoughed reply, 'has smoked the—the plot. Young Thorney's done for. Ma-a-ried in a false name: tra-ansportation—of course.'

'What gibberish is this about old Thorney and young Thorney? Do you not come from Major Stewart?'

'Ye-es, that's right: the route's arrived for the old trump: wishes to—to see you.'

'Major Stewart dying! Why you are a more disgraceful scamp than I believed you to be. Send this fellow away,' I added to a clerk who answered my summons. I then hastened off, and was speedily rattling over the stones towards Baker Street, Portman Square, where Major Stewart resided. As I left the office I heard Martin beg the clerk to lend him to the pump previous to sending him off—no doubt for the purpose of sobering himself somewhat previous to reappearing before the major, whose motives for hiring or retaining such a fellow in his modest establishment I could not at all understand.

'You were expected more than an hour ago,' said Dr Hampton, who was just leaving the house. 'The major is now, I fear, incapable of business.'

There was no time for explanation, and I hastily entered the sick-chamber. Major Stewart, though rapidly sinking, recognised me; and in obedience to a gesture from her master the aged, weeping housekeeper left the room. The major's daughter, Rosamond Stewart, had been absent with her aunt, her father's maiden sister, on a visit, I understood, to some friends in Scotland, and had not, I concluded, been made acquainted with the major's illness, which had only assumed a dangerous character a few days previously. The old soldier was dying calmly and painlessly—rather from exhaustion of strength, a general failure of the powers of life, than from any especial disease. A slight flush tinged the mortal pallor of his face as I entered, and the eyes emitted a slightly-reproachful expression.

'It is not more, my dear sir,' I replied softly but eagerly to his look, 'than a quarter of an hour ago that I received your message.'

I do not know whether he comprehended or even distinctly heard what I said, for his feeble but extremely anxious glance was directed whilst I spoke to a large oil-portrait of Rosamond Stewart, suspended over the mantelpiece. The young lady was a splendid, dark-eyed beauty, and of course the pride and darling of her father. Presently wrenching, as it were, his

eyes from the picture, he looked in my face with great earnestness, and bending my ear close to his lips, I heard him feebly and brokenly say, 'A question to ask you, that's all: read—read!' His hand motioned towards a letter which lay open on the bed: I ran it over, and the major's anxiety was at once explained. Rosamond Stewart had, I found, been a short time previously married in Scotland to Henry Thorneycroft, the son of the wealthy East India director. Finding his illness becoming serious, the major had anticipated the time and mode in which the young people had determined to break the intelligence to the irascible father of the bridegroom, and the result was the furious and angry letter in reply which I was perusing. Mr Thorneycroft would never, he declared, recognise the marriage of his undutiful nephew—nephew, *not* son; for he was, the letter announced, the child of an only sister, whose marriage had also mortally offended Mr Thorneycroft, and had been brought up from infancy as his (Mr Thorneycroft's) son, in order that the hated name of Allerton, to which the boy was alone legally entitled, might never offend his ear. There was something added insinuating of a doubt of the legality of the marriage, in consequence of the misnomer of the bridegroom at the ceremony.

'One question,' muttered the major as I finished the perusal of the letter: 'Is Rosamond's marriage legal?'

'No question about it. How could any one suppose that an involuntary misdescription can affect such a contract?'

'Enough—enough!' he gasped. 'A great load is gone!—the rest is with God. Beloved Rosamond!—' The slight whisper was no longer audible; sighs, momentarily becoming fainter and weaker, followed—ceased, and in little more than ten minutes after the last word was spoken life was extinct. I rang the bell, and turned to leave the room, and as I did so surprised Martin on the other side of the bed. He had been listening, screened by the thick damask curtains, and appeared to be a good deal sobered. I made no remark, and proceeded on down stairs. The man followed, and as soon as we had gained the hall said quickly, yet hesitatingly, 'Sir—sir!'

'Well, what have you to say?'

'Nothing very particular, sir. But did I understand you to say just now that it was of no consequence if a man married in a false name?'

'That depends upon circumstances. Why do you ask?'

'Oh, nothing—nothing: only I have heard it's transportation, especially if there's money.'

'Perhaps you are right. Anything else?'

'No,' said he, opening the door: 'that's all—mere curiosity.'

I heard nothing more of the family for some time, except with reference to Major Stewart's personal property, about £4000, bequeathed to his daughter, with a charge thereon of an annuity of £20 a year for Mrs Leslie, the aged housekeeper; the necessary business connected with which we transacted. But about a twelvemonth after the major's death, the marriage of the elder Thorneycroft with a widow of the same name as himself, and a cousin, the paper stated, was announced; and pretty nearly a year and a half subsequent to the appearance of this ominous paragraph, the decease of Mr Henry Thorneycroft at Lausanne in Switzerland, who had left, it was added in the newspaper stock-phrase of journalism, a young widow and two sons to mourn their irreparable loss. Silence again, as far as we were concerned, settled upon the destinies of the descendants of our old military client, till one fine morning a letter from Dr Hampton informed us of the sudden death by apoplexy, a few days previously, of the East India director. Dr Hampton further hinted that he should have occasion to write us again in a day or two, relative to the deceased's

affairs, which, owing to Mr Thornycroft's unconquerable aversion to making a will, had, it was feared, been left in an extremely unsatisfactory state. Mr Hampton had written to us, at the widow's request, in consequence of his having informed her that we had been the professional advisers of Major Stewart, and were in all probability those of his daughter, Mrs Henry Allerton.

We did not quite comprehend the drift of this curious epistle; but although not specially instructed, we determined to at once write to Mrs Rosamond Thornycroft or Allerton, who with her family was still abroad, and in the meantime take such formal steps in her behalf as might appear necessary.

We were not long in doubt as to the motives of the extremely civil application to ourselves on the part of the widow of the East India director. The deceased's wealth had been almost all invested in land, which, on his having died intestate, to his nephew's son, Henry Allerton; and the personals in which the widow would share were consequently of very small amount. Mrs Thornycroft was therefore anxious to propose, through us, a more satisfactory and equitable arrangement. We could of course say nothing till the arrival of Mrs Rosamond Allerton, for which, however, we had only a brief time to wait. There were, we found, no indisposition on that lady's part to act with generosity towards Mr Thornycroft's widow—a showy, vulgarish person, by the way, of about forty years of age—but there was a legal difficulty in the way, in consequence of the heir-at-law being a minor. Mrs Thornycroft became at length terribly incensed, and talked a good deal of angry nonsense about disputing the claim of Henry Allerton's son to the estates, on the ground that his marriage, having been contracted in a wrong name, was null and void. Several annoying paragraphs got in consequence into the Sunday newspapers, and these brought about a terrible disclosure.

About twelve o'clock one day, the Widow Thornycroft bounced unceremoniously into the office, dragging in with her a comely and rather interesting-looking young woman, but of a decidedly rustic complexion and accent, and followed by a grave, middle-aged clergyman. The widow's large eyes sparkled with strong excitement, and her somewhat swarthy features were flushed with hot blood.

'I have brought you,' she burst out abruptly, 'the real Mrs Allerton, and'—

'No, no!' interrupted the young woman, who appeared much agitated—'Thornycroft, not Allerton!'

'I know, child—I know; but that is nothing to the purpose. This young person, Mr Sharp, is, I repeat, the true and lawful Mrs Henry Allerton.'

'Pooh!' I answered; 'do you take us for idiots? This,' I added with some sternness, 'is either a ridiculous misapprehension or an attempt at imposture, and I am very careless which it may be.'

'You are mistaken, sir,' rejoined the clergyman mildly. 'This young woman was certainly married by me at Swindon Church, Wilts, to a gentleman of the name of Henry Thornycroft, who, it appears from the newspapers, confirmed by this lady, was no other than Mr Henry Allerton. This marriage, we find, took place six months previously to that contracted with Rosamond Stewart. I have further to say that this young woman, Maria Finsbury, is a very respectable person, and that her marriage-portion, of a little more than eight hundred pounds, was given to her husband, whom she has only seen thrice since her marriage, to support himself till the death of his reputed father, constantly asserted by him to be imminent.'

'A story very unusually told,' and I have no doubt in your opinion quite satisfactory; but there is one slight matter which you will find somewhat difficult of explanation—the identity of Maria Finsbury's

husband with the son or nephew of the late Mr Thornycroft.'

'He always said he was the son of the rich East Indian, Mr Thornycroft,' said the young woman with a hysterical sob; 'and here,' she added, 'is his picture in his wedding-dress—that of an officer of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry. He gave it me the day before the wedding.'

I almost snatched the portrait. Sure enough it was a miniature of Henry Allerton: there could be no doubt about that.

Mr Flint, who had been busy with some papers, here approached and glanced at the miniature.

I was utterly confounded, and my partner, I saw, was equally dismayed; and no wonder, entertaining as we both did the highest respect and admiration for the high-minded and beautiful daughter of Major Stewart.

The Widow Thornycroft's exultation was exuberant.

'As this only legal marriage,' said she, 'has been blessed with no issue, I am of course, as you must be aware, the legitimate heiress-at-law, as my deceased husband's nearest blood-relative. I shall, however,' she added, 'take care to amply provide for my widowed niece-in-law.'

The young woman made a profound rustic courtesy, and tears of unaffected gratitude, I observed, filled her eyes.

The game was not, however, to be quite so easily surrendered as they appeared to imagine. 'Tut! tut!' exclaimed Mr Flint bluntly: 'this may be mere practice. Who knows how the portrait has been obtained?'

The girl's eyes flashed with honest anger. There was no practice about her I felt assured. 'Here are other proofs. My husband's signet-ring, left accidentally, I think, with me, and two letters which I from curiosity took out of his coat-pocket—the day, I am pretty sure it was, after we were married.'

'If this cumulative circumstantial evidence does not convince you, gentlemen,' added the Rev. Mr Wishart, 'I have direct personal testimony to offer. You know Mr Angerstein of Bath?'

'I do.'

'Well, Mr Henry Thornycroft or Allerton was at the time this marriage took place on a visit to that gentleman; and I myself saw the bridegroom, whom I had united a fortnight previously in Swindon church, walking arm-and-arm with Mr Angerstein in Sydney Gardens, Bath. I was at some little distance, but I recognised both distinctly, and bowed. Mr Angerstein returned my salutation, and he recollects the circumstance distinctly. The gentleman walking with him in the uniform of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry was, Mr Angerstein is prepared to depose, Mr Henry Thornycroft or Allerton.'

'You waste time, reverend sir,' said Mr Flint with an affectation of firmness and unconcern he was, I knew, far from feeling. 'We are the attorneys of Mr Rosamond Allerton, and shall, I daresay, if you push us to it, be able to tear this ingeniously-coloured cobweb of yours to shreds. If you determine on going to law, your solicitor can serve us; we will enter an appearance, and our client will be spared unnecessary annoyance.'

They were about to leave, when, as ill-luck would have it, one of the clerks who, deceived by the momentary silence, and from not having been at home when the unwelcome visitors arrived, believed we were disengaged, opened the door, and admitted Mrs Rosamond Allerton and her aunt, Miss Stewart. Before we could interpose with a word, the Widow Thornycroft burst out with the whole story in a torrent of exultant volubility that it was impossible to check or restrain.

For awhile contemptuous incredulity, indignant scorn, upheld the assailed lady; but as proof after proof was hurled at her, reinforced by the grave soberness of the clergyman and the weeping sympathy of the young

woman, her firmness gave way, and she swooned in her aunt's arms. We should have more peremptorily interfered but for our unfortunate client's deprecatory gestures. She seemed determined to hear the worst at once. Now, however, we had the office cleared of the intruders without much ceremony, and as soon as the horror-stricken lady was sufficiently recovered, she was conducted to her carriage, and after arranging for an early interview on the morrow, was driven off.

I found our interesting, and, I feared, deeply-injured client much recovered from the shock which on the previous day had overwhelmed her; and although exceedingly pale—lustrously so, as polished Pælian marble—and still painfully agitated, there was hope, almost confidence, in her eye and tone.

'There is some terrible misapprehension in this frightful affair, Mr Sharp,' she began. 'Henry, my husband, was utterly incapable of a mean or dishonest act, much less of such utter baseness as this of which he is accused. They also say, do they not,' she continued with a smile of haughty contempt, 'that he robbed the young woman of her poor dowry—some eight hundred pounds? A proper story!'

'That, I confess, from what little I knew of Mr Henry Thorneycroft, stamps the whole affair as a fabrication; and yet the Reverend Mr Wishart—a gentleman of high character, I understand—is very positive. The young woman, too, appeared truthful and sincere.'

'Yes; it cannot be denied. Let me say also—for it is best to look at the subject on its darkest side—I find, on looking over my letters, that my husband was staying with Mr Angerstein at the time stated. He was also at that period in the Gloucestershire Yeomanry. I gave William Martin, but the other day, a suit of his regimentals very little the worse for wear.'

'You forget to state, Rosamond,' said Miss Stewart, who was sitting beside her niece, 'that Martin, who was with his young master at Bath, is willing to make oath that no such marriage took place as asserted at Swindon church.'

'That alone would, I fear, my good madam, very little avail. Can I see William Martin?'

'Certainly.' The bell was rung, and the necessary order given.

'This Martin is much changed for the better I hear.'

'O yes, entirely so,' said Miss Stewart. 'He is also exceedingly attached to us all, the children especially; and his grief and anger when informed of what had occurred thoroughly attest his faithfulness and sincerity.'

Martin entered, and was, I thought, somewhat confused by my apparently unexpected presence. A look at his face and head dissipated a half-suspicion that had arisen in both Flint's mind and my own.

I asked him a few questions relative to the sojourn of his master at Bath, and then said: 'I wish you to go with me and see this Maria Emsbury.'

As I spoke, something seemed to attract Martin's attention in the street, and suddenly turning round, his arm swept a silver pastil-stand off the table. He stooped down to gather up the dispersed pastils, and as he did so, said in answer to my request, 'that he had not the slightest objection to do so.'

'That being the case, we will set off at once, as she and her friends are probably at the office by this time. They are desirous of settling the matter off-hand, I added with a smile, addressing Mrs Allerton; 'and avoiding, if possible, the delays and uncertainties of the law.'

As I anticipated, the formidable trio were with Mr Flint. I introduced Martin, and as I did so watched, with an anxiety I could hardly have given a reason for, the effect of his appearance upon the young woman. I observed nothing. He was evidently an utter stranger to her, although, from the involuntary flush which crossed his features, it occurred to me that he was in

some way an accomplice with his deceased master in the cruel and infamous crime which had, I strongly feared, been perpetrated.

'Was this person present at your marriage?' I asked.

'Certainly not. But I think—now I look at him—that I have seen him somewhere—about Swindon it must have been.'

William Martin mumbled out that he had never been in Swindon; neither, he was sure, had his master.

'What is that?' said the girl looking sharply up, and suddenly colouring: 'What is that?'

Martin, a good deal abashed, again mumbled out his belief that young Mr Thorneycroft, as he was then called, had never been at Swindon.

The indignant scarlet deepened on the young woman's face and temples, and she looked at Martin with fixed attention and surprise. Presently recovering, as if from some vague confusedness of mind, she said: 'What you believe can be no consequence: truth is truth for all that.'

The Rev. Mr Wishart here interposed, remarking that as it was quite apparent we were determined to defend the usurpation by Miss Rosamond Stewart—a lady to be greatly pitied, no doubt—of another's right, it was useless to prolong or renew the interview; and all three took immediate leave. A few minutes afterwards Martin also departed, still vehemently asserting that no such marriage ever took place at Swindon or anywhere else.

No stone, as people say, was left unturned by us, in the hope of discovering some clue that might enable us to unravel the tangled web of coherent, yet, looking at the character of young Mr Allerton, *improbable* circumstance. We were unsuccessful, and unfortunately many other particulars which came to light but deepened the adverse complexion of the case. Two respectable persons living at Swindon were ready to depose on oath that they had on more than one occasion seen Maria Emsbury's sweetheart with Mr Angerstein at Bath; once especially at the theatre, upon the benefit-night of the great Edmund Kean, who had been playing there for a few nights.

The entire case, fully stated, was ultimately laid by us before eminent counsel—one of whom is now, by the by, a chief-justice—and we were advised that the evidence as set forth by us could not be contended against with any chance of success. This sad result was communicated by me to Mrs Allerton, as she still unwaveringly believed herself to be, and was borne with more constancy and firmness than I had expected. Her faith in her husband's truth and honour was not in the slightest degree shaken by the accumulated proofs. She would not, however, attempt to resist them before a court of law. Something would, she was confident, thereafter come to light that would vindicate the truth, and confiding in our zeal and watchfulness, she, her aunt, and children, would in the meantime shelter themselves from the gaze of the world in their former retreat at Lausanne.

This being the unhappy lady's final determination, I gave the other side notice that we should be ready on a given day to surrender possession of the house and effects in South Audley Street, which the Widow Thorneycroft had given up to her supposed niece-in-law and family on their arrival in England, and to reobtain which, and thereby decide the whole question in dispute, legal proceedings had already been commenced.

On the morning appointed for the purpose—having taken leave of the ladies the day previously—I proceeded to South Audley Street, to formally give up possession, under protest however. The niece and aunt were not yet gone. This, I found, was owing to Martin, who, according to the ladies, was so beside himself with grief and rage that he had been unable to expedite as he ought to have done the packing intrusted

to his care. I was vexed at this, as the Widow Thorneycroft, her protégée, and the Rev. Mr Wishart, accompanied by a solicitor, were shortly expected; and it was desirable that a meeting of the antagonistic parties should be avoided. I descended to the lower regions to remonstrate with and hurry Martin, and found, as I feared, that his former evil habits had returned upon him. It was not yet twelve o'clock, and he was already partially intoxicated, and pale, trembling, and nervous from the effects, it was clear to me, of the previous night's debauch.

'Your mistress is grossly deceived in you!' I angrily exclaimed; 'and if my advice were taken, you would be turned out of the house at once without a character. There, don't attempt to bamboozle me with that nonsense; I've seen fellows crying drunk before now.'

He stammered out some broken excuses, to which I very impatiently listened; and so thoroughly muddled did his brain appear, that he either could not or would not comprehend the possibility of Mrs Allerton and her children being turned out of house and home, as he expressed it, and over and over again asked me if nothing could yet be done to prevent it. I was completely disgusted with the fellow, and sharply bidding him hasten his preparations for departure, rejoined the ladies, who were by this time assembled in the back drawing-room, ready shawled and bonneted for their journey. It was a sad sight. Rosamond Stewart's splendid face was shadowed by deep and bitter grief, borne, it is true, with pride and fortitude; but it was easy to see its throbbing pulsations through all the forced calmness of the surface. Her aunt, of a weaker nature, sobbed loudly in the fulness of her grief; and the children, shrinking instinctively in the chilling atmosphere of a great calamity, clung, trembling and half terrified, the eldest especially, to their mother. I did not insult them with phrases of condolence, but turned the conversation, if such it could be called, upon their future home and prospects in Switzerland. Some time had thus elapsed when my combative propensities were suddenly aroused by the loud dash of a carriage to the door, and the peremptory rat-tat-tat which followed. I felt my cheek flush as I said: 'They demand admittance as if in possession of an assured, decided right. It is not yet too late to refuse possession, and take the chances of the law's uncertainty.'

Mrs Allerton shook her head with decisive meaning. 'I could not bear it,' she said in a tone of sorrowful gentleness. 'But I trust we shall not be intruded upon.'

I hurried out of the apartment, and met the triumphant claimants. I explained the cause, and repeat, and suggested that Mrs Thorneycroft.

could amuse themselves in taking us for idiots? and I ran over the invincibility, 'is either a ridiculous or surrendered together, attempt at it.'

This was agreed to. At two or two before the conclusion of this necessary formality, I received a message from the ladies, expressive of a wish to be gone at once, if I would escort them to the hotel; and Martin, who was nowhere to be found, could follow. I hastened to comply with their wishes; and we were just about to issue from the front drawing-room, into which we had passed through the folding-doors, when we were confronted by the widow and her party, who had just reached the landing of the great staircase. We drew back in silence. The mutual confusion into which we were thrown caused a momentary hesitation only, and we were passing on when the butler suddenly appeared.

'A gentleman,' he said, 'an officer, is at the door, who wishes to see a Miss Maria Emsbury, formerly of Swindon.'

I stared at the man, discerned a strange expression in his face, and he glanced across me at the same moment that I had heard no knock at the door.

'See Miss Emsbury!' exclaimed the Widow Thorneycroft, recovering her speech: 'there is no such person here!'

'Pardon me, madam,' I cried, catching eagerly at the interruption, as a drowning man is said to do at a straw: 'this young person was at least Miss Emsbury. Desire the officer to walk up.' The butler vanished instantly, and we all huddled back disorderly into the drawing-room, some one closing the door after us. I felt the grasp of Mrs Allerton's arm tighten convulsively round mine, and her breath I heard came quick and short. I was hardly less agitated myself.

Steps—slow and deliberate steps—were presently heard ascending the stairs, the door opened, and in walked a gentleman in the uniform of a yeomanry officer, whom at the first glance I could have sworn to be the deceased Mr Henry Allerton. A slight exclamation of terror escaped Mrs Allerton, followed by a loud hysterical scream from the Swindon young woman, as she staggered forward towards the stranger, exclaiming: 'Oh merciful God!—my husband!' and then fell, overcome with emotion, in his outstretched arms.

'Yes,' said the Rev. Mr Wishart promptly, 'that is certainly the gentleman I united to Maria Emsbury. What can be the meaning of this scene?'

'Is that sufficient, Mr Sharp?' exclaimed the officer in a voice that removed all doubt.

'Quite, quite,' I shouted—'more than enough!'

'Very well, then,' said William Martin, dashing off his black curling wig, removing his whiskers of the same colour, and giving his own light, but now cropped, head of hair and clean-shaven cheeks to view. 'Now, then, send for the police, and let them transport me: I richly merit it. I married this young woman in a false name; I robbed her of her money, and I deserve the hulks, if anybody ever did.'

You might have heard a pin drop in the apartment whilst the repentant rascal thus spoke; and when he ceased, Mrs Allerton, unable to bear up against the tumultuous emotion which his words excited, sank without breath or sensation upon a sofa. Assistance was summoned; and whilst the as yet imperfectly-informed servants were running from one to another with restoratives, I had leisure to look around. The Widow Thorneycroft, who had dropped into a chair, sat gazing in bewildered dismay upon the stranger, who still held her lately-discovered niece-in-law in his arms; and I could see the hot perspiration which had gathered on her brow run in large drops down the white channels which they traced through the thick rouge of her cheeks. ^{the host} ~~at the Gloucestershire Yeomanry was, Mr~~ Angerstein is prepared to depose, Mr Henry Thorneycroft or Allerton.

'You waste time, reverend sir,' said Mr Flint with an affectation of firmness and unconcern he was, I knew, far from feeling. 'We are the attorneys of Mr. Rosamond, though no question as to the amount as great as that. The self-sacrifice, as he termed it, which he at last made, pleaded for him, and so did his pretty-looking wife; and the upshot was, that the mistaken bride's dowry was restored to him something over, and that a tavern was taken of them in Piccadilly—the White Bear I think it was—where they lived comfortably and happily, I have heard, for a considerable time, and having considerably added to their capital, removed to a hotel of a higher grade in the City, where they now reside. It was not at all surprising that the clergyman and others had been deceived. The disguise, and Martin's imitative talent, might have misled persons on their guard, much more men unsuspecting of deception. The cast in the eyes, as well as a general resemblance of features, also of course greatly aided the imposture.'

Of Mrs Rosamond Allerton, I have only to say, for it is all I know, that she is rich, unwedded, and still splendidly beautiful, though of course somewhat passé

compared with herself twenty years since. Happy, too, I have no doubt she is, judging from the placid brightness of her aspect the last time I saw her beneath the transept of the Crystal Palace, on the occasion of its opening by the Queen. I remember wondering at the time if she often recalled to mind the passage in her life which I have here recorded.

NON-TELESCOPIC VIEW OF THE ECLIPSE.

A COMPLETE eclipse of the sun is a very exciting event for the astronomers; but there are others who take as great an interest in knowing how the earth and its denizens behave themselves under the dispensation. Of such is Mr Robert Chambers, who has sent from Gottenburg in Sweden to the 'Edinburgh Evening Courant' a non-astronomical view of the scene, which we are in hopes may be satisfactory to many of our readers. We all know how unphilosophically the lower animals are said to have conducted themselves on the last occasion of the kind—the oxen, for instance, forming into a circle in the middle of a field with their horns outwards, as if they had believed with the Chinese that Eclipse was a monster in the act of swallowing the sun. It is pleasant to think that these animals have ruminated to some purpose since then, and that at Gottenburg they went coolly on with their dinner during the progress of the phenomenon. We wish we could say as much for the diffusion of enlightenment among their human masters; but we must let our friend tell the story in his own words.

The intrusion of the non-scientific being deprecated by all the philosophic observers, I resolved to head what I called a Zoological Section, to be placed in some convenient spot where the general effect might be well seen, and where we should have opportunities of watching the conduct of the lower animals during the progress of the phenomenon. We found a suitable place in the fertile island opposite to Klippen, about three miles from Gottenburg, an eminence about a hundred feet above the sea, where cattle, horses, pigs, and geese were feeding. Here we took our station at two o'clock. Besides hand-telescopes and lorgnettes, with ships of dimmed glass, we had no philosophical instruments except a thermometer to determine any change of temperature which might take place, and a compass to ascertain the meridian line, with a view to our use of a small chart of the position of the stars and planets with which Mr Swan had furnished us. There being few lodges in Gottenburg, and as a cottage back to a tolerably good inn, we were obliged to take a room at the latter. I had a very unexpected presence. A look at his face and head dissipated a half-suspicion that had arisen in both Flint's mind and my own.

I asked him a few questions relative to the sojourn of his master at Bath, and then said: 'I wish you to go with me and see this *great phenomenon* in our party.' The dulling of the daylight was soon detected. Then the wind, which blew briskly, was felt to be chilly. Glasses were handed from one to another, that each person might have an opportunity of trying all. Remarks on the amount of the sun's body obscured, on his appearance as he gradually assumed a crescent form, and on the slightly ragged character of the edge of the moon, passed between us. I kept a good watch upon the animals round about; but cows, pigs, horses, and geese all alike continued to feed, as if nothing unusual were impending. In the midst of my anxiety on this subject, the neighbouring farmer sent boys to drive home his cows, thinking that they would be safer there, and, notwithstanding our remonstrances, we lost the attendance of those ruminants. After all, they were left out close to the house, and a lady was good enough to take her station there to observe them.

It may be readily imagined that as the moment of total obscuration approached the excitement waxed in

intensity. It was indeed scarcely possible at that time to maintain anything like coolness, so anxious were we all to make the best use of the short time which we knew was to be allowed to us. A great dullness had now taken possession of the landscape, and settled in ghastly fashion upon every upturned countenance. Yet, while even a very thin slip of the sun's body remained out he maintained a very considerable brightness, and the sky in that quarter was full of light. The degree of illumination over the face of the country seemed to me much the same as that which prevailed during the annular eclipse of 1836. It was a good twilight, but of a very peculiar hue, and shedding a sort of horror over external nature, instead of the usual soft shades of evening. On the whole, however, there was less darkness up to this time than might have been anticipated. I could almost say that the change of the temperature was more intrusive upon our observation. The thermometer had sunk from 67° to 59° Fahrenheit, and the ladies had all found it necessary to invest themselves in shawls and cloaks.

The last thing which I remember observing just before the sun was wholly covered, was the deep gloom of the sky in the north-west—a frown like that which heralds the most dreadful storm. The moment of the totality was a striking one, for the transition from the considerable light described to that very much reduced amount which attended complete obscuration, was extremely abrupt.

'At one stride come, the dark.'

We suddenly found ourselves able to look at the sun (so to speak) with the naked eye. There we were, gazing fearfully on the wondrous object in the western sky, while exclamations of wonder and awe burst confusedly from every lip. It was, as it were, a black sun with the usual corona of radiation flaming around it; but only for a short space, and the colour changed to a blue livid tint. Some were eager at this moment to detect the stars, others to observe the conduct of the animals; but in the fluttering horror of the scene, and the intense solicitude about the brevity of the opportunity, less was done than we could have wished. We readily found Venus, which was a little way below the sun, to the right; but I vainly looked for Mercury equidistant in the opposite direction. Jupiter presented himself near the meridian, and some one was convinced he saw a star, which I think must have been Alphard, in an intermediate position. Meanwhile our flock of geese went off homewards, flapping their wings, and our host's watch-dog ran away in a strangely excited manner. One observed a canary, which had been slightest degree sunning at the bottom of its cage. She would not, however, sing. Another found the wild a court of law. Sometimes a spot near us, where thereafter come to light the scene. The cattle, however, and the horses, and our zeal, continued to feed, as if nothing had been the matter. I had the opportunity of observing any birds; but the lady who attended to the cows saw some chickens leaping in a singular manner in the farm-yard, and she heard the cocks crow several times.

Although Gottenburg was only a few miles from the centre of the shadow, I cannot say that the darkness nearly amounted to that of a moonless night. I suppose that diffraction theoretically forbids our looking for perfect darkness—the light from beyond the shadow pressing in to some degree all round. Nevertheless, by a natural exaggeration, even scientific observers have spoken of the totality as a transient night-time. My report would be, that the darkness is very great, *to be a thing occurring during the day*, and words cannot convey a sense of the impression it makes on the beholders; but it certainly is far from being comparable, in point of obscurity, to true night. Our seeing only two planets and one star throughout the whole sky seems sufficient proof of this.

It was interesting to observe the rapid changes of the sky during the passage of the shadow. First there was the gloomy north-west, as the shadow came on; and at the same time an evening-like glow of amber light in the opposite quarter. Then the gloom gradually shifted to the south-east, and a kind of dawn began in the quarter which had before shewn so terrible a frown. If I were not afraid of being fanciful, I could almost say I saw the shadow pass in the air over our heads; nay, could almost say I heard it, for at such a moment one can hardly tell by what sense it is that he becomes conscious of what is going on.

At length the too short three-and-a-half minutes having passed, a piercing illumination broke out, apparently from a single point, in the eastern limb of the obscured body, and we felt that all was over. There was now nothing new to occur, for of course the clearing of the sun was just a reversal of the process of his obscuration. Our party, therefore, instantly proceeded to act as if the eclipse were at an end, gathering up their instruments and other articles, and preparing to move homewards. Though it was still a kind of dusk, we felt that the ordinary world was restored to us.

I am glad to learn to-day that at least one of our scientific observers has been fortunate enough to observe those rose-coloured prominences, from the obscured body of the sun, which have been observed on several former occasions, but are hitherto matter of considerable doubt. It is probable that some progress will now be made towards the clearing up of that mystery.

We have had a great deal of amusement in hearing of the manner in which this eclipse was regarded beforehand by the ignorant people of this country. A general sense of alarm was felt amongst the peasantry for several weeks, inasmuch that in some places agricultural operations were suspended, or very imperfectly performed. A clergyman of the neighbourhood, the Dr — of Sweden, preached that the world was coming to an end, and that he would undertake to maintain all who should survive the eclipse. Yesterday it was found that some things sent out to be washed could not be got ready, by reason of the terrors under which the *blanchisseuse* was suffering. The daughter of our friend's cook came here in the morning, that she and her mother might perish together; while another daughter, unable to get leave from her mistress, bitterly bewailed her being debarred the same privilege. Another notion was, that the language of the people would be changed by the eclipse. I rather think there is a kind of ill-will felt towards us English, as if we had come the other day by the *Courier* on purpose to *make the eclipse*. The clustering of groups in the streets, and their expressions of astonishment and terror, would, I am told, have formed a by no means unsuitable study for the Zoological Section. The low state of Sweden in point of education, and the natural effects of such a phenomenon upon the unenlightened mind, are thus strongly brought before us.

SAM SUNDRIES AND HIS CONGENERS.

SAM SUNDRIES—to give him the name by which he is universally known among his neighbours—lives in the Bagginses Wells Road. He keeps a shop, the physiognomy of which, being of a very unpretentious, bottle-blue colour, is anything but prepossessing. Bottles of every known form of configuration, with their concave bottoms uniformly ranged against every pane, fill up the entire window, and the very little light which can succeed in struggling through the prostrate files, reveals to you within a succession of shelves, range above range, still covered with bottles, among which, however, you may discern whole rows of pickling jars, preserve and jelly pots, and every species of crockery and earthenware applicable to the business of the

dispensing-room or the kitchen. Bottles, however, are but a small part of his wares—the ostensible head and front of his commercial speculations. The whole domain of Sam Sundries is a warehouse or storeyard, crammed to excess with the *disjecta membra* of past realities. Bricks, pantiles, slates, chimney-pots, wains-cottings, doors, windows, shop-fronts, sashes, counters, blocks of stone, bars of metal, rolls of lead, iron-railings, gateways, stoves, knockers, scrapers, pipes and funnels, copper pots, pans, and boilers, and everything which has a name or a use, and many things which have neither, are stored in rich and rusty abundance in the ample yards and sheds in the rear of his residence. He will buy anything and everything which the regular dealers have rejected—from the roof of an old house to its rotten kitchen-floor, and from the wardrobe of the master to the perquisite bones and grease of the scullion-wench. Besides a good connection among the medical practitioners of his district, whom he supplies with phials at a fraction under the market-price, he has intimate relations with Monmouth Street and Rag Fair—the denizens of which localities clear off his collections of 'toggery' at their periodical visits. His dépôt is the daily resort of little speculating builders and repairers; and he reaps a considerable profit by the ready sale to cheap contractors of an infinite variety of materials which it is possible to work up again in the construction of a new edifice. He has a standing agreement with the artists' colourmen, to whom he scrupulously transfers all the old and well-seasoned oak and mahogany panelling that comes in his way, and by whom it is scientifically primed and prepared for the artists' use.

He is, moreover, a builder in a small way himself. In this department he is what the Americans would call a smart man. Having a sharp eye for prospective advantages, he is often unexpectedly discovered to be the proprietor of a little square patch of land lying directly in the track of a new suburban street, where he has run up a wooden hut, tenanted by an Irish labourer, and which has to be purchased at a swingeing price before the new buildings can be completed. He has a dozen or two of nondescript cottages—queer-looking compilations of old bricks and older timber, perched upon 'spec.' in the precise path of the advancing improvements in different quarters. He constitutes himself not the pioneer, but the stumbling-block in the march of civilisation. He is part and parcel of the rubbish which has to be moved out of the way. His erections are built up to be pulled down—the sooner the better for him; but his speculations of this nature have a disastrous effect upon the public, through the introduction of vermin not to be named into new buildings—his colonised old bricks being invariably worked up in the party-walls, probably to save the trouble and expense of carting them away. Though possessed of a vast amount of a rather equivocal description of property, Sam has but little ready money at his command; and the reason is, that much of what is refuse in other men's eyes is treasure in his, and he constantly converts his cash into stock, being tempted by the famous bargains which in his line of business are always to be had. With a floating capital of some 'seven pun' ten, he considers himself well furnished for the market; and if any sudden emergency necessitates a greater outlay, he gives his bill, and honours it duly when presented.

Arrived at your dwelling in the pursuit of his vocation—on the eve of the removal-day, we shall say, when you are in a hopeless amotherment with rubbish of all kinds—it is astonishing to witness the ease and celerity with which he sorts, arranges, and values the heterogeneous mass you are anxious to get rid of. He gets through a gross of bottles in a few minutes, rejecting the starred culprits almost instinctively, and, ranking the sound ones in rows, flicks them off at so

much per dozen. Boots, shoes, boxes, hampers, old hats, old clothes, old books and papers, deal-boards, and abandoned utensils of every sort, are all despatched with equal celerity; and having informed you that 'thirty bob is his money for the whole bilin'—take 'em or leave 'em'—a sentence, by the way, from which you could no more move him than you could transplant Niagara to Spitalfields—he politely insinuates that he will, if it is any accommodation to you, remove the broken glass into the bargain, which, as he is known to deal very largely in that material, is not greatly to be wondered at.

Sam Sundries is considered a substantial tradesman, and 'warm man' by his compeers in his immediate neighbourhood, and piques himself not a little upon that respectability, which, having achieved for himself, he proudly regards as his most valuable possession. Though he and his wife family live up to the eyes in lumber of every imaginable sort, and may be seen of a hot summer day dining together from a pound of apocryphal sausages, forked out of the frying-pan and caught upon a hunch of bread, yet the pride of independence gleams in every eye, from the young bottle-inip who rattles shot in oily phials the livelong day, to the indefatigable mother of the seven Sundries, who to the care of her numerous family adds the service of the shop. Sam has a host of imitators in the various districts in and around London, of the majority of whom it may be said that, lacking his spirit of speculation and his command of a species of natural arithmetic, which together have been the foundation of his success—for he is utterly devoid of education—they cut but a sorry figure upon small and uncertain gains. Their shops abound in the neighbourhood of Saffron Hill and the Cowgate, and in the whole of the back-way track that leads from Liquorpond Street westward, and in a hundred similar localities besides. Many of them are professedly brokers; but the last page of the auctioneer's catalogue is their *vade-mecum*; and they may be seen straggling into the saleroom at the termination of the day's business, when the regular professional brokers are leaving, with the view of monopolising the few last lots of sundries at their own price. In this laudable purpose, however, they are often defeated by the presence of one or more sturdily old dowager cook or house-keeper, or owner of a lodging-house, who having sat doggedly through the whole sale without bidding, elevates her sonorous voice at last in favour of the entire shoal of pots, pickles, pans, and pickle-jars, which are knocked down to her at their full value, to the rage and consternation of her grim and aggravated rivals.

As the current of business does not flow very briskly in the narrow, tortuous, and poverty-stricken thoroughfares where necessity has compelled these dealers in odds-and-ends to locate their shops, they find themselves compelled to sally forth in pursuit of that traffic which in some shape or other is indispensable to their existence. Having no very profound or scrupulous convictions on the score of morality to contend with, their invention and ingenuity have free scope; and many and various are the machinations and contrivances by which they manage to recommend their services to certain sections of the public. A small hand-bill, not four inches square—both paper and print being of the last-dying-speech-and-confession quality—is lying upon our desk as we write. It was picked up in the area, where it had been dropped for the special information of the servant-girl; and it instructs all whom it may concern, and female domestics in particular, that John G—, of — Lane, Clerkenwell, 'gives the best price for bones, bottles, rags, and kitchen-stuff, all sorts of wearing-apparel, china, glass, and every description of property whatever, without trouble or inconvenience;' and further, that the said John G— 'may be relied upon in all circum-

stances.' Another, issued by a member of the same fraternity, copies of which are plentifully circulated at the approach of every recurring quarter-day, and which is palpably intended for the grave consideration of 'heads of houses' who may be contemplating a march by moonlight, enlarges upon the immense convenience proffered by Ezra L—, 'who has money at command to any amount for the especial accommodation of his friends, and who will take charge of their securities, of whatever kind, at any hour—advancing the needed sum before removal.' These disinterested announcements, there can be little doubt, procure them favour and encouragement from certain sections of the community, and may go far to account for the abnormal increase in the amount of tradesmen's bills, so mysterious to unsophisticated housekeepers; and also for the sudden abandonment and dismantling of many a well-furnished house, to the alarm and consternation of the defrauded landlord. But these are bold speculations, contrived and carried into execution by the choice spirits of the class—the underhand Napoleons of industry—and are far above the genius and enterprise of the great majority. Honesty is a policy with some, who to their profession as general dealers add the exercise of some useful craft, which, when there is no demand for it at home, they carry forth into the suburbs, lifting up their voices in the streets, or making application at the doors and areas. Thus if your parlour-window has a broken pane, and you do not immediately send for the glazier, it is odds but one of these travelling professionals knocks at your door, and offers to do the necessary repairs at five-and-twenty per cent. less than the trade-price; which, having consented to, you find, from the quality of the glass he has inserted, is no bargain after all. Others mend cane-chairs, and will weave a new seat in the course of an hour and a half, at the charge of ninepence, including the materials. Some are unlicensed hawkers of china and glass; but they evade the penalty pronounced by the act of parliament by refusing to take money for their goods, which they barter for any species of domestic refuse or cast-off apparel. Of these there are a very numerous class who perambulate periodically a regular beat, and who keep up an extensive connection in the prosecution of this kind of barter. Not a few of them are assisted by their wives, who divide the labour with them, taking alternate journeys. The co-operation of the wife is found of considerable advantage in the department of trade, as by her means a greater degree of familiarity with the patrons of this kind of commerce, who are invariably females, is established than could ever be accomplished by the cajoleries of the husband alone. When he starts out upon his expedition, he carries a large basket on his head and a capacious sack slung upon his shoulders. He takes his silent way along the accustomed track, never opening his lips in public, but calling privately upon his several patrons. 'Anything in my way to-day, marm?' is his modest appeal. If a negative is returned, he loses no time, but vanishes at once. Should, however, the slightest symptom of hesitation be manifested, down drops the basket upon the door-step, and the glittering display of glasses, cruets, bowls, basins, jugs, and dishes, soon operates a decisive effect. The contents of his basket are gradually exchanged for the exuviae of the various members of the several families on his list, or for such household requisites of a portable description, which with him comprises a wide range, as long service has divested of their original integrity and respectability of appearance—all which go into the bag, very much, there is scarcely reason to remark, to the advantage of the peripatetic dealer, who, in reverting to the elementary practices of commerce, becomes necessarily from his position his own appraiser and umpire. The wares he carries about with him, for disposal are uniformly the defective and rejected productions of the potteries and glass-houses,

and are purchased in large quantities, at a very low rate, for this peculiar description of trade.

Sometimes a brace of speculators in sundries will sally forth together on what is technically termed the 'pick-up.' Their object is to buy—no matter what—with a view to a round profit. One of their favourite plans is to call at every open door, professing to give a high price for bottles and old clothes. The farther they get from Bow Bells the more liberal become their offers, until when fairly out in the country, they boldly offer three shillings a dozen for bottles which your wine-merchant sells you for two. But, in fact, bottles they don't want; and, what is more than that, bottles they won't have. The following scene, detailed by an eye-witness, exemplifies their *modus operandi*.—

Scene.—A Wayside Farm. Enter Two Tramps with Sacks on their Shoulders.

First Tramp. Yah, yah! Now, ladies, bring out your bottles and old clo'es! Three shillins a dozen for bottles; now 's your time! Bring out your old clo'es! Three shillins a dozen—bottles, ho! bottles! bottle—ottle—ottle—ottle—ottles [*With a gurgling noise like the eruption of double-stout from an uncorked bottle of Guinness.*]

Second Tramp. Yah—ah—ah! Now for the old hats and bonnets! Never mind the dust! Now for the old coats and gowns, pangtyloons and gayters—hainy-thunk! Rummage 'em out—now 's your time, ladies!

Farmer's Wife. (*Calling from the casement.*) Here, come in my good man; I've got a mort o' bottles.

Scene changes to Farm-house Kitchen. The Goodwife drags forth a couple of dozen of Black Bottles, and ranks them on the Floor.

First Tramp. Now, look alive, Ned. Go over them there bottles while I looks at the toggery. Where's the old clo'es, marm?

Farmer's Wife. Clothes! I got no clothes to sell as I know of: I haven't a sed nothin' about no clothes.

First Tramp. I daresay you can look up a few, marm. Can't buy all bottles and no clo'es: must be some o' both sorts, marm. Bottles is very well, but must be some clo'es.

Farmer's Wife. Well, let me see; there be an old coat I do think my maister ha' done wi': I'll go and see. Setty down a minnit. [*Exit, and returns in a few minutes with a coat and pair of pantaloons.*] Here be a coat and trousers; what be 'e gwin to gimmy for they?—they baint very hard done by you see.

First Tramp. Let 's have a look at 'em. Come, I'll give you a shillin for the two—eightpence for the coat and fourpence for the pants.

Farmer's Wife. Eightpence for theas coat? Why, a's wuth a half-crown, anybody's money!

First Tramp. Lor' love your 'ansome face! How d'ye think I can give half-a-crown for that there coat when I'm a goin to give three shillin a dozen for bottles?—'taint in reason!

Second Tramp. (*In an audible whisper.*) These is thundrin' good bottles, Bill!

Farmer's Wife. Well, let me see; that 'll make seven shillings altogether. Well, well, I s'pose you must have 'em.

First Tramp. Here, Ned, clap them togs in the bag. I may as well pay you for 'em at once, marm. [*Pays her a shilling, while Ned sacks the clothes.*]

Farmer's Wife. But the bottles? B'aint ee gwin to pay for the bottles?

First Tramp. Oh,artinly, marm. But you see, lor' love you! we can't ear bottles in a bag: we must go and fetch 'em for them. We'll pay of course when we fetch 'em away. [*Second Tramp—manet Farmer's Wife as a cloud.*]

The good woman keeps the bottles waiting for the sampler so long as she has any faith in its arrival, but as that consummation is delayed from hour to hour,

she at length comes by degrees to appreciate the true nature of the transaction.

The modes of cheating are as various as those of getting a livelihood. The above is but one sample out of thousands of the manner in which the simple are daily mystified by the sharp-witted knaves of the metropolis.

With the exception of some few successful examples who, like Sam Sundries, have got the world under their feet, the dealers of this class occupy a position midway between the keepers of rag-shops, who beneath the auspices of a black doll suspended aloft over the doorway, keep open-house for the reception of bones, rags, and grease, and those connoisseurs in mahogany and French polish—the furniture-brokers. They carry on a branch of commerce which the necessities of a numerous section of society have called into being. In their dark and dingy shops and sheds the poor labourer and the scantily-paid artisan finds, at a price commensurate with his means, the various utensils and appliances of such humble housekeeping as he can afford to maintain; and but for some such a market as their obscure depositories supply, thousands of our fellow-creatures would be reduced to shift without the domestic conveniences of life. It is their task to rescue from the fire and the axe, and from the very jaws of destruction, the worn-out and abandoned implements of housewifery and comfort contemptuously cast forth from the dwellings of the upper and middle classes, and to refit and re-establish them for the accommodation of the very poor. In the exercise of this vocation they are found to manifest a degree of ingenuity and perseverance worthy of a better reward than it sometimes obtains, seeing that the parties with whom they have mostly to do are even more indigent than themselves. That as a class they are frequently brought into very intimate relations with the police force, and find their wanderings confined for a season to the limited area of a prison cell, does not invalidate the fact, that there are among them many honest and worthy individuals, to whom the world is indebted for much painstaking and ill-requited labour.

BROADSIDES.

THIS is not an article on naval warfare. Our broadsides are merely those sheets of paper printed on one side, that they may be pasted for public perusal on a wall or some conspicuous place. They are otherwise called placards, and the French call them *affiches*, on account of their being so fixed. The term broadsides is one of late use in the bibliographical world, where it has become a passion to collect these documents, their oddity, absurdity, and triflingness being generally considered to enhance their value. Nor is such an appreciation utterly groundless if we consider the nature of the greater part of these publications, intended to be merely temporary, and to express the passing excitements and agitations of the moment. Immediately after they have served their purpose they are useless; no one has an interest in preserving them, and they are easily and naturally destroyed. Hence any that may happen to survive and reappear in a different age and state of society are welcomed as curious and expressive memorials of the past, shewing 'the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.' For instance, nothing will tell more emphatically the history of an election than those boasting or sarcastic announcements to the gaping crowd, which are so fugitive that they often do not last an hour, being spitefully destroyed by 'the other side,' or covered over by rival proclamations. A series of election placards of Sir Robert Walpole's day would be extremely interesting, as doubtless a like collection relating to our own age would be a century hence.

A history of placards might involve great investiga-

tion and learning, and afford a valuable chapter of the history of the human race. Before the invention of printing this form of announcement, by which one document could be read by many, must have been of great importance, as the only method, besides vocal utterance, by which news or statements could be rapidly made public. But in barbarous times the importance of the placard would necessarily be limited by the number of individuals able to read. Scripture furnishes many solemn instances of this kind of publication, and the student will remember Virgil's compliment to Augustus, affixed to his palace and claimed by Bathyllus, whom the poet so effectually exposed, by affixing some imperfect lines which the false appropriator could not complete. At later times in the same city, an endless succession of placards received the memorable name of *Pasquinades* or *Pasquils*, still used by literary collectors, and applied to whatever is short, witty, and severe. It seems to be considered essential to a pasquil that it should be malicious, and calculated to serve no good purpose. The origin of the term is curious. Near the Ursini Palace at Rome was the booth of a shoemaker, or, as he is sometimes termed, a tinker, named *Pasquino*. Centuries must have elapsed since he existed, as the writers at the commencement of the seventeenth century speak of his shop as a matter of tradition: that shop, it was said, had been a centre of wit and repartee—a place of idle, useless chat, as the moralists call it. It chanced that after *Pasquino's* death, a colossal but mutilated armed figure was dug up in the neighbourhood, and erected in a conspicuous place. It became a practice with the citizens who had written any bitter, personal gibes which they desired to publish anonymously, to write them out and paste them on the statue. Thus the fragment of statuary having become a silent communicator of the same kind of bitter wit which emanated from the tradesman's booth, succeeded to his name, and bore that name of '*Pasquino*' so long, that its origin may be considered doubtful. The satires or lampoons were generally pasted on the statue during the night, and here, in the centre of papal authority, appeared some of the most bitter attacks on the reigning pontiffs: it was, indeed, the importance attributed to these that made the term *pasquinade* so celebrated.*

This leads us by association to another and more serious kind of placard which came to be levelled against the same quarter. The old universities of Europe were not, like our modern colleges, isolated bodies with separate regulations—they had a free interchange, a kind of masonic community, by which a person holding a position in one of them was admitted as a brother by all the others, and held his rank, whatever it might be, in each seat of learning. As the counterpart of such a uniformity—which perhaps could not have been carried out but for the general supremacy of the pope over all educational establishments—the student who claimed university distinctions had to stand his trial or examination in the face, as it were, of the whole republic of letters. He thus fixed a placard on the door of his college, challenging all comers to dispute certain points with him, which were set forth in Latin, in distinct portions or *theses*. The debate was conducted in the same language, and was often long and tedious; for in those days scholars spoke Latin, at least a species of it, as readily as their native tongue, and they were fully as fond of disputation as the learned of the present day. The disputant was entitled to certain hospitalities from the college, and in particular cases, if he showed a certain amount of skill, to a pecuniary reward. It was through these disputations that the Admirable Crichton made his renowned sensation in the learned world. He was so perpetually placarding every church and college, however, with his

defying challenges, that he almost brought the practice into ridicule. It is commiserated, that a wit wrote under one of these boastful announcements—'And those who wish to see him may go to the Falcon Inn, where he will be exhibited alive.' This was the form in which the itinerant exhibitors of wild beasts invited people to their show, and it created considerable ridicule against Crichton.

In some places the practice of 'impugning,' as it was termed, lingered so long that Goldsmith profited by it in his continental wanderings. One body of lawyers in this country still keeps up the practice, and we have seen at the entrance-door of the court in which they practise the theses pasted up, challenging an argument. This sort of intellectual gladiators has, however, sadly degenerated; for we have been told that practically the individual who requires to go through the form of disputation, can get no one to be at the trouble of acting the part of antagonist unless he be provided with a counter argument fairly written out. Besides these ceremonial occasions, the practice of placarding theses at a university gate was a common one when any one wished to conduct an argument against all the learned world on some point of importance. The controversial spirit of the age got out in this form as it now does in newspapers and pamphlets. The hot-headed, ill-tempered, perverse disputative men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries thus began and carried on their controversies. For instance, a Scotsman who had been ill used, as he believed, in his own country, thus made an attack on it, pasting his theses on the gate of a college at Oxford. His fate was somewhat memorable, as the act was construed into high treason, and he suffered death. It is far more important to notice that most of the great debates during the Reformation were conducted in this form. The reader of history will at once remember Luther's theses against the indulgences, pasted up in Wittenberg at the festival of All Saints.

We wonder if an actual original copy of this document be extant? We question it. In miscellaneous collections of broadsides, however, if they be a century or two old, one cannot help falling on very curious and interesting documents. Thus in a bundle before us, we take out and read one printed in black letter, as it was the fashion to print public documents in Britain in the seventeenth century. It is the proclamation by Charles I., adjourning the parliament of 1628, on account of the petition of rights, the attacks on his favourite the Duke of Buckingham, and the remonstrance against the tax of tonnage and poundage. To those who read the royal communications to parliament at the present day, the haughty, imperious tone of the document will seem startling. The king says:—

'It hath so happened, by the disobedient and seditious carriage of those said ill-affected persons of the House of Commons, that we and our royal authority and commandment have been so highly contemned, as our kingly office cannot bear, nor any former age can parallel; and therefore it is our full and absolute resolution to dissolve the same parliament; wherefore we thought good to give notice unto all the lords spirituall and temporall, and to the knights, citizens, and burghesses of this present parliament, and to all others whom it may concerne, that they may depart about their needful affairs without attending any longer here. Nevertheless, we will that they, and all others should take notice, that we doe, and ever will distinguish between those who have shewed good affection to religion and government, and those that have given themselves ever to faction, and to worke disturbance to the peace and good order of our kingdomes.' Along with this comes 'a proclamation for suppressing of false rumours touching parliament,' against ill-disposed persons who have spread abroad false rumours, 'as if the scandalous and seditious proposition in the House

* See for a full account of *Pasquin*, No. 109 of this Journal.

of Commons, made by an outlawed man, desperate in mind and fortune, which was tumultuously taken up by some few after that by our royal authority we had commanded an adjournment, had been the vote of the whole House, whereas the contrary is the truth.

The 'outlawed' or outlawed man is an allusion to John Pym, who afterwards hunted to the scaffold Strafford, the principal adviser of these arbitrary acts. It suggests many striking reflections to find in the same collection of scraps & broadside which appears to have been hawked through the streets of London called Verses Written by Thom as I rule of Strafford a Little before his Death. Though Strafford does not appear in Walpole's 'Royal and Noble Authors' these verses, if they be genuine, might have given him a better title than many who are included in that work. We shall give the first three stanzas, which show that the poem has a good deal of solemn eloquence.

'Goe, empty joys,
With all your noise,
And leave me here alone
In sweet, sad silence to bemoane
Your sun and fleet delight,
Whose danger none can see aright
Whilst your false splendour duns his sight
Go, and men use,
With your false woe,
Some other time wight,
And chat him with your flattering light,
Ram on his head a shower
Of human favours, wealth, and jewel—
Then snatch it from him in an hour
I'll his big mind
With gallant wind
Of insolent applause
Let him not feel all curbing laws,
Nor king nor people's frown,
But dream of someth'g like a crown,
And, climbing toward it, tumble down.'

The placards during the progress of the Revolution a bundle of which lay before us—must have been intensely exciting. Although there was no actual civil war, except what afterwards took place in Ireland and the Highlands, yet the wisest men of the day believed a conflict inevitable. There never was perhaps, a period in history when there was more anxiety and unmothered excitement. Hence one cannot touch these now mute and dusty announcements without remembering how they were at one time fraught with the deepest vital interest to the breathless crowds who read them. While James was still in his pulchre and the Dutch prince with his army had been but faintly welcomed, a pure of paper, about the size of an ordinary letter, and intended perhaps for circulation among members of parliament and corporations, contains 'the proposals of the Right Honourable the Lords High Treasurers, Nottingham, Godolphin, to the Prince of Orange.' This was a proposal from the king, intended to be popular as it offered to call 'a free parliament.' In another mere slip of paper, such as porters hand to one in the street, is the prince's answer, also intended to be popular, and more successful, because more specific. He proposes that the two armies shall be kept at an equal distance from London, and that Tilbury Fort be put into the hands of the city. The next document is so dusty, stained, and worn as to be scarcely legible—it is the declaration of the association 'for the defence of the Protestant religion, and for maintaining the ancient government and the laws and liberties of England, Scotland, and Ireland.' It is brief but emphatic. It was, in fact, the announcement that the Whig party were prepared to support the prince's cause with arms in their hands, the announcement being contained in these threatening words: 'Whereas we are engaged in this common cause, under the protection of the Prince

of Orange, by which means his person may be exposed to dangers, and to the desperate and cursed attempts of papists and other bloody men we do therefore solemnly engage, both to God and to one another, that if any such attempts are made upon him, we will pursue not only those who make them, but all their adherents, until all that we find in arms against us, with the utmost severities of a just revenge, to their ruin and destruction.'

At the conclusion of this emphatic denunciation comes an 'Advertisement.' Such as have not signed this association may do it at St James's (in the room formerly called the Duke of York's Council Chamber) every day between the hours of ten and one in the forenoon and five and seven in the afternoon. Thus the revolutionists were already in occupation of a chamber where the Stuart monarch had once presided. In a few days his helpless daughter was to be running through his palace and estimating her new possessions. In the meantime a narrow slip of paper, the most important of all signed 'Jo Brown clerk of parliament, proclaims 'William and Mary Prince and Princess of Orange to be King and Queen of England France and Ireland, with all the dominions and territories thereto belonging.' Scotland it will be observed is not mentioned in this document. It was a separate independent kingdom transacting its business in its own way and its sovereignty could not be settled by the English parliament but that body included Ireland as a dependency and Ireland because it was a mere sovereignty of pretence. The most important document is that of the 1st of January, 1701, whose graces are afterwards with it. It would almost seem as if the printer had been a Jacobite who intended thus symbolically to put his tongue in his cheek while proclaiming the Revolution but in reality he probably troubled himself not about the place and then it is believed that he took the first type that came to hand.

A bundle of placards is likely to be seen than as a collection is the contents of a printed slip. The next we turn up is an advertisement of a highly-inflated character, by an individual named Mr. Gregory. There is something interesting in this itself as it had evidently been adapted to avoid the penalties against using the surname of MackGregory family had adopted the same termination. I am guessing however with the Highland patronym. MacGregory has been recorded the father of Dr. John Gregory was seriously disturbed in his philosophical retirement by Robt. MacGregory claiming a right in ship with him. The Mr. MacGregory whose placard comes to hand has it appears, desired, what is every man's object at the present day—to get some account of his wonderful qualifications to serve the public set forth in a newspaper, as a piece of information which it is important that the world should possess. What also frequently occurs where such modest requests are made, the editor to whom he applied for the 'Edinburgh Courier'—would only give him a stomachic place in an advertisement. Nay, even in that shape, he insisted on divesting it of its flowery decorations, and, as we shall presently see, this was not wonderful. Having, he tells us, sent some articles concerning his profession of geography and history and the languages, and the Courtoisier having, out of a mistake, changed them, placed them among his advertisements, and by so doing spoiled the sense of them, Mr. MackGregory himself has now ordered an advertisement of his own to be published, which gives an account of the nature of his profession, &c. Mr. MackGregory's account of himself is, that he is a licentiate of both laws, civil and canon, of the university of Angers. Having, since the Peace of Ryswick, at several courses travelled over all Europe, and over a part of Asia and Africa, as far as the river Euphrates, the Red Sea, and the Nile, and having had extraordinary occasions of seeing and ob-

servant everything remarkable both by land and sea, in the Orient as well as in the Occident, what remains of antiquity as well as what is modern, having lived at most of the courts of Europe, especially at that of France, and at those of Italy and Germany, and of late in Switzerland, having been employed in the public business in maintaining and carrying on the confederate designs and in traversing those of the two crowns, by virtue of a joint commission of resident at Paris for the ministers of the emperor, the queen of Great Britain, and the 'Sole General.' He intimates that, having returned home, he intends to put the knowledge acquired in these important capacities to the humble duty of teaching. What he undertakes to teach may be briefly expressed as—everything. Mr MackGregory is not, however, a man of brevity. He is not content with laying down his qualifications in general heads—as history, geography, art, science, or the like—but he fills the several departments with an enumeration of everything, whether it be a subject or the minutest matter, that his memory recalls to him. Thus in announcing his capacity to teach geography or topography he proceeds in this manner. I vividly describing countries, situations, ports, mountains, valleys, hills, plains, rivers, marshes, river brooks, canals, sources, cataracts, marshes, lakes, channels, bays, seas, gulphs, straits, bays, harbours, shores, the coast of the Mediterranean in the channel of the Tivoli, the north of the Red Sea, climates, soils, products, such as marble, money, trees, armies, fleets, ways of travelling, and, finally, the time of places, land and water, current, public offices, music, entertainment, public games, public prisons, churches, and so on in an endless jumble. This is about a fourth part of the details enumerated under the head of geography. One in a million what an ill use it is to go on in such a manner. Mr MackGregory must have had a very ill, and ill mind—such is that of the man who is mentioned by the old logicians as dividing his library into books in divinity, theology, medicine, black-letter, Latin, vellum, and leather.

THE HINDOO JOURNAL

SCENE—A GARDEN IN A VILLAGE. THE OLD MEN meet whom we have seen at the last.

1st Old Man. Hark! what sounds of wailing!

2d Old Man. Ramdohar! I think our poor neighbour in yonder hut is dead on dying, she was seized yesterday forenoon with cholera.

3d Old Man. That is the most dreadful scourge in the hands of Yama, the god of death.

1st Old Man. Yes, Mahuraj, who can fly from his unerring shafts? Are not our fates written upon our foreheads in black lines which no one can decipher?

2d Old Man. I could scarcely sleep for the hooting of the owl last night, and my wife kept piously calling out that she would cut off the witch's nose, and beat her with a besom. It was of no use, on went the unearthly wail, as the foul creature called for her prey, and, Ramdohar! if I did not see on yon nympha tree two black crows crows early this morning, as I opened the door. They were holding dark counsel together, and devouring their ludicrous breakfast.

3d Old Man. These are sure forerunners of death—birds of Sami the god of time. The period of their life is a hundred years, and yet how few of them we see on this earth! These very birds were doubtless devouring their own offspring, as Sami himself does his children.

1st Old Man. God only can tell—but list how the poor women yonder are wailing, asking their mother why

she is dying, why she is going into another state of existence, and expressing their anxiety to know in what new form she will next wander about for her sins in the world.

2d Old Man. Whether our neighbour be dead or dying, I must say that she was an exemplary wife during her life, and will surely go into a cow, an elephant, or some other, clean thing. She could not become a suttee—although her husband died long since, before the pious custom was prohibited—because she was soon to become a mother for the second time. However I saw her with her eldest boy—then five years old, and when she herself was about twenty—going round the pile upon which her lord's body was laid, with averted face, her long graceful locks streaming in the wind. Ramdohar! if she did not look like Devi herself. The poor little boy held the lighted brand and gazed upon his pale mother who was like a stricken deer. He staved the is of a blossom and it last set fire to the pile, but the prayer he could not say.

3d Old Man. Alas! on it is addressed to the sacred fire—'Whether this mortal offended God or practised religion transgressed knowingly or unknowingly, do thou by thy energy consume with the holy all its sins, and bestow him a happy rest.'

2d Old Man. There the door of the hut opens if it is not the doctor my I parish Ramdohar! how he is running in looking back like a hunted jackal!

1st Old Man. How you talk, Ramdohar! He is only afraid of being stuck in the day and so is hurrying, was before the patient expires. It would put Sumbho sad to be obliged to bathe and dress anew in the night. Now that he is so very sick upon his hands.

3d Old Man. Yes, yes you are right for see the dying woman is brought out. I shall just step aside so as not to dilly with my presence the pious business of the sons, for I am then Gouroo and I Brithum they would have to perform their prostrations. Do you two, therefore, advance and assist in the obsequies, and I shall come with flowers, sandalwood, Khosoth grass, and some sacred fire, as soon as I can.

Both Old Men. Nomoosir, Miharaj, the two sons of the widow, are carrying her on the little bed—slowly and sadly they come.

Sons. [While the procession moves on, with invocation to the god of the waters Gunga.] Let us make a little more speed that our mother may gaze upon the holy river, and have her feet immersed before she dies.

[They go on at a brisker pace and speedily reach the river where the bed is set down, and the invocations renewed. The Brithum arrives shortly at the ground, and the two brothers, sons of the dying prostitute themselves before their Gouroo, and put his right foot upon their necks.]

3d Old Man. Alas, my sons. God has sent you a severe trial, but proceed in your duty, we cannot weep and run like like women. One of you must go off to the village and get what is necessary for the obsequies. We that stay behind will see the rest attended to.

The Sons. [The elder son goes.] Ma' ma' (mother, mother) can you see? [She opens her eyes feebly.] Do you hear us? [She waves her hand gently.] Call upon Gunga—thine are the rushing waters that wash away sins. [They raise the dying woman.] Say, 'Gunga, save me!' Oh, she cannot speak, let us lay her down on this clean mat, and strew it with Khosoth-grass.

3d Old Man. Make room for me. Place her feet in the water. Death is almost upon her. I must anoint her with some holy clay out of Gunga's bed, and sprinkle her with its water. Sallegrama and Tulsi are already by her, also some sweet flowers. One of you must be going for the combustibles, as the day declines.

Elder Son. Brother, here are five rupees. Hasten to the village, that money will get you everything.

Shortly the son returns with new clothing, earthen-pans, and the necessary offering of rice and pulses; and

* A religious exclamation, such as the Catholic 'Our Lady!'

† Sami is the Hindoo Saturn.

two coolies bring loads of wood, consisting of two maunds (180 pounds' weight), together with ghee and rosin. Being of a lower caste, they retire to a distance to rest and look on. All this time the Brahmin has not been idle: the head of the dying has been sprinkled with river-water, and the hands and chest rubbed with mud, and portions of the 'Veda' have been chanted aloud.

Such is the scene that may be witnessed daily by any observant person, and was always watched with interest by the Old Indian. As soon as the sufferer is certainly dead, the body is washed and dressed according to its sex, and if of an affluent person, anointed with perfumes; the spot selected for the pile is swept clean, and a shallow drain is dug to allow a flow of moisture towards the river. The pile is then built, and ghee and rosin mixed with the wood and straw. The mouth of the dead body is now touched with money, and some eatables are offered. A clean new cloth is spread over the pile, and upon this the body is laid, with its head to the north: if a man, with his face towards the earth; if a woman, upwards. The cloth is then wound round it, and the nearest of kin takes a lighted brand, and with averted face repeats the short prayer already given; and while the mortal remains are consuming, such elegiac verses as these are recited from their holy writ, the Brahmin and followers walking solemnly round the flames:—

'Foolish is he who seeks for permanence in the human state—a state unsolid like the stem of the plantain-tree, transient like the foam of the ocean.

'When a body formed of five elements, in order to receive the reward of deeds done in life, reverts to its five original principles, what room is there for regret?

'The earth is perishable; the ocean, the gods themselves pass away; and how should that bubble, mortal man, escape destruction? All that is low must perish; all that is lofty must fall; all compound bodies must end in dissolution; all life must be concluded with death.'

When the body is consumed the ground is washed and the ashes carefully gathered. The affluent pay the boatman well who conveys these remains to the middle of the river to be thrown into deep water. The obsequies of the poorer classes are performed according to their means. The body is frequently only half-consumed; or sometimes it is, after the face has been merely burned with straw, launched into Gunga with a heavy stone round the waist, to furnish a revolting but common spectacle to the European when putrefaction comes on and the stone drops.

The funeral ended, all who have attended bathe and put on a clean dress at the expense of the mourners, and then return home and undergo a second purification at the doors of their houses by holding their hands to the fire and stepping over it. The mourning lasts forty days, and is concluded by a shradha and liberal gifts to the poor. Unlucky is he decedent who has no descendant to light the pile: a son is preferred, but a daughter may also perform all the requisite formalities.

The prejudices of the Hindoo prohibit the treasuring of relics or keepsakes: no such thing is known among them as the precious lock cut off from the head of a much-loved child or a revered mother; everything that belonged to the departed is burned or given to the Pariahs and beggars, excepting the jewels or trinkets. In many instances these are distributed to their favoured Brahmins, or shared among the relatives, but they are not generally regarded as souvenirs. Let it not be supposed, however, that the heart of the Hindoo is unfeeling. Bitterly does a mother weep over her child, and with the deepest grief the husband and parent are consumed to the flames. Men, however, are silent and dignified in their sorrow; the women—always among the Hindoos more ignorant—the reverse; they beat

their breasts, tear their hair, and are loud in their wailing, manifesting their feelings, like children, by shrieks and tears.

'HOME TRUTHS.'

A LATELY published duodecimo, under the title of 'Home Truths for Home Peace, or "Muddle" Defeated,'* imparts a number of useful hints on the subject of domestic life, and rates pretty soundly those young housewives who, starting on false notions, contrive to make firesides uncomfortable and every body about them miserable. 'Muddle' is the familiar term for disorder in all its branches, and no kind of Muddle is so offensive as that which prevails in ill-conducted households.

Very incredible things, we are told, take place in the properly muddled dwelling. Articles of a brittle nature are found to break in a manner singularly supernatural. 'Cups slip out of the maid's hands; and thus, not when she has let them go, but whilst holding them "as tight as ever she could hold." Glasses, &c. are constantly falling off the edges of dressers and of tables, although declared by competent judges to have been far removed from such a dangerous position, so that they have evidently moved back again for the purpose of dashing themselves into a thousand shivers. Other articles of fragile materials, but less daring resolution, vary the monotony of their existence, and assert their right to tender consideration by "getting" such chips, cracks, and contusions as no rational person could ever venture to inflict. Nor are the harder and less sensitive portions of our household furniture innocent of similar offences: the locks, which, as fixtures, are secure from injury by falling, will nevertheless "get hampered"—stools "come unglued"—nails "work themselves out"—paint, & varnish, &c. "rub off"—the best-made chairs will dislocate their arms—the strongest tables break or distort their legs—whilst other objects, too cowardly for self-inflictions, but equally perverse in spirit, will choose the very moment when their presence would be most desirable, to "get lost," that is to say, to hide in some out-of-the-way corner, to which no living soul has ever had access, and in which consequently no member of the family would ever think of looking. I appeal to the general experience and phraseology of my countrywomen, as to the common occurrence of such household "facts," and the implied existence of those latent material energies which, as comprised in the personification "Nobody," are virtually acknowledged without a moment's hesitation.

The young lady who conducts her affairs on the principle of Muddle has a fair opportunity of displaying her qualities in the matter of finanking. Her account-book is usually her memory, and a complicated book it is! When she has to square up some trifling disbursements with a domestic, the following count and reckoning probably ensues:—"Let me see, I gave you 10s. on Saturday and 9d. the day before. Was it 9d? No, it must have been 11d, for I gave you a shilling and you gave me a penny out for the beggar; then there was 5s. 6d. on Monday, and 8d. you owed me from last month; and then the 1s. 6d. your master gave you for the parcel—you brought him 2d. back—and 3d. out of the butcher's bill; no, you had to give 3d. to the butcher, but you came to me for the 3d., and I had no coppers, so we still owe him the 3d.—by the way, don't forget to pay him the next time you go. Then there's the baker—no, I paid the baker myself, and I think the housemaid paid the buttermilk; but you got in the cheese the day before, and I have a sort of a recollection that I may possibly owe you for that, all but a few pence you must have had left of mine, that I told you to take from off the chimneypiece. Well, cook, I think that's nearly all! now, how do your

accounts stand?" This the poor cook, who is a cook and not a conjurer, finds it no easy matter to discover.

Time and patience will overcome all difficulties. Quite true, as a proposition; but we need to add the qualification—"always provided that one makes a reasonable effort to remove the said difficulties;" for it is undeniable that petty annoyances do not vanish of their own accord. Our author moralises on that wonderful amount of patience which leads some people to put up with daily annoyances which the outlay of a few shillings, or the exertion of a few minutes, would effectually remove. "Narrow means, an inconvenient house, a disagreeable situation, tiresome children, stupid servants; or, worse than even these, toothache and an ill-tempered husband—these are trials for which patience is the best and almost only remedy; and all who have patience enough under such circumstances are entitled to our sympathy and admiration. But, in addition to the unavoidable afflictions of their lot, how many go on, from day to day and year to year, with doors that never shut, windows and drawers that nobody can open, keys that will not lock, grates that never draw, blinds that won't keep up, and curtains that won't come down—nails that tear their things, and things that tear their nails; and whilst professing to be above noticing such petty grievances, how many expend so much of their stock of patience upon these unnecessary evils, that they have scarcely any left for inevitable annoyances! Could such persons calculate, at the year's end, the amount of time and strength expended in daily struggles with only one drawer "that always sticks, so that there is the greatest difficulty in pulling it out; and when out, it is all that anybody can ever do to push it in again;" and if they could recollect and believe the singular verbal manifestations of their indifference to "these trifles that no one should make a moment's fuss about, in a world where there is so much real trouble," it is probable they would be quite as much surprised as those who have long wondered at the perversity which has cherished such needless causes of "botheration" to themselves and others. To ladies who do not perceive any harm in adding to the comforts and diminishing the inconveniences of our mortal life, I recommend the condensed philosophy of the following well-known but little heeded rhymes:—

"For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there's none:
If there is one, try and find it;
If there is none, never mind it."

It does not escape this shrewd observer, that an excessive punctiliousness in keeping a house neat and orderly may give as much annoyance to visitors as the discomfort of untidiness. It is our own impression that some English housewives go beyond all proper bounds in this respect. Tying up every article of furniture in pinafors, they appear to consider that 'drawing-rooms' are toys to be looked at, not to be used. Of this species of vulgarity there are some graphic definitions. "The only easy-looking chair is introduced to you as "one that nobody should sit upon;" another is recommended to your attention, as "one you are on no account to lean against." You are civilly requested "not to draw certain curtains," and rather uncivilly reminded "you should have let down certain blinds." A case is made for the cover of the embroidered ottoman, lest the dye of your garments should come off upon it; and, whilst the marks of other people's carelessness are exhibited for your instruction and construction, you contemplate the face of the polished mahogany of your appointed washstand in helpless embarrassment, how ever you shall wash your own. In a word, you are expected, like every other inmate of the dwelling, to exist solely in reference to the excessive order and cleanliness around you; and every energy of your mind,

at every moment of the day, must be exerted over every energy and movement of your body, to avoid your doing mischief or giving offence continually.

"I appeal to all who have experience in the state of things alluded to, whether the feeling of disorder and confusion was not produced in them by the very precautions used for their perpetual banishment! A confusion worse than any mere material confusion can be—a confusion of ideas and principles, of fears and fidgets, of pleasures and of pains, of luxuries and lumber; an undistinguishable mixture of venial oversights and unpardonable transgressions, low seats and high treason, large rooms and little minds, sweet portraits and sour faces, whole china and cracked tempers; besides the ever-recurring puzzle, as to whether people were living in a house or for a house; or whether the things, about which such a coil is made, do really belong to their *vo-dieant* possessors, or the individuals who claim for them such attention and respect, are merely *belongings of their things*. . . . And, after all, what is the end obtained by this perpetual care and sorrow? The depriving everything about us of its lawful use, and consequently of its real value; the establishment and practice of an idolatry that the veriest heathen might be ashamed of. . . . Of all the Muddles that bring misery and ruin in their train, defend me from the love-destroying and comfort-killing Muddle of inexorable cleanliness and order!"

The detestable meanness of living beyond honestly-earned and available resources is very properly included among the common errors of domestic life; and of this species of dishonesty there is the more reason to speak plainly, as it is too frequently practised by individuals who assume airs of superiority, and are the veriest bigots in matters of religious concern. We shall, therefore, conclude our notice of this clever little volume with a quotation on the subject of wantonly-incurred debt.

"What comparison is there, in fact, between the guilt of the poor uneducated wretch who ventures, in rags and misery, to steal from the apparent superfluities of his neighbour a portion for his starving family, and the crime of the well-fed, well-dressed, much-accomplished lady, who sails into the shop of the unwary tradesman for articles of useless luxury, and under cover of the respectability of her appearance and the address she gives, "defrauds him of property to a considerable amount?" The ragged culprit is watched and driven from the window—the fashionable thief is welcomed in complacently and bowed out gratefully, with the promise that "her esteemed orders shall be attended to immediately." When the goods she has nominally purchased are sent home, and they, like their real owner, are readily taken in, the grand piano is perhaps heard in her elegantly-furnished villa, or the carriage of some wealthier friend is standing at the door. The lady's place in church and in society is gaily filled, and for a certain, or rather an uncertain period, the custom and company of "such a highly respectable family" are considered an acquisition in the neighbourhood. But a change comes over the spirit of the dream: in course of time the lady who ordered with the greatest ease, is discovered to pay with the greatest difficulty, and her commands are not so much esteemed as formerly. The dishonest beggar, if detected, is committed to prison; but when things come to a crash with the fashionable thief, the lady's husband is simply declared "unfortunate;" and if forced to remove into a humbler dwelling, in a district in which she is not known, the lady is at liberty to pursue her former practices of shop-lifting as far as circumstances will allow! Alas for the rottenness of the state in which such things are not only possible, but common! What a false, what a fatal standard of respectability is that which allows individuals who have lost their credit with the poorest shopkeeper, to

mix with unblushing confidence in what each quarter terms its "best society!" This carelessness in regard to debt is one of the most deadly evils in the world, and, like all such, it has its rise from small beginnings of practical error, and from a great and important deficiency in the fundamental principles of moral conduct. . . . The whole court calendar does not contain a title conferring so much real dignity, and so many substantial privileges, as that of "A PERSON TO BE TRUSTED."

FIBROUS SUBSTANCES APPLICABLE TO MANUFACTURES.

We have seen a specimen of the fibrous substance of a plant growing wild in our Indian possessions, and which may be had in any quantity. It has not been in this country before. The fibre is long, soft, tough, and silky. We have also received a specimen of the fibres of another East Indian production, of a finer description, which might probably be converted into a new and useful material for weaving fancy stuffs of a mixed kind, such as those made at Bradford. We understand that one or two bales of the latter production have reached this country, and are for sale. In the Great Exhibition there are several fibrous substances well worthy the inspection of manufacturers. Amongst the contributions from Ceylon, west from the transept, will be found a number of these, all more or less adapted for being spun into yarn. In the contributions from Spain will be found a beautifully fine embroidered dress made from the fibre of the pine apple, with the inscription 'This dress is made entirely of yarn spun from the fibre of the pine apple, and embroidered by hand, by Señora Margarita of Manilla.' The texture of the cloth is wonderfully fine and even, and of a beautiful white. In the China department are several specimens of long China flax or grass, with the thread spun from the same, of great evenness, and very fine, along with several pieces of cloth, bleached and unbleached, as fine as cambric. In the section Spain will also be found samples of Spanish flax and hemp, not well enough dressed for spinning purposes, but still serviceable for paper-making. In this department, too, is a most interesting specimen of the inner skin (of light size and texture) of a tree from the island of Cuba. It is called 'lace kind,' and consists of the finest fibrous filaments arranged like network. The article alluded to will be found numbered 264 in the Spanish section, and is exhibited by M. de Ysasi. The Botanical Museum at the New Gardens, to which the admittance is free, contains some beautiful and curious specimens of fibrous substances from a number of plants imported from various foreign countries. Among these will be found the fibre of the *bromeli*, used in the Isthmus of Panama by the shoemakers for making shoe-thread, a fibre used for making nets in New Granada, *Crotalaria juncea*, a vegetable fibre, imported from Bombay and Ceylon, with specimens of very fine fishing tackle made from it, almost as lustrous and transparent as glass, as well as many other specimens of vegetable fibres well worthy of careful examination. These are all to be seen in the upper gallery of the museum. To printers, designers, shawl weavers, and others, the beautiful collection of prints, and copies of rare and curious exotic plants and flowers contained in the same museum, will afford an almost inexhaustible source of study, tending to improve their taste and advance them in their profession.—*Abridged from the Manchester Examiner and Times.*

THE ACTINIA

It is a powerful, fearless, and voracious creature, readily grasping small fishes, fishes crustacea, worms, leeches, and soft testacea; and endeavouring to gorge itself with three times the quantity of food its most capacious stomach is capable of receiving. Two or three days after a mussel has been swallowed entire, the shell has been rejected quite empty. It is endowed with a very slow locomotive faculty, rarely exercised. At Blackness Castle, as well as here at Newhall's Point, the *actinia ceratium*,

or cherry actinia, occurs affixed to stones of moderate sizes. It is of a fine red colour, sometimes the richest vermilion, the tubercles like so many beautiful pearls of the purest white; and when expanded (in the water of course), it resembles a brilliant flower unfixed to enjoy the sunshine. When contracted, it is like a fine ripe cherry. One specimen, taken in 1805, survived six years, and produced young. Another produced a monstrosity, like the Siamese twins—two bodies of pale-green, united by the middle, the general progeny being red; and this youngster continued producing afterwards, litter after litter, of sixty, forty-three &c., green ones—the actinia being hermaphrodite. When about six years old the vessel had been too much replenished, one of the bodies rose over the edge, the connecting flesh was twisted and rent asunder. Both bodies adhered again to the base, one was accidentally lost, but the other continued to survive and to breed pale green, although it diminished in size after the separation.—*Lyell's Summer Life on Land and Water.*

A RHYME ABOUT BIRDS

I said to the little Swallow
'Who'll follow?
Out of thy nest in the eaves
Under the ivy leaves!
Yet my thought flies swifter than thine,
My thought has a softer tone,
Where it folds its wing to rest,
In a pure-hearted woman's heart.
While its sky is her cloudless blue,
Swallow swallow,
Who'll follow?

I said to the brown, brown Thrush
'Hush—hush!
I rough the wood's full strain as I hear
Thy monotone deep and clear.
Like a sound amid a sunlit fire,
And so, though the whole world were
In my love with eloquent tongue,
However thin thy voice rung,
She would pause and listen to mine.
Brown, brown thrush,
Hush—hush!

I said to the Nightingale
'Hail, all hail!
Pierce with thy trill the durl,
Like a glittering music shal,
When the earth grows pale and dumb,
But mine be a song more rare,
To startle the sleeping air,
And to the dull world declare
Love sings amid darkest gloom.
Nightingale,
Hail, all hail!

I said to the sky poised Lark
'Hark hark!
Thy note is more loud and free,
Because there lies safe for thee
A little nest on the ground
And I, when strong winged I rise
To chant out sweet melodies,
Shall know there are home lit eyes
Watching me soar, sun-crowned?
Poet-lark,
Hark—hark!

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A PLEA FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE conception of the Great Exhibition has been realised in its material part. We see there side by side, in one prodigious glass-case, the productions of the whole world in art and industry; and we are able to estimate the strivings and attainments of each nation in the race of progress and improvement. But our criterion as yet is only partial. It relates to the strife, not to the thing striven after. We see what has been accomplished by one people comparatively with another; but we apply no general law to determine the condition of taste in the epoch to which the extraordinary show belongs. We have abundance of sketches, descriptions, and comparisons, but the philosophy of the Exhibition is unwritten. The material spectacle is before us, but we have not yet begun to extract the moral. Hurried, dazzled, astonished, delighted, we have not had leisure to discover that the wonderful collection is informed by a soul, and that the vast Palace which contains it is haunted by voices of prophecy and denunciation, inaudible to common ears, but as full of significance to those who will listen intently as the delicate strings of Aspendus.

When thinkers take the place of mere spectators, the revelations of the Crystal Palace touching the genius, history, and destiny of nations, will be curious and important; but in the meantime we shall mention only one subject among those that are likely to excite inquiry and interest: this is the point of taste at which the refined part of mankind have arrived as regards the Beautiful.

We have repeatedly avowed ourselves to be of those who believe that there is a principle in nature which governs beauty in form, just as there is known to be one which governs beauty in sound; that the taste may be educated up to the appreciation of the most perfect kind of beauty; and that the progress made by a people in this education exercises a powerful influence upon the national character. But setting such speculations aside for the present, as being fitting matter for controversy, it cannot be denied that there was a certain period of Grecian art in which objects of taste were produced—from a graven gem to a statuary group, from a drinking-cup to a temple—that have been considered by the whole civilised world, in all succeeding ages, as types of beauty, perfect and unassailable. On these masterpieces have been founded universal canons of criticism which, after intervening centuries of darkness and confusion, were implicitly acknowledged by the awakened mind of Europe; and to this day the rule remains absolute, in so far as theory is concerned, all other types being looked upon as fanciful and extravagant.

The interval of darkness may be said to have commenced at the fall of the Eastern empire; for Greece was plundered of her treasures only when these had lost their value in the eyes of the degenerate people. The number of statues carried into captivity almost equalled the number of men slain in battle, and the palaces of the Roman nobility became museums of Grecian art. But all to no purpose; for the sentence had gone forth likewise against the empire of the West and the masters of the world. Roman art, in its best ages, was only a cold and lifeless imitation; and when Rome fell, such was the desolation, says the biographer of Lorenzo de Medici, 'which took place in Italy during the middle ages, occasioned not only by natural calamities, but by the yet more destructive operation of moral causes, the rage of superstition, and the ferocity of barbarian conquerors, that of the innumerable specimens of art which till the time of the later emperors had decorated the palaces and villas of the Roman nobility, scarcely a specimen or vestige was in the beginning of the fifteenth century to be discovered.'

The fulness of time, however, came at last. The cycle had gone round; and in the course of ages the energies of the savage tribes mingling with the worn-out refinement of the Romans, had produced a new European character. Then art and literature arose simultaneously; and Giotto, the first considerable Italian painter, was the contemporary of Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch. Then the treasures of the classical ages were disinterred; and marble heads, busts, torsos, limbs, came forth from holes and corners like the dead in the early pictures of the resurrection. The Florentine Museum of the Medici family was the precursor of the collections of a similar kind which at a later period began to enrich most of the countries of Europe; and at the present day Greek temples are imitated in countries unknown to the Greeks, and the forms of classical art, in statues, vases, gems, and other objects of taste, are familiar and abundant.

Under such circumstances, we should expect to find the Glass Palace overflowing with the beauty of the age of Pericles; but this is so far from being the case, that the classical style is in very small proportion. It is in fact incontestable, from the crowded evidence of the place, that the taste of Europe has degenerated, and that we have gone back to seek our furies and embellishments in the dark ages, before the indignant voice of Petrarch was heard calling the Italians from their Gothic slumber! This is apparent in numberless objects of the collection, and frequently even in the ornamentation with which classical models themselves are bedizened. The commonest implements, as well as the highest objects of art, are subjected to the same

barbarian process: an inkstand or a candlestick is twisted and tormented till we can hardly guess the nature of the article; and everywhere we are met by marvels of ingenuity, of mechanical skill, and of vulgarity of taste. The classical form may be sometimes preserved, but it is preserved like a mummy, hidden in its multifarious coverings; or it is wrought upon by a mediæval imagination, like the oxide rising in points and flags upon polished steel. Under this process, fitness of parts, harmony of ideas, unity of purpose, or—to express all these in a single word—that divine eurythmia, which awakens in the mind the perception and the joy of beauty, is lost.

In the last number of the 'Edinburgh Review' there is an anecdote of a labourer turning up, while digging in a field, 'an old pickle-jar.' He thought it was a money-pot; but finding nothing in it but a few burnt bones, he kicked it to pieces. This pickle-jar was discovered by the fragments to have been 'an elegantly-formed Roman sepulchral urn.' Now, if instead of having only elegance to recommend it, the vase had been put out of shape by all sorts of queer incrustations of grinning faces and so on, it would have been safe enough. The modern Goth would have had a picture—incongruous and meaningless, it is true, but still a picture—to please his rude imagination, and he would have played the collector instead of the iconoclast. This is not the story of an individual but of a generation: the discriminating taste of the field-digger is displayed in a thousand different ways in the Great Exhibition; where a redundancy of useless or ridiculous ornament is called richness, and the inability to appreciate simple and beautiful, or grand and noble forms, receives the name of genius.

Extravagance in ornament was a healthy sign in the middle ages—a sign of a restless and vigorous spirit giving way to its unenlightened impulses with an ardour which promised great things for a new era of progress. It displayed itself alike in architecture, in dress, in armour, in tournaments, in crusades, and in religion; and that pomp of love, by which the time made woman an idol, foreshadowed an epoch when, advancing with the march of ages, she would become a spirit to enlighten and refine. But *see* are the fulfilment of what was then prophesied. We are the middle ages elevated and matured, and what was strength in them is weakness in us. Look at that modern pile which, except in the want of rich windows and exquisitely-laborate doorways, out-Gothics Gothic! It bears on its roof a world of little turrets and little spires, and little domes and little cupolas, and reminds one of a board of toys and images carried on the vendor's head. This forest of masonry is the most obtrusive part of the building, and costs a great deal more than all the rest put together: but it is useless—it does not even affect the purposes (whether of warlike defence or outlook) of its mediæval prototype; and its existence therefore is either a proof of low taste, or a wilful waste of skill, capital, and energy.

This misconception of the ornamental extends even to those buildings meant to be classical. We have heard one prodigiously admired on account of its really admirable columns, which raise their gigantic heads a great part of the height of the façade, where they serve to support—little statues! They are connected with the building only by being tacked to it by some abutment in the middle, so that if anything should occur to

sweep them away, the walls would not lose a single stone. Considered as what they actually are in this instance, mere ornaments, the columns are as much out of place as statues the size of life would be adorning a mantelpiece; but the columns of really classical buildings are ornamental only in their proportions and ornaments: in themselves they support the roof or some other essential part of the edifice. In the earliest Greek temples there were no walls, and the roof rested on a quadrangular colonnade.

The tendency of the present day to go back to types long ago discarded is obvious in other things besides those that appertain to ornamental art. The word type suggests an instance of itself. Books intended to be more than commonly elegant are frequently printed not only in the form of those of an earlier time, but with the very letter which the improvements in type-founding had rendered obsolete. Many a printer thanks his stars for the new taste of the day, and rummages his warehouses for founts of antediluvian type which he had only hoped to use as old metal for refounding. And a strange appearance does this letter-press make, with paper so rich and yet so delicate, and illustrated by engravings, each of which, at the time the type was new, would have cost more than the price of the whole volume. The same remark may be made of binding; and not merely as regards the old tooling, as it is called, but the substance of the boards themselves—which are sometimes literally boards of thick wood.

Let it not be supposed that we object to the occasional reproduction of worn-out forms as matters of curiosity and contrast. What we deprecate is the general tendency to retrogression in productions of taste. We cannot with impunity fall away from beauty, to offer up our ingenuity and skill on the altars of the strange gods of our ignorant ancestors. Virtue, order, happiness, depend in a great measure upon taste. The hills, the glens, the woods, the waters, the birds, the flowers—all things that God has clothed with beauty—possess a medicative power to heal the soul and invigorate the affections. This beauty—for beauty is universal—is the true aim of art, and not of high art alone, but of everything that appeals to the taste. The enjoyment of the works of nature will be of little use if their impression is to be instantly effaced by the artificial objects that surround us; and each one of these objects, therefore—even the most minute and insignificant—ought to be constructed on the very same principle of harmony which plans a temple or glorifies the heavens.

Without taking this large view of the subject, it would be impossible to comprehend why the taste of one age should be better than that of another—why such a form or such an ornament, which does not affect the question of utility, should be an improvement upon another form or another ornament; why a Grecian urn should be more beautiful than a pickle-jar. There must be a reason for this; there must be a law by which our perceptions of beauty are governed; and although we may differ as to the nature of that law, it is impossible to be blind to its results upon the taste. Taste advances with moral progress—nay, it is essentially a part of moral progress. The voice of Petrarch did not resound through the world of intellect alone; for with the beautiful things of antiquity that answered to the call, there came welling up from the long-sealed

fountains of the heart great thoughts, noble aspirations, and graceful sentiments. The gloom of the dark ages fled before the light of art and letters, and the world entered upon a new cycle of existence.

It would be easy for us to cite hundreds of individual objects in the Exhibition as a justification of these remarks, and equally easy to cite others that form the exception. But we have no such invidious purpose. We are satisfied with drawing attention to a general tendency to retrogression in taste which can only serve to interrupt and retard the progress of the age. L. R.

THE STOLEN ROSE.

GERALDINE DELISLE was the year previous to the late Revolution, which in one day shattered one of the great monarchies of the earth, the reigning belle in her circle. Lovely in form and face, she wanted but to correct some trifling defects of character to be perfect. But if she had large black eyes and massive brow, and beautiful hair and white teeth—if she had a lily-white hand and tiny feet, she knew it too well, and knew the power of her charms over man. She loved admiration, and never was so happy as when in a ball-room: all the men were almost disputing for the honour of her hand. But Geraldine had no declared suitor: she never gave the slightest encouragement to any one. Many offered themselves, but they were invariably rejected, until at twenty her parents began to be alarmed at the prospect of her never marrying. M. and Mme Delisle had found so much genuine happiness in marriage—the only natural state for adult human beings—that they had promoted the early marriage of two sons and an elder daughter; and now that Geraldine alone remained, they earnestly desired to see her well and happily married before they died. They received numerous offers; but the young girl had such winning ways with her parents, that when she declared that she did not like the proposer, they never had courage to insist.

During the season of 1847 Geraldine never missed a party or ball. She never tired as long as there was music to listen to, and it was generally very nearly morning before she gained her home. About the middle of the season she was sitting by her mother's side in the splendid *salons* of the Princess Menzikoff. She had been dancing, and her late partner was saying a few words, to which she scarcely made any reply. Her eyes were fixed upon a gentleman, who, after observing her for some time, had turned away in search of some one. He was the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life, and she was curious to know who he was. A little above the middle height, slight, pale, with great eyes, soft in repose like those of a woman, he had at once interested Geraldine, who, like most women, could excuse every bad feature in a man save insipid or unmeaning eyes; and she asked her mother who he was.

'He's a very bad man,' said Mme Delisle. 'Of noble family, rich, titled, young, and handsome, he is celebrated only for his follies. He throws away thousands on very questionable pleasures, and has the unpardonable fault, in my eyes, of always ridiculing marriage.'

'I cannot forgive him for ridiculing marriage, mamma, but I can excuse him for not wishing to marry.'

'My dear, a man who dislikes marriage is never a good man. A woman may from caprice or from many motives object to marrying, but a man, except when under the influence of hopeless affection—and men have rarely feeling enough for this—always must be a husband to be a good citizen.'

'Ah, mamma, you have been so happy that you think all must be so; but you see many who are not.'

'Mme Delisle,' said the Princess Menzikoff, who unperceived had come round to her, 'allow me to intro-

duce you to my friend Alfred de Rougement. I must not call him count, he being what we call a democrat with a clean face and white kid-gloves.'

'The princess is always satirical,' replied M. de Rougement smiling; 'and my harmless opposition to the government now in power, and which she honours with her patronage, is all her ground for so terrible an announcement.'

Mme Delisle and Geraldine both started and coloured, and when Alfred de Rougement proposed for the next dance, was accepted, though next minute the mother would gladly have found any excuse to have prevented her daughter from dancing. Alfred de Rougement was the very 'bad man' whom she had the instant before been denouncing. But it was now too late. From that evening Geraldine never went to a ball without meeting Alfred. She received many invitations from most unexpected quarters, but as surely as she went she found her new admirer, who invited her to dance as often as he could without breaking the rules of etiquette. And yet he rarely spoke; the dance once over, he brought her back to her mother's side, and left her without saying a word, coming back when his turn came again with clockwork regularity. In their drives Mme Delisle and Geraldine were always sure to meet him. Scarcely was the carriage rolling up the Champs Elysees before he was on horseback within sight. He merely bowed as he passed, however, keeping constantly in sight without endeavouring to join them.

One evening, though invited to an early soiree and to a late ball, during dinner they changed their mind, and decided on going to the Opera at the very opening, to hear some favourite music which Geraldine very much admired. They had not yet risen from dessert when a note came from Alfred de Rougement, offering them his box, one of the best in the house!

'Why he is a regular Monte Christo,' cried Mme Delisle impatiently. 'How can he know our movements so well?'

'He must have bribed some one of the servants,' replied Geraldine: 'we talked just now of where we were going before they left the room.'

'But what does he mean?' said Mme Delisle. 'Is he going to give up his enmity to marriage, and propose for you?'

'I don't know, mamma,' exclaimed the daughter, colouring very much; 'but he may spare himself the trouble.'

'Geraldine - Geraldine' you will always then make me unhappy!' said her mother, shaking her head.

'But you cannot want me to marry Alfred? You told me everything against him yourself.'

'But if he is going to marry and be steady, I owe him an apology. But go and dress: you want to hear the overture.'

They went to Alfred's box—father, mother, and daughter. But though in the house, he scarcely came near them. He came in to inquire after their health, claimed Geraldine's hand for the opening quadrille at the soiree to which they were going after the opera, and went away. The young girl rather haughtily accepted his offer, and then turned round to attend to the music and singing.

Next day, to the astonishment of both M. and Mme Delisle, Alfred de Rougement proposed for the hand of their daughter, expressing the warmest admiration for her, and declaring with earnestness that the happiness of his whole life depended on her decision. Geraldine was referred to. She at once refused him, giving no reason, but expressing regret that she could not share his sentiments. The young man cast one look of reproach at her, rose, and went away without a word. When he was gone she explained to her parents, that though in time she thought she should have liked him, she did not admire his mode of paying his addresses: she thought he ought to have spoken to her first.

Mme Delisle replied, that she now very much admired him, and liked his straightforward manner; but Geraldine stopped the conversation by reminding her that he was rejected, and that all discussion was now useless.

That evening Geraldine danced several times with her cousin Edouard Delisle, a young man who for a whole year had paid his addresses to her. They were at a house in the Faubourg St Germain, where the ball-room opened into a splendid conservatory. Geraldine was dressed in white, with one beautiful rose in her hair, its only ornament. Edouard had been dancing with her, and now sat down by her side. They had never been so completely alone. They occupied a corner near the end, with a dense mass of trees behind them and a tapestry door. Edouard once again spoke of his love and passion, vowed that if she would not consent to be his he should never be happy: all this in a line which shewed how fully he expected to be again refused.

'If you can get mamma's consent, Edouard,' she replied quickly, 'I am not unwilling to be your wife.'

Edouard rose from his seat and stood before her the picture of astonishment. Geraldine rose at the same time.

'But where is your rose?' said the young man, still scarcely able to speak with surprise.

'It is gone—cut away with a knife!' replied she thoughtfully; 'but never mind, let us look for mamma.'

Edouard took her arm, and in a few minutes the whole family were united. The young man drew his uncle away from a card-table, saying that Geraldine wished to go home. After handing his aunt and cousin to their carriage, he got in after them, quite an unusual thing for him.

'Why, Edouard, you are going out of your way,' said the father.

'I know it. But I cannot wait until to-morrow. M. Delisle, will you give me your daughter's hand? Geraldine has given her consent.'

'My dear girl,' exclaimed her mother, 'why did you not tell us this before? You would have saved us so much pain, and your other suitors the humiliation of being rejected.'

'I did not make up my mind until this evening,' replied Geraldine. 'I do not think I should have accepted him to-morrow. But he was cunning enough to come and propose before I had time for reflection.'

'You will then authorise me to accept him?' said M. Delisle.

'I have accepted him, papa,' replied Geraldine.

That evening Edouard entered the house with them, and sat talking for some time. When he went away, he had succeeded in having the wedding fixed for that day-month. Geraldine looked pale the next day; and when her mamma noticed it, said that she should go to no more parties, as she wished to look well the day she was married, and expressed a wish to go on excursions into the country instead. Mme Delisle freely acquiesced. Edouard came to dinner, looking much pleased, but still under the influence of the astonishment which had not yet been effaced from his plump and rosy face.

'Why, what do you think?' he said towards the end of the dinner. 'Alfred de Rougement has left Paris. All his servants were dismissed this morning, and his steward received orders to meet him at Constantinople.'

'Indeed?' replied Mme Delisle gravely, while Geraldine turned deadly pale. 'But this room is too close for you, my child.'

'No, mamma,' said she quietly; 'but we are forgetting all about our excursions. I should like to go to Versailles to-morrow, and take all the pretty places round Paris in turn.'

'Bon!' cried Edouard; 'that suits me. I shall be

with you early, for I suppose you will go in the morning?'

'I want to breakfast at Versailles,' replied Geraldine; 'so we must go to bed early.'

'That I vote to be an admirable proposition. At eleven I will go. But you are going to practise the new variations on *Pastorale*, are you not?'

'Yes; and you are going to sing, monsieur,' said Geraldine rising from table. 'So come along, and ma and papa can play triac all the time.'

That evening the cousins played and sang together until about ten, when they took tea, which Edouard, good-natured fellow, pretended to like prodigiously, drinking three cups of milk and water under the serious impression that it was the genuine infusion—a practice very common in France, where tea is looked on as dangerous to the nerves. Next day they went to Versailles, breakfasted at the Hôtel de France, visited the interminable galleries of pictures, and dined in Paris at a late hour. The day after they went to Montmorency.

Swiftly passed the hours, and days, and weeks, and soon Geraldine saw the last day which was to be her own. In twenty-four hours she was to leave her mother's home for ever, to share that of a man to whom it must be supposed she was very much attached, but who was not exactly the companion suited to her. Geraldine was very grave that morning. It had been arranged that they were to go to St Germain; and though the sky was a little dark, the young girl insisted on the excursion not being put off.

'This is the last day I shall have any will of my own,' said she; 'so let me exercise it.'

'My dear Geraldine,' replied her cousin kindly, 'you will always find me ready to yield to you in everything I shall be a model husband, for I am too lazy to oppose any one.'

'My dear Edouard,' put in Mme Delisle, 'a man who consults his wife's happiness will always be happy himself. We are very easily pleased when we see you try to please us. The will is everything to us.'

'Then let us start,' said Edouard laughing. 'It will pass the time, and I am eager to try.'

They entered the open carriage which they usually used for their excursions, and started, the sun now shining very brightly. Edouard was full of spirits; he seemed bursting with happiness, and was forced to speak incessantly to give it vent. Geraldine was very grave, though she smiled at her cousin's sallies, and every now and then answered in her own playful, witty way. The parents, though happy, were serious too. They were about to lose their last child, and though they knew she would be always near them, a feeling of involuntary loneliness came over them. A marriage-day is always for affectionate parents a day of sorrowful pleasure—a link in the chain of sacrifices which makes a parent's love so beautiful and holy, so like what we can faintly trace in thought as the love of the Creator for man.

They took the road by Bougival, and they were about a mile distant from that place when suddenly they found themselves caught in a heavy shower. The coachman drove hastily for shelter into the midst of a grove of trees, which led up to a villa that appeared totally uninhabited. But it was not so; for the *porte cochère* flew wide open as they drew up, and two servants advancing, requested them to take shelter in the house.

'But we are intruding?' said Mme Delisle.

'No, madame. Our master is out, but had he been at home he would insist as we do.'

Edouard leaped out, and set the example of complaisance. The whole party followed the servants, who led the way into a splendidly-furnished suite of rooms. The style was that of the *renaissance*, of the richest materials, while the walls were covered with genuine paintings by the first masters. The servants then left

them, and they were heard next minute assisting to take the horses from the carriage. The rain fell heavily all the time.

'Upon my word we are very fortunate,' said Mme Delisle: 'in ten minutes we should have been soaked through. The master of the house must be some very noble-minded man: no ordinary person would have such polite and attentive servants.'

'Some eccentric foreigner,' said Edouard: 'all his servants are men; I don't see the sign of a petticoat anywhere.'

'Some woman-hater, perhaps,' cried Geraldine laughing as she took from the table before her a celebrated satire against the sex.

'All the more polite of him,' said Mme Delisle, while looking with absolute horror at a book which she knew spoke irreverently of marriage.

'If you will pass this way,' said a servant entering, 'we shall have the honour to offer you breakfast. The rain has set in for some hours, and your servants spoke of your wishing to breakfast at St Germain. But you will not be able to wait so long.'

The whole party looked unfeignedly surprised; but there was no resisting a servant who spoke so politely, and who threw open a door whence they discovered a table magnificently laid out. Several servants were ready to wait.

'*Ma foi!*' cried Edouard, 'there is no resisting such temptation. You seem to know your master's character, and we take your word for it that he would make us welcome.'

With these words he gave Geraldine his arm, and led the way, setting the example also of attacking the delicate viands offered to them so unexpectedly. All breakfasted with appetite after their ride, and then returned to the room they had first occupied. The shower was over, and the warm sun was quickly clearing away all sign of the rain.

'What a beautiful house and grounds your master has here!' exclaimed Edouard: 'the garden appears to me even better than the house.'

'It is very beautiful,' said the servant addressed.

'Can we go over it?' continued the young man.

'Certainly, monsieur: I was about to offer to shew it you.'

'I shall remain here,' said Geraldine; 'my shoes are very thin; besides I wish to have another look at the pictures.'

Edouard demurred, but the young girl bade him go at once; and, like an obedient lover, he took the mamma's arm, and went into the garden.

The instant all were gone Geraldine rose from her chair and tottered across the room. She was pale, and looked cautiously round, as if about to do some guilty act. Presently she stood before a curtain which had been hastily drawn before a kind of niche in the wall, or rather before a portion of the room. But it had been done very quickly, and through two apertures you could see stained glass, and on a small table something under a glass-case. Geraldine could not restrain herself. She pulled away the curtain, and there, under a large glass on a velvet cushion, lay the rose which had been cut from her head-dress on the night she had accepted the hand of her cousin. Near it was a pencil-sketch of herself.

'My God!' she cried passionately, 'he did love me then: what a fool I have been! Wicked pride, to what will you lead me?'

'My Geraldine,' exclaimed Alfred, who rose from a chair where he had been seated in a dark corner—'pardon me! But I could not resist the temptation. To see, to hear you once more, for the last time, was my only wish. Do you forgive me?'

'Do you forgive me?' said Geraldine, hanging down her head, and speaking in a low, soft, sweet voice, that had never been hers before.

'My God!—what?' exclaimed Alfred, who, pale and trembling, stood by her side.

'You will not force me to say, Alfred,' she continued in a beseeching tone.

'Do I understand aright? O forgive me, Geraldine, if I say too much; but is it possible that you do not hate me?'

'Hate you, Alfred! How can I hate one so generous and good? If you think me not bold to say it, I will say I love you. After behaving as I did, that confession will be my punishment.'

'My Geraldine! then why did you refuse me?' cried Alfred in a tone of passionate delight.

'Because you did not seem to love me; because you only in my eyes sought to marry me because others did.'

'Geraldine, I seemed cold because I loved you with all my heart and soul. But I was a known satirist on marriage, and I was ashamed to let the world see my deep affection. I wanted them to think that I married merely because it was a triumph to carry off the reigning belle.'

'You deceived me and all the world together,' replied Geraldine; 'but to own the truth, after you were gone and took my rose with you, I guessed the truth.'

'The rose! but did you know?'—

'I guessed'—

'My God!' cried Edouard, returning alone to fetch Geraldine, to whom he wanted to shew the garden—'what is the meaning of this?'

'My good cousin,' said Geraldine, advancing towards him, and taking both his hands, 'come here; you will forgive Geraldine, won't you? I have been very wicked. Do excuse your cousin, will you not? but I was only going to marry you because I thought Alfred did not love me.'

'*Him!*' cried Edouard quite bewildered.

'Don't be angry with me,' continued Geraldine gravely: 'I should have been a very good wife, and have loved you very much had I married you.'

'Oh, then, you do not mean to marry me now?' said Edouard in a tone of deep sadness.

'What am I to do?' cried Geraldine. 'See, my dear cousin, how he loved me! How can I marry you when my heart is given to another?'

'You were going to do so, but for a shower of rain,' said Edouard with a vain attempt at gravity. 'But take her, M. Alfred: I think after all I'm lucky to have escaped her! I don't forgive you a bit, because it's hard to find out that when at last one thinks one's self loved, the lady was only pretending.'

'You do forgive me!' exclaimed Geraldine shaking her head, and putting his hand into that of Alfred, who shook it warmly.

'Yes, yes!—of course you're pleased! But I must marry now. I shall ask M^r de Bordeaux to have me, as nobody there will know anything about my present mishap.'

At this moment M. and Mme Delisle returned; their astonishment was of course very great. Edouard gravely introduced the young couple.

'You see, madame,' he said, 'that while you were walking round the garden, I have managed to lose my wife, and you to find a son-in-law.'

'But, my Geraldine,' exclaimed her mother, 'are you not behaving very badly to Edouard?'

'Not at all!' said the young man: 'I could not think of marrying her. Look at her! Five minutes with Alfred has done her more good than all her excursions in search of roses!'

'Mischievous man to betray me!' said Geraldine in her turn, warmly shaking his hand.

'But what will the world say?' exclaimed M. Delisle.

'I will tell the truth,' said Alfred; and in a few words he explained the cause of the refusal of Geraldine to have him.

It was now settled that the day should be spent at the villa, that in the evening they should return to Paris, without the count, who was to present himself only next day. He agreed to own frankly to all his friends the depth and sincerity of his affection, while Edouard good-naturedly volunteered to tell every one that he had been turned off a promise which he gravely kept, relating his discomfiture in a way that drew tears of laughter from all his hearers.

And Geraldine and Alfred were married, to the surprise of the world. They were both cured of their former errors, and I know no instance of a happier marriage than that of M. and Mme de Rougemont. He is now a member of the Legislative Assembly, and is remarked for the liberality of his opinions—being one of the many ex-legitimists who have gone over to the moderate republican party. Edouard married his country cousin. Both young couples have children, and both are happy. The only reason the young man having taken it to persevere on all occasions even before his own wife, in calling Geraldine 'The Stolen Rose.'

APPLICATION OF ELECTRO-MAGNETIC POWER TO TRANSIT ON RAILWAYS.

ONE of the most wonderful characteristics of scientific discovery is the singular way in which every advance connects itself with past phases of progress. Each new victory over the stubborn properties of matter not only gives man increase of power on its own account but also reacts on older conquests, and makes them more productive. Thirty years ago Davy and Arago observed that iron filings became magnetic when lying near a wire that was carrying a current of galvanic electricity. Since then powerful temporary magnets have been made for various purposes by surrounding bars of soft iron by coils of copper-wire, and transmitting electric currents through these. In fact, it has been ascertained that iron always becomes a magnet when electricity is passed round it. The clarm-bells of the electric telegraphs are actuating by a simple application of this principle. A conducting wire is made to run for hundreds of miles and then coils itself round an iron bar. Electric currents are sent at will through the hundreds of miles of wire, and the inert iron becomes an active magnet. Observe the clerk in the Telegraph Office at London. When he jerks the handle that is before him he turns on a stream of electricity that runs to Liverpool or Edinburgh, as the case may be. In either of those places a piece of iron that is twisted round with the extremity of the wire becomes a magnet for an instant, and attracts to itself a steel armature that is connected with a train of wheelwork. The motion of the armature, as it is drawn up to the magnet, sets free a spring that was before kept quiet, and thus gives token of its freedom by making an alarm bell to ring. The clerk in London awakens the attention of the clerk in Edinburgh by turning a piece of soft iron placed near to the latter into a magnet for a few seconds. He is able to do this because currents of electricity induce magnetism in iron. This, and this alone, is the secret principle to which he is indebted for the wonderful power that enables him to annihilate space when he instantaneously attracts the attention of an ear hundreds of miles away.

We have recently shewn how this electro-magnetic induction has been made a means for the instantaneous registration of astronomical observations. We have already to draw attention to another practical applica-

tion of the principle. M. Nikles has just invented an arrangement of apparatus that enables him to make the wheels of locomotives bite the rails with any degree of force without increasing the weight that has to be carried to the extent of a single gram. Our readers are aware that in wet weather the driving-wheels of locomotives often slip round upon the rail without acquiring the power of moving, the weight that is attached behind them. Whenever they are asked to ascend inclined planes with a weight that is beyond the adhesive powers of their wheels this result invariably follows, and the only practical escape from the difficulty hitherto has been the adoption of one of two expedients—either to increase their own intrinsic weight, so that the earth's attraction might hold the wheels down more firmly, or to let the railway level and the load to be dragged proportionally light. In either of these cases a waste of power is experienced. Power is either expended in moving a superfluous load, or the same amount of power drags less weight even upon a level rail than it otherwise could upon an ascending one, that would have required less outlay in its construction. It therefore became a great desideratum to find some means of making the locomotive wheels bite more tenaciously without increasing the load they have to carry. The important problem of how to do this it is that M. Nikles has solved.

If our readers will take a common horse shoe magnet, and slide the connecting slip of steel that rests upon its ends backwards and forwards they will feel that the slip ticks to the magnet with a certain degree of force. M. Nikles' plan is to convert the wheel of the locomotive into a magnet, and make it stick to the non-rail by a like adhesion. Thus he does by placing a galvanic battery under the body of the engine. A wire coming from the poles of this battery then coils horizontally round the lower part of the wheel close to the rail, but in such a way that the wheel turns round freely within it, fresh portions of it circumference coming continually into relation with the coil. The part of the wheel in immediate contact with the rail is thus made magnetic, and therefore has a strong adhesion for the surface along which it moves, and the amount of the adhesion may be increased or diminished at any time, by merely augmenting or reducing the intensity of the galvanic current that circulates through the surrounding coil. By means of a handle the electricity may be turned on or off, and an effectual break be thus brought into activity that can make the iron rail smooth or adhesive according to the requirements of the instant, and this without in any way interfering with the free rotation of the wheels as the friction breaks of necessity do. Increased adhesion is effected by augmented pressure, but the pressure results from an attraction that is altogether independent of weight. The lower portion of the wheel for the time being is in exactly the same condition as a bar of soft iron placed within a coil of wire circulating electricity. But as it rises up out of the coil during the rotation of the wheel, it grows less and less magnetic, the descending portions of the opposite side of the circumference acquiring increased magnetic power in the like degree.

M. Nikles' experiments have been made with large locomotives in full operation, and he states as the result, that the velocity of the wheel's motion does not in any way affect the development of the magnetic

force. He finds the condition of the rail, as regards wetness or dryness, to be quite unimportant to the success of his apparatus, and he has already managed by its aid to achieve an ascent as rapid as one in five.

MOZART AND SCHACH.

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE.

Mozart. No, no, old friend; I am not so easily scolded out of a conviction. I tell thee again, and once for all, the requiem I am writing is for myself. How could I fill it with such sobbing tones for a stranger's death? I have only to finish it—this swan-song—and then—all is over with Mozart. Yet not all; *non omnis moriar!* But oh it is hard, so hard to die just when fortune is preparing to smile; so hard to feel that the smile is in mockery—a mere grin at the dying man's feebleness, helplessness, despair. There are commissions just come in for me from Prague, and Holland, and Hungary—just come in as I am going out, so that we meet in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—going out, out, like the last spark of an overheated furnace, like the dying fall of a burial chant! Well, I must work while it is called day, and that is already darkening into night; and my only work left is the requiem—my own requiem—at which I must ply like the aged spinster at her own shroud, or the lonely hermit at his own grave.

Schach. I verily believe the requiem *will* be the death of you if you give room to these fantasies. They are not worthy of you, Wolfgang; play the man, and cease to impede your recovery by these miserable delusions. You shall write many an opera buffa yet, at which we'll laugh in concert, and some scores of requiems for dull, rich, old bourgeois, apoplectic and senexarian, for whom they are more in place—

M. Go, like a good friend, and ask my poor Stannerl to give me back the unfinished score of the requiem which those lumpish doctors have taken away. I have only to bring that to a conclusion, and then—

S. Madame Mozart will not call me a good friend if I ask anything of the sort. The lumpish doctors are wiser than you, and deserve a more grateful and grateful epithet. They only snatch the poison from you.

M. I tell thee the real poison—no metaphor—is swallowed long ago. Its virus is in all my veins; and they, poor wisecracks, cannot extract it. Thick-skulls! do they think locking up my requiem will give me a fresh lease of poisoned life, forty-eight more hours of lingering death-throes? Ah, if my beloved Dr Barisani were alive, he would have understood me better, and acknowledged the truth of my convictions. Of two things I am so sure that were even his ghost to rise and deny them I would snap my fingers at the shadowy sceptic; and these are—that I have been poisoned beyond earthly remedy, and that the requiem you refuse to restore me is for my own corpse, and will be speedily sung.

S. And I tell thee, dear Mozart, that illness and accompanying nervous sensations are the source of these fancies, which only deserve the death of false witnesses. And here am I quite ready to fling the first stone at them. Cheer up! Write a jubilate on your convalescence, instead of a gloomy affair whose minims and semibreves all smell of the charnel-house, and are pitched in such a desperately minor key. These delusions are the work of some malignant spirit

who is a liar from beginning to end; some mocking devil whom you may and must exorcise. Luther had such a one, and very properly flung an inkstand at his head. Go thou and do likewise. Thou knowest and believest in an old book of some repute which says: Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Instead of doing so, you play into his hands, as though you had made a compact like Faustus himself.

M. Taisez vous, mon ami.—Now, now, hasten—there's my brave Schach!—and get the score. I have a new idea to put down: it will do exactly to follow those last few bars. Quick, my brother! Why refuse the whim, if it be one, of a dying man?

S. Because it is the whim, and that alone, which is killing him. For your wife's sake, your Stannerl, if not your own, banish this morbid thought, and try to—

M. Ah, then, let them only lay the poor requiem on my bed, that I may look at it now and then and feel it near me. No?—you refuse me even that? Heavens, how the fever scorches me up! Would God 'twere morning, 'twere morning!—

S. Not so restless, dearest Mozart: how greatly you are your own enemy. Let me smooth that pillow: there! Now I'll be quite still awhile, and you shall try to coax sleep to befriended you a little.

M. Sleep? I shall sleep long enough soon; sound enough and long enough. Do you think death—what other sleep for me?—wants coaxing and inviting from a poisoned man? In tears?—No? Then why turn your head away? Ah, I have spoken unkindly, my own Schach! forgive me. You have known me long, old friend, and will soon know me no more. I am an ingrate, though, to burden my friends so selfishly—

S. Mozart, you were never selfish.

M. I am irritable, look you, from pain and sickness. My nerves are fearfully strained—the nerves of a musician, too, to which tension is torture. But come; talk we of other things. How went off the 'Zauberflöte' this evening?

S. As usual, right triumphantly. Its success is à merveille. The quintett in the first act took the house by storm—a nightly thing; that quintett, by the way, which you composed during a game at billiards, as I remember well.

M. You are right. Do you know I lie in bed every evening with my watch in my hand, while you robust fellows at the Opera are playing my 'Zauberflöte,' and follow in imagination every bar of the music, saying to myself: Now they are putting the *finale* touches to the overture; now Schach is running away from the serpent; now Schuckaneder is tripping forth as Papageno with his bird-cage, or puffing away at the magic flute—

S. That's better than brooding over a requiem, disobeying doctors, and distressing a devoted wife; and be sure, Mozart, we at the Opera think of you also—ay, the theatre at large, actors and audience, forget not you in their mirth. It is an enviable thing the genius that can delight thousands living and myriads yet unborn.

M. How vividly all my feverish life rises before me in these lonely midnight watches. I see myself at four years old making my first efforts at composition, doing every childish act to a musical accompaniment; asking my dear mother and sister Nannerl—God bless her!—twenty times a day whether they loved me, and crying if they jestingly said No: covering tables, chairs, and the very floor with arithmetical figures, in my first

love for a science still dear to me: enjoying the praise of my anxious father—ah, I can see the tears rolling down his cheeks as plainly as I did then!—when I scribbled a little concerto for the *clavier* at six years old: scraping away at a tiny violin, accompanied by kind old Schachter the trumpeter: and then those memorable tours we made—my father, Nannerl, and I—to Vienna, and Paris, and London. at one place kissed by Maria Theresa, at another crammed with sweetmeats by the Queen of France, at a third petted and played with by King George—at whose court I ought to have taken up my abode had a wiser head sprouted from these little shoulders. Happy childhood! from which I am separated by so few years and so many sorrows. Surely I am dying before my time. No musician of genius should die at thirty-five—no, nor at forty, nor yet fifty. His ideas are only then ripening to a grand issue. He cannot but improve as he goes on, if only he is enthusiastic and conscientious. Look at our friend Gluck—*requiescat in pace!*—how late in life were his triumphs. I that wrote 'La Finta Semplice' at twelve, 'Figaro' at thirty, 'Don Giovanni' at thirty-one, 'Così fan Tutti' at thirty-four, and now this 'Zauberflöte' and 'La Clemenza di Tito' at thirty-five—what might I not do ten, fifteen years hence? But no: *des altis, risum*. The time, the set time is come; and Mozart and his operas are to end with an early requiem.

S. Still harping on that fatal string!

M. Because its music has an unearthly spell that I cannot resist any more than the quivering bird can shun the glare of the serpent's eye. Think you it is in my power to shake off this conviction? God knows how gladly I would be rid of its baleful, blasting presence; for the fear of death is strong upon me, and a horrible dread overwhelms me. It was not always so. I once looked calmly and indifferently on death, and could pity the cowardice that quailed before its approach. Three or four years ago I could assure my poor father, then on his dying bed, that I had so familiarised myself with death as the true friend of our race, fulfilling as it does the real design of our life, that its image had ceased to affright me; and at that time I never drew my curtains at night without seriously reflecting that I might die during the night-watches, yet was I free from gloom in company, and ate my hard-won bread in cheerfulness of heart. Alas! it is quite otherwise now! The prospect of dissolution shocks me. I would fain live for my wife and children's sake; for the sake of my friends, my art, my reputation. Things are just beginning to mend; fortune, hitherto so coy, is brightening with promise; the world is beginning to respect and to care for Mozart—but Mozart must not tarry. As the English have it: 'Tune and tide wait for no man'—the scythe of time, and the icy rushing tide of death. Already its booming waters chill me as I listen—

S. Do not give way thus. Why should you alone be hopeless of recovery? We hope—all Vienna hopes—to have many another opera from you yet.

M. If I could only live to write one or two more, that I might leave my boys something for daily bread! Hitherto my best music has done little to make me a purse, but it would be different could I set to work again now. 'Don Giovanni' brought me in a hundred ducats, 'Figaro' next to nothing, the 'Zauberflöte' worse than nothing. Perhaps these very works will enrich managers, home and foreign, when I am in my grave. I know Father Haydn thinks so, and he is worth hearing.

S. Yes; I have heard good old Joseph discourse with enthusiasm, in his own bland, quiet way, on the 'wonderful genius of Mozart.' He at least appreciates your originality—the very thing that offends shallow musicians and still narrower-minded professors. 'Beautiful!' I remember his saying, just before leaving us for England, when a sonata of yours was performed—'Beautiful! it is so Mozartish!' Now it is ludicrous to hear,

on the other hand, stupid duncees complain that everything from your pen is objectionable because it transgresses old traditions, overleaps artificial boundaries, outgrows straitlaced fashions, and is so Mozartish!

M. It is very true that whatever I write has a certain distinctive character, without my aiming at originality—nay, without my being able to define what that certain something is. The cause of the distinction is, I suppose, the same as that which gives my nose a particular size and aquiline shape, making it Mozart's, and different from that of other people. Good Joseph Haydn!—yes, he understood me (*O sic omnes!*) Like him and Handel, I ought to have settled in England, instead of fanning and fretting, and spending strength for nought, among petty principalities at home. Haydn is now, you see, a prosperous gentleman, and will return a substantial and dignified one, to lay his bones in his fatherland in a green old age. I shall never see that good soul again—a conviction that was mournfully strong upon me when I wrung his hand as he left Vienna. Ah, the solitary sick-room, how it is peopled with the familiar forms of one's friends! And to think that the eye must never glance at them again! There is Haydn and the Storaceas, and Kelly and Thomas Linky, and—

S. All of whom, like yourself, are living, and as unwilling as I am to despair of your recovery.

M. Then, again, my pupils—some of them at least—what joy it would give me to watch their progress and afford them encouragement when they need it! a thing denied or grudgingly doled out to me in my musical pupillage.

S. Yes, live Mozart!—live, and impart life to them; imbue them with your ideas; qualify them to develop the principles of your art and to establish the revolution you have so worthily begun! Who is your most promising disciple?

M. There's a clever English lad, Atwood, of whom his country will perhaps one day be proud, though he is not overstocked with ideas nor capable of creating a new era in art. That young fellow, Beethoven, who has now settled among us at Vienna, he will make a noise in the world, or I have no ear for harmony, no power to discern spirits—and perchance, like me, more noise after he has left it than while he inhabits it. So prophesies Mozart of Beethoven and himself. And there's little Hummel—I love little Hummel, if only for recalling my own childish days and ways—commend me to him for fluency and expression at the pianoforte! These are my most mark-worthy catechumens; and I lament now that I have spent so little pains on them. I was never cut out for a teacher. The plodding routine of the art I could study myself, but not din into the ears of others. When I ought to have been pupilising, I seduced the boys into a game at billiards. Ah, follies and sins rise in swarms to condemn me now, of which I took no account at the time! (O the necronomy of a sick-bed!) Dejection and embarrassment drove me to illicit pleasures—those pleasures of sin which are but for a season, but the sting of which is for all time. *Ayrie eleison!*

S. Hush! I hear madame on the stairs. Don't let her find you rhapsodising thus, or I shall be forbid the house.

M. You are right. Turn to the *clavier*, and begin playing over my last Fantasia—not too *forte* though, for 'tis mirk midnight, and some people can sleep though Mozart cannot. You do well to check my miserable croaking, barking, hissing about self, self, self. What has come to thee, Mozart? Lost thou whine for the moon and other impossible toys? *Adieu!*—*Entrez*, my Constance, my own Stänerl; you are just in time to see Herr Tannino break down in playing at eight, and help me to laugh at the poor wight. Why that very first chord threatens to strangle him. . . . Bravo, Schach! a marvellous escape! But tighten the reins in going round the corner—(turn

the leaf for him Stancr!—or that crotchety passage with the accidental flats will be the death of you. . . . Skilfully rendered. *Evviva Schach!**

THE FRENCH PRESS.

The newspaper, that political weathercock—that moral barometer—that intellectual telegraph of civilised life—varies, like its producers and consumers, in form and features, according to the locality in which it flourishes. In Turkey it is an infant, in Russia and Austria it is a slave; in Italy it is a dwarf, in Spain it is a muffled desperado; in Northern Germany it is a pipe: laugh not, we beseech you!—a pipe always puffed at, always going out, and always being lighted anew. Again: in America it is a prize-fighter, and in California it is—a first-rate speculation. But in England it is a manufacturer, while in France everybody knows it is a soldier to the backbone.

Generally speaking, in England a newspaper is at bottom an investment of capital; in France it is more essentially a defensive and offensive engine—a sort of intellectual catapult or balister for throwing hard words and pointed invectives at the leaders of the enemy. In England a paper abuses a man on principle, and strictly as a matter of business; in France it is passion that furnishes the powder, and hope of revenge the bullet to an editorial charge. Your Briton uses his artillery systematically, and spares his ammunition; your Gaul loads to the muzzle of his gun, and cares little if he burst his barrel in the explosion. Your venal journalist in England is a sturdy speculator—a man who knows how 'to make a book,' and 'hedge' scientifically; in France he is a reckless soldier of fortune—a condottiere, a brigand. In England it is the journal as a house of business, that succeeds; in France it is the man, the leader of a party, who triumphs. In England the proprietor is rarely editor; in France the editor is generally proprietor. In England newspapers profess to represent, in France they pretend to form, public opinion. In England the press wears a mask; in France it displays a cockade. An English journal utters the ideas of a class or a party; a French journal proclaims the sentiments of a man or a clique. The English press forces the ruling powers to pious submission; the French press conspires their downfall and destruction. The Englishman warns, the Frenchman threatens. Lastly, in England the unsuccessful speculator becomes bankrupt; in France the unlucky *richetien* gets shot. The former is ruined by the capital, the latter killed by the bullet of his rival.

In other respects the contrasts between the two presses are equally striking. The English press is free, yet preserves almost invariably a certain tone of moderation and conventional politeness; the French press groans under the most absolute bondage, being subject to fines guaranteed by the deposit of a large caution-money—for a daily paper a thousand pounds, which, if diminished by a fine, must be made up again before the reappearance of the journal—and to seizure by the police. It is under the most arbitrary regulations as to sale. For example, no liberal paper is allowed to be sold in the streets where the monarchical prints are permitted to hawk their treason against the Republic unmolested. Such inconsistency under a republican government appears almost incredible; nevertheless

there is not an inhabitant of Paris, of any party, who will not bear witness to the fact. Yet the 'Événement,' a republican evening paper, has a larger sale than all the *journaux de soir* of the reaction put together. It has a splendid office on the Boulevards, nearly opposite the *Chaussée d'Antin*—a luxury in which none of its opponents indulge. Again: 'La Presse,' the great republican morning paper, is beyond all comparison the most popular and widely-circulated journal in France. The indisputable success of these organs would lead a dispassionate observer to believe that republicanism has a broader basis in France than English journals usually admit; for, after all, why should the number of stamps consumed by the 'Presse' and the 'Événement' so far exceed that used by any other morning and evening papers, unless there existed in various parts of the country a republican class of readers to subscribe to them? Again: any one who will take the trouble to inquire on the Bourse at Paris, will find that shares in 'La Presse' are at a considerable premium, while those of nearly every royalist and imperialist journal are at a fearful discount. These simple facts, which are stated quite independently of all political views, are worthy of remark, as they afford a clue to estimating the present condition of our neighbours, not to be found in the passionate polemics of opposing factions.

Notwithstanding the restrictions above alluded to—to return to our point of contrast—the French press indulges in the most menacing and inflammatory attacks upon men, ministries, and parties; and though in England the anonymous system prevails, while in France every article is now signed (by law) with the name of its writer, personality in French journals runs much higher than in our own prints.

Another curious difference: in France there is no duty on advertisements; yet that vast engine of traffic is there in its infancy compared with its gigantic expansion in England, where so onerous a tax is levied upon every announcement of our wants and wishes. But, indeed, what is trade in France compared with trade in Great Britain? What idea have the monopolists and peddlers of that young Republic of the burning fever of competition which drives the golden current through the veins of British industry and enterprise! France is following rapidly in our footsteps. She is already the *second* commercial state in Europe, and far in advance of all others in wealth and prosperity. Last, however, the following statistics, taken from a recent work on political economy, or rather political comparative anatomy, convey some notion of the gulf which still separates the two countries in a financial and progressive point of view:—

Great Britain, it is calculated, has an income of about £550,000,000. Her taxes are about £50,000,000 or one-eleventh of her total revenue. France has an income of £320,000,000 only, with a taxation of £70,000,000, or more than one-fifth of her total revenue.† That is to say, France produces rather more than one-half what Great Britain produces, and is taxed more than doubly in proportion to her means!

To return to the advertisement department of the press—a department so important with us, so insignificant in France. At a rough guess we should say that there are at least one hundred times as many advertisements annually printed and published in London as in Paris. From this conscientious guess the reader may form some dim notion of the vast disparity between the two countries in that particular walk of literature.

It is impossible to estimate the effect of the abolition of the naturally-detested advertisement-duty in

* Analogies and Contrasts, or Comparative Sketches of France and England, by the author of *Revelations of Russia*, &c.

† The taxation of France has been since increased. Let us hope that by some mysterious process her revenue has increased in proportion.

* Will the writer of this article favour us once more with his name and address, his first note having been mislaid?

this country, which would put us in that respect on a level with the French. Probably, if our hypothesis be at all near the mark, that the number of British advertisements is now as a hundred to one in France, the ratio would not then fall much below one thousand!

As a sort of counterpoise to its political bondage, the stamp on a French newspaper is only one-half that imposed in England, and paper duties are unknown. Hence arises a further important distinction between the press of France and that of her island neighbour. There are several daily newspapers published in Paris, edited and contributed to by the most distinguished men of the day, the price of which is only two sous, or one penny the number. Three sous is the price of the more expensive journals. Their sale is of course proportional to their price, and their influence consequently much more extended than in England, where a daily paper is a luxury absolutely forbidden to the poorer and working-classes. Hence the French, as a nation, are much farther advanced in political knowledge, right or wrong, than the English, and far more excited and impatient on the subject of reforms which the dominant class—that is to say, the *bureaucracy*—naturally delay and oppose by every means in their power.

Now in France at least one adult in ten is either a soldier, a placeman, or a police spy. No wonder that the revolution sits in *permanence* in the brains of French philosophers, and the hearts of French poets and patriots, when a tenth of the population consume more than a fifth of the total revenue of a country in which the result of an equal division of property would give about *seize-vingt* * a day to every citizen shareholder.

Thus the want of abuses to attack or propose remedies for is not one of the misfortunes of a French journalist, and newspapers flourish accordingly.

(As the other hand, the great unstamped press, which in England does so much for the education and civilisation of the people, is entirely unknown in France, owing to the police restrictions thrown round every thing connected with print and paper in that republic of contradictions. The place of these amusing and instructive periodicals is feebly supplied by the *feuilleton* of the daily papers (weeklies are rare—they suit not the feverish progress of events in a revolutionary state.) In these are published tales, literary and dramatic criticism, and articles of various kinds, by the bulletistic writers of France. But as the novels of Alexander Dumas absorb the greater portion of the *feuilletons* of the best circulated journals, they offer small field either for literary aspiration or for popular instruction. However, all classes in France are at present so busy seeking what they call a solution in politics, that they do not perhaps feel very keenly the want of lighter nutriment for their minds on the one hand or more enduring literature on the other.)

The writers of French journals are surely all the men of note and talent in France, who rarely fail to defend with their pens in a newspaper the principles they have advocated with their lips in the House of Assembly. Even the very subs and penny-a-liners, as we should call them in England, are mostly ambitious though penniless young adventurers, whose future it is not often easy to prophesy. Their boldness of invention, when a corner is to be filled up at all hazards, by an extempore '*canard*,' or '*duck*,' as it is termed, is truly admirable. We were much amused by reading in a French evening paper the other day how, owing to some egg-shells being thrown down in the street, an unfortunate cab-horse fell down, and *his feet sliding out in opposite directions, broke all four legs on the spot.* 'The knacker,' continues the duck-maker, 'was humanely sent for, to put the poor animal out of its

agony.' Whereupon follows a profound moral reflection on the wickedness of throwing egg-shells into the street, which to more confiding readers must have proved highly edifying and commendable.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT

THREE or four years ago, an association sprang up with the purpose of fostering a spirit of peace and a hatred of war in all its forms. Grave doubts have been entertained as to the utility of such an association. It is alleged that all persons would naturally prefer peace to war, but that circumstances may compel an appeal to arms, and that so long as bad passions live away it is desirable to be prepared for the worst—that, indeed, a well-organised force, by acting as a terror, is the best preservative of general tranquillity. The question, therefore, may be said to admit of some degree of controversy. Truth is to a certain extent on both sides.

However the matter may be argued, it will be universally allowed that war is a bad thing, and has produced most lamentable consequences as regards even the present generation. The difficulty is to know how to render its recurrence impossible. It is evident that the vast majority of mankind are in a state of shocking barbarism, and that it is only here and there that really civilised and orderly dispositions prevail. Roll out the map of the world and let any man lay his finger on the country where the people are so thoroughly imbued with correct feelings as to render armed force amongst them undesirable. We hear much of the spread of social improvements. Thankful we are for all recognisable signs of advancement, but all that has been done is but a light let in upon darkness, and only shows what is still left to be effected in the way of general illumination. Little more than three years ago, a disorderly mob had possession of Glasgow and the progress of a general sack was stayed only by military force. As long as large cities are exposed to contingencies of this kind—in short, until the very humblest orders of the community know how to articulate their feelings—it is hopeless to expect utter annihilation of that desperate and ultimate resource, warfare. Then as to foreign countries. Look no further than France. It is a universal encampment—a nation armed to the teeth in dread of social break, and possessing a fatal proneness to pick quarrels with peaceably disposed neighbours.

It would, we think, be the height of folly for the advocates of peace principles to ignore the existence everywhere of a reasonable apology for maintaining a certain apparatus of defence against violence. The world is not to be trusted. That is the terrible misfortune. But this very want of confidence is the best of all arguments for the spread of such principles as tend to obviate a recourse to the sword. Let all peoples be educated up to the point at which war inspires sentiments of horror and detestation, and the thing is done.

The mission of the Peace Society, as we suppose, is to promote this species of culture, and so far its aim cannot but meet with approval. A very important end will be gained in merely bringing contiguous nations to a knowledge of each other. Mutual suspicions and misapprehensions have led in past times to proclamations of war, and diplomacy, with all its cost and pretensions, it is grievous to say, has seldom been of any avail in these serious conjunctures. How different, in all probability, would have been the result in the case of the first American and French revolutionary war had the two disputing parties—the people, not diplomatists—been brought face to face to state their differences in an honest spirit of adjustment! It is to be hoped that on any future occasion for national dispute,

* Proudhon calculates seventy-five centimes—a fraction beyond sevenpence per head per diem.

the people on each side will distinctly avow the wish for an amicable settlement. And yet, notwithstanding this expectation, are not the peace-loving English at present carrying on a war against the Caffres without compunction, probably without knowing the merits of the case?—certainly, so far as appearances are concerned, without the wish to learn anything at all about it!

It is clear that anything short of a very general enlightenment and pervading spirit of humanity will inevitably fail to avert the recurrence of war, whether on a small or large scale. Material progress, advancement in the industrial arts, are obviously inadequate towards the suppression of barbaric contests. At the late Peace Congress in London, presided over by Sir David Brewster, it was well observed by M. Coquerel, that moral and religious convictions are indispensable in promoting national aversion for war. 'It is quite true,' he remarked, 'that railways, electricity, international exhibitions of universal industry, draw people together, strengthen the bonds of their intimacy, and tend to render peace permanent; but the people must know this and feel it too, and you are here to tell them so. You are here at this moment, the conscience of humanity; and it is in virtue of this title that you are arresting its attention to a great change which is now taking place in its very heart and centre, but which ought not to, and cannot be realised, unless it have the knowledge of it. You are revealing what is passing in its own bosom, and are hastening progress by the manifestation of it. This is the end of this Congress. You are right, then, not to attribute the destinies of your cause to the material developments of industry. You are right in requiring of all those who have assumed the office of instructing human nature—of all those who listen to it; of ministers of religion, teachers, and journalists, that they should boldly take this grand work in hand. Teachers can do much. They have in this respect an important change to operate in the ideas of humanity, because up to the present time the youthful generation have been instructed according to a system of education and of history absolutely false, and in which war has been made to appear, and has been regarded not only as one of the greatest and noblest things in this world, but as the chief of all that is greatest and noblest. It is war which, according to this system, has monopolised all the men of history, and which in history itself holds the first place. It would appear as though past ages had nothing more instructive to impart to us than an interminable list of sieges and battles. We have all of us read Roman history, to wit. Well, in studying it through the medium of those admirable writers who have transmitted it to our days, we have all of us perhaps been led away by the charms of their style, and the spiritedness of their narrative, and ranged ourselves with them on the side of oppression, of perfidious policy, of insatiable ambition, and of ferocious and frenetic pride, against weakness and good right. And in fact the history of Rome is but an endless poem, a long romance, of which war is the subject, and in which all is exaggeration and forgery. I behold continually passing before my wearied eyes the triumphal car of the victor; I hear the loud and prolonged acclamations, and the boisterous shouts of inebriate admiration and joy which greet him on his passage; but I never hear the frantic sobs of orphans and the maledictions of mothers. Yet in this false order of ideas is youth brought up. When war is spoken of to children it is exhibited to them not in its reality, but under brilliant and deceptive appearances. The troops are shewn to them arrayed in order, as they set out on the march for the battle-field, to the sound of the trumpet, clothed in uniforms of gaudy colours, bedizened with trappings, shining with tinsel and spangles, their feathers and plumes waving, their banners floating in the breeze,

and yielding to every puff; their murderous arms glittering in the sunshine, and that—that is shewn to their infant minds, and pointed out as war! Ah! why not rather shew us—why not shew your children that same army on its return? Or rather explain to them why out of all those thousands of men so few come back. Why not tell them where the rest are? Then they would see plumes and feathers broken—but never mind that: standards torn and ripped, helmets and cuirasses beaten in, and swords snapped in twain—never mind even that: but what *would* matter, they would see and understand what had become of those manly hearts which were so recently throbbing beneath those cuirasses—of those noble fronts on which God had impressed the stamp of his own image, and which so lately beamed with a scintillation of his own immortality and intelligence. To this very day, when glory has been spoken of either to men or to children, military glory has been vaunted at the expense of glory of every other kind. Military glory has been accepted as something grand and noble: but what if it presented itself to our view as the accomplice of Macbeth—its hands dripping with blood! Then errors must be dissipated, and henceforth only that kind of glory must be accepted as belonging to the first class which shall be guiltless of human blood. Teachers must instruct children to know that there are other kinds of glory far more brilliant than that which hovers over camps and over gory battle-fields.

In concluding his eloquent address, M. Coquerel took occasion to rebuke the tendency to be jocular at the expense of the movement in which he and others were engaged. Why there should be any sarcasm expended on the principles professed by the society we are at a loss to understand. So far from feeling any desire to hold up this respectable association to ridicule, we would pass over any eccentricities in its operations as things too inconsiderable for notice, and candidly anticipate that it may prove of vast use in spreading and confirming those habits of thought which lead to the conservation of national tranquillity.

P H I L Œ.

It was a cheerful morning early in January last that we started—that is, five or six ladies and gentlemen—to visit the island of Philæ, which had grown every day more attractive to our imagination. A short ride among ruins and over rocks brought us into the great cemetery of the ancient city of Essoûân; and after passing this, and leaving the way to Mahatta on our right, we began to enter a series of rugged defiles, which we made merry with pleasant talk and laughter. Not more than an hour after starting, we got among trees and houses, at a place called Birlé; and a little beyond came down to a busy landing-place, where boats were crowding, men shouting, women screaming, donkeys braying, and camels grunting as they received their load. The Nile, glittering in the sun, lapsed, as it were, in sheets of light from amidst precipitous rocks on the left, and disappeared amidst low, stony islands on the right. We might have heard the roar of the neighbouring cataracts, but the buzz of life near at hand was too violent. A short altercation introduced us to a ferry-boat; and having sent back our donkeys, we started for the yet invisible Philæ.

A puff of wind dropping opportunely into the sail, carried us across a narrow rock-bound pass, up which we were to creep on the other side against the mighty current. It then fell away, leaving us whirling in a little creek, and exerting ourselves, not very successfully, to prevent our dashing against the huge boulders that obstruct the stream. Poles and a rope were soon got into play; and, after slipping back once or twice, we at length began to make steady progress, though slow. I have often beheld scenes on a far

grandeur scale, but never any more wild and interesting. To give an idea of it in a few words, I will say that we seemed to be in the reach of a river surrounded and narrowed almost to a torrent by the accumulated ruins of Druidical temples. The island of Biggeh on one hand, and the main on the other, seemed entirely composed of a collection of huge boulders, among which, here and there, a few shrubs with twinkling green leaves were to be seen. Many isolated rocks obstructed the course of the stream, and we had sometimes to be dragged by main force between them—the gunwales grating on either side. It was an exciting little journey; and I confess that our feelings were worked up to a very high pitch when we saw another boat backing down on the opposite bank, in spite of the efforts of the men, who held on by ropes, and then breaking loose, go spinning away, we thought, in the direction of the cataracts: not that we anticipated any fatal accident; but the fact was, that the boat contained our baggage, our servants, and, above all, our provisions. We could afford no assistance, but crawled on, gloomily anticipating a late dinner.

The grandeur of the forms that meet the eye during this trajet is such, that when the really majestic ruins of the Temple of Philæ, with their lofty plain walls and long harmonious lines, first begin to peep between the opening rocks, you cannot repress a feeling of disappointment. Most of the other monuments of Egypt break upon the view as you emerge from amidst miserable hovels, or gradually dawn at the extremity of vast levels; but the mysterious Philæ springs at once into sight, as it were, from the midst of jagged precipices and columnar hills, and seems all too smooth and elegant for such a setting. We might not be surprised at finding a nymph reclining her dainty form upon the crushed flowers of a meadow, or the elastic turf of a green hill; but on the shattered lip of a crater or a stony table-land, we should expect to descry the uncouth limbs of satyrs or fauns, or Cyclopean anchorites. Vast pillars quarried out of the living rock, mountainous propylæa gloomily with age, horrid colossi, and cavernous colonnades, such as astound the eye in more tranquil neighbourhoods, would here have been in keeping; but not that white and elegant pile which appears, as the wilderness of granite is cloven by the shining stream, to totter in the sunshine over these verdant and waving groves.

Philæ lies between the southern extremity of Biggeh and the eastern bank. As we turned towards it, beneath some lofty boulders covered with hieroglyphics, the prospect widened, and villages, strips of cultivation, and groves appeared. But these were soon again hidden by the island itself, under the steep bank of which we were carried by another friendly puff. Though pretty well used to antiquity-hunting, we were scarcely prepared for the profusion of objects that here burst upon us, soliciting our notice: vast temples, diminutive chapels, altars, shrines, obelisks, colonnades, all fanned by a rebellious vegetation—we run over all, and came back confused and perplexed, like a rustic who has turned up the concealed entrance of a cave of untold treasure with his plough, and stands not knowing what to take—the diamonds or the coins, the vases or the robes of price—until the guardian demon comes swooping down like a black cloud, and reduces him to a heap of clanders, or changes him into an ape. Our reveries were interrupted by a gunteel imp named Haroon, who, instead of exercising any diabolical arts of magic, announced that the provision-boat had arrived, and that dinner was laid in the tent. I know not why poking about among ruins invariably creates a voracious appetite—perhaps it is that thoughts of the instability of human things weary the body as well as the mind; at anyrate, every one declared that they felt a sinking; and off we went to collect strength and courage for more minute investigation.

I do not intend attempting to give a topographical description of the island of Philæ, nor to restore in imagination what time has overthrown. The learned might dispute my conclusions, or smile contemptuously at my arrogance. A few words will convey an idea of the chief features of interest. At the southern extremity, where the Nile is seen winding into the Nubian ravine—at length free from obstructions and in all its placid majesty—was evidently of old the chief approach of the island, overlooked by an immense naked rock. Two colonnades, of different styles of architecture, lead obliquely to a gate, flanked by the usual pyramidal towers; this admits you into a court, with chapels on either hand, and terminated by another gate and two other towers. Beyond is a smaller court, partly covered in by a massive roof, supported by gigantic columns; and then succeed in some confusion dark passages and darker rooms, devoted no doubt to the more mysterious ceremonies of the yet unexplained religion of the ancient Egyptians.

Such is the principal building or body of buildings; but there is an elegant temple standing separate to the east, and an immense number of smaller piles, gateways, and ruined walls, that seem not to form part of a connected plan. The whole island was formerly surrounded, or rather its sides were faced, by walls of hewn stone, large portions of which still remain. Then there is a profusion of little staircases, leading some down to the water's edge, some up to little terraces, some to the top of the propylæa, with corridors opening into all sorts of little rooms; so that the mind absolutely gets fatigued by the strange reverses and speculations that continually press into it. Nor must we forget the endless succession of sculptures—the figures of gods, some beautiful, but the greater part hideous—the symbols, the inscriptions, the mouths and dancing eyes, the serpents, scarabæi, and other reptiles, the foul-looking vultures, the hawks, the dogs, the odd, arbitrary signs—all huddled together to form an inexplicable meaning. Surely it is unnecessary to say more to explain why we passed hour after hour in a state of uneasy wonder.

We had heard of a curious succession of passages in the eastern wall of the temple, and went of course to explore them. We leaped down a kind of well, and found, first, a room to the left without ornament or sculpture. Leaving this, we followed the passage to the end, and reached a square hole overhead. So we got up with some difficulty, and retraced our steps in the same direction until we saw another hole at the opposite end, which led to a similar passage; and so on for several storeys as it were. I was at first inclined to think that the builders had employed this artifice to give the wall an appearance of immense solidity without wasting stone; but a succession of narrow horizontal air-holes, artfully concealed on the outside, seemed to suggest a purpose of utility. We thrust out twigs from those in the upper passage, and found that they were not much more than half-way up the wall. It is probable, therefore, although no other opening has yet been discovered, that this was a secret way to some of the chambers now buried in rubbish at the north-east corner of the temple.

On returning downwards, just as we were going to drop into the lower passage, we observed that at one side of the square hole there was a large stone hinged into what appeared to be an aperture or entrance of a chamber. It struck us that this might have escaped the observation of preceding visitors anxious to proceed higher and higher, and now ascertained, by thrusting in long sticks, that there was really a dark chamber beyond. My companion F— became enthusiastic, and vowed he would not stir from the spot until he had removed the huge obstacle that lay in the way of our further investigations. He easily communicated his excitement to me; and, by suggesting that there might

be a large treasure in the hitherto unexplored room beyond, to the two men who accompanied us. One of them went quietly to fetch tools, and we were soon at work with lever and chisel. At first it seemed almost a hopeless undertaking. The stone was about three feet square; but we soon discovered that it was merely supported by a small projection on one side, and that it hung over the passage below more than half its width. I cannot convey an idea of the excitement of that hour of hot dusty work, nor of the energy of my friend, who at length pushed aside the Arabs, and with bleeding hands and hard-strained muscles, dislodged the enormous block, which went thundering down, leaving as it were, a black chasm open to view.

We paused a moment to draw a long breath, talked sagely about mephitic vapour, and then, candle in hand, proceeded with panting hearts to explore the newly-opened recess, which we expected to turn out to be at least the tomb of Osiris. I went first, cautiously creeping on my hands and knees, when—oh shame! oh confusion!—I found myself suddenly in one of the side-rooms of the sanctuary, and caught through the open doorway the retiring form of a young lady, who had wickedly overheard our enthusiastic conversation, and was hastening to communicate our important discovery to the rest of the party! After a hearty laugh, we consoled ourselves by reflecting that we had increased the facility of access to the passage. Our Arabs, however, looked ruefully about, and asked: 'Where was the treasure?' and it was with some difficulty that, at a future period, we could persuade them to join in more successful excavations.

It had been resolved to pass the night on the roof of the temple; so we gaily enjoyed our tea and toast, and the more Eastern pipe, at the entrance of what is sometimes called the tomb of Osiris; and having played a game of What is my thought like? retired—no, not to bed, nor yet to rest, but to lie down under the equivocal protection of a tent-cloth stretched over an open landing-place at the top of the principal staircase. We had been broiled by day, but were nearly frozen at night. The wind, that blew loud and strong without, came swooping in every now and then through crack and cranny, as if he had a mighty objection to our presence in such romantic quarters. We laughed at him, however; and wrapping ourselves in cloaks and Bedouin blankets, made up for the want of sleep by merry conversation. I am afraid our laughter disturbed the ladies, who were more snugly housed not far off; but all things have their end: our bones became accustomed to the hardness of the ground; the wind sank, or was no longer heeded, and at length we were all dreaming of Isis and Osiris, or perchance of home.

Not very much refreshed, I started up next morning to see the sun rise from the top of one of the great propylons. I found the stones wet with dew, the sky all alight, but the valley still wrapped in shadow. The island of Biggeh, with its vast rocks, concealed the western bank of the Nile; but the eastern, in a great curve, half surrounded me. The waters were gray and tranquil, and a few pale sails were stealing across them here and there. All was painfully silent, except that afar off, down the rocky ravine by which we had come, could be heard distinctly the solemn roar of the cataracts. I was listening intently when a golden beam struck the propylon on which I stood, and presently temple, and tower, and grove, were warmed, as it were, into life, and the river seemed to spread out more tranquilly to drink in the coming day. It was a glorious thing to behold all the marvellous elements of the scene, at first dim, like shadows settling down into substantiality; and to mark how—though no buzz of stirring life fell on the ear—the voice of the cataracts seemed to recede like the murmur of a retreating army, and at last utterly died away.

Again we roamed through the ruins, finding new

objects of interest at every step; but I will not weary you with enumerating them, because perhaps the very things which created most speculation among us—as, for example, a Greek inscription, afterwards found to be known by everybody, and fifty times translated—would be thought least of by an inquisitive reader. In the course of the morning we determined to ride to an old ruined mosque, the minaret of which was visible from afar on the western bank, and which marks the official as well as the traditional boundary between Nubia and Egypt. We crossed in a little ferry-boat to the rendezvous we had given our donkeys, and started off along a pleasant path that took us between fields and meadows, and through groves and villages nestling at the base of the Arabian chain of hills. All the houses in those parts are neater outside, and seem more spacious within than the Arab hovels. Over the door of one of them we noticed an English dinner-plate, with the Chinese-bridge-and-pagoda pattern, built in as an ornament. The people, so far as we saw anything of them, were quiet and simple. Some of the women held out their children, that we might give some paise, others sent them scampering after us; but it was not very annoying to be wished a pleasant journey on consideration of a farthing.

There is a little hamlet at the foot of the short rugged slope leading up to the ruined mosque. We dismounted, and soon reached the object of our pilgrimage, and were assisted by a self-appointed guide to climb up the tottering and long-since desecrated minaret. From the summit a fine view is obtained of the two islands Biggeh and Philæ, that divide the Nile into three branches, each of which might almost be a great river. They now, however, seemed to the eye to be erections; and the broad-spreading water before us might easily have been mistaken for a mountain lake. This indeed is the character of Nile scenery almost everywhere. We returned slowly beneath a burning sun, and recrossing to the island, which even in this short time had begun to be looked upon as a home, passed the remainder of our day reclining on the roof of the temple in a patch of eternal shade, and indulging in rambling talk of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, the origin of civilisation and the formation of creeds and religions.

Towards evening we started with the resolve, since realised, of once more visiting this romantic spot. Our return-route was partly different from that which we had taken in coming. We crossed to the main immediately opposite the island, and at once struck into the desert. Soon all traces of vegetation disappeared, and we were in the midst of arid deserts. Even here, however, the mementoes of past civilisation greeted our eyes. A wall of crude brick, in many places double, but in a very ruinous condition, skirted the road. Whether it be the continuation of the Old Man's Dike—fragments of which are to be observed here and there along the whole western bank of the Nile, principally at the entrances of ruins I do not know; but the probability is that this was the case, and that the object of its construction something resembled that of the Chinese Wall. These vain attempts to fortify whole countries seem to have been common in ancient times, especially towards the decline of empires.

A watch-tower perched on the summit of a huge solitary rock was pointed out to us. I remembered it to have been mentioned by Pococke, since whose time, however—very recently indeed—it has become the scene of a tradition. A gigantic black, it is said, took up his quarters there, and used to descend about night-fall and lie in wait for travellers whose business might lead them along this solitary road. Two or even three seldom frightened him, and the murders and robberies he committed were numerous. At length, however, these facts reached the ears of the government, and a party of soldiers were sent to bring him in dead or

alive. He retreated to his eyry, and defended himself with desperation, hurling down huge stones on the assailants. They wished at first to avoid killing him, that he might be made an example of at Essouân, but were at length driven to use their muskets; and the black brigand, covered with wounds, was obliged to retreat within his tower. For some time none ventured to follow him; but two of the stoutest hearts were prevailed upon to make the attempt. As they approached the door a savage roar startled them. They had only time to fall back ere the giant appeared, blinded with blood flowing from a wound in his forehead. He had heard their footsteps, and knew that all was over; so, after vainly endeavouring to grasp at one of them, he leaped down the precipice to the road, and was killed by the fall.

Such was the story which was told to us in a low trembling voice as we wended our way along the darkening dingle. Our donkey-boys seemed afraid lest a successor of this formidable robber might be lurking about to overtake them. But we saw not a living being, until having passed the cemetery, and the ruins, and the grove, we reached the bustling beach near which our boat was moored. Here all was yet alive. A dozen travellers' *dahabicks* were lighted up for the evening: some had lanterns swinging from their yards. Two enormous sails were coming slowly up in the moonlight. We knew that some friends were arriving, and felt called upon to fire a salute; but I am sorry to be obliged to record that the roar of eight guns was entirely drowned by the screaming of an Arab maid-servant on board the new-coming boat, and that it reached its mooring-ground perfectly unconscious of our politeness.

THE PERVERSE WIDOW.

It is pleasant now and then for the lover of books to let the headlong flow of our present literature pass on unheeded, and fix his thoughts and his eyes upon some first love of his taste. It is like bringing back the freshness of youth, and, as it were, gliding the evening twilight with a beam of the early an. so as to give sadness as well as glory to the picture. The old book—the book we treasured in youth—is no doubt somewhat the worse for wear in its externals, and so far that matter is the young girl we loved in the same years. But they are both unchanged in the inner part, for our memory defies alike dust and wrinkles, dogs' ears, and seven children.

But a transformation sometimes occurs with books from which women, unhappily, are debarred: the book becomes young again, even in the material part, and is more radiant than ever. Here, for instance, is one of the most elegant old-new volumes in the world, adorned with all the luxury of modern art, and on opening it we discover that it is the history of our ancient friend Sir Roger de Coverley.* And it opens, too, at a part which sets all our sympathies flowing, and calls up pity and smiles at the same moment—Sir Roger is Love. O that perverse widow, with the coldest heart and the finest hand in the world! she who, in spite of his state as sheriff, his handsome dress, gallant air, and the feather in his cap, slow the good knight in open court with one beam of her bewitching eye. She was a reading lady, too, this widow, a desperate scholar, and a terror to country gentlemen. She was of opinion, however, that Sir Roger was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country; and on this flattering encouragement he determined to advance. But it would not do. She received him with a discourse which the best philosopher in Europe could not have

surpassed, and then she put her hand to her bosom—the finest hand in the world—and adjusted her tucker. 'O the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men!'

Mr Wills, we need hardly say, does not let the widow pass without mention in his highly interesting 'notes and illustrations.' 'The notion,' says he, 'that the perverse widow had a living, charming, provoking original, has been more prevalent and better supported than that respecting any of the rest of the Coverley characters. Although a mere outline—hinted rather than delineated amidst the picturesque group of last century figures—she is so suggestively shadowed forth that the reader himself insensibly vivifies the outline, feels her ascendancy, and doubles his pity for her kind-hearted victim.' 'The dignity of her aspect, the composure of her motion,' and the polish of her repartee—heightened by the foil of her spiteful confidant—make us participate in Sir Roger's awe; and while we sympathise with his ardent admiration, we tremble for the hapless presumption that aspires to "the finest hand of any woman in the world." Her subtlety was unbounded. No coquette commands success who, besides varied resources, cannot ply her wit with the chastest dexterity; and the widow's omnipotence was attained less by her personal charms and mental graces, than by the delicacy of her lures and the nice discrimination with which they were spread.'

Who was this widow? That she had a real existence cannot be doubted. Both Addison and Steele, it seems, suffered from sharp, polished, perverse widows, but Mr Wills—innocent of the pun—includes like other commentators to the Steele widow. 'The information on which this belief is grounded is derived from Chalmers through Archdeacon Nares, to whom it was communicated by the Rev. Duke Yonge of Plympton, in Devonshire. "My attention," says the reverend gentleman, "was first drawn to this subject by a very vague tradition in the family of Sir Thomas Crawley Boevey of Flaxley Abbey, in Gloucestershire, that Mrs Catherine Boevey, widow of William Boevey, Esq., and who died January 21, 1726, was the original from whence the picture of the perverse widow in the 'Spectator' was drawn. She was left a widow at the early age of twenty-two, and by her portrait (now at Flaxley Abbey, and drawn at a more advanced period of her life) appears to have been a woman of a handsome dignified figure, as she is described to have been in the 113th number of the 'Spectator.' She was a personage well known and much distinguished in her day, and is described very respectfully in the New Atlantis under the name of Portia." Steele, the author of the papers in the 'Spectator' which describe the widow, was an admirer of this Mrs Boevey, and inscribed a volume to her in a dedication which tallies with the portrait of the perverse widow. 'Sir Roger tells his friend that she is a reading lady, and that her discourse was as learned as the best philosopher could possibly make. She reads upon the nature of plants, and understands everything.' In the dedication Steele says: "Instead of assemblies and conversations, books and solitude have been your choice; you have charms of your own sex, and knowledge not inferior to the most learned of ours." In No. 118, "her superior merit is such," says Sir Roger, "that I cannot approach her without awe; my heart is checked by too much esteem." Dedication.—"Your person and fortune equally raise the admiration and awe of our whole sex." They had both female confidants, or, as we should now call them, companions; but Mrs Boevey had no lawsuit. There is a discrepancy, too, in chronology; but this, Mr Wills tells us, 'weighs not a feather in the scale of evidence; no true artist copies every trait of his subject, and the verisimilitude is not diminished because the Gloucestershire enslaver was younger and not so litigious as the Worcestershire enchantress. Mrs Boevey

* Sir Roger de Coverley. By the Spectator. The Notes and Illustrations by W. Henry Wills: the Engravings by Thompson, from Designs by Fred. Taylor. London: Longman, 1880.

died January 21, 1726-7, in her fifty-seventh year, and was buried in the family vault at Flaxley, with an inscription on the walls of the chapel to her memory. There is also a monument to her in Westminster Abbey, erected by her executrix.

Notwithstanding the testimony of this monument, we are of the editor's opinion—that 'Sir Roger's widow will never die!'

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL MAIL-PACKET SERVICE.

[For the following interesting information, the public are indebted to the 'Hampshire Advertiser.' We reproduce it here, that it may have a more enduring place than the columns of a newspaper.]

CONSIDERABLY less than twenty years ago the foreign and colonial mails were all conveyed by sailing packets. At that period there was only a mail communication with France four times a week, and with America once a month. The mail passage to and from the latter country was reckoned by weeks. With the East Indies there was no mail communication whatever. Falmouth was the principal packet-station in the country, and not a single foreign mail was landed at or embarked from Southampton or Liverpool. The foreign or colonial mails—made up in London on a Wednesday—were despatched from Falmouth on the following Saturday, three days afterwards, provided the wind and weather permitted it.

At the present time all foreign and colonial mails are conveyed in steam-vessels; the postal communication with France is twelve times a week, and with America eight times a month; the mail passage to and from the latter country is reckoned by days. There is a mail-packet communication with the East Indies twice a month. Falmouth has ceased to be a packet-station, and Southampton and Liverpool are the chief packet-stations in the country. Foreign or colonial mails, sent from Southampton, are at sea in four hours after they are made up in the General Post-Office; and those sent from Liverpool are at sea in twelve hours afterwards.

Formerly the whole of the sea-borne mail-service was performed by government, now it is performed almost solely by private steam-packet companies. There are twelve of those companies who have contracts with the government for the conveyance of mails. The number of steamers employed in conveying sea-borne letters is nearly 100—the horse-power of which is about 30,000, and the tonnage 80,000. The value of these steamers is not less than £3,000,000 sterling. The aggregate sum which the mail-packet companies receive annually from government for conveying mails is about £730,000. The number of miles which their packets traverse in the course of a year is about 2,000,000—nearly nine times the distance of the earth from the moon, and about eighty times greater than the circumference of the globe.

The mail-packet stations at the present time are Southampton, London, Liverpool, Holyhead, Plymouth, Aberdeen, and Lerwick; of these stations Southampton is the most important. Three large English steam-packet companies have made it their station, who own 40 out of the 100 steamers employed in the mail-service, and the horse-power of which is 14,000, and the tonnage about 40,000. Out of the £730,000 paid by government for mail-service, the Southampton companies receive above £477,000, or nearly two-thirds.

England is celebrated for the extent and perfection of her mail-packet service; in fact, it may be said that she carries the sea-borne correspondence of the whole world. From east to west—between China and Chili, passing through the four quarters of the globe; and from north to south—between Hamburg and the Cape of Good Hope—her great mail-packet lines extend; and from them an immense number of branch-lines shoot out, many of which are thousands of miles in length. England conveys the over-sea correspondence of nearly every country with the continent of Europe, the Peninsula, the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean, India, China, Cape of Good

Hope, West India, Mexico, United States, British America, Peru, Chili, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, the Spanish Main, and Central America. No other nation is comparable to England in this respect. America has only a few mail-packets running between New York and England, Bremen, Havre, and Chagres; and between Panama and California: France and Austria convey over-sea mails only between Marseilles and Trieste, and some few ports in the Mediterranean: Holland and Spain do not convey their own correspondence with their rich Eastern possessions; for the Java and Philippine mails are conveyed by the English steamers between Gibraltar and Singapore, or Hong Kong: in like manner France, Denmark, Spain, and Holland send their mails for their western colonies and possessions by the Royal West India mail-packets. The French government attempted a few years ago to establish a transatlantic steam-packet communication, but it turned out a disastrous and irretrievable failure. The only nation that is likely to succeed in establishing ocean mail-packet lines is America; from which it would appear that the Anglo-Saxon race—who are probably destined ultimately to people the principal portions of the globe—are alone capable of keeping a footing, as it were, on the great ocean pathways.

The history of the British mail-contract packet-service is interesting, for the rapidity with which that service has attained its present vast extent is astonishing. About fourteen years ago, the Peninsular Steam Navigation Company contracted with the government for the conveyance of the Spanish and Portuguese mails. Soon after this, the problem of traversing the Atlantic by steam was effectually solved by the successful voyages of the *Great Western* steamer, and the British and North American Steam-Packet Company was then formed, to convey the United States and British-American mails. In the meantime, the Peninsular Company had extended their mail-packet operations to the Mediterranean; and Lieutenant Waghorn having proved the practicability of sending the Indian mail by way of Egypt, that company (then become the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-Navigation Company) placed mail packets on the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, and undertook the conveyance of that mail by the overland route. About nine years ago, the Royal West India Mail Steam-Packet Company was formed, and obtained a government contract for the conveyance of mails between this country and the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Spanish Main; and when the China war ended, the Peninsular and Oriental Company undertook the carrying of the China mails by way of Egypt and Ceylon. In consequence of the West Indian steamers touching at Chagres, arrangements were made for carrying mails across the Isthmus of Panama; and the Pacific Steam-Navigation Company was established, to convey the south-western American mails between Panama and Valparaiso. At the present time, three steam-packet companies—the Peninsular and Oriental, the Royal West India, and the Pacific—form an almost unbroken mail-packet line from Valparaiso to Hong Kong—19,000 miles in length, or above three-fourths of the circumference of the earth.

By means of the present arrangements, by which the West Indian steamers arrive at Southampton from the Isthmus on the 19th of the month, and the departure of the Alexandrian steamer, with the India and China mail, from Southampton, on the 20th of the month, a person may now stand on the Andes and gaze westward on the Pacific; he may embark almost immediately afterwards on board a West India steamer at Chagres, and be conveyed to the four quarters of the world, and on the eightieth day after he left Chagres he may arrive off the coast of China and be looking eastward on the great and tranquil ocean. For the sum of £200 sterling a man can make a tour of almost the habitable globe in the space of eleven weeks. Leaving Chagres and Carthagena, in America, he touches at Southampton, Gibraltar, and Malta, in Europe; Alexandria, Suez, and Aden, in Africa; and Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong, in Asia. Passing over, in an opposite direction, almost the track of the

great Columbus when he discovered the New World, he sails between the Pillars of Hercules, the boundary to the navigation of the ancient world; sees Egypt, renowned for its antiquity and wonders, traverses the Red Sea, the scene and neighbourhood of so many sublime events in sacred history; and after touching at the supposed site of the primeval Paradise, he lands at 'far Cathay,' the antipodes of the spot from whence he set out! During this marvellous voyage he sees almost every variety of country and of the human race, has for fellow voyagers some of the richest and most accomplished merchant princes in the world, and enjoys all the comforts and luxuries of an English hotel!

DANGER OF MODELLING IN WAX

Few persons, especially perhaps of the many young ladies who are now practising the very pleasing art of modelling fruit, flowers, &c. in wax at all suspect the great danger in which they are placed from the poisonous nature of the colouring matter of the wax which they handle so unsuspectingly. The white wax, for instance, contains white lead, the green, copper, the yellow, chromic yellow, the orange chromic yellow in vermilion—strong poisons all, while many other kinds of wax are equally poisonous, and therefore dangerous. There are very many persons who are aware of the intense sufficiency for many years past of Mr W. Baily, jeweller and modeller in wax. Mr Baily has been at times completely paralysed, and is now, and has long been very nearly so, especially in his hands and arms, and he has also been afflicted with extensive ulceration of the throat, and is almost totally lost his voice. Both himself and his medical adviser, after a long attention to his symptoms, are satisfied that the primary cause of his affliction is the extent to which the subtle poisons in the wax with which he has worked have been absorbed into his system through the pores of his hands, while the disease has been generally strengthened, and one part of it a counterfeited, by the occasional application of his fingers to his lips while at work. Mr Baily says that he has known several cases in which young ladies have been attacked with partial paralysis of the hands and arms, after having devoted some time to the practice of modelling, but at the time he had no suspicion of the cause. As all the requisite colours can be obtained from vegetable matter, and as the use of mineral colouring seems to lead to such deplorable results, the subject should be carefully investigated by those working with coloured wax.

Manchester Guardian

'DIRTY WORK'

Many people turn up their noses at what they call 'dirty work,' as though all honest labour was not cleaner than many kid glove ways of swindling one's way through the world. Rather than owe our living to the latter, we would infinitely prefer to shake carpets or sweep chimneys at fifty cents per day. A day or two since we learned an instructive bit of history touching a deer of 'dirty work'—a hodman. No matter where he was born—he was none the worse for being a Turk man or an Irishman. He came to this city about ten years ago, young, healthy, and honest, he could get no employ but hod carrying, and he carried so well as to earn at once his dollar a day. He procured cheap but good board and lodgings, spent none of his earnings in saloons or low places, attended church on the Sabbath, educated himself in the evenings, laid up money, and at the end of five years bought a lot in the city and built a pretty cottage. In one year more he found a good wife, and used the cottage, before rented out for these six years he had steadily carried the hod. He was a pious worker, an acknowledged scholar, and a noble pattern of a man. On the opening of the sixth year his talents and integrity were called to a more profitable account, he embarked as a partner in a business already well established. This day he is worth at least 100,000 dollars, has a lovely wife and two beautiful children, a home that is the centre of a brilliant and intelligent circle; and

he is one of the happiest and most honourable men as far as he is known. So much has come of a hodman—*New York Tribune*

SUMMER

BY CALDER CAMBELL

SINCE cold within her hair young Summer smiles,
And the gay descent rings
O'er many a daily path, till Night
Clothes her an Amazon most fair—
In moony nimour, quaint and rare,
By Cynthia's torch and in her halls of light
Blue eyed young Summer smiles upon the earth,
That in its glaze sends forth
A troop of flowers to say, 'All hail!'
And scatter sweetly as they pass
O'lonis that wile from bush and grass
Bees and bright winged flies that flutter in the pale
Light footed as a fay young Summer dances,
The while to sweet romances
The nightingale attunes her voice
In woods where heat struck deer repose—
While twilight, by the streamlet flows,
And in its plishy depths the steel light reflects
Sun loving Summer there in quiet ease
In the 'neath rustling trees
The priestly oaks that gravely sit
Their broad arms over the flowers below
In verdant benediction, throw
A reluctant hail round her dreamy head
Here Summer, cold by day's hours of the night,
Shimbleth to human sight,
Yet with great Nature duly runs
Her proper course, untold and true
While Man, dull ear'd dim sighted,
Scarce hears or sees Night's stars or Morn's suns!

GEOLOGY OF THE VELDRAINS OR WHITE MEN OF CHINA

Their ordinary clothing, as manufactured in the land of trees. This, when gathered, is cut into pieces of a convenient size, the inner coat is then separated from the outer and steeped in water for a few hours, after this it is beaten between two stones until it becomes perfectly soft, smooth, and pliable, it is next dried, and is then ready for use. As none of the pieces are smaller than sufficient size to form a garment, they generally sew two together with a string of fibre obtained from the descending shoots of the bamboo tree, this forms a cloth about four and a half feet long and three feet wide, and constitutes the whole clothing of the Veldrahs. His dress by day, and his bed and blanket by night. *Green's Report of the Veldrahs to the Govt of London*

NIGHTMARE

The expression 'nightmare' is, Sir William Temple says, from *Mara* in old Runic, which was a goblin said to seize upon sleeping men, and take from them speech and motion, for in those days medical science had not made it plain to every one as it has now, that the goblin in question is simply indigestion.

PLEASE THE PIGS.

The expression 'please the pigs,' now only used by the lowest vulgar, was no more in its origin than *Dios leute* God willing; and was a corruption from *pyx* or *pyxia*, the vessel in which the host is kept—substituted for the host itself, as we speak of 'the sense of the House'—not meaning the brick and mortar, but a certain number of representatives who sit in it.

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WRONGS OF THE UNREADY.

'A mad world, my masters!'—an odd, inconsistent, unreasonable world. If you were to go over the whole list of the planets (and that is no such easy matter now), it may be doubted whether you would find a more stupid and perverse world. We are overwhelmed with complaints of it; and in fact, judging by our correspondence, we are driven to suspect that the notion is spreading pretty generally over society that we have a hand in it ourselves. How some people rise in this ridiculous world?—how other people sink?—and how the rest stand stock still?—are questions that are put to us every day at the point of the pen; and we are commanded by scores of constant readers to tell them instantly, and without prevarication, what is the way to get on in it. Numberless are the genus of purest rascals that desire to be informed how they can emerge from dark untathomed caves, where they can no more shine than the Koh-i-noor; and numberless the blushing flowers that impart to us in confidence their longing to be seen when blushing, and to give forth their fragrance in public.

It appears to be a pretty generally received opinion, that the world has combined to ignore the talent it contains; that employers have a natural hankering after incompetence; and that, even when they take the trouble of selecting, they always, by some fatality or other, pick out the wrong men. This explains why it is that editors invariably reject the good articles they are offered, and insert and pay for all the trash they can get. It likewise seems to be a prevalent belief, that everybody is fit for some higher kind of work than he is about, and that he wants for nothing to succeed in it but to discover what the work is. Some think they would get on better as authors than as merchants or tradesmen, and beg us to advise them (on the strength of an article they send) to invest their realised capital in a ream of paper, a box of steel pens, and a bottle of ink, and start at once in the profession. Many of this class look to poetry with a superstitious faith, inherited apparently from the times when verses were incantations; and they enclose specimens of their Runie rhymes enough to make a nervous person's hair stand on end. One young gentleman is in the predicament of Mr Dickens's Youngest Gentleman in the boarding-house: he is not 'understood' by the people about him. He is a traveller in a foreign country, ignorant of the language, and would be glad to know how he is to get along; and he is likewise a castaway on a desert island, and would trouble us to inform him how he is to secure his coffee and toast in the morning. It is this young gentleman's poetical images that have led us to think of the Wrongs of the Unready.

An actual traveller in a foreign country (for such is the world) would be laughed at for his complaint; he would be desired at once 'to learn the language.' An actual castaway would be informed, that if he had not something of the skill and ingenuity of a Crusoe, he must be content to support life as long as he could on the shell-fish of the shore on which the waves had thrown him. If we examine the complaints of this kind that are made by those who are only metaphorically travellers and castaways, we shall discover, in nine cases out of ten, that their want of success is owing to their want of preparation for the contests of the world. An aspiring shopman is conscious of something within him which is above his business; and when he sees individuals round him, 'no better than himself,' detached every now and then from their position, and floated off on the waves of fortune, he accuses the world of injustice. But, in point of fact, the world has not sense enough to be unjust. It has no discrimination, no knowledge, no instinct: it is a mere soulless mass, like the winds or waves, moving now gently, and now furiously, in eternal undulations, and catching blindly at the salient points it meets. If our shopman, instead of grumbling, had inquired minutely into the circumstances of his fortunate neighbours, he would have found that there was something about them exposed to the influence of the stream which he did not possess: some knowledge, some accomplishment, even some point of external manners, which would account for their being favoured with an influence that did not extend to him.

A curious observer will frequently be struck with the insignificance of this *something* which forms the destiny of men—with the singular inadequacy of the cause to the event— and he will be led to conclude that there is no knowledge, however mean, and no talent, however lowly in its sphere, that is not deserving of respect and encouragement. In a family, in a part of the country that shall be nameless, there was a little boy who exposed himself to the ridicule of his companions by his effeminacy. He was more partial to a needle and thread than to a stick and line, and liked better sewing clouts with his little sisters at home than fishing partans with the other boys at the Roperie Quay. Now it happened that a distant relation—a very great man, an army agent in London—visited the town, and the mother of the family was wildly anxious that he should take a liking to one of her boys, and promote him to a situation in his counting-house. The great man came to the house, and a very gentleman-like man he was, though grave and stately in his manners, and somewhat philosophical in his looks. He examined the performances of the boys in their several vocations, and did not seem specially interested in the

modern lyrics, 'There's kames o' honey on my love's lips'—that he never made anything in his life by poetry but his share of a half-crown bowl of punch! But it must be owned that another acquaintance of ours was more fortunate than Allan Cunningham. Finding that a sonnet of his had appeared in a fashionable miscellany, he was not satisfied with the immortality thus obtained by his initials; but being rather surprised that the expected cheque had not made its appearance, he called at the publisher's, to jog the elbow of the man of business. He was ushered into the private room, when, after he had seated himself, the publisher, a tall, portly gentleman, inquired his pleasure.

'I am the author of that sonnet in your last number.'

'Oh! sonnet? Ah! Well, sir?'

'Oh! I merely called,' said the visitor, feeling awkward and turning red, 'just in the way of business, to inform you that I am not an amateur author.'

'You want payment for that sonnet, do you? Certainly, sir; certainly—all right!' and the bibliophile, taking up the magazine it enriched, counted the lines to see that the measure was good, and calculating mentally its value per scale, presented the fortunate poet with two shillings and sixpence.

But courage! Even to know how to rhyme is to know something; and although the accomplishment is not a marketable commodity, who knows what may come of it otherwise? At anyrate, teaching rhymes is not so ridiculous an employment as complaining of the wrongs of the Landiad.

THE POSTMAN OF THE VAL D'OSSAN.

'Vou Monsieur La Poste!' cried Perronet.

The sound of a horn—a coarse, blaring noise—was heard ere the exclamation was well uttered, and all the loungers in the rustic tavern hurried to the door. Surely enough there he was, Babillon the postman, coming gallantly up, notwithstanding that he and his little Navarre palfray had travelled all the way from Pau to Lauz-Bonnes, and were bathed in an uncomfortable combination of perspiration and dust. It was May, and that is a warm month in the Val d'Ossan, but the curling lip and twinkling eye of Postman Babillon were more than a match for the sun. Spite of the exhausting, prostrating fervour of the weather, never a jot bated they of their staccato, *quilted* air.

Never shall I forget the face of Postman Babillon: a most pleasant face to meet with on the shoulders of a man who lived a poor and laborious life. His shup black eyes and his ripe full lip seemed ever alive with an expression of the acutest enjoyment. There appeared to be an inexhaustible supply of some pungent relish in the depths of the man's soul, that was ever welling up with a mouth-watering intensity into his eyes and lips. In joy, in sorrow, in leisure, in labour, the strange light was always shining in the face of Jean Babillon.

Some dozen rustics were gathered round Host Perronet at the entrance of the little wayside tavern, whose only sign was a wisp of straw suspended over the door; and as Babillon rode up he was assailed by jokes and merry exclamations from the lazy throng.

'Ah, *bon garçon* Babillon, what have you got for us?'

The postman let go his bridle, held up his letter-bag with his left hand, and raising his long horn to his mouth with his right, blew a loud blast.

'Ah, ah! all that?'

'Here, hold my stirrup, Jacques Bonhomme, and I will show you what I have. There's news—news—news!'

'*Hien, bien!* Let us have it.'

'Summer's coming, autumn's coming, winter's coming, and the maize is coming; and the grapes; and the wine—when is that coming, friend Perronet?'

'Ah, ha! a cup of wine for Jean Babillon! Haste, Annette!'

'Wine for Jean Babillon, and water for the *cheval de poste!* *Le pauvre cheval!*—six hours on the trot.'

'But the news?'

'And the letters?'

'And the papers?'

'Ah, *bon Dieu!* The news, and the letters, and the papers! Here they are.' And Jean, having poured the ruddy wine down his throat, placed himself in a comical position on the high leaping-stock before the door, unlocked his bag with much solemnity, and proceeded in a very easy and pleasant manner to make his official 'delivery.'

'Behold this little *bullet!*' cried he, holding up an immense letter. 'I am so proud and happy to carry so handsome a *bullet!* that I know not how to part with it! Indeed I would certainly keep it to myself were it not directed to my dear M. Berion; but that it is for him, and that I have the honour to bring it to him, and to place it safely in his own hands, thus completes my happiness! And with a Frenchman's bow, exquisite in its easy courtesy, he handed the letter to an individual standing among the now numerous group which surrounded him. '*Voilà, voilà, voilà!* a little note for Mlle Julia Duréten. Duréten—*Diable!* who is she?'

'*Prenes garde, M. Jean!* she is not so far away.'

'Ah, it is well,' cried Jean, turning with ready tact in the direction indicated by the looks of his auditory, and raising his cap to a very pretty young peasant woman. 'Ah, my friends, am I not blessed to have brought so little note so long a distance for so charming a *démouelle!* What do I deserve? But, ah, I am well rewarded!'—another most gallant bow to the blushing Julia. '*Plus encore!*—here's for M. Fautillet. Ah, monsieur, good tidings for you, I am sure; for none would have the heart to send you bad by Jean Babillon, who loves you so well! Here's for Annette Perronet, the daughter of our noble host, who is, *par excellence*, the inimitable and best possible Perronet. I am proud to have brought it, *mademoiselle!* Here's for Jules Gautemps, a journal, the "National"—may it delight his kismet! A "D. bats" for Le Comte Beauvais. O! am I not proud? A "Monteur" for M. le Préfet. Not here?' inquired Jean, looking round with an air which provoked shouts of laughter, as if he expected to see the comte and the préfet among his heterogeneous audience. 'Then if people will not come to Jean, Jean must go to them; but Jean is always happy amidst all descriptions of comings and goings. A letter for André Brunette, the younger. Happy youth! it is a maiden's writing. One for Juliette Jolivoie; from a sweetheart, I'll be sworn. Another for—for—*mon Dieu!* I cannot read this name: it is a foreigner's—M. Had—Had—*long—long!*'

'Haddington? It is for me!' exclaimed an elderly individual, who had been standing at the door of the little hostel, listening to the postman's gay rhodomontade with eager attention, and who now stepped forward, and taking the letter, put a coin into Jean's willing hand. He was an Englishman, and bore in dress and mien the appearance of a man of business upon his travels.

'But how is this? It has been opened!'

'I have not opened it, monsieur,' said Jean, a little vexed at the sharp tone of Mr Haddington. 'Perhaps if monsieur will inspect the seal he will see that it is all an accident—mere wear and tear of travel.'

Mr Haddington looked around, as if he wished no one were present but himself and the postman; then muttering 'Well, well,' with a dissatisfied air returned into the house. Perronet watched him with some curiosity. He opened the letter with a nervous and anxious hand. After reading it he turned it about this way and that, spread the sheet of paper wide, shook it,

looked on the ground; then taking up his hat, left the house, and hurried down the road towards Eaux Bonnes.

Jean, having delivered as many letters and papers as he could at the door of the hostel, sat down to rest awhile ere he proceeded on his travels with the remainder. Young and old gathered round the gay-hearted fellow, laughing and chatting with him, and enjoying an idle hour, as none know better how to do than the peasantry of Southern France. Jokes and laughter brightened the atmosphere of the usually sober house of Host Perronet, and never a man of the whole troop had so merry a laugh as Jean Babillon.

But the evening was advancing; the postman had no more time to spare. The white Navarre pony was saddled and bridled, and off he went with a jest and a song. He had not been gone many minutes when the English traveller returned to the house. He asked Perronet if the postman had left.

'Yes, monsieur, he is gone.'

'Does he return this way— and when?'

'He returns to Pau to-morrow morning by this way.'

'I must wait for him. The rascal has robbed me!'

'Robbed you, monsieur!' exclaimed Perronet with a shrug of incredulity and surprise, not unmixed with displeasure. 'It is not possible, monsieur; there is no honest man in all France than Jean Babillon.'

'Monsieur, the mayor of this department thinks differently,' returned Mr Haddington coldly. 'At all events I have lost an enclosure of considerable amount, and shall not be able to proceed on my way to Madrid till it is recovered or till I receive a further remittance. A most annoying affair altogether! It must be inquired into rigorously or I shall not be contented.'

'Truly, monsieur, it is most annoying,' said Perronet, raising his cap and rubbing his head ruefully. 'But as for Jean Babillon, I will lay my life he is not to blame. *Pour le gamin!* it will break his heart.'

As Jean returned the next morning he was arrested by a commissary of police on a charge of having opened a letter and abstracted a bank-bill. An examination ensued before the authorities. Mr Haddington was the agent of a London mercantile house, and was intrusted with sundry negotiations at Bayonne, at several of the Pyrenean towns, and at Madrid. He had been waiting at Eaux Bonnes several days in expectation of further instructions and a remittance, preparatory to proceeding across the frontier into Spain. At length Jean Babillon had brought him a letter: it was enveloped in thin, tough, blue paper, such as the firm he represented was in the habit of using for enclosures. But the seal had been broken; and though the writer of the letter stated that he enclosed with it a bill for 6000 francs, no such document was contained in the envelope. Mr Haddington, ordinarily an impassible, thoroughly business-like Englishman, had been rendered anxious and irritable by expectation and delay; and smitten with an involuntary distrust of the loquacious postman, he had at once suspected him of opening the letter and purloining the remittance. The placing him under arrest, however, was a hasty and inconsiderate proceeding, and a little reflection might have persuaded the traveller that such a course was hazardous until inquiry had given some sort of confirmation to his suspicions.

And now Jean Babillon travelled from Eaux Bonnes to Pau as he had never travelled before; for though he still bestrode his own little horse there was a gendarme on either side of him, and suspicion of crime weighed heavily upon him, bowing his head and dimming the brightness of his eye. He knew well every man and woman they passed upon the familiar road; even the very swine that grubbed about he knew one from the other; and all, every one, appeared to perceive his degradation. The men watched him till he was out

of sight with an inquiring look; the girls and women eyed him with amazement; the very pigs and sheep seemed to understand that he had done wrong, and was no longer honest, welcome Jean Babillon. A bitter time of it for Jean!

French jurisprudence is by no means so straightforward and rapid as English. Our neighbours are so discursive and so superficially profound in their interrogatories, so wonderfully acute in minutiae, that out of every mole-hill they make a mountain; and when here and there they come upon an actual mountain, they straightway make a fire-and-sulphur volcano of it.

Inquiries were made at the Bureau des Postes at Pau, where it was stated that a letter from England, directed to Mr Haddington at Eaux Bonnes had been duly received and handed to Jean Babillon for conveyance to its destination. The *commissaire* said he had not taken particular notice, but believed—indeed would not hesitate to swear—that the letter was properly sealed when he placed it in the bag of the postman. Then ensued the examination of Jean at the Hôtel de Ville. After the scanty evidence had been heard, Jean was at once sharply asked by M. Veronne, the mayor, what had induced him to open the letter?—why he had abstracted the enclosure?—what he had done with it? &c., as it is the custom of French magistrates to do. The suspected man earnestly declared his innocence: he had not touched the letter from the moment it was placed in his bag at Pau until he took it out and delivered it to Mr Haddington at Eaux Bonnes. In vain his protests. The mayor repeated his interrogatories with increased vehemence until Jean, confounded, harassed, indignant, refused to answer or to say anything at all. His passionate demands of guilt had been made to criminate himself, and now his silence was declared to be evident proof of his inability to establish his innocence. Mr Haddington was considerably annoyed at the manner in which the investigation was conducted. The behaviour of the postman impressed him with the belief that the suspicions he had entertained were unfounded; but though he had experienced no great difficulty in bringing the man to the bar, how to get him away again was quite another matter. He had rashly imagined that the interference of a magistrate would either procure him the restitution of the property or a skilful investigation of the affair. When poor Jean had been under the torture of a random examination for upwards of an hour, and when Mr Haddington, chafed and astonished at the manner in which matters were conducted, would willingly, had he been permitted, have abandoned the prosecution, it occurred to the magistrate's notary that it was possible the letter had never contained an enclosure: there was no proof of the fact. Thereupon Mr Haddington was requested forthwith to write to England for proof—Jean Babillon being remanded in the meantime.

As he issued from the Hôtel de Ville, Mr Haddington, to his surprise, beheld Perronet and a whole troop of the Eaux Bonnes peasantry standing round the door, apparently in anxious expectation. All of them being much attached to their friend Jean, they had come up to Pau to know the result of his examination; for the French peasantry have more peregrinary facilities than the English—their system of life embracing large co-operation of the females of a family in every description of labour, the males can, without inconvenience, absent themselves from their homes now and then at their own will and pleasure. As one of the officers descended from the justice-chamber, he was eagerly surrounded and questioned by the rustics, who, on hearing what he had to say, regarded the Englishman with shrugs and glances of anything but an approbatory description. Now all this was deeply annoying, and to make matters worse, a poorly-attired and feeble old woman crossed our countryman's path,

and followed him, exclaiming, with tears of sorrow and anger, that he had deprived her of her only means of support. She was the mother of Jean. Mr Haddington, in no very enviable frame of mind, instantly repaired to the bureau of a merchant with whom he had, when at Pau a short time previous, transacted some business, and having explained to him how matters stood, succeeded in procuring a small loan. Having silenced the clamours of the old lady by a liberal gratuity, he proceeded to a modest hotel, despatched a letter to England, and then, with what composure he could, addressed himself to the trial of awaiting an answer thereto.

A week passed in miserable suspense. Perrotet and the other country friends of Jean were still in town. Rarely did the unlucky Englishman walk forth without meeting some of them; and to encounter their unfavourable looks, remarks, and gestures, was not the least trying accompaniment of the adventure.

On the ninth day the anxiously-expected letter arrived. But—confusion!—it was opened exactly as the other had been; and though a remittance was stated to be enclosed, it contained nothing! In a state of great vexation and embarrassment, Mr Haddington again applied to the authorities. Inquiries were instituted at all the post-offices *en route* from England; and though the release of Jean was entreated, as it was now reasonable to suppose that he was as guiltless of the first robbery as he was of the second, the request was denied until some *délivrance* had been arrived at. From the post-offices along the line the news arrived that the letter directed to Mr Haddington had been received with the seal broken, and had been conveyed in that state all the way. Another letter, urgently worded, was despatched to England, the traveller being unable either to return or to proceed on his journey without money. To insure prompt attention, and in deference to certain vague misgivings respecting the people employed at headquarters, Mr Haddington directed his second post to one of the partners of the firm in the fashion of a private letter. Six more anxious and wretched days having passed, an answer was received. This time the seal was fast and secure, and the remittance duly enclosed. Now all was made clear; and though almost anything is better than uncertainty and unjust suspicion, the *dénouement* was of a deplorable sort. The cashier of the house had never procured the bills ordered to be sent to Mr Haddington. Instead of so doing, he had drawn the stated amounts from the bank, and put them into his own pocket, sending the letters with fictitious or unfastened seals, in order, it is supposed, to induce the belief that they had been opened and plundered in transit. A matter of £2,500, however, was but a trifle in comparison to his other defalcations. Having proceeded with extraordinary adroitness to a point at which discovery became inevitable, he had absconded, and strenuous efforts were now being made to discover and arrest him.

Jean was now of course released, immediately after which event his friends, with boisterous solicitude, conveyed him and his mother to the hotel where Mr Haddington was residing, and introduced them into the presence of that gentleman. With much earnest warmth they recited the wrongs the postman and his mother had suffered—the former, a fortnight's incarceration, and an imputation on his honesty which might be ruinous to him; and the latter, the temporary loss of her only source of subsistence, besides anxiety and injustice to both. Mr Haddington, much comforted and restored now that the explanation had arrived, addressed them in a friendly and conciliating manner, explained the position he was in when the first opened letter reached him, the uneasiness he had suffered, owned that he had been hasty, asked them to forgive him, and finally handed to Jean and his mother as hand-some a bonus as he could afford in recompense for the loss he had occasioned them. The old lady in high

glee curtsied her thanks, but Jean, with a nobility hardly to be expected, declined the gift.

'No, no, monsieur,' said he; 'I will not take it. You have suffered as much as I have; it is a cross fortune for both of us, and I hope we shall not have the like again.'

Mr Haddington refused to receive back the francs, however, and I believe they eventually found a place in the pocket of Jean's mother.

Jean had always stood high in the good graces of his employers at the Bureau des Postes, and was immediately reinstated in his office, with congratulations on the satisfactory manner in which his character had been vindicated. The day after his release he went his post-journey in company with his many friends, his horse's head decked out with flowers, and was greeted by cheers and gratulations all along the route. Mr Haddington has seen him many a time since, and has done many a friendly act for him, and will never as long as he lives forget the mercurial Postman of the Val d'Ossan.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

THE SALT-MARSH.

How enchanting is life by the sea-side! To me 'all seasons and their change alike delight' when within reach of the sea, and one source of enjoyment seems to follow another in rapid succession all through the year. In the wild autumnal storms, when the waves mount 'to the welkin's height,' there is an awful beauty which raises the imagination, and exalts the mind to the contemplation of the mighty power of Him who 'stilleth the noise of the seas,' and says unto the tossing main, 'Peace—be still.' Then comes the snow of winter, whitening the earth around its shores, and throwing its spotless mantle over rock, and cliff, and shingle, and everything; but the wide sea still works on, its waters engulfing the flakes as they fall, and restoring them to their fluid state—the ebbing and flowing of its tides uninfluenced by fluctuations of the seasons. Then spring beams forth, leading those who love the water to long for a sail, which, however, it is as yet scarcely safe to venture, on account of those shifting winds which at this season especially visit our island, and, pouring down between the headlands, often endanger any light skiff which may come under their influence; but soon the glorious blue of the sky, and the gentle and equal breezes, speak of summer, and free us from restraint, and we enter on the joyous days of summer life. Then, in the morning, the stroll on the beach, the lounging rest under the shade of some boat on the shingle bank, whilst the yeasty waves advance almost to your feet, and you lie throwing pebbles into the water, and moralising on each circle which emanates from the ruffled centre, and, like glory,

'Never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it extends to nought.'

Or, in a less sedate mood, watching the gambols of a throng of merry imps around you—some barefooted, and wading venturously into the water; others lingering till just too late to save the pretty little clean socks and trousers from a sousing as the wavelet breaks on the shore, whilst nurse half, if not quite angry, snatches back the idle little creature to safer ground. Then there are some swimming boats, and others making great Neptune dash over and over again into the waves after a stick, which he rescues and brings to shore, his noble breast stemming the waters, whilst his erect head lifts the prize high in air, until he lays it safe at the feet of his little master, and after receiving his guerdon of pats and praises, is again sent off in quest of the same stick. It is a charming scene; and next comes the moment when you resolve on taking

your own refreshing dip; and you adjourn to your machine, and get new life for the day by a prolonged splashing in the deep clear water, ever ten times more agreeable on a shingle than on a sandy beach, because you can drop at once from the machine into whatever depth of water suits you, and always find it clean as pump-water, and free from sand or other disagreeables. Then after your bath you go home, and settle to some quiet occupation for a few hours, again to sally forth when the cool evening hours invite you to new enjoyments by flood or fell.

Such was the course of life I was leading when, after the heat of a September day, I set out for a walk to the embankment which secures the low lands at the mouth of the river Otter from the inroads of the waters, the top of which forms a sort of terrace, leading between the river and a stretch of salt-marsh to the pretty village of Otterton. There is here interesting botanising ground, because, as the tide washes the foot of the steep sloping wall which forms the side of the embankment, many of those plants which love saline positions are to be found there when the tide has gone back. The jointed glasswort (*Salicornia herbacea*), called by old Gerard the 'flower of chrystalle,' was one of the first which drew my attention. This is one of the *Chenopodiceæ*, of which order several species crowd the embankment. The stem of the jointed glasswort is erect, and divided by compressed, notched joints, their intervals rather enlarged upwards: it is about a foot high, bushy and green, with nearly cylindrical branches; the spikes composed of numerous short joints, each bearing three sessile flowers on two opposite sides. Though common in England and Ireland, it is not so in Scotland; but whether rare or common, its singularity of appearance would lead to its attractive notice from all passers. It is a valuable plant, yielding, as do most of the *sechins* and *salicorniæ*, an immense quantity of soda, and consequently being largely employed in the manufacture both of glass and of brilla. Some of the other *Chenopodiceæ* which I found were the mercury goosefoot (*C. Bonus Hominis*), which is a sort of spinach, and sometimes eaten; the many-clustered goosefoot (*C. botryoides*); stinking goosefoot (*C. olidum*), which exhales a detestable odour like stale fish; also the wild beet (*Beta maritima*), and the shrubby orach (*Atriplex portulacoides*), which is rather a singular-looking shrub, and not very common, growing from one to two feet high, with lance-shaped leaves, the whole plant merely with small yellowish flowers. The common-thrift (*Statice amentata*) or sea-pink clusters on every rock and bank in the sea; but the lavender-thrift or sea-lavender (*S. limonium*) which I found on the wall of the embankment is far less common, and very brilliant and pretty. The *statice*s belong to the order *Plumbaginæ*, and abound in salt-marshes in the temperate regions of the globe, especially in the basin of the Mediterranean, in Southern Russia, and in Afghanistan. The *Koolah-i-Huzareh*, which forms a large part of the fuel of 'Abul, consists of various species of *statice*; few, however, are found within the tropics. The lavender-thrift grows in panicles rather curiously arched, and bearing a double row of bright lavender-blue blossoms on one side the stalk. Though so pretty, and in colour so like the sweet garden-thrift or *spick*, as the west-country people call it, it is, however, but 'salt lavender which lacks perfume,' so that it disappoints almost more than it pleases.

Rambling on, now resting on the flower-decked bank watching the waves as they rise, and the eels wriggling along on the surface of the water—sometimes descending the bank for a specimen to dry, or a pretty flower to take home, then back to the wide terrace where flowers and insects abound, I find here full amusement—or creeping down on the land-side to revel in the gay patches, &c. which brighten its herbage, I pursue my way. But I must now speak a little of the

flower of greatest interest which I found near this spot, and this was the sea-starwort (*Aster tripolium*), which was now just beginning to bloom. It grows from two to three feet high, and is very abundant; the stem is round and smooth, as are the leaves, which are lance-shaped, the lower ones being stalked, the upper narrower and sessile; the flowers are large, purple, and with a yellow disk, and grow in corymbs. The whole plant has much the appearance of the *Michaelmas-daisy* of the gardens. It forms one of that immense order the *compositæ*, in which so many plants valuable in medicine and otherwise are found. Plants of this order are said to form 'a tenth part of the number of all described plants;' half of those growing within the tropics of America, as well as of those in Sicily and the Balearic Isles, are of this formation. It is a singular fact which Lindley states, 'that while in the northern parts of the world composites are universally herbaceous plants, they become gradually frutescent, or even arborescent, as we approach the equator: most of those of Chili are bushes, and the composites of St Helena are mostly trees.' The structure of composites is so peculiar and interesting that we cannot do better than enter a little into a general description of it. Composites are plants with a multitude of corollas collected into dense heads on a common receptacle, and surrounded by an involucre. The corolla is of one petal, either strap or funnel shaped; the stamens equal in number to the teeth of the corolla, and alternate with them. By the old Linnæan system the composites were divided into three orders, defined by the sexes of the florets. Those of the first order (*Polygamia equalis*) contained all whose florets both of the disk and of the circumference were perfect, having each five stamens and one pistil, of which the thistles are examples; the second order (*Polygamia superflua*) contains those where the florets were all fertile, but those of the disk furnished with five stamens and one pistil, and those of the ray with a pistil only; as examples of which arrangement we may instance the aster, daisy, margold, &c.; and the third order (*Polygamia prostrata*) consisted of those where the florets of the disk were perfect and fertile, and those of the circumference devoid both of stamens and pistils, of which the knapweed is the sole British example. Now this arrangement is declined by most modern botanists—though it is still frequently adopted—and is superseded by the following: DeCandolle arranges them by the form of the petals, and divides them into three sub-orders: the first (*Tubulifloræ*) containing the tubular—such as the asters, daisies, &c. with four or five teeth; second sub-order (*Labiatifloræ*), those which have the hermaphrodite florets, or at least the unisexual ones, divided into two lips, of which the coltsfoot is an example; and the third sub-order (the *Ligulifloræ*), those whose corollas are slit or ligulate, as is the chicory. In the first of these sub-orders are contained most of our valuable plants: their characteristics seem to be—a bitter matter combined with astringency; an acrid, resinous substance, and some ethereal oil; and in some of the species starch is contained in the roots, some being tonics, others stimulants or astringents. Wormwoods, southernwoods, and tansy, are among the tonic and bitter medicinal plants of the first sub-order; and also the camomile. A sort of eupatorium (*E. glutinosum*) furnishes that most valuable styptic the matico leaf, which, if wetted and placed on a cut or leech-bite, or other wound which bleeds too profusely, seems to act quite magically in stopping the bleeding. It is said to have been discovered some years since by a soldier, who, having been wounded in action, applied accidentally the leaves of this shrub, which immediately stopped the bleeding, and it has since been called *matico*, in compliment to its discoverer, whose name was Mateo—*Matico* being a nickname for 'Little Matthew.' The second sub-order seems to be of little import; but

in the third we find the chicory (*Chicorium intybus*)—cultivated as a substitute for coffee; the dandelion or dent-de-lion (*Leonodon taraxacum*)—so important in medicine; artichokes, lettuces, endive, succory, and others of our kitchen-garden plants.

Some of the most brilliant and lasting ornaments of our flower-garden—the gorgeous dahlias, the chrysanthemums, all the marigolds and asters, and great numbers besides—are also composites. If the blossom of a composite flower be inspected and examined by the aid of a microscope, it exhibits a most wonderful and beautiful conformation. We will take a daisy as our example. It is not strictly correct to call this or any blossom of this form a flower, for it is in fact a head of flowers, composed of between 200 and 300 separate florets, each perfect in itself, and formed of a corolla, stamens, and pistil. 'Every one of those leaves which are white above and red underneath,' says Rousseau, 'and form a kind of crown round the flower, appearing to be nothing more than little petals, are in reality so many true flowers; and every one of those tiny yellow things also which you see in the centre, and which you have at first perhaps taken for nothing but stamens, are real flowers.' The white florets above named form what is called the ray. If you pull one out, you will find that the lower end is round and hollow like a tube, and that a little forked fibre, which is the style, issues from it. Then if you examine one of the yellow florets which compose the disk or centre, you will see that these are corollas of one petal, in which you will perceive by the help of the magnifier a pistil and anthers. These flowers expand successively from the edge inwards. All these little flowers, both white and yellow, are enclosed in a common involucre, which binds them together, and supports them collectively, as the calyx does the petals of plants otherwise constructed. At the base of the tube of the corollas are a few narrow, hairy scales, which are in fact calices stunted in consequence of growing among the closely-pressing florets. These are called the *pappus*; and though often absent—as in the daisy, the dandelion, and other plants—'form that beautiful plume of feathers which catch the wind, and enable the seed to soar into the air and scatter itself to a distance. The delicate feathery balls of the dandelion, which children amuse themselves with blowing into the air, are the fruit of that plant crowned by the *pappus*.' Such is a general sketch of composites, or, as they are commonly called, compound flowers.

But now my attention is attracted by something of quite a different character; and flowers and botany are for a time merged in watching a large bird of beautiful plumage, which keeps hopping before me at a distance of a few yards, and uttering a pretty and plaintive cry, not as if frightened by my presence, but rather as if it would allure me to follow it. Alas that the days of talismans and amulets, and of beautiful damsels transformed by some vile enchanter into the likeness of some bird or beast, and waiting only for me to perform some act which should restore them to their pristine form, should be so wholly gone! I thought of the bird in the 'Arabian Nights,' which led the princess on and on, in pursuit of the talisman of which it had deprived her, till, step by step, it allured her far, far away; of Thalaba's green bird; of everything which could work on my imagination—but it would not do; and when the pretty creature suddenly stopped, and even returned to meet me, the organ of Wonder wholly yielded to the deductions of causality, and I decided that it had been in some way injured, and had become confused. It was a fine specimen of the ring or sea-dotterel, about eight inches long, with a strong, straight, black bill an inch long, and red feet and legs. The plumage was soft, and full, and beautifully variegated; the head and neck being white, richly marked and banded with black; the beak and wings mixed black and gray,

with rusty red; the breast and lower parts white, with a handsome black tail tipped with white, and very large and lustrous eyes. It was altogether a lovely bird; and gently securing and rolling it in my handkerchief, which I placed under the bars of my parabol (which, half-opened, formed a nice sort of basket), I proceeded on my way, occasionally peeping from time to time at my captive, and pleasing myself with the idea of the amusement a dear young invalid relative—who was at that time under my care, and who entered with avidity into all the details of pleasure in which sickness and suffering precluded him from otherwise participating—would find in nursing and feeding the poor little sufferer. And here a word on nursing. Be assured that it is quite a mistake for a nurse to confine herself too closely to the house when she is in attendance either on a confirmed invalid or on a convalescent. There are of course cases of acute illness when it would be unfit, almost impossible, to leave the patient even for an hour; and in such emergencies everything must yield to the exigencies of the moment. But whenever it is possible, rely on it both patient and nurse are alike benefited by being for a time separated whilst the latter obtains air, exercise, and refreshment of mind, among the sweet scenes of nature. The patient may feel a little dull whilst his companion is absent, but he is amply repaid by the greater spring that is given to their intercourse on her return, from the renewal of spirits and life that she has sustained, and the fresh objects for discussion which she has picked up in her rambles; whilst the nurse herself feels brighter and more vigorous, and better able to minister to the comfort or amusement of her companion. Of course the ultimate results on her health should also always be kept in view, for without such assistance the health and spirits of any one who is occupied in prolonged attendance on the sick must sooner or later decay.

But to proceed. On the terrace I find many varieties of trefoil, and among others that curious one the subterranean trefoil (*Trifolium subterraneum*); it grows very low (the stems, which are from three to six inches long, pressing close to the ground), and presents never more than three, or at the most four, white flowers on each head. In the centre of each head is a stiff, strong tuft of fibres, which embrace the joint. As the flowers which are at first erect mature, they turn towards the ground, the stalk sending out from its extremity several fibres by which the head is dragged under the ground, where the seed ripens.

I now left the bank of the river, and turning to the left, entered a stretch of salt-marsh, on which I found the salt-marsh club-rush (*Schirpus maritimus*), and other rushes and sedges of interest; and also in abundance that pretty little flower the sea milkwort (*Glauz maritima*), which grows from two to eight inches high, erect and branched, its stem smooth and succulent with fleshy leaves and solitary axillary flower of a pretty pink; and also the whorled knot-grass (*Illecebrum verticillatum*), and various kinds of *persicaria*, besides many other plants peculiar to such localities; and then leaving the salt-marsh, retraced my steps, finding as I went late blossoms of the English scurvy-grass (*Cochledria A'nglica*), that sweet-scented white flower, a species of which we find in cottage gardens in the spring under the name of 'honey-blobs'; a pretty plant, very much like the caudex-tuft, and so lusciously sweet as to collect the bees from all quarters to the banquet it affords. On the stony slope of the embankment I also found that pretty umbel the sea-samphire (*Crithmum maritimum*), so called from *crithm*, barley, which the fruit is supposed to resemble. This plant is of the *N. O. umbelliferae*, under which order are classed all plants whose flower-stems divide at the top into a number of short slender branches, all springing from one common centre, as the rays of an umbrella

do from the ring which slides on the stick, each of these rays being terminated by a cluster of flowers, the stalks of which also proceed from a common centre, and again form an umbel. Parsley, carrot, and a multitude of other important plants, all belong to this tribe. The samphire grows about a foot high; the stem is round and leafy; the leaves twice ternate; and the leaflets lance-shaped, fleshy, and highly succulent—the whole plant being of a pale-bluish green; and with its vigorous growth and clear, sharp outline, forming a very pretty ornament to the rocks where it grows. The flower is white. Samphire is used as a pickle, and is of a salt and aromatic flavour, and much more agreeable than *Salicornia herbacea*, which I have before said is used for the same purpose, forming a very fair substitute for capers. It is sold by the peck, and considerably in request in inland towns especially. Shakspeare's notice of it shews that this plant has been in use for a long period of years—

—'How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock, her cock a buoy,
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
That on the unnumbered pebbles idly chafes
Cannot be heard so high.'

But this exposure of life is not in all cases necessary in procuring samphire, for it is often, as at Salterton, to be obtained without risk of life or limb, with only just enough of scramble to enhance the value of the jar of pickle you get from your gatherings, by making it act as a pleasant reminder of your enterprise. It is not uncommon in England, though rare, if not unknown in Scotland. A sort of sea-weed collected largely on the coast, the laver, is also in high repute as an article for the table. It is a sort of *ulva* which the peasants collect, and after boiling in sea-water and vinegar, sell by the pound or small cask. A considerable quantity of this is sold in the London and other markets; and when cooked with a small proportion of butter and vinegar, is eaten, and by many much approved as a sauce for roasted meats.

There is a field lying at the mouth of the river which at spring-tide becomes very nearly if not quite an island. (On this field I had long wished to make a *raid*; and finding it now accessible, I decided on visiting it; so leaving the limekilns to the right, I passed over a narrow isthmus which connects it with the mounds of shingle lying between it and the sea, and soon found myself on the little promontory and nearly surrounded by water. It is curious to see the cows which are pastured in this field drinking freely of the water which surrounds it, and which to all appearance is sea-water, it being there only when the tide is in. I have often heard this remarked on, and certainly at first sight it is a puzzling circumstance, but on a little consideration the solution of the mystery is obvious, it being simply this—that the fresh water, of which a shallow stream at all times flows, being specifically lighter than the salt, floats on the surface till its body has been broken up by the motion of the waves, or other external causes; and consequently the cows, which seem to be imbibing the briny fluid, are in fact getting a refreshing draught, as if no saline particles lurked below. I was disappointed of finding varieties of flowers on this island, but still an adventure awaited me. As I crossed it, I saw another pretty bird leap into the water, as if startled by my appearance; but to my surprise this, like the dotterel, turned and came towards me. 'Why, surely I am not to have you too, you pretty creature!'

I exclaimed aloud; but it really was so. It fairly swam towards me, and came to land close to my feet, when it suffered me to take it up, and lay it on some grass in my parasol beside the poor dotterel. The solution of this mystery was as simple as that of the cows. Some clumsy, bad shot had been amusing himself with popping at all the birds in his way—just winging the poor creatures, and leaving them with broken bones and torn flesh to 'dree penance,' until starvation and suffering should put a close to that life which, but for the young gentleman's gentle pastime, would have been a life of joy and sunshine, spent in sporting among the waves, or soaring on buoyant wing amid the sweet air of heaven.

—'Detested sport,

Which owes its pleasure to another's pain!'

I now thought it better, being somewhat laden, to give up a plan I had formed of proceeding over the shingle to the 'Point'—a stretch of rocks running out into the sea at the extremity of the beach—and return homewards, where I hoped to be able to minister some help to my pretty feathered foundlings. But it was in vain that I and my dear young companion endeavoured to preserve them. A clever and humane surgeon, who was at the time in attendance on my invalid, kindly examined them, and bound up their wounds, pronouncing that no irremediable injury was done, and advising us how to manage them; but our poor little friends would not eat: they missed the nourishing sea-slugs and worms with which they had been used to supply themselves in their native haunts, nor could we obtain any available substitute. The dotterel lived some days, but it pined and drooped, and one morning we found it dead. The other (which we made out, on referring to Bewick, to be one of the tribe of sandpipers called a *purro*) seemed for a time as if it would recover. It was an elegant little bird, of about seven inches in length, much slighter and more delicately formed than the dotterel, but less beautiful in its plumage, which was a mixture of ash-colour and dark-brown with a little white, with greenish-black legs and a snipe-like bill about one and a quarter inches long, grooved at the sides of the upper mandible. It is called in some parts of England the 'least snipe,' 'ox bird,' 'sea lark,' and other names; in the north, 'stint.' Bewick thus describes its habits:—'The *purro*, with others of the same genus, appears in great numbers on the sea-shore in various parts of Great Britain during the winter season; they run nimbly near the edges of the flowing and retreating waves, and are almost continually wagging their tails, whilst they are at the same time busily employed in picking up their food, which consists chiefly of small worms and insects. On taking flight they give a kind of scream, and skim along near the surface of the water with great rapidity as well as great regularity: they do not fly directly forwards, but perform their evolutions in large semicircles, alternately in their sweep approaching the shore and the sea; and the curvature of their course is pointed out by the flocks appearing suddenly and alternately in a dark or in a snowy-white colour, as their backs or their bellies are turned towards the spectator.'

He afterwards comments on the singular fact, that the king-dotterel, the sanderling, and other birds of different species which associate with the *purro* and dunlin, should 'understand the signal which, from their wheeling about altogether with such promptitude and good order, it would appear is given to the whole flock.' I have often stood watching the flight of these birds for a long time together, the effect, especially in stormy weather, being very singular as they flash on the eye like a gleam of lightning when the white parts of the whole party are presented all at once to the eye and then totally disappear, the darker hue not being noticeable from a distance.

It was but for a few days, however, that we were able to keep our little purre, for it drooped, and seemed so melancholy that we decided it would be better to take it back to the spot where I had found it, in the hope that it might now be able to provide for itself and recover; but, alas! as I carried it along I perceived that it was dying, and ere I reached the embankment it gave a last quiver and expired; and so ended the history of my hospital for sick sea-birds.

ANECDOTES OF SOME UNREQUITED PUBLIC BENEFACTORS.

THERE is no problem more difficult than the adjustment of artificial rewards for intellectual services to the public in literature, art, or science. Free trade fortunately at the present day affords the chief fund for rewarding such benefactors. They produce what can be sold, and the price they receive for their labours is in general a pretty sufficient measure of the value of their services; it is at all events a more accurate one than any other form of remuneration has been found to afford. Formerly this field was much narrower than it now is; and it must be admitted that there will be at all times services to the public which cannot be thus rewarded: astronomical observations, trigonometrical surveys, mathematical tables only useful for great public operations, the editing of ancient records, and historical materials are of this class. Yet how otherwise to reward such services is, as we have said, a very difficult problem; and we generally find it accompanied with great jobbing and miscalculation. Salaries and pensions are very apt to find their way to the wrong men—to those who are powerful enough to obtain them instead of those who are meritorious enough to deserve them. When Herschel was made astronomer-royal, it is said that he requested the salary not to be enlarged, as it would but make the office a temptation to gentlemen of power and influence rather than of scientific ability. Nor has the principle of 'piece-work,' as it may be called, or remuneration for specific services, been more successful. The sums squandered by the Record Commission were enormous.

It may be interesting to our readers to lay before them some instances, not very well known, in which more than one industrious and enthusiastic man was deceived by hopes and promises of government rewards which were never realised, and who may indeed be said to have been cheated out of valuable services by men in power. During the period between the Revolution and the Union, Scotland was ambitious of being in many respects a great nation. She aimed at having trade and colonies, and resolved to patronise literature and art on a large scale. A certain Captain John Slezer had come over to Britain as an engineer officer with William III. He possessed some of the mechanical qualifications at least of an artist; and it occurred to him that it would be a good speculation to engrave a collection of the cities, the churches, and the gentlemen's castles and seats throughout Scotland, after the fashion of the handsome works which appeared on the continent during the seventeenth century. The Scottish parliament thought so well of his design that they promised him a munificent reward. The way in which national services were then requited was by allowing the individual certain powers of pillaging the public; and Slezer was voted a tonnage on all foreign vessels arriving in the ports of Scotland. He very naturally deemed his fortune to be now made, and set vigorously to the preparation of his plates. They still exist—a remarkable monument of industry if not of art. They preserve for Scotland a pretty accurate representation of the greater part of her old buildings and her towns as they stood at the time of the Revolution. The work appears, however, to have been more

prized by foreigners than by Scotchmen; and a Frenchman named Beveril published a work called '*Délices de l'Ecosse*,' in which he gave reduced and improved engravings of the rather ungainly plates of Slezer.

He was indeed no artist in either the high or the ordinary sense of the term. He could just manage to give the shape and something near the proportions of the buildings. His perspective is dreadful, and his light and shade capricious and incongruous. Yet in some of his engravings we find figures introduced in a rather spirited manner, and we may conjecture that they were the production of another hand. In some instances there is a great improvement even in the architectural departments, as if the captain had, even in his own department, obtained assistance from some better *burin*. This is generally the case with the more highly-decorated buildings—such as Stirling Castle, Melrose Abbey, Roslin Chapel, &c.—as if Slezer had given them up in despair. Thus the collection is not without redeeming points even as a work of art. There are one or two purely fancy pictures in it with great pretension, and generally accompanied by sober but genuine duplicates. Thus there is a view of Dunnottar Castle extremely accurate, but not very picturesque; as, notwithstanding the high rock on which it is raised, the castle buildings are straggling and mean, and so Slezer represents them. Beside his own work, however, he gives another, representing a prodigious mass of round and square towers, very grand, but by no means like the real buildings. This was often the fashion in which representations of castles were taken in that age, and for some time afterwards. It would seem as if some artist had recommended Slezer to follow the fashionable example, and had actually afforded him specimens of such work; but that the honest Dutch captain disdained such flattering arts, and boldly issued his own honest representation side by side with its meretricious rival. The whole work gives us an extremely interesting view of the state of Scotland at the time of the Revolution. It shows many buildings which have now ceased to exist. Such obscure places as Culross, and the villages on the coast of East Lothian, appear as comparatively dignified towns; on the other hand, Glasgow—its cathedral and college forming its most conspicuous features—is a cluster of houses among groves of trees, and pleasant, breezy-looking hills; and in the view of Edinburgh we have depicted the wilderness occupying the ground now covered by the New Town.

On the whole, the Dutch captain had deserved well of his adopted country, and so far as words and protestations went his services were acknowledged. Act after act of the Scottish parliament extols his merits and renews the reward of the tonnage on vessels. But the great question was—How could the captain get it paid? Had he been a greedy, powerful courtier he might have extorted some oppressively-enormous sum, but 'being a foreigner destitute of any patron to espouse his interest,' as he himself says in one of his remonstrances, there was little chance of success for him. The fund which was assigned to him was burdened with heavy national objects—such as harbour works, salaries to the officers of the Admiralty Court, and the like—and there being seldom enough to meet these greater exigencies, nothing remained for poor Slezer. Yet this did not comprehend the whole of the ill-usage he suffered. It appears that he had claims for arrears of pay as an artillery captain remaining unsettled; nay, farther, that he had incurred outlay in the clothing and necessities of his company, of which he could not obtain reimbursement. As the Scottish parliament was drawing to the close of its existence, we find it in 1705, in place of its munificent assignments of revenue, dealing with arrangements to protect the captain from the pursuit of his creditors. He states that the workmen whom he employed, 'being wearied out by delays, at length not only distrained him by legal diligence against

his person, but arrested and attached his whole effects wherever they could discover them.'

A document in the Advocates' Library, called 'The Stated Case of Captain John Slezer, humbly representing what Remains due to him by the Publick' makes out a sum of £2347 sterling as remaining unpaid in the year 1708. This was no trifling sum in that day, though great statesmen sometimes succeeded in obtaining incomes of £80,000 and even £40,000 a year, by what would now be accounted peculation. He gives a pathetic account of his sufferings from his creditors, who 'became so impatient for their money, and pursued me so hard for it, that I was necessitate to betake myself to the sanctuary of Holyrood House, where I have continued these thirteen years bypast confined, to my almost utter ruin, being, amongst other hardships, obliged in a manner to double charges, by maintaining a numerous family in town and myself at no small charge within the sanctuary; and my zeal not to let my company want any necessaries did induce me rather to engage personally for whatever they stood in need of, than to suffer them to go naked, which falls very heavy upon me. For I am decreed by the lords of council and session to pay not only ten or twelve years' interest for what I stand engaged for to serve the public, but I am likewise obliged to pay every man's charges of lawsuits in pursuing for what I owed him.' It appears that Slezer died in 1714, and that his claims were to the last unsettled by the British government, which had succeeded to the obligations incurred by that of Scotland.

The documents through which we trace the unfortunate history of Slezer contain that of two other fellow-sufferers in the public service: the one was John Adair, a geographer, employed at the instance of the Scottish parliament, with the same fallacious reward of a tonnage, to furnish charts and maps of the Scottish coast; the other was Alexander Nisbet, a herald, engaged in the now rather despised, but at that time highly esteemed, task of preparing a system of heraldry applicable to the chief families of Scotland. The history of both is so similar to that of Slezer that it would be needless to detail it.

The other ill-requited intellectual workman whose melancholy history we have to notice is James Anderson, the author of the magnificent book called 'Diplomata et Numismata Scotie'—('The Charters and Coins of Scotland.') Just before the Union a man named Atwood had written a book, intended to prove that, of old, Scotland was a feudal dependency of England. If he desired to produce the most frantic national irritation he could not have devised a more effective means. All Scotland was in a blaze, and had Atwood ventured across the Border, he would not have left the country alive. It was better, however, to meet him with the pen than with the sword, and at the proper moment Anderson started up, who, with much more learning than Atwood possessed, attacked him in a 'Historical Essay, shewing that the Crown and Kingdom of Scotland is Imperial and Independent.' He addressed a willing audience, and his arguments were received with overwhelming enthusiasm. The country seemed only anxious to know what their champion desired as his reward to offer it without delay.

Anderson had in view a favourite project—the publication of copper-plate fac-similes of the most remarkable ancient documents extant in Scotland, along with representations of Scottish coins and medals. The Scottish parliament, however, did not refrain in existence long enough to complete a transaction with him. They gave him an instalment of £800, and in their very latest proceedings recommended him to her majesty as a person who should not only be supported in the execution of his great work, but as a person meriting her gracious favour in conferring any office of trust upon him. But the fulfilment of these promises was

left to English statesmen, whose appreciation of his services was very different from that entertained by his own countrymen. After the Union he went to London, where he had two great objects in view—the one, to get his engravings made; the other, to keep up an assiduous attendance on the courtiers who might have influence enough to procure him his expected reward—for in those days nothing was got for public services without interest, and many a man made his fortune on the public money through interest who had never done any service whatever. Harley, Lord Oxford, the prime minister, kept perpetually round him a sad group of expectants, who courted his lackeys, and wasted precious time in his ante-rooms. They had the more hope from him, as he was a man of letters, a collector of books and pictures, and a patron of men of genius. A countryman of Anderson—Lockhart of Carnwath—in his memoirs, said that the queen herself was interested in Anderson, and 'took great pleasure in seeing the fine seals and charters of the ancient records he collected,' and that she 'told my Lord Oxford she desired something might be done for him. To all which his lordship's usual answer was—that there was no need of pressing him to take care of that gentleman, for he was the man he designed, out of regard to his great knowledge, to distinguish in a particular manner.' But Oxford was notorious for neglecting such promises. When free from the cares of business, he was generally in a state of hazy, partial intoxication; and he considered, or pretended to consider, all the hungry expectants as so many friendly fellows who courted his society because they enjoyed it as he did theirs.

The cross purposes thus occasioned were sometimes sufficiently ludicrous, as the reader may see in the following extract from Lockhart:—He introduces the victim as 'an English gentleman whose name I've forgot, very much noticed for his wit and poetry'; but it is understood that the person whose name the Jacobite politician could not remember was Prior the poet. 'Being introduced,' continues Lockhart, 'to the Lord Oxford, he asked him if he understood Spanish. The gentleman replied: No; but that in a little time he could soon be master of it in such a degree as to qualify him to serve in any station where his lordship thought fit to employ him; and away he went, and employed six or seven months in the close study of that language, and having acquired what he thought necessary—not doubting but he might be employed on some business abroad, which he most desired—he waited on his lordship, and told him that now he believed he understood the Spanish language tolerably well. "Well, then," replied my lord, "you'll have the pleasure of reading 'Don Quixote' in the original, and 'tis the finest book in the world;" which was all that gentleman got for his long attendance and hard study!'—(Lockhart Papers, i. 872.) The result of Anderson's efforts was as unsubstantial if not as ludicrous. Oxford told him 'that no doubt he had heard that in his fine library he had a collection of the pictures of the learned both ancient and modern, and as he knew none who better deserved a place there than Mr Anderson, he desired the favour of his picture.' Mr Anderson complied, and so ended all transactions between them. The expectants used afterwards to be jocular with each other about getting places in the treasurer's library.

Yet in that garden of weeds grew up one stately plant of good fruit; for the disappointed man seems never to have become utterly disheartened, and he went on steadily with his magnificent work. His miscellaneous papers in the Advocates' Library are full of complaints and histories of defeated efforts, but they indicate that he was ever at work and full of hope. At times when he could not go on with his great work, which involved not only labour but great expense, he made historical researches in other quarters, and published four quarto

volumes of 'Collections Relating to the History of Mary Queen of Scotland.' He had gathered a valuable library, and he endeavoured to raise a fund for carrying on his work by selling it to George II., but the negotiation failed. At the age of sixty-six, with his work nearly completed through all his difficulties, he found himself compelled to pawn the copper-plates for bread. He died a few months afterwards, in 1728, and after his death the plates when sold by auction brought L.580. Luckily they were not lost to the world. A patriotic feeling was resuscitated in Scotland when his melancholy history was at an end, and the magnificent work so well known to all antiquaries was published with an introduction by the learned Ruddiman. It is a book only to be found in great libraries, and a copy of it, even in tolerable order, can seldom be obtained for less than ten guineas.

It is a sad conclusion of these melancholy notices to observe that Slezer and Anderson, after having been friends in early life, appear to have bitterly quarrelled, and conducted lawsuits with each other. Some documents connected with pecuniary claims maintained by Anderson against Slezer will be found in a collection called 'Analecta Scotica.' In the same book there is a curious and more interesting correspondence between Anderson and Sir Richard Steel.

THE WIDOW OF COLOGNE.

In the year 1641 there lived in a narrow, obscure street of Cologne a poor woman named Marie Marianni. With an old female servant for her sole companion, she inhabited a small, tumble-down, two-storeyed house, which had but two windows in front. Nothing could well be more miserable than the furniture of this dark dwelling. Two worm-eaten four-post bedsteads, a large deal-press, two rickety tables, three or four old wooden chairs, and a few rusty kitchen utensils, formed the whole of its domestic inventory.

Marie Marianni, despite the wrinkles which nearly seventy years had left on her face, still preserved the trace of former beauty. There was a grace in her appearance, and a dignity in her manner, which prepossessed strangers in her favour whenever they happened to meet her; but this was rarely. Living in the strictest retirement, and avoiding as much as possible all intercourse with her neighbours, she seldom went out except for the purpose of buying provisions. Her income consisted of a small pension, which she received every six months. In the street where she lived, she was known by the name of 'The Old Nun,' and was regarded with considerable respect.

Marie Marianni usually lived in the room on the ground-floor, where she spent her time in needlework; and her old servant Bridget occupied the upper room, which served as a kitchen, and employed herself in spinning.

Thus lived these two old women in a state of complete isolation. In winter, however, in order to avoid the expense of keeping up two fires, Marie Marianni used to call down her domestic, and cause her to place her wheel in the chimney-corner, while she herself occupied a large old easy-chair at the opposite side. They would sometimes sit thus evening after evening without exchanging a single word.

One night, however, the mistress happened to be in a more communicative temper than usual, and addressing her servant, she said: 'Well, Bridget, have you heard from your son?'

'No, madame, although the Frankfort post has come in.'

'You see, Bridget, it is folly to reckon on the affection of one's children; you are not the only mother who has to complain of their ingratitude.'

'But, madame, my Joseph is not ungrateful: he loves me, and if he has not written now, I am certain it is

only because he has nothing to say. One must not be too hard upon young people.'

'Not too hard, certainly; but we have a right to their submission and respect.'

'For my part, dear lady, I am satisfied with possessing, as I do, my son's affection.'

'I congratulate you, Bridget,' said her mistress with a deep sigh. 'Alas! I am also a mother, and I ought to be a happy one. Three sons, possessing rank, fortune, glory; yet here I am, forgotten by them, in poverty, and considered importunate if I appeal to them for help. You are happy, Bridget, in having an obedient son—mine are hard and thankless!'

'Poor, dear lady, my Joseph loves me so fondly!'

'You cut me to the heart, Bridget: you little know what I have suffered. An unhappy mother, I have also been a wretched wife. After having lived unhappily together during several years, my husband died, the victim of an assassin. And whom, think you, did they accuse of instigating his murder? Me! In the presence of my children—ay, at the instance of my eldest son—I was prosecuted for this crime!'

'But doubtless, madame, you were acquitted?'

'Yes; and had I been a poor woman, without power, rank, or influence, my innocence would have been publicly declared. But having all these advantages, it suited my enemies' purpose to deprive me of them, so they banished me, and left me in the state in which I am!'

'Dear mistress!' said the old woman.

Marie Marianni hid her face in her handkerchief, and spoke no more during the remainder of the evening.

As the servant continued silently to turn her wheel, she revolved in her mind several circumstances connected with the 'Old Nun.' She had often surprised her reading parchments covered with seals of red wax, which, on Bridget's entrance, her mistress always hurriedly replaced in a small iron box.

One night Marie Marianni, while suffering from an attack of fever, cried out in a tone of unutterable horror: 'No: I will not see him! Take away yon red robe—that man of blood and murder!'

These things troubled the simple mind of poor Bridget, yet she dared not speak of them to her usually haughty and reserved mistress.

On the next evening, as they were sitting silently at work, a knock was heard at the door.

'Who can it be at this hour?' said Marie Marianni.

'I cannot think,' replied her servant; 'tis now nine o'clock.'

'Another knock! Go, Bridget, and see who it is, but open the door with precaution.'

The servant took their solitary lamp in her hand, and went to the door. She presently returned, ushering into the room Father Francis, a priest who lived in the city. He was a man of about fifty years old, whose hollow cheeks, sharp features, and piercing eyes were a sinister and far from hallowed expression.

'To what, father, am I indebted for this late visit?' asked the old lady.

'To important tidings,' replied the priest, 'which I am come to communicate.'

'Leave us, Bridget,' said her mistress. The servant took an old iron lamp, and went up stairs to her fireless chamber.

'What have you to tell me?' asked Marie Marianni of her visitor.

'I have had news from France.'

'Good news?'

'Some which may eventually prove so.'

'The stars, then, have not deceived me!'

'What, madame!' said the priest in a reproving tone; 'do you attach any credit to this lying astrology? Bellow me, it is a temptation of Satan which you ought to resist. Have you not enough of real misfortune without subjecting yourself to imaginary terrors?'

'If it be a weakness, father, it is one which I share in common with many great minds. Who can doubt the influence which the celestial bodies have on things terrestrial?'

'All vanity and error, daughter. How can an enlightened mind like yours persuade itself that events happen by aught save the will of God?'

'I will not now argue the point, father; tell me rather what are the news from France?'

'The nobles' discontent at the prime minister has reached its height. Henri d'Effiat, grand-equerrie of France, and the king's favourite, has joined them, and drawn into the plot the Duke de Bouillon, and Monsieur, his majesty's brother. A treaty, which is upon the point of being secretly concluded with the king of Spain, has for its object peace, on condition of the cardinal's removal.'

'Thank God!'

'However, madame, let us not be too confident; continue to act with prudence, and assume the appearance of perfect resignation. Frequent the church in which I minister, place yourself near the lower corner of the right-hand aisle, and I will forewarn you of my next visit.'

'I will do so, father.'

Resuming his large cloak, the priest departed, Bridget being summoned by her mistress to open the door.

From that time, during several months, the old lady repaired regularly each day to the church; she often saw Father Francis, but he never spoke, or gave her the desired signal. The unaccustomed daily exercise of walking to and from church, together with the 'sickness of hope deferred,' began to tell unfavourably on her health; she became subject to attacks of intermitting fever, and her large, bright eyes seemed each day to grow larger and brighter. One morning, in passing down the aisle, Father Francis for a moment bent his head towards her, and whispered: 'All is lost!'

With a powerful effort Marie Marianni subdued all outward signs of the terrible emotion which these words caused her, and returned to her cheerless dwelling. In the evening Father Francis came to her. When they were alone, she asked: 'Father, what has happened?'

'Monsieur de Cinq-Mars is arrested.'

'And the Duke de Bouillon?'

'Fled.'

'The treaty with the king of Spain?'

'At the moment it was signed at Madrid, the cunning cardinal received a copy of it.'

'By whom was the plot discovered?'

'By a secret agent, who had wormed himself into it.'

'My enemies, then, still triumph?'

'Richelieu is more powerful, and the king more subject to him than ever.'

That same night the poor old woman was seized with a burning fever. In her delirium the phantom-man in red still pursued her, and her ravings were terrible to hear. Bridget, seated at her bedside, prayed for her; and at the end of a month she began slowly to recover. Borne down, however, by years, poverty, and misfortune, Marie Marianni felt that her end was approaching. Despite Father Francis's dissuasion, she again had recourse to the astrological tablets, on which were drawn, in black and red figures, the various houses of the sun, and of the star which presided over her nativity. On this occasion their omens were unfavourable; and rejecting all spiritual consolation—miserable in the present, and hopeless for the future—Marie Marianni expired in the beginning of July 1642.

As soon as her death was known a magistrate of Cologne came to her house, in order to make an official entry of the names of the defunct and her heirs. Bridget could not tell either, she merely knew that her late mistress was a stranger.

Father Francis arrived. 'I can tell you the names of her heirs,' he said. 'Write—the king of France;

Monsieur the Duke of Orleans; Henrietta of France, queen of England.'

'And what,' asked the astounded magistrate, 'was the name of the deceased?'

'The High and Mighty Princess Marie de Medicis, widow of Henri IV., and mother of the reigning king!'

BILLINGS GATE.

Nor one of the well-nigh innumerable branches of industry which from dawn to eve, and partially through the night, employ the scheming brains and busy hands of the people of this country, has derived greater proportional advantages from the invention of steam-ships, steam-horses, and railroads, than the fisher's craft and commerce. Till within a few years nothing could be more precarious and lottery-like than the trade in fresh fish. A vast take, from the impossibility of distributing it with sufficient celerity through the country, was but of slight benefit to the fishermen, and cart-loads of choice and delicate food were in consequence disposed of at a merely nominal sum, which, in the inland counties especially, would have realised high prices, and thrown as manure upon lands adjacent to the coast. Even London, with its Maelström power of attracting all requisite supplies, was often nearly destitute of fish for many days together, whilst abundance of the perishable article was kept back by calms or adverse winds. Steam has happily changed all this; and now not only Kent, Sussex, and the nearer maritime counties despatch their sea-produce with certainty and speed to the great metropolitan fishmarket, but the more distant ports of Devon, Yorkshire, Aberdeen, Leith, and others help to swell the immense and continuous supply feeding that great centre of the trade, which, after absorbing sufficient for its own needs, distributes the residue by innumerable diverging channels throughout the kingdom.

Billingsgate Market, with its adjuncts, is unquestionably the vigorously pulsating heart through and by which the finny treasures of the deep are propelled to the inland counties of England, and the Exchange which tests and regulates fish-values and supplies in every town and village of Great Britain. And, at first view, what an unpromising site and building for the seat of such an agency! The material aspect of the place is chiefly made up of a mean-looking shed, sheltering a confined piece of ground which abuts by a few rough, stone steps upon the Thames to the west of the Custom-house, and furnished with wooden stalls or benches of by no means an inviting or expensive description. There are many country fishmarkets that for size, convenience, cleanliness, and fittings-up, might put Billingsgate to the blush—supposing Billingsgate to be capable of blushing, a point upon which we offer no opinion. But the spirit, the energy, the commercial sagacity, the vast capital daily and hourly brought into play and developed there, have no comparison or rival in any similar establishment in the world. The market was established in 1699, and during the century and a half which have since passed by, so large a proportion of the produce of the fisheries of Great Britain has been heaped up and disposed of beneath that paltry wooden shed, as to require, previous to the facilities afforded by railways, nearly 5000 vessels annually to bring it thence. The supply is immensely more abundant now than then, as well as equable and constantly progressive; but fewer vessels ascend the Thames to Billingsgate, the great mass of the fish being brought in vans by rail. Contemplated from this business-point of view, the confined, dingy shed, rude wooden benches, sloppy pavement, and narrow passages assume colossal dimensions and a quite brilliant aspect; and the confused din and unintelligible gabble which usually accompany the early morning sales, relieved and heightened at occasional intervals by the entirely comprehensible and very energetic interchange of compliments which

no other name than that of the market can give a perfect conception of, becomes significant and interesting as the appropriate expression, the steno-utterance of a race too hurried and busy to waste time in the periphrastic ambiguities of ordinary language.

It is asserted that the vernacular of the market has become softened and refined of late, chiefly, as some scandalous libellers of the gentler sex insinuate, in consequence of a great diminution in the number of lady fish-dealers. The improvement, it is to be feared, is on the surface merely. Let but a slight collision between rival vendors of the lower grades occur, and it is wonderful how quickly the varnish peels off, and reveals the gnarled and knotty traditional grain underneath in all its pristine beauty, vigour, and originality:

'You may break, you may ruin the vase as you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still!'

The shell of old Billingsgate, the wooden erection—that is, beneath which the fishy traffic has been for so many years carried on—will soon disappear, and its place be supplied by the new brick-and-stone building now in rapid progress; but the genius of the place will, we nothing doubt, survive in the new structure, and receive oblations of the old eloquence for many years to come.

The market is, however, 'a sight to see,' and a brief guide to its mysteries may not be without its use to some amongst the numerous curiosity-hunters who now throng the streets of London.

It commences throughout the year at five o'clock in the morning—formerly the hour in summer was four—and the wholesale distribution of the arrivals by the salesmen amongst competing fish-tradesmen, bumma-rees (persons who keep retail stands in the market), and costermongers, is mainly concluded by eight. We say mainly concluded, for should a consignment arrive at any hour of the day, the salesman to whom it is addressed instantly clears his stall, mounts his tub-rostrum, and with loud outcries, intelligible to the initiated only, gathers round him a motley group, who purchase, pay for, and carry off the fish with a readiness and dispatch marvellous to persons accustomed to the bargaining and haggling indulged in between buyers and sellers where time is not esteemed so precious as in this hurrying, breathless metropolis of England.

Setting out, then, at a few minutes before five o'clock from a near point—say from Leadenhall Street, an easily-discoverable locality—we are enabled to mark the phases of Billingsgate progress from the starting-point. Let it be Friday, which is the best morning that can be chosen for the visit; for although there is a crowded market every day, this is always—since Steam yoked Time, and thereby took the matter out of the hands of Chance—the most profusely-supplied and numerously-attended, owing to the increased demand by Roman Catholics, Jews, and others, with whom Friday is a fish or fast-day. Turning down Leadenhall Place on the right, looking towards the east, we pass by the sheds of the Skin Market, where, on every Tuesday and Friday in the year, the raw, but scarcely at this time of the year fresh hides of some 5000 or 6000 beasts, slain within a mile of where we are standing, are exposed for sale. Passing on to the left we reach Lime Street, which opens into East Cheap; and right over the way is Love Lane, an offshoot and direct approach to central Billingsgate.

You must be careful of yourself in Love Lane. Its course runs anything but smooth, and it was no doubt on account of its tortuous, stumbling alipperiness that it received its name. The only Cupids nestling here to my knowledge are those busy gentlemen in the dingy cellars, right and left, sorting by the flaming gas-light baskets of fish—already arrived by direct consignment—for transmission to their numerous country customers. It is in such places as these, amid stench,

and filth, and darkness, that many London fortunes are scraped together. That middle-aged man just passed, whose keen eyes scanned so sharply the size and appearance of the salmon he was extricating from a hamper, is said to be worth L.70,000 or L.80,000, all raked out of the black Californian hole in which he is now eagerly toiling. Emerging from Love Lane we come direct upon Dark-House Lane—an ominous ending, for beyond is the river! and suggestive that Cockney-street nomenclature may have deeper meanings than is usually supposed. Dark-House Lane is substantially a portion of the market; but instead of passing in that way, let us turn slightly to the left, and enter by the front, where a long line of fish-loaded vans are already crowding up. Business has begun with a vengeance. 'Leith—Leith!'—'York—York!'—'Kent—Kent!'—'Barton—Barton!' shout the zealous aides to the salesmen, discordantly proclaiming the counties and ports from which the multitudinous consignments of fish are pouring swiftly in. Many of these aides are 'shore-men'—rough, unlicked bipeds, who are chiefly employed in bringing up fish from the vessels in the river, and of whom it is necessary to keep clear, as they push along with heavy baskets on their heads or shoulders, and having slapped down the contents on the stand of the salesman by whom they are employed, hurry off for a fresh load, quite certain that, quick as they may be, they shall find the saleboard empty when they return. Others are the Fellowship Porters, who more affect the vans, and assist in supplying the salesmen, some dozen of whom you may observe seated upon tubs or other convenient substratum, and loudly and fiercely commending in the strangest dialect their commodities to the notice of undecided purchasers. These salesmen are all respectable, and many of them wealthy men. One, who has but recently retired from active business—a Mr Stewart—is said to have realised during forty or fifty years' industry in this vocation the almost incredible sum of L.250,000; and a junior partner still carries on the profitable business. Almost all of them have a lidded pewter-mug either in their hands or beside them, from which in the intervals of exertion they imbibe a restorative, said to consist invariably of coffee. If this be so, which we have no right to doubt, it is, we have noticed in several instances, coffee of a kind emitting a more pungent and spirituous odour than any variety of the berry with which we are acquainted. These gentlemen exhibit a hereditary aptitude for the satisfactory disposal of fish, which it is confidently asserted is to be found only in those who have imbibed the traditions of Billingsgate from infancy. The utter failure of Hungerford Market, established in 1834, as a western and genteel rival to the ancient fish-mart, is partly attributed to the inefficiency of the newfangled system of sale adopted there, and the inexperience of the wholesale vendors. We have written 'hereditary' advisedly, inasmuch as sale-privilege and sale-stalls descend by rarely-broken custom in families generation after generation. The weekly rent of a stall, somewhere about 8s., paid to the city, is a merely nominal charge relatively to its value, and for a new man to obtain one is said to be next to an impossibility. Stalls, in both this and Leadenhall Market, are a kind of heirloom, with this distinction, that they cannot be underlet—not openly or ostensibly underlet of course we mean, for the actual underletting, at enormously-advanced rents, is a matter of notoriety unsusceptible, as it may be of legal proof.

And yet there really does not appear to be any inscrutable mystery, any very refined art in the sale-process, except indeed with respect to the language sometimes employed, without a key to which, simple enough when known, it is a gabble incomprehensible by the most accomplished linguist. Let us pause an instant before the respectable young gentleman with

carefully-trained moustaches, seated patiently and indifferently upon a herring-tub. A Fellowship Porter pitches down before him a basket from York, out of which tumble fifty or sixty soles and half a dozen turbot. A shoreman, a minute afterwards, deposits, a little apart from the 'flat'-fish, a double (two-score) of Nancys (lobsters); some double Nancys—that is, very fine specimens; some 'cripples,' or one-clawed individuals of this species of crustacea. The mode of sale is a sort of cross between the ordinary chaffering and abating of private sales, and, if customers are numerous round the stall, of biddings by auction. The moustached young gentleman, after glancing at the book he holds in his left hand—the right is monopolised by a cigar—addresses something *sotto voce* to an experienced buyer who has been examining the lot. The buyer-expectant thereupon stretches himself over towards the salesman, and whispers, with his hand over his mouth, a by no means satisfactory communication in the ear of the vender, judging by the shake of the head and the renewed pull at the pewter which follow. A louder appeal to the liberality of the bystanders is now made; and if strangers are present apparently desirous of becoming customers, something like the following unintelligible gabble will go on, in reply to the demand of the salesman of what the company will say to his fine lot of 'York':—

'Eno dunop,' replies the dealer who made the first private but abortive offer.

'Eno dunop and a flah,' says a new bidder.

'A noc more,' adds a competitor; and the lot is his for L.1, 15s.

This dialect, now chiefly confined to Billingsgate Market, and slowly falling into disuse even there, was not long since common enough amongst several classes of sharp metropolitan traders, desirous of concealing their operations from denizens of the outer world, who might chance to be standing or sitting near. It is a very simple expedient—merely the pronunciation of the words as nearly as may be backwards. Thus 'eno' is one; 'owt,' two; 'dunop,' a pound; 'flah,' half; 'noc,' a crown; and so on. Habit enables dealers in this market to speak and comprehend each other in this way with great facility; and it is of course impossible, when this local lingo is adopted, for a stranger to follow the biddings, or take an effective part in what is going on. The practice is, however, falling into disuse as well as disrepute: the practical exclusion of provincial or private buyers from these sales has been almost generally abandoned, and many salesmen will even permit a non-dealer to select a single turbot or other small quantity of fish from the lot about to be disposed of to the trade. This last practice gives, naturally enough, great offence to retail dealers; but the competition amongst the salesmen themselves, and the ingenious mode adopted by consignors to ascertain which amongst these agents are most successful in realising good prices, leave them no option if they would retain a profitable commission. Many persons who send fish to Billingsgate often divide it carefully as to quantity and quality into a number of equal parcels, and forward them to different salesmen, and the returns of course at once detect the bungler or the knave, should there be one, in the profession. Here, as everywhere else in these fast times, activity, skill, and honesty, soon push sloth, incapacity, or knavery from their stools, hereditarily-acquired seats though they may be.

The trampling and hurrying to and fro, the cries and shoutings, continue to increase as each new arrival in van or vessel pours a fresh supply into the thronging and eager arena; and hark! a new element of uproar suddenly increases the din of voices: 'Yowler!' 'Yowler!' 'Yowler!' bursts from half a hundred throats, and there is an immediate rush of gentlemen with unmistakable physiognomies towards the auction-stands. It is Friday: 'yowler' means halibut, a favourite fish in

Jewish families, and hence the increased eagerness of competition. The yowlers or halibuts speedily vanish, and now six o'clock strikes, and the oyster trade starts instantly into vigorous life. The varied perfections of Whitstable Natives and Commons; Old Royal Scotch Callies and Commons; Old Milton Royal Natives, Commons, Callies, and Pearls, are loudly and persistently proclaimed, and set forth not only by the most sweet voices of the market, but, in accordance with law, on black boards with white letters, fastened to the rigging of the oyster vessels at the foot of yonder broad flight of steps, up which shorers, porters, and costermongers are hurrying with their loads as fast as the holdsmen can supply their demands. A curious instance of the power of custom to countenance and enforce a manifest imposition spite of authoritative efforts to put it down, is afforded by the impudent persistence of these holdsmen, or measurers and shovellers of the oysters, in extorting 4d. per bushel from purchasers for serving the oysters, in defiance of half a dozen large boards signed Merewether, warning the public in large-sized letters that such a demand is illegal, and must not be complied with. The buyers find, it seems, that it is essential to their interest to pay the fee as a gift, as otherwise their business would be hindered, and themselves exposed to incessant annoyance from the holdsmen confederacy; and the result is, that the charge is as regularly paid as if the corporation notices enforced compliance with instead of resistance to the imposition.

The bustle at last begins gradually to subside. Private purchasers—elderly gentlemen very frequently of limited means and delicate palates, who, to secure a cheap and dainty tidbit, have ventured out at so early an hour—some time since threaded their way cautiously out of the market, momentarily becoming more and more sloppy, slushy, and slippery; the regular traders have slowly followed their example; the salesmen dismount and go their several ways; and by eight o'clock or there-away little remains to notice beyond the ordinary appearances of an abundantly-supplied retail fish-market of no very great extent. On the east side mussels and winkles are heaped up in black and strongly-odorous receptacles, and watched and served by attendant sprites of scarcely perceptible difference in colour or perfume. In front are ranged huge piles of shrimps and prawns; and, strange to say, the dealers in these, one would suppose, comparatively insignificant articles, are amongst the wealthiest of fish-merchants! On the western side, and in Dark-House Lane, which adjoins and communicates with the market, are numerous shop-stalls, coffee-houses, and taverns, in several of which last-named places of resort a good fish-dinner may be had at twelve o'clock—as numerous touters inexorably iterate—for the very moderate charge of one shilling. All these places are the property of the city, and help to swell the enormous income which sustains the pride and pageantry of the Guildhall and Mansion-House.

The vast development which the fish-trade has taken has, it appears, been greatly stimulated by the abolition of the duties formerly levied on various kinds of fish imported by foreigners. The fisher-mind of Great Britain has within these last few years cast off the lethargy which once, partially at least, characterised it; and under the bracing influence of cumulative rivalry, and sustained, it is true, by greatly superior capital, is rapidly distancing other nations in the race. Dutch salmon, for instance, which a year or two ago was brought to Billingsgate in large quantities, is now driven out of the market by the produce of the Scotch fisheries. It is the same with turbot and other valuable varieties, the greatly-increased supply of which is now almost exclusively obtained from British fishermen. The new movement in revival of the whale-trade, and the extraordinary and successful impulse given to the

herring-fisheries, are additional evidences of the vast capital, energy, and labour, now employed in rendering the exhaustless resources of the deep available for the sustenance of man; and well would it be for Ireland if the inhabitants of her extensive line of coast could only be induced to apply themselves earnestly to the work of reaping the prolific sea-fields which encompass that island.

Let us not, however, forget that in addition to steam, railways, maritime skill and activity, and judiciously-directed capital, there is another valuable, though humble agency which has greatly aided, and is greatly aiding, the increase of the commerce in fish: we mean the costermongers. It is a fact, variously accounted for, but still an unquestionable fact, that the poorer classes in this country, in our large towns especially, are not willingly fish-eaters, and that even in times of great dearth and scarcity in other articles of food they have seldom had recourse to fish, however cheap or abundant. Billingsgate Market, the numerous offshoots in its vicinity, with the shops sparsely scattered over the metropolis, could do little towards overcoming this absurd repugnance. To the costermongers alone, who in their lowly but useful calling knock at the poor man's door, and tempt the half-reluctant housewife with the actual sight of a cheap and abundant meal, obtainable without trouble, which in nine cases out of ten would not have been taken, we almost entirely owe it that the foolish prejudice is slowly but surely disappearing. Hundreds of these petty dealers may be seen every morning at Billingsgate bidding for a score of lobsters, a basket of soles and plaice, or wrangling with the holdsmen about the illegal twopence claimed for shovelling the half-bushel of oysters, upon the successful disposal of which the maintenance of a family, and the means of procuring a renewed supply on the morrow, entirely depend. The great majority of these traders are industrious, honest, and, spite of old saws, quiet and civil folk. There are of course many exceptions, as certainly as there are degrees of station and opulence amongst them. The lowest in the scale carry their stock in trade on their backs; the middle class possess barrows; whilst those who have attained to the dignity of a donkey are admitted at the head of their order. They have also—the Billingsgate variety at least have—their illustrations and eccentricities; men who give the lie to Gray's lamentation that 'chill penury' can repress the 'noble rage' or 'freeze the genial current' of fiery and ambitious souls. One of them is now walking out of the market: a short, stout man, with a basket of fish on his back. In his younger days he served his country in the royal navy; at past forty years of age he manfully set himself to acquire the arts of reading and writing, and has since devoted what time he could spare to the study of political eloquence and economy. He has strong opinions upon free trade and native industry; and I have myself heard him at large meetings dispose of the most complex questions in commercial and constitutional science amidst tornadoes of applause. He is, in short, one of the rather numerous class of persons who could at any time 'beat parliament and give 'em six.' He claims to be at the top of his class—a pre-eminence, by the way, somewhat endangered by a younger man, who chiefly affects shrimps for his peripatetic commerce. This gentleman about three years ago suddenly started as a candidate for Downing Street, and but for his tempestuous oratory, unfortunately brought under the notice of Master Attorney-General, and which did not lead to a secretary of state, it is difficult to say what might not have happened! These illustrations or examples at all events prove, if nothing else, that the ancient fluency associated with this market has not perished, but merely assumed another form, and taken, not perhaps a more discursive, but a more lofty and ambitious direction.

But to resume and conclude our brief market-sketch. It is obviously impossible to state with any reliable accuracy the amount of business daily transacted in this remarkable locality. We have heard enormous guess-figures mentioned by salamon—sums so large as almost to frighten one, and which not being authoritatively based it is useless to repeat. A proximate idea of the vast business transacted may, however, be arrived at if it be true, as confidently asserted, that the gross revenue derived from the market falls very little if anything short of £5000 a year—a revenue chiefly raised by the following tariff:—'On any Peter boat, 6d.; small boat, wherry, or skiff, 1s.; hatch boat, 1s. 6d.; great boat, smack, or vessel containing lobsters, mackerel, fresh herrings, sprats, or plaice, 2s. 6d.; smacks, vessels, or other craft containing salmon, barrels of red and white herrings, cod-fish, haddocks, or any other fish not enumerated, 5s., or if not more than half-laden, 2s. 6d.; on every cart or van drawn by two horses, 1s.; by more than two horses, 1s. 6d.; groundage of oyster boats per day, 2d., and per voyage, 1s. 1d.; metage, $\frac{1}{4}$ d. the bushel.' These do not appear to be very exorbitant charges, and possibly a century ago scarcely more than sufficed to defray the ordinary expenses of the market. But in this, as in many other matters of public concernment, small beginnings have—thanks to the practical, persevering, commercial character, and the rapid growth in numbers and wealth of our people—attained a magnitude which renders it imperatively necessary to throw down or indefinitely enlarge all old boundaries, and to adopt every possible expedient for meeting the hourly more exigent and impatient demand springing up on every side. A little while, and the external framework of Old Billingsgate will be replaced by a more substantial and commodious erection; and should the tide of material prosperity continue to rise as it has done for the last quarter of a century, there can be no doubt that but very few years will elapse before new structures on the banks of the Thames will arise to dispute the honour now monopolised by Billingsgate, of being the sole great London fishmarket.

THE SIGNAL-MAN OF TRAFALGAR.

[For the following little historical fact, which will be admitted to possess some interest, we are indebted to a medical officer of respectability now in India.]

WHILE residing in Upper Stamford Street, Blackfriars, London, in 1846-7, the attention of my father—who had served as surgeon of the *Tonnant* at Trafalgar—was directed to an old and broken-down man who made a scanty livelihood by crying watercresses and red herrings through the street. It was this man's practice to resort to Covent Garden Market every morning in the season at or before sunrise, to purchase his stock of cresses, and then for four weary hours his cracked voice never ceased to sound through the foggy air, except when a suffocating fit of coughing obliged him to pause and cling to the area railings for support. He appeared to be a quick, sharp-witted old man, and had a great reputation for sagacity among the lower class of neighbours.

In the winter of 1846 his cough was so severe that we feared his occupation was gone. I endeavoured to persuade him to take refuge at Guy's, but he would not hear of this, preferring, he said, to die at home. The next spring, however, brought him out again. It was then we discovered that he was an old sailor named John Roomé, and that he had served with Nelson at Trafalgar—in fact, that he was then a signal-man on board the *Victory*.

My father having formerly been acquainted with Captain Pasco, who was signal-lieutenant of the *Victory* at Trafalgar, purposed to write to that excellent officer, requesting his interest in favour of Roomé; but death

came upon my veteran parent while his intention was still unfulfilled, and some months elapsed before I could again direct my attention to the affairs of John Rooome. At length took an opportunity of calling the man in, and then, seating him before me, asked him: 'Who was the signal-officer on board the *Victory* at Trafalgar?' He replied: 'Mr Pasco, sir.' 'Did you serve under him?' 'Yes.' 'Who, then, hoisted the signal, "*England expects every man to do his duty*"?' 'I did.' I had felt somewhat prepared for this answer; still, as it was uttered, I could scarcely refrain from a demonstration of reverence towards the old, embarrassed, squalid man who sat uneasily before me.

Upon further inquiry I found that he was sixty-eight years old, and had been a seaman from his youth. He was not more than three or four years altogether in the king's service; but his intelligence and previously-acquired knowledge had doubtless qualified him for the rating of A.B. soon after he entered the navy. After Trafalgar he deserted; and the R. (Run) against his name had disqualified him for a pension. His life had been one of trial and privation ever since.

I inquired of him whether he would like a berth at Greenwich. He replied in the affirmative, but did not appear to pay much attention to the question. It doubtless seemed to him useless to think about a matter so far beyond his reach. I desired him, however, to bring me all his papers in a day or two, and promised to send copies of them, with an account of his present necessities, to Captain Pasco, then commanding his old flag-ship, the *Victory*, at Portsmouth.

Rooome assented to this; but for some time I feared I should not succeed in obtaining another interview with him. One day he called five hours after his appointment; on another he did not come at all, saying afterwards that he had 'overslept himself.' Misery and hard usage had evidently made him suspicious, and unused him to kindness; and certain indefinite terrors with regard to the R. against his name in the Admiralty books still appeared to haunt him. At length, however, he was caught; his papers—even that with the damnatory note of desertion scrawled across it—were copied out, and enclosed with a few lines to Captain Pasco, giving an account of Rooome's alleged service at Trafalgar, and requesting that the captain would exert his influence in procuring the man a refuge at Greenwich.

As quickly as the post would allow I received a letter from Captain Pasco, thanking me for the interest I had taken in the cause of 'his old shipmate Rooome,' but referring me to the enclosure as evidence that his intercession had been unsuccessful. The accompanying letter was from a high government official, to the effect that John Rooome could not be admitted to Greenwich, as there were many other more deserving candidates still unprovided for. Rooome was again summoned; and as this disheartening news was read to him, the old man's lip quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and his cheek grew ashy white. I then knew how strongly the new hope had fixed itself in his mind. He could only stammer that he supposed it was no use troubling the gentleman any more: he had the R. against his name, it was true, but that an act of indemnity for all deserters who might surrender themselves had been issued (I think in 1818); he and many others had surrendered accordingly, and he had hoped to be 'white-washed,' as he termed it. The only course remaining appeared to be, to write to Captain Pasco, thanking him for his humane kindness, and mentioning that Rooome had anticipated forgiveness under the government order in question. This was done; but before my letter could have reached its destination, I received a note from Captain Pasco, saying, that if Rooome would present himself either at Somerset House or the Admiralty on a certain day he would be admitted to Greenwich.

And all this came to pass. A short time afterwards—

I received a visit from a smartly-dressed Greenwich pensioner, who carefully deposited a basket of watercresses in the passage. I found this edition of John Rooome to be a wonderful improvement upon the battered unfortunate of a few months back. He looked stout and contented; declared that Greenwich was a capital place for a poor man; and certainly presented an unquestionable evidence of the fact in his own person, for his cheeks were ruddy, and the tearing cough was gone. He wished to make me a present of a little frigate which he had built and rigged himself. I told him that I was about to embark for India, and there I feared I could not take his present with me. He then said that he had himself been at Calcutta. India was a fine country; and that 'if I would write him a "chit" before I embarked, he would come and sling my hammock for me in a style that no seaman in Her Majesty's service could beat. It was not every man,' he assured me, 'as could sling a hammock properly; and there was more in slinging a hammock than gentlemen who had never been to sea would suppose.' He then went away, taking his well-laden basket of watercresses with him. I do not believe that he disgraced his uniform by crying 'Watercress oh!' It seemed that he carried the basket merely as a sign by which his old acquaintances might recognise the lately ragged itinerant in the now well-clothed and substantial-looking Greenwich pensioner.

I cannot tell whether Rooome is living still. The snug wards of Greenwich have doubtless not been proof against the chilling gusts of the last four winters; but should he still survive, few of the readers of this narrative will, I am confident, defer the opportunity of seeking out and aiding, with a few of those comforts which render the downward path of life easy, one whose name must hereafter stand beside that of NELSON in the page of history.

IMPOSSIBLE HAPPINESS.

A DREAM.

The broad, green summer leaves were fanning pleasantly my brow,
Beside the casement rose entwined, above the streamlet's flow;
The morning sun was shining, and soft floating on the air
A matin strain of music rose—the solemn voice of prayer.
The retrospections vague and dim of care and sorrow fled,
No shadows cast, for peace divine a lasting influence shed,
The happy dead I mourned no more—the living loved were true—
And never more were we to part, or breathe the word 'adieu!'—
I raised a hand unto my brow by summer leaves thus fann'd—
No feverish, throbbing pulse replied unto that cool, white hand;
Discordant memories all were merged in that sweet matin song,
For dear familiar voices led the holy choral throng.
A cloudless sky, serenely blue—life's cloudless summer day—
Was opened to my earnest gaze, seraphic in array;
For earth reflected Heaven, and Heaven's glory shone on high—
To live was full content—and yet 'twas full content to die!

C. A. M. W.

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SADDLING THE RIGHT HORSE.

In a recent book of travels in the United States the author speaks of a person in a railway car who commiserated the people of England for living under a monarchy—a thing, he declared, which he could not possibly submit to. We believe this is no unusual account of the state of feeling in the great American Federation. History tends to confirm the prejudice. Having read of the tyranny of kings, and the arrogance of courtiers, it is naturally inferred that the people who live under monarchical institutions must experience no little snubbing and ill-usage, and that anything like independence among them is out of the question.

This is one of the errors which books and newspapers have not corrected. The general spirit of literature confirms the impression that to this day the high in authority, the titled, and the rich, are oppressors, and that virtue and nobility of feeling are found only in a condition of either absolute poverty or moderate competency.

'See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn;
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.'

So sings Burns. But if this was ever true, the case is now curiously changed. Instead of asking leave to toil, men require to be dealt with, and properly so, on terms of fair commercial equality. The question is not, 'Will you give me work?' but 'Will you work for me?' We of course do not allude to the lazy or incompetent; for everybody understands that labour is a marketable commodity which goes according to its practical value. A skilled workman is as independent as his employer—and often the more independent of the two; and as for those whom circumstances or ignorance have made hewers of wood and drawers of water for their fellow-men, they must take their chance of the greater or less demand there may be for mere animal labour. But lower than these there is another class, and a crowded one too, who demand support without return of any kind. Your professional criminals and beggars are, in fact, the most independent of us all. Large numbers, by the habitual perpetration of offences, contrive to get board and lodgment for nothing during the greater part of their existence, and comfortably do these persons live—more so a vast deal than many who think fit to

depend on their own resources. Then, as for the pleasures of vagrancy, let those who stroll about asking for 'leave to toil' make a confession. So far as we have seen, the only thing they have to complain of, is being taken at their word. A short time ago a young vagrant, probably an exile from that most beneficent of homes, the prison, paid our doorway a visit. *Sans* shoes, *sans* shirt, and clad only in a few rags, he applied for succour. Work was offered, and with profound humility and thankfulness accepted. What was the upshot? After labouring pretty diligently for several weeks, and earning good wages, the young scamp suddenly absconded, in debt to sundry poor persons who had befriended him—the humble family who had cleaned, clothed, and boarded him, being the most basely treated of all. We should like to know who in this affair was the party most to be pitied; which party had most cause to 'mourn'; whether the wandering cheat or those who compassionated him? Literature of course takes the part of the cheater simply on the ground of his poverty. Its idea of wealth is a certain amount of income—not the freedom of the individual to live, move, and have his being just as his inclination, vile or lofty, dictates. As for the employer in this case, he was a most unreasonable person—a selfish, pitiless wretch; and necessarily so, since he was not in a state of virtuous destitution.

The truth is, that in these modern days the old fancies about the wicked tyrannies of the 'rich'—using the term in its ordinary meaning—are a sheer absurdity. The time has come when the very humblest individual in these realms not only knows his rights, but how to act upon them. It sometimes even happens that a man utterly penniless is more peremptory in his demands than a person in middling good circumstances. In our law-courts at present there is the case of a destitute lad, a lame negro, who fled from slavery, came to Scotland, and threw himself on the compassion of a small country town. His wants being kindly relieved, he now turns round and insists on being pensioned for life. He claims to be put *en permanence* on the poor-roll. Lawyers are found to plead and expend money for him. Battled from court to court, the claim of this unfortunate but very impertinent alien will probably not rest till it has been definitely settled in the House of Lords, at a cost one way and another of a thousand pounds. Again, we ask which is the party to be pitied?—the mendicant stranger, with no claim naturally on the country of his refuge, or the hard-tolling householders who are called on to support him in idleness for perhaps fifty years to come?—the very bread taken out of the mouths of their children to feed one, of whose antecedents they know nothing, and who certainly, in

so far as appearances are concerned, would rather beg than work.

There is another recent case, in which public opinion transacts the business of the courts of law—we mean the case of the squatter in Hyde Park. In this affair (about the merits of which we know nothing), a poor woman, right or wrong, is turned out of a location on which she had fixed herself in that Far West. Well, this is only a new instance of the traditional wrongs of the lowly: the hard-hearted world sides with the tyrants of course; and the unfortunate victim—merely because she is poor and friendless—sinks unnoticed and uncared for, and is quietly buried under the Woods and Forests. Is it so? Why, the scream from that ginger-pop stall is heard all over the kingdom; and without consideration or inquiry—without the slightest knowledge of anything appertaining to the question, but that the complainant is needy and the alleged oppressors rich—the whole country become partisans of the squatter. The rich shower in their indignation and their bank-notes for the relief of the old woman, and the poor their sympathy and their sixpences; and the highest nobility in the land are dragged forward to the bar of the public to answer for their supposed delinquency.

We should like much that our American friends, who express terror for the royal and aristocratic principles, could spend a month or two among us, so as to observe the real working of our social system. In place of seeing royalty going about lording it with a crown on its head and a sceptre in its hand, they would perceive with no little surprise that it is the people who creep and crawl about royalty and worry it out of all patience. Instead of running away from the impersonation of the monarchical principle, they run after it as children do at the appearance of a raree-show. When royalty appears in the places of public resort it is mobbed, and absolutely pelted with adulation. In the Crystal Palace, we have on several occasions seen it chased by a crew of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, in a way that made one really ashamed of his country. Royalty wanting only to be let alone, to lead a quiet life, to obtain a little, even a very little, share of that comfort for which England is famous, the public will not let it. Desiring no sycophancy, people will in spite of all remonstrance be sycophantic. Then, for the gratification of all who have not the good-luck to see what royalty does, persons are stationed to watch and record its movements. Every newspaper tells everything it hears of how royalty eats, drinks, and sleeps, and where and when it walks and rides. Any ordinary person may enjoy a stroll in the air and sunshine without remark; but alas for the poor Queen! she cannot go across the threshold without drawing forth universal observation. Once more, we venture an inquiry: Which is the oppressor, which the oppressed? Fie upon literature for catering to an appetite vulgar and revolting to every sense of delicacy, decency, and self-respect!*

* *ROYALTY.—Vulgar Curiosity of the English.*—The Queen, the royal family, and the court, we all know, leave on the 27th instant by the Great Northern Railway for Balmoral, where only in all her dominions, it would seem, her Majesty can—thanks to the instinctive sense of propriety in the Highland or Celtic mind and manners—enjoy that perfect privacy which even monarchs delight in. But to get at the Great Northern Station the Queen will have to go through a world of vulgar staring or curiosity; to say nothing of the royal party being obliged to stop at Lincoln that its corporation may have a good look at their sovereign and her children; the notes and hubbub of happy Doncaster, the joy and delight and festivities of which will probably keep her Majesty and family awake all night; the sterner and harder loyalty that will accompany the party to Holyrood, or the 'Little go' of enthusiasm that will be discharged after the court at Stonehenge; all of which disfigure the once testify our hearty allegiance and our intense devotion towards the Queen, 'her crown and dignity,' as the motto runs. We don't treat and behave to the Queen as she is in public, that is the truth. There is a touch of the city alderman about us all on those occasions, which we should be better without. Our grandfathers deported themselves

But have the Americans themselves more of republican dignity? It is very well for them to sneer at 'Miss Victoria' in their own country; but what are their feelings when actually within the personal influence of royalty? Let Citizen Stevens answer, who beat us a few weeks ago in a yacht-race, and whose victory, by the way, was received by the whole country with a shout of gallant applause, worthy of the finest days of chivalry. On this occasion the Yankee out-Englished the English in their monarchical adulation as dashing as he shot ahead of them on their own element. No sooner did he catch a glimpse of Her Majesty looking on at the sport like her subjects, than, forgetting the well-known racing privilege both of jockey and steersman, off went the republican's hat as if by instinct, down went the stars and stripes, and the proud flag of America trailed in the water before the Ocean Queen! There can of course be no fault found with this, viewed as an act of politeness: the thing was prettily done; only just let our American friends be sufficiently candid to recognise the true relative position of constitutional sovereign and people.

Adjacent in station to royalty, the members of the aristocracy come in for a share of popular annoyance. People on no account will let dukes and other great folks alone: they haunt them in the public thoroughfares and places of amusement; flock to see their horse-races; die to get admission to their balls and dinner-parties; repeat their sayings; and record minutely the minutest of their doings. The grandees in the meantime try to keep aloof as well as they can. The upper-middle classes do not altogether like familiar association with the middle-middle classes, nor these with the lower-middle classes; and all the middles together would rather, if possible, have some distinct barrier between them and the lower classes. Fashion is the chief refuge sought by each; but fashion after fashion gives way successively before the pressure from beneath, till the toe of the clown galls the kibe of the courtier. From this social routine philosophy might extract something good and hopeful. Is it anything more than the material phase of that progress upwards which distinguishes the race of Japhet, and more especially the Anglo-Saxon family? In what is called the permanent or stationary form of civilisation we see nothing of the kind. Conditions, dress, manners, remain there unchanged from generation to generation; and there, too, art, science, morals, and legislation, have the same enduring stereotype.

We have said that this universal toadyism—shared in largely by the Americans, who, with all their rough independence, are the most notorious toady-hunters in creation—is merely the external phase of our progress; and, in point of fact, while the humbler and middle classes still worship rank from some species of traditional reverence, they have, in another sense, got the upper hand of it, and in the general business of the world manfully look upon it as a nonentity. At any rate, let this be said in conclusion: It is fully time that literature, whether in the practical or imaginative form, stated things as they are, and are likely to be. Instead of echoing antiquated assertions as to the relative positions and duties of different departments of society, let it be observed, for the sake of common sense, that the world of the nineteenth is not the world of the seventeenth nor of the eighteenth century; that

after a much handsomer fashion to her grandfather: old Farmer George rode and walked and drove about with his wife and children without any such prostration as Queen Victoria and her family are subjected to; at Windsor and at Weymouth he did just as he chose; he lived in retirement at Kew, or more in public at the Queen's house in town, without any Court Circular to record his up-risings and his down-sittings, his breakfasts or his dinners; that false record of royal life was a device of his first-born, the Regent, to conceal the scandals of Carlton House; and we verily believe that to it the Queen owes more than half the vulgar plague she suffers from.—*Daily News, August.*

all classes may now be said to stand in new relations towards each other; that the man without a coin in his pocket or a shoe on his foot, is not probably a first-rate character, ruined by oppression; and that the 'rich'—that is, the man who lives creditably, pays his way, and helps on society in its enterprises—is not on that account a villain. These views are unavoidable deductions from history; and unless they are acknowledged by the literature of the day, its productions can hardly expect—notwithstanding all their sprightliness and ingenuity—to survive this transition period, and be carried onwards by the rising mind of the country. **THE SADDLE REQUIRES TO BE PUT ON THE RIGHT HORSE.**

THE LEGEND OF THE LOST WELL.

WE generally found during our stay in the desert that the Bedouins, though not churlish, were rather adverse to saying anything to us that might reveal the inner-working of their minds. Perhaps they were afraid to compromise their dignity; perhaps they entertained an indefinite prejudice against us infidels, in spite of their own laxity and reputed indifference as Moslems. Often, however, at night they would watch with Derwish and Saïd outside the tent, and beguile the long hours by relating some wonderful adventure, some strange tradition, some poetical legend, such as could only have the desert for a birthplace. I often heard snatches of what was said, but rarely a beginning or an end. For the most part the narrator's voice did not rise loud enough until the kings, the princesses, the sheiks, and the magicians, were in full play—fighting, singing, loving, travelling, and flying through the air. Besides, the evening's amusement generally concluded with a 'to be continued.' There is no people so fond of serials as the Arabs.

One evening, during a long halt, our guide, Wahsa, usually a silent man, after listening patiently to the catastrophe of a tale—this time told by an Egyptian—in which there was more than the usual number of terrible and fantastic adventures, pleaded for the privilege of speech, and began the following narrative, which may be called 'The Legend of the Lost Well.'

In ancient times there existed in the desert that lies to the west of Egypt—somewhere between the sun at its setting and the city of Siout—a tribe of Arabs that called themselves Waled Allah, or The Children of God. They professed Mohammedanism, but were in every other respect different from their neighbours to the north and south, and from the inhabitants of the land of Egypt. It was their custom during the months of summer to draw near to the confines of the cultivated country and hold intercourse with its people, selling camels and wool, and other desert productions; but when winter came they drew off towards the interior of the wilderness, and it was not known where they abode. They were by no means great in numbers; but such was their skill in arms, and their reputation for courage, that no tribe ever ventured to trespass on their limits, and all caravans eagerly paid to them the tribute of safe-conduct.

Such was the case for many years: but at length it came to pass that the Waled Allah, after departing as usual for the winter, returned in great disorder and distress towards the neighbourhood of the Nile. Those who saw them on that occasion reported that their sufferings must have been tremendous. More than two-thirds of their cattle, a great number of the women and children, and several of the less hardy men, were missing; but they would not at first confess what had happened to them. When, however, they asked permission to settle temporarily on some unoccupied lands, the curious and inquisitive went among them, and by degrees the truth came out.

It appeared that many centuries ago one of their tribe, following the track of some camels that had strayed, had ventured to a great distance in the desert, and had discovered a pass in the mountains leading into a spacious valley, in the midst of which was a well of the purest water, that overflowed and fertilised the land around. As the man at once understood the importance of his discovery, he devoted himself for his tribe, and returned slowly, piling up stones here and there that the way might not again be lost. When he arrived at the station he had only sufficient strength to relate what he had seen before he died of fatigue and thirst. So they called the well after him—Bir Hassan.

It was found that the valley was only habitable during the winter; for being surrounded with perpendicular rocks it became like a furnace in the hot season—the vegetation withered into dust, and the waters hid themselves within the bowels of the earth. They resolved, therefore, to spend one-half of their time in that spot, where they built a city; and during the other half of their time they dwelt, as I have said, on the confines of the land of Egypt.

But it was found that only by a miracle had the well of Hassan been discovered. Those who tried without the aid of the road-marks to make their way to it invariably failed. So it became an institution of the tribe that two men should be left, with a sufficient supply of water and food, in a large cave overlooking the desert near the entrance of the valley; and that they should watch for the coming of the tribe, and when a great fire was lighted on a certain hill, should answer by another fire, and thus guide their people. This being settled, the piles of stones were dispersed, lest the greedy Egyptians, hearing by chance of this valley, should make their way to it.

How long matters continued in this state is not recorded; but at length, when the tribe set out to return to their winter quarters, and reached the accustomed station and lighted the fire, no answering fire appeared. They passed the first night in expectation, and the next day, and the next night, saying: 'Probably the men are negligent;' but at length they began to despair. They had brought but just sufficient water with them for the journey, and death began to menace them. In vain they endeavoured to find the road. A retreat became necessary; and, as I have said, they returned and settled on the borders of the land of Egypt. Many men, however, went back many times year after year to endeavour to find the lost well; but some were never heard of more, and some returned, saying that the search was in vain.

Nearly a hundred years passed away, and the well became forgotten, and the condition of the tribe had undergone a sad change. It never recovered its great disaster: wealth and courage disappeared; and the governors of Egypt, seeing the people dependent and humble-spirited, began, as is their wont, to oppress them, and lay on taxes and insults. Many times a bold man of their number would propose that they should go and join some of the other tribes of Arabs, and solicit to be incorporated with them; but the idea was laughed at as extravagant, and they continued to live on in misery and degradation.

It happened that the chief of the tribe at the time of which I now speak was a man of gentle character and meek disposition, named Abdallah the Good, and that he had a son, like one of the olden time, stout, and brave as a lion, named Ali. This youth could not brook the subjection in which his people were kept, nor the wrongs daily heaped upon them, and was constantly revolving in his mind the means of escape and revenge. When he gave utterance to these sentiments, however, his father, Abdallah, severely rebuked him; for he feared the power of the lords of Egypt, and dreaded lest mischief might befall his family or his tribe.

Now contemporary with Abdallah the Good there

was a governor of Siout named Omar the Evil. He had gained a great reputation in the country by his cruelties and oppressions, and was feared by high and low. Several times had he treated the Waled Allah with violence and indignity, bestowing upon them the name of Waled Sheitan, or Children of the Devil, and otherwise vexing and annoying them, besides levying heavy tribute, and punishing with extreme severity the slightest offence. One day he happened to be riding along in the neighbourhood of their encampment when he observed Ali trying the paces of a handsome horse which he had purchased. Covetousness entered his mind, and calling to the youth, he said: 'What is the price of thy horse?'

'It is not for sale,' was the reply.

No sooner were the words uttered than Omar made a signal to his men, who rushed forwards, threw the young man to the ground in spite of his resistance, and leaving him there, returned leading the horse. Omar commanded them to bring it with them, and rode away, laughing heartily at his exploit.

But Ali was not the man to submit tamely to such injustice. He endeavoured at first to rouse the passions of his tribe, but not succeeding, resolved to revenge himself or die in the attempt. One night, therefore, he took a sharp dagger, disguised himself, and lurking about the governor's palace, contrived to introduce himself without being seen, and to reach the garden, where he had heard it was the custom of Omar to repose awhile as he waited for his supper. A light guided him to the kiosk where the tyrant slept alone, not knowing that vengeance was nigh. Ali paused a moment, doubting whether it was just to strike an unprepared foe; but he remembered all his tribe had suffered as well as himself, and raising his dagger, advanced stealthily towards the couch where the huge form of the governor lay.

A slight figure suddenly interposed between him and the sleeping man. It was that of a young girl, who, with terror in her looks, waved him back. 'What wouldst thou, youth?' she inquired.

'I come to slay that enemy,' replied Ali, endeavouring to pass her and effect his purpose while there was yet time.

'It is my father,' said she, still standing in the way and awing him by the power of her beauty.

'Thy father is a tyrant, and deserves to die.'

'If he be a tyrant he is still my father; and thou, why shouldst thou condemn him?'

'He has injured me and my tribe.'

'Let injuries be forgiven, as we are commanded. I will speak for thee and thy tribe. Is not thy life valuable to thee? Retire ere it be too late; and by my mother, who is dead, I swear to thee that I will cause justice to be done.'

'Not from any hopes of justice, but as a homage to God for having created such marvellous beauty, do I retire and spare the life of that man which I hold in my hands.'

So saying Ali sprang away, and effected his escape. No sooner was he out of sight than Omar, who had been awakened by the sound of voices, but who had feigned sleep when he heard what turn affairs were taking, arose and laughed, saying: 'Well done, Amina! thou art worthy of thy father. How thou didst cajole that son of a dog by false promises!'

'Nay, father; what I have promised must be performed.'

'Ay, ay. Thou didst promise justice, and, by the beards of my ancestors, justice shall assuredly be done!'

Next day Ali was seized and conducted to the prison adjoining the governor's palace. Amina, when she heard of this, in vain sought to obtain his release. Her father laughed at her scruples, and avowed his intention of putting the young man to death in the cruellest possible manner. He had him brought before

him, bound and manacled, and amused himself by reviling and taunting him—calling him a fool for having yielded to the persuasions of a foolish girl! Ali, in spite of all, did not reply; for he now thought more of Amina than of the indignities to which he was subjected; and instead of replying with imprudent courage, as under other circumstances he might have done, he took care not to exasperate the tyrant, and meanwhile revolved in his mind the means of escape. If he expected that his mildness would disarm the fury of Omar, never was mistake greater; for almost in the same breath with the order for his being conducted back to prison was given that for public proclamation of his execution to take place on the next day.

There came, however, a saviour during the night: it was the young Amina, who, partly moved by generous indignation that her word should have been given in vain, partly by another feeling, bribed the jailers, and leading forth the young man, placed him by the side of his trusty steed which had been stolen from him, and bade him fly for his life. He lingered to thank her and enjoy her society. They talked long, and more and more confidentially. At length the first streaks of dawn began to shew themselves; and Amina, as she urged him to begone, clung to the skirts of his garments. He hesitated a moment, a few hurried words passed, and presently she was behind him upon the horse, clasping his waist, and away they went towards the mountains, into the midst of which they soon penetrated by a rugged defile.

Amina had been prudent enough to prepare a small supply of provisions, and Ali knew where at that season water was to be found in small quantities. His intention was to penetrate to a certain distance in the desert, and then turning south, to seek the encampments of a tribe with some of whose members he was acquainted. Their prospects were not very discouraging; for even if pursuit were attempted, Ali justly confided in his superior knowledge of the desert: he expected in five days to reach the tents towards which he directed his course, and he calculated that the small bag of flour which Amina had provided would prevent them at least from dying of hunger during that time.

The first stage was a long one. For seven hours he proceeded in a direct line from the rising sun, the uncomplaining Amina clinging still to him; but at length the horse began to exhibit symptoms of fatigue, and its male rider of anxiety. They had traversed an almost uninterrupted succession of rocky valleys, but now reached an elevated undulating plain covered with huge black boulders that seemed to stretch like a petrified sea to the distant horizon. Now and then they had seen during their morning's ride, in certain little sheltered nooks, small patches of a stunted vegetation; but now all was bleak and barren, and grim like the crater of a volcano. And yet it was here that Ali expected evidently to find water—most necessary to them; for all three were feeling the symptoms of burning thirst. He paused every now and then, checking his steed, and rising in the stirrups to gaze ahead or on one side; but each time his search was in vain. At length he said: 'Possibly I have, in the hurry of my thoughts, taken the wrong defile, in which case nothing but death awaits us. We shall not have strength to retrace our footsteps, and must die here in this horrible place. Stand upon the saddlebow, Amina, whilst I support thee: if thou seest anything like a white shining cloud upon the ground, we are saved.'

Amina did as she was told, and gazed for a few moments around. Suddenly she cried: 'I see, as it were, a mist of silver far, far away to the left.'

'It is the first well,' replied Ali; and he urged his stumbling steed in that direction.

It soon appeared that they were approaching a

mound of dazzling whiteness, such as those which we have often seen in our journey. Close by was a little hollow, apparently dry. But Ali soon scraped away a quantity of the clayey earth, and presently the water began to collect, trickling in from the sides. In a couple of hours they procured enough for themselves and for the horse, and ate some flour diluted in a wooden bowl; after which they lay down to rest beneath a ledge of rock that threw a little shade. Towards evening, after Ali had carefully choked up the well, lest it might be dried by the sun, they resumed their journey, and arrived about midnight at a lofty rock in the midst of the plain, visible at a distance of many hours in the moonlight. In a crevice near the summit of this they found a fair supply of water, and having refreshed themselves, reposed until dawn. Then Amina prepared their simple meal, and soon afterwards off they went again over the burning plain.

This time, as Ali knew beforehand, there was no prospect of well or water for twenty-four hours; and unfortunately they had not been able to procure a skin. However, they carried some flour well moistened in their wooden bowl, which they covered with a large piece of wet linen, and studied to keep from the sun. They travelled almost without intermission the whole of that day and a great part of the night. Ali now saw that it was necessary to rest, and they remained where they were until near morning.

'Dearest Amina,' said he, returning to the young girl after having climbed to the top of a lofty rock and gazed anxiously ahead, 'I think I see the mountain where the next water is to be found. If thou art strong enough, we will push on at once.'

Though faint and weary, Amina said: 'Let us be going'; and now it was necessary for Ali to walk, the horse refusing to carry any longer a double burden. They advanced, however, rapidly; and at length reached the foot of a lofty range of mountains, all white, and shining in the sun like silver. In one of the gorges near the summit Ali knew there was usually a small reservoir of water; but he had only been there once in his boyhood, when on his way to visit the tribe with which he now expected to find a shelter. However, he thought he recognised various landmarks, and began to ascend with confidence. The sun beat furiously down on the barren and glittering ground; and the horse exhausted, more than once refused to proceed. He had not eaten once since their departure, and Ali knew that he must perish ere the journey was concluded.

As they neared the summit of the ridge, the young man recognised with joy a rock in the shape of a couching camel that had formerly been pointed out to him as indicating the neighbourhood of the reservoir, and pressed on with renewed confidence. What was his horror, however, on reaching the place he sought, at beholding it quite dry!—dry, and hot as an oven! The water had all escaped by a crevice recently formed. Ali now believed that death was inevitable; and folding the fainting Amina in his arms, sat down and bewailed his lot in a loud voice.

Suddenly a strange sight presented itself. A small caravan appeared coming down the ravine—not of camels, nor of horses, nor asses, but of goats and a species of wild antelope. They moved slowly, and behind them walked with tottering steps a man of great age with a vast white beard, supporting himself with a long stick. Ali rushed forward to a goat which bore a water-skin, seized it, and without asking permission carried it to Amina. Both drank with eagerness; and it was not until they were well satisfied that they noticed the strange old man looking at them with interest and curiosity. Then they told their story; and the owner of the caravan in his turn told his, which was equally wonderful.

'And what was the old man's story?' inquired the listeners in one breath.

'It shall be related to-morrow. The time for sleep has come.'

I was not fortunate enough to hear the conclusion of this legend, told in the simple matter-of-fact words of Wahsa; but one of our attendants gave me the substance. The old man of the caravan was stated to be the younger of the two watchers left behind more than a hundred years before at Bir Hassan. His companion had been killed, and he himself wounded by some wild beast, which had prevented the necessary signals from being made. He understood that some terrible disaster had occurred, and dared not brave the vengeance which he thought menaced him from the survivors. So he resolved to stay in the valley, and had accordingly remained for a hundred years, at the expiration of which period he had resolved to set out on a pilgrimage to the Nile, in order to ascertain if any members of the tribes still remained, that he might communicate the secret of the valley before he perished. Like the first discoverer, he had marked the way by heaps of stones, and died when his narrative was concluded. Ali and Amina made their way to the valley, where, according to the narrative, they found a large city, scarcely if at all ruined, and took up their abode in one of the palaces. Shortly afterwards Ali returned to Egypt, and led off his father Abdallah the Good and the remnants of his tribe in secret. Omar was furious, and following them, endeavoured to discover the valley, of which the tradition was well known. Not succeeding, he resolved to wait for the summer; but the tribe never reappeared in Egypt, and is said to have passed the hot months in the oasis of Farafreh, to which they subsequently removed on the destruction of their favourite valley by an earthquake.

This tradition, though containing some improbable incidents, may nevertheless be founded on fact, and may contain, under a legendary form, the history of the peopling of the oases of the desert. It was, however, chiefly interesting to me from the manner in which it illustrates the important influence which the discovery or destruction of a copious well of pure water may exercise on the fortunes of a people. It may sometimes, in fact, as represented in this instance, be a matter of life and death; and no doubt the Waled Allah are not the only tribe who have been raised to an enviable prosperity, or sunk into the depths of misery, by the fluctuating supply of water in the desert.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF THE MOON.

CERTAIN mysterious agents are perpetually offering astonishing results to the observation of man. But some of these results become so familiar from their constant presence that they cease to awaken interest in the minds of the many. The existence of the influence called light is of this nature. From day to day it fills the sky and overflows the surface of the world; from night to night it sparkles the heavens with twinkling points, or half dissolves the veil of darkness in soft floods of phosphorescence. Yet how few there are who seek to know from whence the constant visitant comes, or what its nature is! Important as its interference is in terrestrial affairs, it yet belongs not to the earth; it is an inhabitant of the infinite; it comes from the immensely distant sun and yet remoter stars. Free from the fetters that confine denser matter to isolated spheres, it floats through the yawning caverns of space, bridging them over with beautiful relations and sympathies. Light is the pulsating stream that connects organised worlds with organised suns; it makes the universe a living system; without it, creation would be a dry skeleton—with it, it becomes a growing, breathing, and palpitating frame.

But what is the wonderful agent that spreads itself out thus widely through space? Why does it travel

from one boundary of the vast universe to the other with undiminished speed, and pass through the rock of the densest crystal unscathed, and yet stop at the thinnest and frailest film of black material? Why does it paint the fields with green, the rose with red, and the sky with blue? Why does it move in straight lines, and change the direction of its progress when it enters a substance of altered density? Why does it strike the sensitive membranes of the eye with perception? These are questions we may ask, but we cannot find the resolution of our difficulties in the answers that are tendered to us from every side. The grandest generalisations of science are but approximations to what we would have; they are suggestive rather than satisfying; they are not facts revealed in their full and majestic proportions; often they are merely happy guesses, looking vastly like truth on account of the boldness of their own pretensions. Still even in these delusive verisimilitudes features of considerable interest may be discovered. In the arrangements of nature twilight precedes the daylight, and the eye of the anxious watchman, when it cannot perceive the sun, may find cause to rejoice in the promise of the dawn.

Scientific men have conceived two different means by which most of the phenomena that connect themselves with the influence of light may be explained. Some think that as essential atoms float from the cells of a fragrant plant to strike the nervous membrane, which lines the cavity of the nose, with the sense of smelling, material emanations stream from luminous bodies and rush with almost inconceivable velocity into the eye, to impress its internal nervous surface with the sense of vision. Others believe that the universe is filled with a fine ethereal substance, pervading not only empty space, but also the inner pores of material things, and attribute light to the tremulous action of this ether. They conceive that elastic vibrations are pushed out round luminous bodies in straight lines, but without any real onward motion of the substance of the medium; just as sound waves are pushed out round sonorous bodies without any real onward motion of the substance of the air. Now whether we select for our favour the one or the other of these theories—whether we consider, with Sir Isaac Newton, that the eye is first-cousin to the nose, receiving the impulse of streams of emitted particles that are very much smaller than the emanations of fragrant bodies; or whether, with Descartes and Huygens, we deem it a kind of ear, catching and discriminating tremulous vibrations that spread elastically through a medium very much more subtle than the atmosphere—we may with equal advantage observe for ourselves certain facts that are beyond all debatable ground.

If any of our readers will hold a small magnifying lens of glass midway between the flame of a candle and a piece of white paper, they will perceive that an inverted image of the flame is distinctly drawn upon the paper. It is the property of the lens to be able so to sift, either the undulations or the emanations, whichever they may be, that come to it from the flame, that they are all brought back into similar relative positions with regard to each other to those which they held at the first, at a certain point beyond the lens: the transparent substance effects this sifting in virtue of the curvature of its surface. The beams from the several portions of the flame necessarily fall upon the curved line of glass with different degrees of inclination; and accordingly as that inclination is greater or less they are dealt with in their passage through the transparent substance—in the one case being thrown down more, and in the other case less.

By the instrumentality of a simple lens of glass light may be thus made to sketch the exact image of any object. When the lens is placed in a hole in one side of a darkened box, the image is formed in the

interior, where the rays thrown off from other sources cannot interfere with its distinctness. The contrivance is then termed a dark chamber, or *camera obscura*.

Imagine that in a darkened chamber of this sort a screen is spread out for the reception of the image, and that this screen is formed of a living substance capable of feeling the picture in all its variety of colours, and light and shade; the camera obscura then becomes an organ of vision. The eye is a dark chamber, composed of dense walls, carefully lined inside with a black compound. A small transparent window is left open in front, and behind this opening a series of lens-shaped humours is placed. At the back of these a delicate film of nervous matter expands. This expansion is but a continuation of certain minute fibrils of the brain, which enter the back of the eye bound up together as a single cord. Images that are to be seen are formed by the influence of the lens-shaped humours, and are made to fall exactly upon the nervous expansion. Vision is the mental perception of this impression when it has been effected upon the sensitive nervous material.

The outline and general appearance of an object is recognised, because the several parts of the image formed in the eye receive from it different quantities of light. In the direction along which the most intense and energetic luminous influence comes, bright lights are seen; in that along which more subdued and faint action passes, dark shadows appear. Light parts in an image correspond to intense illumination in an object; dark portions to deficient light; consequently if we could find any substance that would undergo more or less change in the physical arrangement of its atoms, according to the exact degree of intensity in which it was affected by light, we could perpetuate the form of any image, consisting as it does of alternating tracts of light and shade. We should then only need to make the image fall upon an even surface of the sensitive substance for a certain length of time, and we should find its form indelibly engraved upon the retentive ground. Chemistry has recently discovered several substances whose atoms are thus sensitively alive to the disturbing influence of light, and a new and very interesting art has accordingly sprung into existence, which has been designated Photography, or printing by light.

In the process of M. Daguerre, which is the one that has been hitherto the most generally employed, plates of iodised silver are placed in a camera obscura, exactly in the focus of a very perfectly-formed lens of glass. The image of any object that is presented before the lens is then accurately portrayed upon the plate of silver. Wherever the lights in this image are strongest, the atoms of the iodine and silver are the most powerfully disturbed; wherever, on the other hand, its shadows rest, their original condition is the most perfectly preserved. Now, whenever light falls on iodised silver, the change which it produces gives the iodised metal a strong inclination to combine itself with mercury, and that inclination is always exactly proportioned to the intensity with which the light has acted; consequently if the iodised plate which has been affected by the image is removed from the camera and placed amidst the fumes of mercury, the mercury condenses upon the plate in greatest abundance wherever the influence of the light has been exerted most powerfully; wherever the action of the light has been less, less mercury attaches itself; and where the deepest shadows have fallen, scarcely a perceptible trace of the mercury is retained. In this way a metallic picture of any object may be made, in which mercury becomes the representative of light. Wherever most light was in the original, most mercury appears in the fac-simile. It is worthy of remark, that in the metallic pictures of M. Daguerre's process there are no colours. All those parts which have been

marked in the object by varied colours are merely indicated in the Daguerreotype drawing by gradations of shadow. Just as different degrees of light act upon the iodised silver with proportionally varied energies, so also do different kinds of colour. This would seem to indicate that the various colours are themselves but modifications of light intensity. That colour is rather an attribute of light than of the objects upon which it is seen, is beyond all question; for where artificial lights of a certain description are used for illuminating objects naturally of the most brilliant and gaudy tints, they all present themselves as if devoid of colour. If any of our sceptical readers will place equal parts of spirits of wine and water in a tin dish, and heat the mixture by means of a spirit-lamp placed beneath it until it begins to bubble, and then sprinkle in half a teaspoonful of salt, and ignite the mixture, he will be willing to admit—after viewing some variegated shawls or other gaily-coloured objects by means of its blaze—that colour is not an intrinsic quality of things seeming to possess it. The advocates of the undulatory theory assert that the intensity of light depends upon the height of the little waves of ether that serve for its transmission, and variety of colour upon differences of their breadth. Most probably they are not far from the truth, although it is hard to conceive how undulations can have been accurately measured when so small that somewhere between 39,000 and 62,000 are comprised in the length of an inch.

The old corpuscular theory propounded by Sir Isaac Newton found three several parts in each beam of white light: these were separated from each other when the light was passed through certain transparent substances, and presented themselves apart as red, yellow, and blue colours. The theory of undulation considers these colours to be modifications of vibratory movement rather than separate influences; but it has nevertheless been compelled to admit, as a consequence of some of the results of the operations of photography, that there are at least three distinct powers in the sunbeam which may be separated from each other, even if the three kinds of colour are allowed to be identical. For, in the first place, the influence which produces atomic disturbance in the plates of Daguerre is not the same with illuminating power: all the lighting capacity of a sunbeam may be stopped out from it, and still it will be able to produce the chemical result. It has been also ascertained that the heating and lighting power of the sun's rays may be severed from each other. The solar beam, therefore, contains within itself at least three several agents—the one concerning itself with illuminating bodies, the other with heating them, and the third with producing chemical effects among their atoms. And strange to say, in different seasons of the year one or other of these seems to exercise a temporarily preponderant influence beyond its fellows. In spring the sun's rays have the most chemical power; in summer they light most; and in autumn they heat most. During the reign of chemical power the dormant seeds are roused to life; during the reign of light, carbon, the agent of solidification, is fixed, and soft vegetable tissue is converted into wood; during the reign of heat, green fruits are ripened, and young seeds matured. How surprisingly in this wonderful world of adaptations are means always adjusted to results! Even the powers of the sunbeam are meted out with a regard to the work they are required to do.

It has recently been shewn that a photographic image may be stamped upon a sensitive plate almost instantaneously. A series of letters were inscribed upon the edge of a wheel, which was then caused to revolve in a dark room with great rapidity. Opposite to the edge of the revolving wheel a plate of highly-sensitive substance was placed, and a powerful flash of electricity was then thrown for a moment upon that

portion of the edge of the wheel that had the plate before it. The form of the letter that chanced to be passing at the instant was found to have been plainly stamped upon the photographic surface, although the influence which had effected the impression could not possibly have been continued for more than a small fractional part of a second.

But the highest possible development of the photographic art has not been reached even by this singular triumph. When the difficulties of time are vanquished, there still remain difficulties of space to overcome. Even when the most exquisitely-sensitive substances have been prepared by the chemist, there may be objects illuminated so faintly that they will not make any available impression thereon. If those objects are near to us, we can easily throw more light upon them; but when they are thousands and millions of miles away we cannot do this. There are, in fact, myriads of visible bodies very far removed from the earth which nevertheless present aspects and features of their own that science would gladly have the means of accurately portraying and preserving. The moon, for instance, is 240,000 miles away, and has her face covered with wonderfully intricate and delicate tracings, that tell a strange tale regarding her present form and past history. Now the moon receives about as much solar light upon any given portion of her surface as terrestrial objects of like size do when placed in the sunshine. But very little of that light really reaches us, because it has to perform a journey of 240,000 miles after it is thrown off from the lunar surface, and is constantly diffused and weakened more and more during this progress. The effective lighting power of the moon is not greater than that of a single wax-candle placed twelve feet away. It is 800,000 times less than the lighting power of the sun.

As the lighting power of the remote moon is so very much less than the lighting power of near terrestrial objects placed in sunlight, it has always been feared that no photographic image of its face could ever be procured. On one account only a hope has been entertained that it might yet be found possible to form one. Optical instruments give us the means of catching great quantities of light even from very faint objects. A lens three inches across catches 144 times more light from any given object than the natural pupil of the eye fairly opened; consequently the image of that object, when formed in the interior of a camera, by means of such a lens, must be 144 times brighter than when formed in the chamber of the eye; and its image, when formed by a still larger lens than this, would be more brilliant in the exact proportion of the increased size.

It hence occurred some time since to Professor Bond of the Harvard University, United States, that although he could not throw increase of illumination upon the pale and distant moon, he might make more of the faint illumination which it naturally possesses available for the purposes of photography, if he converted the magnificent telescope at his disposal into a photographic camera. The object-glass of that telescope is fifteen inches in diameter, and the image of an object formed in its focus would therefore be twenty-five times brighter than the image of the same object formed by a three-inch lens. He consequently made his arrangements in accordance with these considerations. He placed an iodised plate of silver within the dark tube of the telescope, so that its sensitive surface exactly corresponded with the focal position of the large achromatic lens; and he made the telescope tube, thus furnished, follow steadily the moon's motion in the heavens by means of accurately-adjusted clock-work. The result of this interesting experiment has been a signal triumph. The moon has at length been induced to sit for her portrait, restless and shy-faced as she is. No less than three exquisite miniatures of her features were exhibited at Ipswich at one of the sectional

meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science by the same gentleman we had recently to name in connection with the ingenious apparatus for registering astronomical observations by electricity.

The most interesting of these lunar miniatures is a small half-face portrait, about as large again as the half of an ordinary crown-piece, taken at that phase of the lunation, because the lengthened shadows cast behind the inequalities of the surface are then seen to most advantage. When we look at the moon's hemisphere half in light and half in darkness, the sun is shining upon it in a direction that is transverse to the one in which we are viewing it. The sun is shining from the right, so to speak, while we are looking straight forward; consequently the shadows which are cast in the direction of the sun's beams are spread out lengthwise before our vision; and most wonderful objects those shadows are when observed by the telescope under these advantageous circumstances. Ragged fringes of blackness rest behind peaks and ring-shaped elevations of polished silver; round and oval patches of darkness fill up cup-like depressions; index-shaped triangles of jet point out from the back of spots of brilliant light. In the photographic delineation all these singular features stand revealed. The broken ridge of the Apennines, with its serrated shadows; the ring-bounded plains of Arzachel, Alphons, and Ptolemy, with their central isolated peaks, secondary craters, and external buttress-like spurs; the torn and broken cavities around the Plutonian Tycho: all are there. And beyond these the dull-gray patches of the Mare Crisium, Mare Pacunditatis, and Mare Tranquillitatis (seas by name, but dry plains by nature), set round by the curving margin of more condensed brilliancy, where the light is compressed by the foreshortening of the receding portions of the spherical surface. Even minute details of these varied outlines are so accurately and fully given, that fresh objects may be seen when the drawing is examined by the aid of a magnifying lens. The powers of the microscope may be as successfully brought to bear in examining this beautiful picture as those of the telescope are in viewing the moon itself. For once, art seems to have approached very near indeed to the production of a perfect copy of an original that is among the choicest of nature's works.

The light which we receive from the brightest fixed star is some 28,000 times less than that which we receive from the moon. But this light is compressed into a point of invisible dimensions, instead of being spread over a wide surface. There is therefore scarcely a doubt that when the more sensitive materials of the photographer are brought into operation with lenses as large as the great Harvard refractor, delineations of star-groups may be easily procured. Mr Bond stated at the Ipswich meeting that his father had already succeeded in producing a perceptible image of the two constituents of the double star Castor upon even the iodised silver-plate. It is scarcely possible yet to calculate how great a service photography may render to the astronomer. The search for planets and other erratic bodies has hitherto been conducted by the laborious process of cataloguing the place of every visible luminary, as it appears within the field of the observer's telescope, again and again, so that subsequent comparisons may shew whether any member of the vast host has shifted its position in the heavens. When Professor Challis, in July 1846, undertook the search for the planet Neptune, under the direction of Mr Adams' theoretical calculations, he registered 3150 star positions, extending over a tract of the sky sixty times the moon's breadth one way, and twenty times the other. On 12th August, the fourth night of observing, he saw the planet without recognising it; for he afterwards found that there was a star there where no star had been seen on 30th July, the second night of observing. If a photographic

map of this region had been made on 30th July, and then a second one on 12th August, Professor Challis would certainly, on comparing the two, have at once detected the stranger six weeks before Dr Galle did. Dr Galle received Leverrier's calculations of the probable place of the planet on 22d September, and found it on the 23d, because he had Bremher's very accurate star-map to compare the actual appearance of the heavens with. Photographic maps of the asterisms, taken from time to time, will certainly give the astronomer the means of detecting every vagrant body in the sky; and that the band is a numerous one, and needs close watching, will be apparent when it is remembered that the number of the asteroid planets has been increased from four to thirteen within six years.

It is already known that the light of some stars is different from that of others. Wollaston and Kramhoffer have shewn that diverse spectra are produced when the rays of different stars are made to traverse the same polarising media. In all probability photography will yet afford the means of eliciting some information concerning the cause of this difference. Materials may be found that will prove themselves sensitive to one kind of light and indifferent to others. If every bright star does not impress its image upon the same sensitive surface with equal degrees of facility, the photographer may hereafter be able to ask 'questions of nature,' in the Baconian sense, at least with more effect than we yet can; and he may get answers from the remoter heavens that hitherto the nearer shrine of Delphos has refused to give.

THE EXPECTANT.

WHEN a boy I was sent to school in a country village in one of the midland counties. Midvale lay on a gentle slope at the foot of a lofty hill, round which the turnpike-road wound scientifically to diminish the steepness of the declivity; and the London coach, as it smoked along the white road regularly at half-past four o'clock, with one wheel dragged, might be tracked for two good miles before it crossed the bridge over the brook below and disappeared from sight. We generally rushed out of the afternoon school as the twanging horn of the guard woke up our quiet one street; and a fortunate fellow I always thought was Griffith Maclean, our only day-boarder, who on such occasions would often chase the flying mail, and seizing the hand of the guard, an old servant of his uncle's, mount on the roof, and ride as far as he chose for the mere trouble of walking back again. Our school consisted of between twenty and thirty boys, under the care of a master who knew little and taught still less; for having three sermons to preach every Sunday, besides two on week-days, he had but little leisure to spare for the duties of the school; and the only usher he could afford to keep was a neatly, hard-working lad, whose poverty and time-worn habiliments deprived him of any moral control over the boys. This state of things, coupled with the nervous and irascible temper of the pedagogue, naturally produced a good deal of delinquency, which was duly scored off on the backs of the offenders every morning before breakfast. Thus what we wanted in tuition was made up in flogging; and if the master was rarely in the school, he made amends for his absence by a vigorous use of his prerogative while he was there. Griffith Maclean, who was never present on these occasions, coming only at nine o'clock, was yet our common benefactor. One by one he had taken all our jackets to a cobbling tailor in the village, and got them for a trifling cost so well lined with old remnants of a kind

of felt or serge, for the manufacture of which the place was famous, that we could afford to stand up without wincing, and even to laugh through our wry faces under the matutinal ceremony of caning. Further, Griffith was the sole means of communication with the shopkeepers, and bought our cakes, fruit, and playthings, when we had money to spend, and would generally contrive to convey a lunch of bread and cheese from home to any starving victim who was condemned to fasting for his transgressions. In return for all this sympathy we could do no less than relieve Griffith, as far as possible, from the trouble and 'bother,' as he called it, of study. We worked his sums regularly for days beforehand, translated his Latin, and read over his lessons with our fingers as he stood up to repeat them before the master.

Griffith's mother was the daughter of a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Midvale. Fifteen years ago she had eloped with a young Irish officer—an unprincipled fortune-hunter—who, finding himself mistaken in his venture, the offended father having refused any portion, had at first neglected and finally deserted his wife, who had returned home with Griffith, her only child, to seek a reconciliation with her parents. This had never been cordially granted. The old man had other children who had not disobeyed him, and to them, at his death, he bequeathed the bulk of his property, allotting to Griffith's mother only a life-interest in a small estate which brought her something less than a hundred pounds a year. But the family were wealthy, and the fond mother hoped, indeed fully expected, that they would make a gentlemanly provision for her only child. In this expectation Griffith was nurtured and bred; and being reminded every day that he was born a gentleman, grew up with the notion that application and labour of any sort were unbecoming the character he would have to sustain. He was a boy of average natural abilities, and with industry might have cultivated them to advantage; but industry was a plebeian virtue, which his silly mother altogether discountenanced, and withstood the attempts, not very vigorous, of the schoolmaster to enforce. Thus he was never punished, seldom reproved; and the fact that he was the sole individual so privileged in a school where both reproof and punishment were so plentiful, could not fail of impressing him with a great idea of his own importance. Schoolboys are fond of speculating on their future prospects, and of dilating on the fancied pleasures of manhood and independence, and the delights of some particular trade or profession upon which they have set their hearts: the farm, the forge, the loom, the counter, the press, the desk, have as eager partisans among the knucklers at law as among older children; and while crouching round the dim spark of fire on a wet winter day, we were wont to chalk out for ourselves a future course of life when released from the drudgery, as we thought it, of school. Some declared for building, carpentering, farming, milling, or cattle-breeding; some were panting for life in the great city; some longed for the sea and travel to foreign countries; and some for a quiet life at home amid rural sports and the old family faces. Above all Griffith Maclean towered in unapproachable greatness. 'I shall be a gentleman,' said he; 'if I don't have a commission in the army—which I am not sure I should like, because it's a bore to be ordered off where you don't want to go—I shall have an official situation under government, with next to nothing to do but to see life and enjoy myself.' Poor Griffith!

Time wore on. One fine morning I was packed, along with a couple of boxes, on the top of the London coach; and before forty-eight hours had elapsed, found myself bound apprentice to a hard-working master and a laborious profession in the heart of London. Seven

years I served and wrought in acquiring the heart and mystery, as my indentures termed it, of my trade. Seven times in the course of this period it was my pleasant privilege to visit Midvale, where some of my relations dwelt, and at each visit I renewed the intimacy with my old schoolfellow Griffith. He was qualifying himself for the life of a gentleman by leading one of idleness; and I envied him not a little his proficiency in the use of the angle and the gun, and the opportunity he occasionally enjoyed of following the hounds upon a borrowed horse. At my last visit, at the end of my term of apprenticeship, I felt rather hurt at the cold reception his mother gave me, and at the very haughty, off-hand bearing of Griffith himself; and I resolved to be as independent as he by giving him an opportunity of dropping the acquaintance if he chose. I understood, however, that both he and his mother were still feeding upon expectation, and that they hoped everything from General —, to whom application had been made on Griffith's behalf, as the son of an officer, and that they confidently expected a cadetship that would open up the road to promotion and fortune. The wished-for appointment did not arrive. Poor Griffith's father had died without leaving that reputation behind him which might have paved the way for his son's advancement, and the application was not complied with. This was a mortifying blow to the mother, whose pride it painfully crushed. Griffith, now of age, proposed that they should remove to London, where, living in the very source and centre of official appointments, they might bring their influence to bear upon any suitable berth that might be vacant. They accordingly left Midvale and came to town, where they lived in complete retirement upon a very limited income. I met Griffith accidentally after he had been in London about a year. He shook me heartily by the hand, was in high spirits, and informed me that he had at length secured the promise of an appointment to a situation in S— House, in case T—, the sitting member, should be again returned for the county. His mother had three tenants, each with a vote, at her command; and he was going down to Midvale, as the election was shortly coming off, and would bag a hundred votes, at least, he felt sure before polling-day. I could not help thinking as he rattled away that this was just the one thing he was fit for. With much of the air, gait, and manners of a gentleman, he combined a perfection in the details of fiddle-faddle and small-talk rarely to be met with; and from having no independent opinion of his own upon any subject whatever, was so much the better qualified to secure the voices of those who had. He went down to Midvale, canvassed the whole district with astonishing success, and had the honour of dining with his patron, the triumphant candidate, at the conclusion of the poll. On his return to town, in the overflowings of his joy, he wrote a note to me expressive of his improved prospects, and glorying in the certainty of at length obtaining an official appointment. I was very glad to hear the good news, but still more surprised at the terms in which it was conveyed: the little that Griffith had learned at school he had almost contrived to lose altogether in the eight or nine years that had elapsed since he had left it. He seemed to ignore the very existence of such contrivances as syntax and orthography; and I really had grave doubts as to whether he was competent to undertake even an official situation in S— House.

These doubts were not immediately resolved. Members of parliament, secure in their seats, are not precisely so anxious to perform as they sometimes are ready to promise when their seats seem sliding from under them. It was very nearly two years before Griffith received any fruit from his electioneering labours, during which time he had been leading a life of lounging, do-nothing, dreamy semi-consciousness, occasionally varied by a

suddenly-conceived and indignant remonstrance, hurled in foolscap at the head of the defalcating member for the county. During all this time fortune used him but scurvily: his mother's tenants at Midvale clamoured for a reduction of rent; one decamped without payment of arrears; repairs were necessary, and had to be done and paid for. These drawbacks reduced the small income upon which they lived, and sensibly affected the outward man of the gentlemanly Griffith: he began to look seedy, and occasionally borrowed a few shillings of me when we casually met, which he forgot to pay. I must do him the credit to say that he never avoided me on account of these trifling debts, but with an innate frankness characteristic of his boyhood continued his friendship and his confidences. At length the happy day arrived. He received his appointment, bearing the remuneration of £200 a year, which he devoutly believed was to lead to something infinitely greater, and called on me on his way to the office where he was to be installed and indoctrinated into his function.

The grand object of her life—the settlement of her son—thus accomplished, the mother returned to Midvale, where she shortly after died, in the full conviction that Griffith was on the road to preferment and fortune. The little estate—upon the proceeds of which she had frugally maintained herself and son—passed at her death into the hands of one of her brothers, none of whom took any further notice of Griffith, who had mortally offended them by his instrumentality in returning the old member for the county, whom it was their endeavour to unseat. There is a mystery connected with Griffith's tenure of office which I could never succeed in fathoming. He held it but for six months, when, probably not being competent to keep it, he sold it to an advertising applicant, who offered a douceur of £300 for such a berth. How the transfer was arranged I cannot tell, not knowing the recondite formula in use upon these occasions. Suffice it to say that Griffith had his £300, paid his little debts, renewed his wardrobe and his expectations, and began to cast about for a new patron. He was now a gentleman about town, and exceedingly well he both looked and acted the character: he had prudence enough to do it upon an economical scale, and though living upon his capital, doled it out with a sparing hand. As long as his money lasted he did very well; but before the end of the third year the bloom of his gentility had worn off, and it was plain that he was painfully economising the remnant of his funds.

About this time I happened to remove to a different quarter of the metropolis, and lost sight of him for more than a year. One morning, expecting a letter of some importance, I waited for the postman before walking to business. What was my astonishment on responding personally to his convulsive 'b'bang,' to recognise under the gold-banded hat and red-collared coat of that peripatetic official the gentlemanly figure and features of my old schoolfellow Griffith Maclean!

'What! Griff?' I exclaimed: 'is it possible?—can this be you?'

'Well,' said he, 'I am inclined to think it is. You see, old fellow, a man must do something or starve. This is all I could get out of that shabby fellow T—, and I should not have got this had I not well worried him. He knows I have no longer a vote for the county. However, I shan't wear this livery long: there are good berths enough in the post-office. If they don't pretty soon give me something fit for a gentleman to do, I shall take myself off as soon as anything better offers. But, by George! there is not much time allowed for talking: I must be off—farewell!'

Soon after this meeting the fourpenny deliveries commenced; and these were before long followed by the establishment of the universal Penny-post. This was too much for Griffith. He swore he was walked off his legs; that people did nothing upon earth but

write letters; that he was jaded to death by lugging them about; that he had no intention of walking into his coffin for the charge of one penny; and, finally, that he would have no more of it. Accordingly he made application for promotion on the strength of his recommendation, was refused as a matter of course, and vacated his post for the pleasure of a week's rest, which he declared was more than it was honestly worth.

By this time destiny had made me a housekeeper in 'merry Islington;' and poor Griff, now reduced to his shifts, waited on me one morning with a document to which he wanted my signature, the object of which was to get him into the police force. Though doubting his perseverance in anything, I could not but comply with his desire, especially as many of my neighbours had done the same. The paper testified only as to character; and as Griff was sobriety itself, and as it would have required considerable ingenuity to fasten any vice upon him, I might have been hardly justified in refusing. I represented to him as I wrote my name, that should he be successful he would really have an opportunity of rising by perseverance in good conduct to an upper grade. 'Of course,' said he, 'that is my object: it would never do for a gentleman to sit down contented as a policeman. I intend to rise from the ranks, and I trust you will live to see me one day at the head of the force.'

He succeeded in his application; and not long after signing his paper I saw him inlaid with the long coat, oil-cape, and glazed hat of the brotherhood, marching off in Indian file for night-duty to his beat in the H— Road. Whether the night air disagreed with his stomach, or whether his previous duty as a postman had made him doubly drowsy, I cannot say, but he was found by the inspector on going his rounds in a position too near the horizontal for the regulations of the force, and suspended, after repeated transgression, for sleeping upon a bench under a covered doorway while a robbery was going on in the neighbourhood. He soon found that the profession was not at all adapted to his habits, and had not power enough over them to subdue them to his vocation. He lingered on for a few weeks under the suspicious eye of authority, and at length took the advice of the inspector, and withdrew from the force.

He did not make his appearance before me as I expected, and I lost sight of him for a long while. What new shifts and contrivances he had recourse to—what various phases of poverty and deprivation he became acquainted with during the two years that he was absent from my sight, are secrets which no man can fathom. I was standing at the foot of Blackfriars Bridge one morning waiting for a clear passage to cross the road, and began mechanically reading a printed board, offering to all the sons of Adam—whom, for the especial profit of the slopsellers, Heaven sends naked into the world—garments of the choicest broadcloth for next to nothing, and had just mastered the whole of the large-printed lie, when my eye fell full upon the bearer of the board, whose haggard but still gentlemanly face revealed to me the lineaments of my old friend Griff. He laughed in spite of his rags as my eyes met, and seized my proffered hand.

'And what,' said I, not daring to be silent, 'do they pay you for this?'

'Six shillings a week,' said Griff, 'and that's better than nothing.'

'Six shillings and your board of course?'

'Yes, this board' (tapping the placarded timber); 'and a confounded heavy board it is. Sometimes when the wind takes it, though, I'm thinking it will fly away with me into the river, heavy as it is.'

'And do you stand here all day?'

'No, not when it rains: the wet spoils the print, and we have orders to run under cover. After one o'clock I walk about with it wherever I like, and stretch

my legs a bit. There's no great hardship in it if the pay was better.'

I left my old playmate better resigned to his lowly lot than I thought to have found him. It was clear that he had at length found a function for which he was at least qualified; that he knew the fact; and that the knowledge imparted some small spice of satisfaction to his mind. I am happy to have to state that this was the deepest depth to which he has fallen. He has never been a *sandwich*—I am sure indeed he would never have borne it. With his heavy board mounted on a stout staff, he could imagine himself, as no doubt he often did, a standard-bearer on the battle-field, determined to defend his colours with his last breath; and his tall, gentlemanly, and somewhat officer-like figure, might well suggest the comparison to a casual spectator. But to encase his genteel proportions in a surtout of papered planks, or hang a huge wooden extinguisher over his shoulders labelled with coloured stripes—it would never have done: it would have blotted out the gentleman, and therefore have worn away the heart of one whose shapely gentility was all that was left to him.

One might have thought, after all the vicissitudes he had passed through, that the soul of Griffith Maclean was dead to the voice of ambition. Not so, however. On the first establishment of the street-orderlies, that chord in his nature spontaneously vibrated once again. If he could only get an appointment it would be a rise in the social scale—leading by degrees—who can tell?—to the resumption of his original status, or even something beyond. . . . I hear a gentle knock, a modest, low-toned single dab, at the street-door as I am sitting down to supper on my return home after the fatigues of business. Betty is in no hurry to go to the door, as she is poaching a couple of eggs, and prides herself upon performing that delicate operation in irreproachable style. 'Squish!' they go one after another into the saucepan—I hear it as plainly as though I were in the kitchen. Now the plates clatter; the tray is loading; and now the eggs are walking up stairs, steaming under Betty's face, when 'dab' again—a thought, only a thought louder than before—at the street-door. The spirit of patience is outside; and now Betty runs with an apology for keeping him waiting. 'Here's a man wants to speak to master; says he'll wait if you are engaged, sir; he aint in no hurry.' 'Shew him in,' and in walks Griff, again armed with a document—a petition for employment as a street-orderly, with testimonials of good character, honesty, and all that. Of course I again append my signature, without any allusion to the police force. I wish him all success, and have a long talk over past fun and follies, and present hopes and future prospects, and the philosophy of poverty and the deceitfulness of wealth. We part at midnight, and Griff next day gets the desiderated appointment.

It is raining hard while I write, and by the same token I know that at this precise moment Griff in his glazed hat, and short blouse, and ponderous mud-shoes, is clearing a channel for the diluted muck of C—Street, City, and directing the black, oozy current by the shortest cut to the open grating connected with the common sewer. I am as sure as though I were superintending the operation that he handles his peculiar instrument—a sort of hybrid between a hoe and a rake—with the grace and air of a gentleman—a grace and an air proclaiming to the world that though in the profession, whatever it may be called, which he has assumed, he is not of it, and vindicating the workmanship of nature, who, whatever circumstances may have compelled him to become, cast him in the mould of a gentleman. It is said that in London every man finds his level. Whether Griffith Maclean, after all his vicissitudes, has found his, I do not pretend to say. Happily for him, he thinks that fortune has done her

worst, and that he is bound to rise on her revolving wheel as high at least as he has fallen low. May the hope stick by him, and give birth to energies productive of its realisation!

SHORT CUTS TO AMERICA.

The prodigious progress of steam navigation is daily opening up new views of maritime communication. It is confidently stated, that with the aid of the railway across Panama, to be completed next summer, it will be possible to reach New Zealand from Liverpool in about thirty-four days. The Pacific, which has hitherto been comparatively untravelled, will then be opened up in all directions to steam transit; for the Panama railroad may be said to be the key by which that vast and placid ocean is to be permanently unlocked. There is a great future for the Pacific and all its islands and coasts. The western sea-board of North America will in particular and more immediately profit by the changes now in course of operation. It will be about as easy to reach California from England as it is now to get to New Orleans.

The great movements of the western world are beginning to stir men up to consider of means for crossing the Atlantic in the shortest possible space of time. At present the voyage from Liverpool extends from about eleven to fourteen days, according to the port to be reached. Halifax, in Nova Scotia, is the nearest point aimed at. But the route chosen seems to admit of considerable and advantageous variation. The voyage from Liverpool direct to Halifax possesses the merit of being continuous. On settling in a berth in England, there is no shifting till we set foot in America; and the comfort of this arrangement will always command attention, for nothing worries a traveller so much as shifting his person and luggage into new vehicles. In this, however, as in all other matters, it may be necessary to compromise a little. There will probably be some who will agree to sacrifice the comfort of going in but one vessel, in order to save two or three days in point of time. A saving in this respect may be made on both sides of the Atlantic. Liverpool is not the nearest point of the British islands to America; neither is Halifax the nearest point of America. Ireland lies nearer America than England, and Cape Breton is nearer Europe than Nova Scotia. From Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, to Halifax is 2120 miles, and to Sydney is 1950 miles. By adopting the shortest of these routes, a saving of time will be effected. It is therefore proposed to establish a station for ocean steamers at a suitable point on the coast of Galway, whence vessels would at once shoot directly across the Atlantic—thus avoiding all the entanglements of the Channel. A public meeting, we observe, has been held in Dublin to promote transit to America by this shortened route. Travellers will be conveyed by rail from London to Holyhead; thence by steamer in four hours to Dublin; from which the journey by rail to Galway will occupy about half a day. The inconvenience of these shifts is obvious; but for mails the route, with all its changes, is exceedingly appropriate, and will at least be put to the test. Should the shifts prove a serious obstacle, or prevent a paying traffic, what is to hinder the west coast of Scotland being adopted for the point of departure across the Atlantic? Already a line of railway is made several miles from Glasgow in this direction, and if desired it

could be extended to Cantire or some other available station on the west coast. It is, however, premature to consider any such scheme. In all likelihood the route across Ireland will, on various grounds, meet every immediate requirement; and we trust that it will meet with very general support—the improvement of the country through which it passes being in itself an object of no mean concern.

Of the practicability of making Cape Breton the station of arrival in America little is known on this side of the Atlantic. The circumstance of Cape Breton being an island has hitherto stood in the way of any consideration of the subject. The time would appear to have come when nothing is to be left uninvestigated. Sydney, the chief town and port in Cape Breton, in public meeting assembled, has put forward its claim as a transatlantic packet-station. From the port there is to be a railway through the island to the Gut of Canso: that narrow channel—only a mile and a half broad—is to be bridged by a floating platform for carriages, as is now done at the Firth of Tay; and having gained the mainland, the carriages would pass on by rail—on the one hand towards Canada, and on the other towards the United States. We confess that this design is rather taking, when a matured consideration is given to all the relative circumstances. There are points in Cape Breton nearer to Europe than Sydney, but objections as regards their approachableness in all seasons can be stated against them. Of all the ports in this quarter of the American sea-board, Sydney is most free of fogs and floating ice. Suppose a steamer to run at an average speed of 300 miles per day, Sydney can be reached from Galway in Ireland in six days twelve hours, and Halifax in seven days two hours. This does not leave much time in favour of the former, reckoning the few hours that will require to be consumed by rail and the passage across the Gut of Canso. But Sydney is alleged to have the advantage of accessibility, and to be preferable as a coaling station. Let us hear what is said by the committee appointed at the above-mentioned meeting. If it be assumed that a large steamer goes at the rate of 300 miles a day, she would consume 700 tons of coal from Galway to New York. 'If the vessel made Sydney a port of call, 500 tons only would suffice: she would consequently have room to bring out an additional freight of 200 tons of goods, which, at L.7 per ton, would be L.1400 sterling clear gain to the owners or charterers, as the case may be. On the vessel's arrival here, the passengers may proceed by railway, whilst the vessel can take in a sufficiency of coal to carry her to New York and back to Sydney—say 500 tons—a further supply of 500 tons will be required for the return voyage to Galway. The 700 tons necessary for the return voyage will cost at Sydney L.350; if purchased in New York, it would be L.1050, making a saving by calling at Sydney to coal of L.700; this added to L.1400 additional freight earned will make a clear gain of L.2100 sterling upon one complete voyage from Galway to New York and back *via* Sydney, any additional freight shipped at New York not included. Consequently a steamer making six voyages in the eight months *via* Sydney would earn at least L.12,600 more than if she went by the present direct route to and from New York.'

All this may be true as regards comparison with New York, but not so clear what the difference would be as regards Halifax. Putting that out of view, we pass on to what is maintained to be a highly-favourable feature of Sydney—namely, its eligibility as a port of debarkation for emigrants going to Canada. 'The number of emigrants from Ireland alone embarked at Liverpool in the last year has been stated to be 163,000; and it has been also asserted that the deprivations and

sufferings of these unfortunate people "heggar belief;" it has been compared to the "slaver's middle passage." No question can exist that large numbers of persons cooped up in any ordinary passenger-ship—no matter how well regulated—must, on a tedious voyage of six or eight weeks' duration, undergo great suffering. When the voyage is extended beyond this period, and the emigrant is in one of those crazy old ships of which so many have run into Sydney in distress, it becomes perfectly horrible, and common humanity suggests some other means of transport. It has been proposed to employ large and powerful steamers to supersede the sailing vessels entirely: these running to the North American possessions in six or seven days would do so effectually. So safe and rapid a passage cannot anywhere else be accomplished, as a mere glance at the position of Cape Breton on the map of North America must convince the most superficial observer. It could not be more favourably situated, being at the utmost within two days by steam of all the following ports:—St John's, Quebec, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Pictou, Halifax, Shediac, Richibucto, Miramichi, the Bay of Chaleur, and all the other ports of the colonies bordering on the Gulf of St Lawrence. Immigrants usually come out during the summer months—that is, from April to November—when the harbour of Sydney, as well as all the ports and rivers in the gulf are open. The entire absence of fog is an important consideration for a vessel making the land crowded with hundreds of human beings; whilst the safety and rapidity of the voyage must induce many to emigrate who have hitherto been deterred by the barbarities and sufferings attendant on an ordinary sailing passage, and the numerous accidents which have, season after season, always occurred on the coasts of America. If Sydney were made the port of call for these vessels, any passengers, mails, or freight, for ports in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, or Prince Edward Island, might be forwarded by one or two smaller steamers employed for that purpose, which would be also useful in securing return passengers and freight, whilst the larger vessel proceeded onward to Quebec with the great bulk of her passengers and cargo. A great saving both of fuel and time would be secured by adopting this method. Assuming that a steamer, as has been before stated, consumes 700 tons of coal on a voyage from Galway to Quebec or New York, she will require only 500 tons to bring her to Sydney, and consequently can carry at least 200 emigrants additional; which, at L.7 per head, would make the proceeds of the voyage L.2100 over and above those of any direct voyage. Besides, on her return, say from Quebec, fuel would be laid in at Sydney at 10s. per ton, whilst at Quebec it would cost 20s. per ton. It is therefore evident that by making Sydney a port of call, a vessel employed during the summer months, and making six voyages to Quebec, would earn L.15,000 over and above any similar vessel going direct from Ireland to Quebec or New York. It is also an important consideration in connection with steam navigation to Quebec, that Sydney is open earlier in the spring and later in the fall than any of the ports higher up the Gulf of St Lawrence. Another object of paramount importance the Sydney route will secure:—Telegraphic lines will be established in the course of the present summer between Sydney and Pictou in Nova Scotia, where continuous lines of telegraph are already in operation; so that for at least eight months in the year the European news reaching Sydney in six and a half days from Galway, may be telegraphed to all parts of the American continent fully twenty-two hours in advance of that forwarded by any other route, whilst much later intelligence can be sent on to Europe by any United States steamer when coaling here. To a steamer from Quebec it would give intelligence forty-eight hours later than any she could carry from that port.'

Here we may stop. The subject is of vast public concern, and no doubt will engage serious attention. The foregoing hints, therefore, as opening the way, may not be altogether useless.

MR BULL AND HIS RELATIONS.

We mean the real original Mr Bull, not the metaphorical ruminant, although the latter we are in hopes will find some interest in our mention of his prototype, and his flourishing and widely-spread family and clan. The genus *Bos* has a new and intelligent historian in Mr George Vasey; * and the great Anglo-Saxon breed, of the genus *Homo*, will find from his delineations that they have no occasion to blush for their mythical descent. The bull—bison—buffalo, and numerous congeners, have all a fundamental moral character, as well as a family resemblance, although both these are modified by the external circumstances of climate and habitat, and by the influence of civilisation. It is easy to understand, taking the tribe in the aggregate, that the metaphorical John Bull is a heavy but sagacious fellow, with a hard and formidable head of his own, docile if well used, but surly withal, and sometimes savage; and that when he and his friends are once determined upon a career, and set out full speed, shoulder to shoulder, there is no such thing as stopping them. The late census gives us an account of the population of *this* family; but the numbers of the ox tribe in Great Britain do not seem to have been taken since 1838, in which year they amounted to 8,000,000.

The utility of the tribe to mankind occupies an interesting section in the volume, by which we perceive that there is not one particle of the huge carcass that is not turned to economical account. The hide is still used in America, Ireland, and Wales, to cover the wicker-boats called in the last-mentioned country coracles; at the Cape it is made into shields and targets, hard enough to resist a musket-ball; and for covering travelling-trunks, and making boots, shoes, harness, &c. its uses are well known; as likewise those of the skin of the calf for bookbinding and vellum. 'The short hair is used to stuff saddles and other articles; also by bricklayers in the mixing up of certain kinds of mortar. It is likewise frequently used in the manuring of land. The long hair from the tail is used for stuffing chairs and cushions. The hair of the bison is spun into gloves, stockings, and garters, which are very strong, and look as well as those made of the finest sheep's wool: very beautiful cloth has likewise been manufactured from it. The Esquimaux convert the skin covering the tail into caps, which are so contrived that the long hair falling over their faces defends them from the bites of the mosquitoes.' The horns (and our author might have added, the hoofs) are made into combs, a substitute for glass in lanterns, knife and umbrella handles, and other articles of the kind, spoons, powder-flasks, drinking-horns, &c. 'The interior or core of the horn is boiled down in water, when a large quantity of fat rises to the surface—this is sold to the makers of yellow soap. The liquid itself is used as a kind of glue, and is purchased by the cloth-dressers for stiffening. The bony substance which remains behind is ground down, and sold to the farmers

for manure. Besides these various purposes to which the different parts of the horn are applied, the chippings which arise in comb-making are sold to the farmer for manure, at about one shilling a bushel. In the first year after they are spread over the soil they have comparatively little effect; but during the next four or five their efficiency is considerable. The shavings, which form the refuse of the lantern-maker, are of a much thinner texture. Some of them are cut into various figures, and painted, and used as toys; for they curl up when placed in the palm of a warm hand. But the greater part of these shavings are sold also for manure, which, from their extremely thin and divided form, produce their full effect upon the first crop. The feet are used to make neat's-foot-oil; the skin, horns, hoofs, and cartilages, for glue; the blood in the formation of mastic, in refining sugar, oil, &c. and as a manure for fruit-trees. The gall cleanses woollen garments and removes stains; the suet is manufactured into candles; the stomach is boiled into the well-known article of food called tripe; the excrementitious matters are used for manure; and the bones as a substitute for ivory, and for various other purposes. If to these, and other matters not worth particularising, we add the flesh and the milk, we shall have the entire animal chewed up by his allegorical representative.

Before this analytical process has been performed, however, and when the animal is alive and on its legs, it is a useful and docile friend, but a formidable enemy, of which various instances are given. The American congener, the bison, rushes onwards in such headlong troops, that the natives destroy them in great numbers by training them in their career to a precipice. 'When the Indians determine to destroy bison in this way, one of their swiftest-footed and most active young men is selected, who is disguised in a bison skin, having the head, ears, and horns, adjusted on his own head, so as to make the deception very complete; and thus accoutred, he stations himself between the bison herd and some of the precipices, which often extend for several miles along the rivers. The Indians surround the herd as nearly as possible, when, at a given signal, they shew themselves, and rush forward with loud yells. The animals being alarmed, and seeing no way open but in the direction of the disguised Indian, run towards him; and he, taking to flight, dashes on to the precipice, where he suddenly secures himself in some previously-ascertained crevice. The foremost of the herd arrives at the brink—there is no possibility of retreat, no chance of escape; the foremost may, for an instant, shrink with terror, but the crowd behind, who are terrified by the approaching hunters, rush forward with increasing impetuosity, and the aggregate force hurls them successively into the gulf, where certain death awaits them.

The gyall of the Chittagong Mountains, resembling a wild buffalo, is taken in a much more amiable manner by the natives, who are called Kookies. 'On discovering a herd of wild gyalls in the jungles, they prepare a number of balls, of the size of a man's head, composed of a particular kind of earth, salt, and cotton. They then drive their tame gyalls towards the wild ones, when the two herds soon meet, and assimilate into one—the males of the one attaching themselves to the females of the other, and *vice versa*. The Kookies now scatter their balls over such parts of the jungle as they think the herd most likely to pass, and watch its motions. The gyalls, on meeting these balls as they pass along, are attracted by their appearance and smell, and begin to lick them with their tongues; and relishing the taste of the salt, and the particular earth composing them, they never quit the place until all the balls are consumed. The Kookies having observed the gyalls to have once tasted their balls, prepare a sufficient supply of them to answer the intended purpose, and as the gyalls lick them up, they throw down

* Delineations of the Ox Tribe; or The Natural History of Bulls, Bisons, and Buffaloes. By George Vasey. London: G. Bells. 1851.

more; and it is to prevent their being so readily destroyed that the cotton is mixed with the earth and the salt. This process generally goes on for three changes of the moon, or for a month and a half, during which time the tame and the wild gylls are always together, licking the decoy-balls; and the Kookie, after the first day or two of their being so, makes his appearance, at such a distance as not to alarm the wild ones. By degrees he approaches nearer and nearer, until at length the sight of him has become so familiar that he can advance to stroke his tame gylls on the back and neck without frightening away the wild ones. He next extends his hand to them, and caresses them also, at the same time giving them plenty of his decoy-balls to lick. Thus, in the short space of time mentioned, he is able to drive them, along with the tame ones, to his parrah, or village, without the least exertion of force; and so attached do the gylls become to the parrah, that when the Kookies migrate from one place to another, they always find it necessary to set fire to the huts they are about to abandon, lest the gylls should return to them from the new grounds.

A more summary, and much more wonderful process is mentioned by Mr Catlin—that of merely breathing into the nostrils of a young bison. 'I have often,' says he, 'in concurrence with a known custom of the country, held my hands over the eyes of the calf, and breathed a few strong breaths into its nostrils; after which I have, with my hunting companions, rode several miles into our encampment, with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way, as closely as its instinct would attach it to the company of its dam.' Lest this breathing may seem to the reader to resemble the process of putting salt on a bird's tail, it is necessary to mention, that when a female bison is slain, the young one remains by her side, careless of the approach of the hunter.

The kyloe, or Highland ox, is supposed to be merely a variety of the famous Chillingham white cattle. The untamableness of the latter is considered by Mr Vasey to be nothing more than a myth; and he assures us that the circumstance of their being 'invariably white is simply owing to the care that is taken to destroy all the calves that are born of a different description!'

We have said enough to shew the nature of the popular matter interspersed in a scientific book; and we may conclude with observing, that the celebrated 'Ranz des Vaches' is merely a sentimental song sung by the Swiss cowherds, or played on the bagpipes while watching their cattle on the mountains. Even in the time of Rousseau, the marvellous effects of this air on expatriated Swiss were lost, the people having lost their taste for the simple pleasures it recalled. The music has no force but in association, being in itself tame and meaningless; and the words have a little more stupidity than sentimental songs in general. Mr Vasey treats us with a poem, which he calls an 'imitation,' but which, fortunately, has no resemblance either in ideas or forms of expression. For our own part, as the gods have not made us poetical, we shall have a better chance of success; and the following, being rendered as literally as the exigence of the rhyme permitted, will be found, we flatter ourselves, nearly as bald as the original:—

Oh, when shall I behold once more
The forgotten loves of yore!—
The swelling hill, the mountain tall,
The humble cot, the crystal well—
The parrah, the dearest of them all,
My gentle Isabelle!

Oh, 'neath the shadowing elm, again
When shall I dance to that sweet strain!
When see my vanished home once more,
With all the deathless loves of yore!—

My father, mother, brother tall,
My sister kind, lambs tended well—
And her, the dearest of them all,
My gentle Isabelle!

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

September 1851.

TALK at present and of late has been *de omnibus rebus*; so much so, that it would not be easy to pick out any subject as the special one, as you may judge from the summary which here awaits you. Among one set you will hear the announced closing of the Exhibition on the 11th October canvassed pretty freely: for some it is too early; for others, too late; while others would not have it closed at all. The granting of medals to all the exhibitors is *not* relished by those who hoped to realise exclusive distinctions in their own persons, and *is* relished by a large number who, having done their best to make a creditable display, are naturally gratified that their endeavours should be recognised, and that they will be able to possess and hand down to posterity a disc of metal in evidence of their prowess in the field of industry. The giving of medals for services rendered in bringing together hundreds of thousands of men to shake hands instead of to fight, will be something new in the history of the world. Then, again, surprise is expressed that no public announcement has yet been made of the awards of special medals, and some unruly discontent on this point refuses to be appeased. The surplus, too, is a cause of wonder: what is to be done with it? And how will the Executive Committee be rewarded? Are they to be knighted, promoted, or pensioned? It is already known that one of them is to go out as governor of Malta as soon as he can get away from his duties, and if this be his recompense, what are the others to have? Thus you see that we are not free from vexed questions in Exhibition matters.

An invention by Captain Groetaers of the Belgian engineers has been lately tested at Woolwich. It is a simple means of ascertaining the distance of any object against which operations may have to be directed, and is composed of a staff about an inch square and three feet in length, with a brass scale on the upper side, and a slide, to which is attached a plate of tin six inches long and three wide, painted red, with a white stripe across its centre. A similar plate is held by an assistant, and is connected with the instrument by a fine wire. When an observation is to be taken, the observer looks at the distant object through a glass fixed on the left of the scale, and adjusts the striped plate by means of the slide; the assistant also looks through his glass, standing a few feet in advance of his principal at the end of the wire, and as soon as the two adjustments are effected and declared, the distance is read off on the scale. In the three trials made at Woolwich the distance in one case, although more than 1000 yards, was determined within two inches; and in two other attempts, within a foot. It is obvious that such an instrument, if to be depended on, will admit of being applied to other than military surveys and operations, and may be made useful in the civil service.

There is another contrivance, described by the inventor, Mr Waite, as 'An Instrument for applying Electric Heat in Dental Operations,' which merits notice. Its production is the result of an idea that 'electric heat would come to be used in surgery, and also for many purposes in domestic arrangements.' The apparatus consists of a cylindrical ivory holder, diminished at one end, where a curved beak or point of platinum is inserted, and connected with a Grove's battery of eight cells, by two copper wires, which wires are in communication with the platinum point. A spring attached to the cylinder affords the means of making or breaking the galvanic circuit at pleasure. As soon as

contact is made the platinum point becomes heated, and is then ready for the dentist's work. 'I am enabled,' says the inventor, 'to use it for many purposes—namely, to evaporate quicksilver from cements, and render them much less injurious to teeth than they otherwise would be; also where too great sensitiveness exists, and which prevents the operator from removing the caries; where gums have receded, and left the necks of teeth highly sensitive to the touch;' in short, in nearly all remedial operations on the teeth. 'The electric heat,' he continues, 'retains its force differently to all other heat which can be applied to the mouth; the platinum wire can be placed, without the patient being aware of it, near the part affected; heat can be produced almost momentarily, and suddenly deadened; and, as a most surprising phenomenon, and one which has surprised me very much, in patients of a highly-nervous temperament, where I have expected much suffering, none has been endured on its application. In many cases it will be found equally efficacious when holding it near the teeth, as if they were touched by it. Care must be taken not to continue its application too long, as it will burn up and blacken the part it touches.'

Mr Hay, under the auspices of the Admiralty, is experimenting on galvanism as a moving power instead of steam for auxiliary screw-vessels belonging to the government. The machinery is to be less complicated, less bulky, and consequently less heavy, than that used for steamers, whereby greater space will be left for berths and stowage. As sea-water is used for the battery, the cost is said to be but trifling. In addition to this, it appears that by a modification of Davy's principle, Mr Hay has succeeded in preventing the corrosion of ships' copper. To talk of the Admiralty without thinking of dockyards would not be logical; hence the fact comes up that 28,926 persons, natives and foreigners, visited Woolwich Dockyard during the months of May, June, and July, of the present year, and not fewer than 14,327 in one single week of August. The number that 'visited and passed through the avenues' of Greenwich Hospital in the same three months was 263,171—more than double the sum of those last year. It is stated also that in 1850 there were 221,119 visitors to Hampton Court, of whom 58,164 belonged to the month of July; and to the magnificent gardens at Kew 179,627. When all the facts and results shall be published for the present year, we shall have a large and interesting addition to the data of various social phenomena. Among these the Post-Office is highly important: the returns for 1850 shew that the number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom during the twelvemonth was 347,000,000, at a cost of L.2,264,684; while in 1839 the cost of delivering 75,000,000 only was L.2,339,737—so that, as is said, we now get five letters for the former expense of one. In how far railways have contributed to this result may be judged of from the fact, that in January last one day's mail-transport on railways and their branches was 17,246 miles.

The electric telegraph is stretching into Hungary, as ready to flash Magyar signals as to speak English. The Great Western Company at last are going to extend their wires, and bring London into communication with Exeter and Plymouth—an undertaking of some importance, seeing that the latter is the port for India packets. The work is to be done by the Telegraph Company, who have just 'reinsulated' the wires on the London, Liverpool, and Manchester lines. Altogether, they have now 970 miles in hand, which, when fixed, they will keep in order at a 'fixed rental'—an arrangement preferred by several railway companies to that of having the maintenance of the telegraph entirely under their own charge. Apropos of railways, they have been feelingly talked about: competition is telling on some of them. Certain shareholders of one of our metropolitan

lines, who refused last year a dividend of a shilling a share, have not been able to exercise that melancholy privilege this year, for the shilling had dwindled down to threepence. Directors might always insure fair and moderate dividends if they would; but as yet they have missed the true and permanent way of so doing, and yet the way is not a difficult one, as I may shew you some day. Sweden and Norway are about to try their hands at railway enterprise: a small party of engineers is now at Stockholm contriving all the preliminaries. If the foreigners send here for rails and locomotives, we can throw them a good lump of experience into the bargain.

The London and South-Western Railway Company are interesting themselves in a friendly society, established among the men employed on their line, which affords 'a provision for support, medical attendance during sickness, and a small payment to representatives in the case of death.' To this society the proprietors are contributors to the extent of L.150 per annum. It is in a sound condition, answers its purpose well, and numbers about 1000 members. It is desirable that, in accordance with the general wish and the original intention, there should be added to this society a provision for superannuation. It is also desirable that not only the workmen, but the officers and clerks employed by this company, should be brought within a superannuation arrangement. The funds for these purposes must be, in principle, self-supporting; but the directors are of opinion that it will be both expedient and fair that the proprietors should aid the efforts of the staff. The provision against accidents, fatal or permanently injurious, would apply especially to that class of persons employed about the trains. The number of persons in the service of the company is 1300, to whom L.60,000 are paid yearly as wages. The amount each man would have to pay is 3s. 4d. per week, whereby L.1800 would be raised annually. The company have voted L.1000 towards a superannuation fund. Similar arrangements on other lines are said to be working satisfactorily.

Talking of railways reminds me that certain canal owners, finding the iron highway prejudicial to their watery one, have excogitated ways and means to accelerate their traffic. They have had a canal steamer built at Bristol, which by tugging is to supersede horses' towing. A good deal of ingenuity is displayed in the construction of the vessel: the engine is compact, and moves an improved propeller by direct action; and with all her crew and stores on board draws but 3 feet 9 inches of water. The propeller, known as Griffith's, is dissimilar to those in ordinary use, in which the blades, broad at the extremity, are narrow at the middle; for it 'has its centre formed into a sphere, one-third or more of the entire diameter of the propeller, with the blades narrower at their extremities, gradually growing wider up to their junction with the sphere. With the ordinary screw the water is drawn through the central portion and driven outwards with great velocity, at right angles, by the centrifugal action of the blades, consuming about 25 per cent. of the total power in destroying the effective action of the screw blades upon the water. In Griffith's patent, on the contrary, the sphere causes the water to come in the right direction on the widest and most effective portion of the blades, where they lay hold of and drive it away in a direct line with the vessel's course, by which means all commotion of the water is prevented—an invaluable result for canal navigation.' The action of the propeller helps to keep the channel free from weeds. The speed attained against the stream of the Thames was four miles an hour; double—so the report states—that of horses. If so, and as the cost is less, languishing canals may begin to look up again.

Besides these matters, a good deal of talk has been expended about the open-sided omnibuses which have

been running about our streets to the great comfort of those who ride in hot weather. And about the grand new Victoria Street, made by private enterprise, now opened from Westminster Abbey to the Vauxhall Road, along which, we are told, will be erected specimens of what architecture can do for the working-classes, as well as for the wealthy. And about the new suspension-bridge being built across the Thames from Chelsea Hospital to the new park at Battersea—the latter to be an additional breathing and recreation ground for us 'in populous city pent.' No coffer-dams are used in the construction of this bridge. A casing of cast-iron is made to rest on a foundation of piles, and filled up inside with concrete, and raised till of the proper height. In this way it appears that each pier can be built up at less than the expense of a coffer-dam.

And about, also, a scheme for supplying Madrid with water, which is to cost L.800,000, and give employment to a little British talent. And more especially about Major Rawlinson's deciphering and interpretation of one of Mr Layard's inscriptions. This is a really interesting subject. The major, who, as you know, is a most able philologist and reader of cuneiform and other Eastern writings, has ascertained that the Sennacherib mentioned in Scripture was the builder of the great palace at Koyunjik, and consequently is able to assign a date to the erection, which will aid materially in clearing up the history of Assyrian antiquities. He has further found some account of the war between this monarch and Hezekiah, and a statement of the tribute paid by the conquered king exactly corresponding with that in the Bible. The names of persons and places are so accurately given as to leave no doubt of the fact. Jerusalem is written, *Yrusalima*; Judea, *Yahuda*; and Hezekiah, *Khazakiyahu*. What if there should be further discovered some record of Sennacherib's second siege of Jerusalem, and the miraculous destruction of his army! Major Rawlinson says:—"One of the most interesting matters connected with this discovery of the identity of the Assyrian kings is the prospect, amounting almost to a certainty, that we must have in the bas-reliefs of Khorsabad and Koyunjik representations from the chisels of contemporary artists, not only of Samaria, but of that Jerusalem which contained the Temple of Solomon. I have already identified the Samaritans among the groups of captives portrayed upon the marbles of Khorsabad; and when I shall have accurately learned the locality of the different bas-reliefs that have been brought from Koyunjik, I do not doubt but that I shall be able to point out the bands of Jewish maidens who were delivered to Sennacherib, and perhaps to distinguish the portraiture of the humbled Hezekiah."

Now that travelling has become a possibility with almost every one, anything relating to travelling facilities is sure to be talked about, and sometimes with the effect of converting talk into real enterprise. Of course you know that since California became in request the routes for crossing the Isthmus of Panama have been discussed over and over again by all sorts of people and in all sorts of places. One route was the best; another was the shortest; another impracticable—the latter being more particularly said of the Nicaragua route. An American company have, however, just proved to the contrary: by the aid of mules and steam-boats they passed some two hundred passengers from the Pacific to the Atlantic in thirty-two hours. With a new steamer, named after our minister at Washington, they worked their way successfully up the San Juan, climbing rapids hitherto considered insurmountable, and thus decided the question of practicability—not the first time that commercial enterprise has demonstratively contradicted learned theory. The magnificent tropical scenery along the banks of the rivers seems to have excited the liveliest admiration among the passengers; and it is not difficult to foresee that model republicans will be tempted to settle down in such

promising localities, and get gold in other ways than out of Californian rocks. Whether England is to have a share in the carrying-trade across this route remains to be seen.

More startling than this is the revival of a great project which I mentioned to you some time ago, as you will perhaps remember—a railway from Calais to Mooltan. This has now come up again in a bolder and more explicit form. From London to Calcutta is to be but a seven days' journey! Think of that, and remember Dominic Sampson's exclamation. However, when you consider that Calcutta in a direct line is not much farther off than New York, it ceases to be so very surprising. Of course you know that the first part of the overland route is from Calais to Marseilles, and from thence to Alexandria by steamboat. The latter is to be changed by the new scheme; the steamers are to make for the Orontes instead of the Nile, and a railroad 900 miles long is to be made from the neighbourhood of Antioch to Busra—the Bassora of the Arabian Nights—at the head of the Persian Gulf, which would leave a much shorter sea-voyage to Bombay than the present one from Suez. But the grand object is to avoid the sea altogether: the line, therefore, would be continued from Busra across Beloochistan, and on to Calcutta; another portion would connect Constantinople with Antioch, and before long Constantinople will be brought into communication with the European system of railways, which, as you know, extends at present into Hungary, and is to be continued to Orsova, whence to Stambul is but 345 miles. The whole distance from London to Calcutta would be by the route here indicated 5600 miles; of which, reckoning the railways across Europe and those now being made in India, 2600 miles are safe to be opened. The intervening distance will be a mighty field for engineering enterprise; one in which the West may pay back—if we really owe it—some of the knowledge said to have been derived from the East. Locomotives in that inert land will indeed be a wonder; and if excursion-trains should some day run to Nineveh, we shall be able to go and see with our own eyes those places and antiquities which we now read about with such interest.

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VOLUME XI.

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SOMETHING WANTING.

WHEN people speak of the high civilisation attained in the British islands, they seem to be forgetful that social improvement has not by any means reached the whole people—that our boasted civilisation, with its many wonderful manifestations, is in reality only a piece of diversified patchwork—refinement and rags, grandeur and starvation. City life has its eddy corners, where poverty nestles, and vice may be said to be a matter of business; and to these obscurities, the eulogist of modern civilisation may occasionally give a passing glance, and satisfy himself that what he sees is incurable.

But besides these urban horrors—which, by the way, give one but a poor idea of social tendencies—there is something equally grievous, but which, being not quite in the everyday walk of the public, appears to be generally unknown, and at best engages the smallest degree of notice. This something is a historical curiosity. These islands were invaded and settled by a people of advanced intelligence many centuries ago. The Anglo-Saxon race have had Great Britain in their hands for more than a thousand years; and latterly this race has made more marvellous efforts at improvement than any other. Now here is the curious thing. The country which the Anglo-Saxons have appropriated and made a chosen seat of their skill they have not yet endorsed with their language nor induced to comprehend their institutions. Till this instant there are spots of no inconsiderable extent where the inhabitants are scarcely advanced from a period of primitive rudeness, and who in their vernacular tongue, their dwellings and modes of living, offer a fair specimen of a state of things five hundred years ago. An indignant compassion is excited by the maltreatment of Cherokees, and other cheated and dispossessed tribes of aborigines in North America; but who looks nearer home, and pities or attempts to rectify the condition of the aborigines of these islands? What are the social characteristics of this unfortunate people? They do not understand English, and continue to speak a language which is utterly useless as regards external intercourse; they cannot be said to know anything of regular industry, or the obligations of modern economy; their houses are for the greater part mere hovels of stone and turf, destitute of windows or chimney; in the same apartment in which they eat and sleep, pigs or cattle eat and sleep also; their whole apparatus of cooking consists of one or two utensils; their fire is made on the damp earthen floor without a grate; subsisting, like the lower animals, principally on roots grown near their wretched dwellings, they are alto-

gether unacquainted with food and luxuries of foreign origin; if they know of tea, coffee, and sugar, it is only by hearsay; few of the women and children wear shoes; and as for school-education, books, newspapers, the arts of reading and writing, and consequently knowledge of the external world—all is a blank.

That this is no unreal picture any one may convince himself by travelling into the more remote parts of Ireland, and the Highlands and islands of Scotland. Yes, within a forty-eight hours' journey of London or Edinburgh, such scenes may be realised. Indeed, within six hours of Glasgow, habitations windowless and chin neyless may any day be seen. The following graphic account of what is observable on the west coast of Ireland is given by Dr Wilde:—"Shortly after the British Association met in Dublin in 1835 we spent a week in the island of Achill, and there witnessed some scenes and modes of life which it could scarcely be credited were passing at one end of this small kingdom, while at the other the savans of Europe and America were met to discourse on science. There are several villages in Achill, particularly those of Keeme and Keele, where the huts of the inhabitants are all circular or oval, and built for the most part of round, water-washed stones, collected from the beach, and arranged, without lime or any other cement, exactly as we have good reason to suppose the habitations of the ancient Firlbolgs were constructed; and very similar to many of the ancient monastic cells and oratories of the fifth and sixth centuries, which religious veneration and the wild untrodden situations where they are located have still preserved in this country. Those of our readers who have ever passed the Minaune or Goat's Track, on the towering cliff that rises above the village of Keele, with the glorious prospect of Clew Bay and the broad swell of the western Atlantic before them, and have looked down upon the pigmy dwellings, resembling an Indian wigwam, scattered over the beach beneath, may call to mind the scene we describe. During the spring, the entire population of several of the villages we allude to in Achill close their winter dwellings, tie their infant children on their backs, carry with them their *boys*, and some corn and potatoes, with a few pots and cooking utensils, drive their cattle before them, and migrate into the hills, where they find fresh pasture for their flocks; and there they build rude huts, or summer-houses, of sods and wattles, called *booleys*; and then cultivate and sow with corn a few fertile spots in the neighbouring valleys. They thus remain for about two months of the spring and early

* The Beauties of the Boyne, &c. by W. R. Wilde. M'Glashan, Dublin.

summer, till the corn is sown; their stock of provisions being exhausted, and the pasture consumed by their cattle, they return to the shore, and eke out a miserable and precarious existence by fishing, &c. No further care is ever taken of the crops; indeed they seldom even visit them, but return in autumn, in a manner similar to the spring migration, to reap the corn and afford sustenance to their half-starved cattle. With these people it need scarcely be wondered that there is annually a partial famine.

It is only when the calamity of a general famine, caused by the failure of the potato crop, attracts attention, that the country at large hears of this desperately-adjacent state of affairs; and even then curiosity expires in a momentary compassion. A charitable dole is a salvo for permanent negligence. But surely even for the sake of public decency, the subject should engage more serious consideration. We boast of being a great people—that our race is spreading civilisation over distant continents. Our wealth, our learning, our literature, the extent of our empire—are matters of universal gratulation. All very well for those in the full enjoyment of these blessings; but of what earthly consequence is this magnificence to that portion of our population who live almost like the lower animals, and whose world is confined to the small horizon of their native wildness?—who, in point of fact, never see an intelligent countenance unless it be that of the humble minister of religion—to them the only minister of mercy—the single link that connects them with human society, and lets them know that they have a destiny different from their fellow-lodgers, the brutes!

Society cannot shake itself clear of the charge of cruelly neglecting these people. It is no apology to say that, according to the rules of modern polity, each man must look after himself. We take a somewhat different view of social obligation. When serfdom was abolished, and all were thrown upon their own resources, it was the duty of the state to see that all were prepared for this great change in their condition. It did no such thing. It took no pains to instil in them—left them a wreck, without the power of shifting from the spot on which they had stranded: and there are the wrecks of an old state of things, surviving even till past the middle of the nineteenth century. Dating from the period of general manumission, what strides in human discovery have been made! A new world added to the old; arts and sciences advanced the most extraordinary lengths. Yet there, hulking in the bosom of civilisation, are seen herds of people as far back as ever. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, a great continent is becoming covered with thriving and populous cities—settlements advancing into the wilds at the rate of twenty miles per annum; and, wonderful to tell—here, in these small islands, with their boasted mission to civilise and take the world by storm, there continue to live great numbers of people who have not got the length of speaking the common vernacular, and who, to all appearance, will go on living in their deplorable half-famished barbarism to the end of time.

Nothing but the intervention of the state can remedy this gross social blunder. For the most part landlords are not to blame; neither is it in their power to cure the wretchedness that prevails. The whole thing must be viewed comprehensively, as a national misfortune. In the first place, it is a scandalous shame for the state to have so long left the country without such a system of education as would make sure of at least teaching every child to speak and read the English tongue. What a grand thing for a minister to have perilled his place upon, would a proposal for such a scheme of instruction have been! Let this, then, be remedied without loss of time—or England, with thy boasts, be for ever dumb! Next, there must be a humane system of removal, where it appears to be wanted; removal to

regions where subsistence is sure to follow the most ordinary kinds of industry. How preposterous for thousands of families to be fixed among rocks, bogs, and not less dreary islands, on a tempestuous coast, where there is no demand for labour, and the soil is incapable of affording sufficient nourishment; while at the same time, within a few weeks' sail, there are spread out lands, genial and productive, comparatively unoccupied, and so large that if the whole population of the United Kingdom were transferred to them, they would make little perceptible impression. Let this also be remedied with as little delay as may be. We rejoice that the aboriginal Irish are leaving a country in which they were apparently placed at a disadvantage, and where their presence is at least suggestive of unpleasant historical associations. Let all who are able, hurry off and disperse themselves amid new scenes, richly abounding in possibilities of comfort, and become at the same time denizens of that great western community which is going ahead with race-horse celerity, and which, in a brief space of time, will be by far the most powerful nation in the world—a nation of a hundred millions of free and enlightened people. And would it not be well to help away those who lack the means of transit? Loans on favourable conditions have already been extended to Highland proprietors, to enable them to rid their lands of a superfluous population; but much more might be done as regards all parties. Ships of war could be somewhat better employed than either rotting at Portsmouth or performing holiday evolutions in the Mediterranean. They would stand good stead as transports in carrying across the sea those who are totally destitute of means of their own, and who are at present a sheer burden, not to say a disgrace, to the community. In a word, Emigration and Education are two things which, on various grounds, are required for the abatement of a lamentable and growing evil. From the ill-considered manner in which emigration on a wholesale plan has hitherto been conducted, we mention it in the present instance with some misgivings. Yet it is surely within the bounds of possibility to effect the translation of those masses, and settle them in fields of enterprise continue their residence. Considered in a right spirit, there would be no insurmountable difficulty in the execution. At all events, the present posture of affairs is far from creditable, and almost anything would be better than doing that which indifference might be inclined to recommend—nothing!

CLARA CORSINI.

A young French traveller, named Ernest Leroy, on arriving at Naples, found himself during the first few days quite confused by the multitude of his impressions. Now as it was in search of impressions that he had left his beloved Paris, there was nothing, it should seem, very grievous in this: and yet in the midst of his excitement there occurred intervals of intolerable weariness of spirit—moments when he looked upon the Strada Toledo with disgust, wished himself anywhere but in San Carlos, sneered at Posilippo, pooh-poohed Vesuvius, and was generally sceptical as to the superiority of the Bay over the Bosphorus, which he had not seen. All this came to pass because he had set out on the principle of travelling in a hurry, or, as he expressed it, making the most of his time. Every night before going to bed he made out and wrote down a programme of next day's duties—assigning so many hours to each sight, and so many minutes to each meal, but forgetting altogether to allow himself any opportunity for repose or digestion.

Thus he had come from Paris *via* Milan, Florence, and Rome, to Naples—the whole in the space of three weeks, during which, as will be easily imagined, he had visited an incredible number of churches, galleries,

temples, and ruins of every description. In order to profit as much as possible by his travels he had arranged beforehand five or six series of ideas, or meditations as he called them: one on the assistance afforded by the fine arts to the progress of civilisation; another consisting of a string of sublime commonplaces on the fall of empires and the moral value of monumental history; and so on. Each of these meditations he endeavoured to recall on appropriate occasions; and he never had leisure to reflect, that for any instruction he was deriving from what he saw he might as well have stopped at home. However, having some imagination and talent, he frequently found himself carried away by thoughts born of the occasion, and so irresistibly, that once or twice he went through a whole gallery or church before he had done with the train of ideas suggested by some previous sight, and was only made aware that he had seen some unique painting or celebrated windows of stained glass by the guide claiming payment for his trouble, and asking him to sign a testimonial doing justice to his civility and great store of valuable information. It is only just to state that M. Ernest never failed to comply with either of these demands.

When, however, as we have said, he had been two or three days in Naples, and had rushed over the ground generally traversed by tourists, our young traveller began to feel weary and disgusted. For some time he did not understand what was the matter, and upbraided himself with the lack of industry and decline of enthusiasm, which made him look forward with horror to the summons of Giacomo, his guide, to be up and doing. At length, however, during one sleepless night the truth flashed upon him, and in the morning, to his own surprise and delight, he mustered up courage to dismiss Giacomo with a handsome present, and to declare that that day at least he was resolved to see nothing.

What a delightful stroll he took along the sea-shore that morning with his eyes half-closed lest he might be tempted to look around for information! He went towards Portici, but he saw nothing except the sand and pebbles at his feet, and the white-headed surf that broke near at hand. For the first time since his departure from Paris he felt light-minded and at ease; and the only incident that occurred to disturb his equanimity was when his eyes rested for half a second on a broken pillar in a vine-garden, and he was obliged to make an effort to pass by without ascertaining whether it was of Roman date. But this feat once accomplished, he threw up his cap for joy, shouted '*Victoire!*' and really felt independent.

He was much mistaken, however, if he supposed it to be possible to remain long in the enjoyment of that *dolce far niente*, the first savour of which so captivated him. One day, two days passed, at the end of which he found that while he had supposed himself to be doing nothing, he had in reality made the great and only discovery of his travels—namely, that the new country in which he found himself was inhabited, and that too by people who, though not quite so different from his countrymen as the savages of the South Sea Islands, possessed yet a very marked character of their own worthy of study and observation. Thenceforward his journal began to be filled with notes on costume, manners, &c.; and in three weeks, with wonderful modesty, after combining the results of all his researches, he came to the conclusion that he understood nothing at all of the character of the Italians.

In this humble state of mind he wandered forth one morning in the direction of the castle of St Elmo, to enjoy the cool breeze that came wafting from the sea, and mingled with and tempered the early sunbeams as they streamed over the eastern hills. Having reached a broad, silent street, bordered only by a few houses and gardens, he resolved not to extend his walk farther, but sat down on an old wooden bench under the shade of a platane-tree that drooped over a lofty wall. Here he remained

some time watching the few passengers that occasionally turned a distant corner and advanced towards him. He noticed that they all stopped at some one of the houses farther down the street, and that none reached as far as where he sat; which led him first to observe that beyond his position were only two large houses, both apparently uninhabited. One, indeed, was quite ruined—many of the windows were built up or covered with old boards; but the other showed fewer symptoms of decay, and might be imagined to belong to some family at that time absent in the country.

He had just come to this very important conclusion when his attention was diverted by the near approach of two ladies elegantly dressed, followed by an elderly serving-man in plain livery carrying a couple of mass-books. They passed him rather hurriedly, but not before he had time to set them down as mother and daughter, and to be struck with the great beauty and grace of the latter. Indeed so susceptible in that idle mood was he of new impressions, that before the young lady had gone on more than twenty paces he determined that he was in love with her, and by an instinctive impulse rose to follow. At this moment the serving-man turned round, and threw a calm but inquisitive glance towards him. He checked himself, and affected to look the other way for awhile, then prepared to carry out his original intention. To his great surprise, however, both ladies and follower had disappeared.

An ordinary man would have guessed at once that they had gone into one of the houses previously supposed to be uninhabited, but M. Ernest Leroy must needs fancy, first, that he had seen a vision, and then that the objects of his interest had been snatched away by some evil spirit. Mechanically, however, he hurried to the end of the street, which he found terminated in an open piece of ground, which there had not been time for any one to traverse. At length the rational explanation of the matter occurred to him, and he felt for a moment inclined to knock at the door of the house that was in best preservation, and complain of what he persisted in considering a mysterious disappearance. However, not being quite mad, he checked himself, and returning to his wooden bench, sat down, and endeavoured to be very miserable.

But this would have been out of character. Instead thereof he began to feel a new interest in life, and to look back with some contempt on the two previous phases of his travels. With youthful romance and French confidence he resolved to follow up this adventure, never doubting for a moment of the possibility of ultimate success, nor of the excellence of the object of his hopes. What means to adopt did not, it is true, immediately suggest themselves; and he remained sitting for more than an hour gazing at the great silent house opposite until the unpleasant consciousness that he had not breakfasted forced him to beat a retreat.

We have not space to develop—luckily it is not necessary—all the wild imaginings that fluttered through the brain of our susceptible traveller on his return to his lodgings, and especially after a nourishing breakfast had imparted to him new strength and vivacity. Under their influence he repaired again to his post on the old wooden bench under the platane-tree, and even had the perseverance to make a third visit in the evening; for—probably because he expected the adventure to draw out to a considerable length—he did not imitate the foolish fantasy of some lovers, and deprive himself of his regular meals. He saw nothing that day; but next morning he had the inexpressible satisfaction of again beholding the two ladies approach, followed by their respectable-looking servant. They passed without casting a glance towards him; but their attendant this time not only turned round, but stopped, and gazed at him in a manner he would have thought impertinent on another occasion. For the moment, however, this was precisely what he

wanted, and without thinking much of the consequences that might ensue, he hastily made a sign requesting an interview. The man only stared the more, and then turning on his heel, gravely followed the two ladies, who had just arrived at the gateway of their house.

'I do not know what to make of that rascally valet,' thought Ernest. 'He seems at once respectable and hypocritical. Probably my appearance does not strike him as representing sufficient wealth, otherwise the hopes of a fair bribe would have induced him at any rate to come out and ask me what I meant.'

He was of course once more at his post in the afternoon; and this time he had the satisfaction of seeing the door open, and the elderly serving-man saunter slowly out, as if disposed to enjoy the air. First he stopped on the steps, cracking pistachio-nuts, and jerking the shells into the road with his thumb; then took two or three steps gently towards the other end of the street; and at last, just as Ernest was about to follow him, veered round and began to stroll quietly across the road, still cracking his nuts, in the direction of the old wooden bench.

'The villain has at length made up his mind,' soliloquised our lover. 'He pretends to come out quite by accident, and will express great surprise when I accost him in the way I intend.'

The elderly serving-man still came on, seemingly not at all in a hurry to arrive, and gave ample time for an examination of his person. His face was handsome, though lined by age and care, and was adorned by a short grizzled beard. There was something very remarkable in the keenness of his large gray eyes, as there was indeed about his whole demeanour. His dress was a plain suit of black, that might have suited a gentleman; and if Ernest had been less occupied with one idea he would not have failed to see in this respectable domestic a prince reduced by misfortune to live on wages, or a hero who had never had an opportunity of exhibiting his worth.

When this interesting person had reached the corner of the bench he set himself down with a slight nod of apology or recognition—it was difficult to say which—and went on eating his nuts quite unconcernedly. As often happens in such cases, Ernest felt rather puzzled how to enter upon business, and was trying to muster up an appearance of condescending familiarity—suitable, he thought, to the occasion—when the old man, very affably holding out his paper-bag that he might take some nuts, saved him the trouble by observing: 'You are a stranger, sir, I believe?'

'Yes, my good fellow,' was the reply of Ernest in aculemical Italian; 'and I have come to this country—'

'I thought so,' interrupted the serving-man, persisting in his offer of nuts, but shewing very little interest about Ernest's views in visiting Italy—'by your behaviour.'

'My behaviour!' exclaimed the young man a little nettled.

'Precisely. But your quality of stranger has hitherto protected you from any disagreeable consequences.'

This was said so quietly, so amiably, that the warning or menace wrapped up in the words lost much of its bitter savour; yet our traveller could not refrain from a haughty glance towards this audacious domestic, on whom, however, it was lost, for he was deeply intent on his pistachios. After a moment Ernest recovered his self-possession, remembered his schemes, and drawing a little nearer the serving-man, laid his hand confidentially on the sleeve of his coat, and said: 'My good man, I have a word or two for your private ear.'

Expressing the least surprise or interest, the other replied: 'I am ready to hear what you have to say, provided you will not call me any more your good man. I am not a good man, nor am I your man, without offence be it spoken. My name is Alfonso.'

'Well, Alfonso, you are an original person, and I will not call you a good man, though honesty and candour be written on your countenance. (Alfonso smiled, but said nothing.) But listen to me attentively, remembering that though neither am I a good man, yet am I a generous one. I passionately love your mistress.'

'Ah!' said Alfonso with anything but a benevolent expression of countenance. Ernest, who was no physiognomist, noticed nothing; and being mounted on his new hobby-horse, proceeded at once to give a history of his impressions since the previous morning. When he had concluded, the old man, who seemed all benevolence again, simply observed: 'Then it is the younger of the two ladies that captivated your affections in this unaccountable manner?'

'Of course,' cried Ernest; 'and I beseech you, my amiable Alfonso, to put me in the way of declaring what I experience.'

'You are an extraordinary young man,' was the grave reply; 'an extraordinary, an imprudent, and, I will add, a reckless person. You fall in love with a person of whom you know nothing—not even the name. This, however, is, I believe, according to rule among a certain class of minds. Not satisfied with this, you can find no better way of introducing yourself to her notice than endeavouring to corrupt one whom you must have divined to be a confidential servant. Others would have sought an introduction to the family; you dream at once of a clandestine intercourse.'

'I assure you'—interrupted Ernest, feeling both ashamed and indignant at these remarks proceeding from one so inferior in station.

'Assure me nothing, sir, as to your intentions, for you do not know them yourself. I understand you perfectly, because I was once young and thoughtless like you. Now listen to me. In that house dwells the Contessa Corsini, with her daughter Clara; and if these two persons had no one to protect them but themselves and a foolish old servitor, whom the first comer judges capable of corruption, they would ere this have been much molested; but it happens that the Count Corsini is not dead, and inhabiteth with them, although seldom coming forth into the public streets. What say you, young man, does not this a little disturb your plans?'

'In the first place,' replied Ernest, 'I am offended that you will persist in implying—more, it is true, by your manner than your words—that my views are not perfectly avowable.'

'Then why, in the name of Heaven, do you not make yourself known to the count, stating your object, and asking formally for his daughter's hand?'

'Not so fast, Alfonso. It was necessary for me to learn, as a beginning, that there was a count in the case.'

'And what do you know now? Perhaps those women are two adventurers, and I a rascal playing a virtuous part in order the better to deceive you.'

'You do not look like a rascal,' said Ernest quite innocently. At which observation the old man condescended to laugh heartily, and seemed from that moment to take quite a liking to his new acquaintance. After a little while, indeed, he began to give some information about the young Clara, who, he said, was only sixteen years of age, though quite a woman in appearance, and not unaccomplished. As to her dowry—Ernest interrupted him by saying that he wished for no information on that point, being himself rich. The old man smiled amiably, and ended the conversation by requesting another interview next day at the same hour, by which time he said he might have some news to tell.

Ernest returned home in high spirits, which sank by degrees, however, when he reflected that as Alfonso declined favouring any clandestine correspondence, there was little in reality to be expected from him.

True, he had given him some information, and he might now, by means of his letters of introduction, contrive to make acquaintance with the count. But though he spent the whole evening and next morning in making inquiries, he could not meet with any one who had ever heard of such a person. 'Possibly,' he thought, 'the old sinner may have been laughing at me all the time, and entered into conversation simply with the object of getting up a story to divert the other domestics of the house. If such be the case, he may be sure I shall wreak vengeance upon him.'

In spite of these reflections, he was at his post at the hour appointed, and felt quite overjoyed when Alfonso made his appearance. The old man said that a plan had suggested itself by which he might be introduced into the house—namely, that he should pretend to be a professor of drawing, and offer his services. Ernest did not inquire how Alfonso came to know that he was an amateur artist, but eagerly complied with the plan, and was instructed to call on the following morning, and to say that he had heard that a drawing-master was wanted.

He went accordingly, not very boldly, 'it is true, and looking very much in reality like a poor professor anxious to obtain employment. The contessa, who was yet young and beautiful, received him politely, listened to his proposals, and made no difficulty in accepting them. The preliminaries arranged, Clara was called, and, to Ernest's astonishment, came bounding into the room like a great school-girl, looked him very hard in the face, and among the first things she said, asked him if he was not the man she had seen two mornings following sitting opposite the house on the bench under the platane-tree.

Now Ernest had imagined to himself something so refined, so delicate, so fairy-like, instead of this plain reality, that he all at once began to feel disgusted, and to wish he had acted more prudently. And yet there was Clara, exactly as he had seen her, except that she had exchanged the demure, conventional step adopted by ladies in the street for the free motions of youth; and except that, instead of casting her eyes to the earth, or glancing at him sideways, she now looked towards him with a frank and free gaze, and spoke what came uppermost in her mind. Certes, most men would have chosen that moment to fall in love with so charming a creature; for charming she was beyond all doubt, with large, rich, black eyes, pouting ruby lips, fine oval cheeks, and a mass of ebony hair; but Ernest's first impression was disappointment, and he began to criticise both her and everything by which she was surrounded.

He saw at once that there was poverty in the house. The furniture was neat, but scanty; and the door had been opened by a female servant, who had evidently been disturbed from some domestic avocations. The contessa and her daughter were dressed very plainly—far differently from what they had been in the street; and it was an easy matter to see that this plainness was not adopted from choice but from necessity. Had Clara come into the room with a slow, creeping step, keeping her eyes modestly fixed on the chipped marble floor, not one of these observations would have been made: the large, dreary house would have been a palace in Ernest's eyes; but his taste was a morbid one, and in five minutes after he had begun to give his lesson, he began to fear that the conquest he had so ardently desired would be only too easy.

There was something, however, so cheerful and fascinating in Clara's manner that he could not but soon learn to feel pleasure in her society; and when he went away he determined, instead of starting off for Sicily, as he had at first thought of doing, to pay at least one more visit to the house in the character of drawing-master. Alfonso joined him as he walked slowly homeward, and asked him how things had

passed. He related frankly his impressions, to which the old man listened very attentively without making any remark. At parting, however, he shook his head, saying that young men were of all animals the most difficult to content.

Next day, when Ernest went to give his lesson, he was told by Alfonso that the contessa, being indisposed, had remained in bed, but that he should find Clara in the garden. There was something romantic in the sound of this, so he hurried to the spot indicated, impatient to have the commonplace impressions of the previous day effaced. This time his disgust was complete. He found Clara engaged in assisting the servant-maid to wring and hang out some clothes they had just finished washing. She seemed not at all put out by being caught thus humbly employed; but begging him to wait a little, finished her work, ran away, dressed somewhat carefully, and returning, begged he would accompany her to the house. He followed with cheeks burning with shame: he felt the utmost contempt for himself because he had fallen in love with this little housewife, and the greatest indignation against her for having presumed, very innocently, to excite so poetical a sentiment; and, in the stupidity of his offended self-love, resolved to revenge himself by making some spiteful remark ere he escaped from a house into which he considered that he had been regularly entrapped. Accordingly, when she took the pencil in hand, he observed that probably she imagined that contact with soap-suds would improve the delicacy of her touch. Clara did not reply, but began to sketch in a manner that proved she had listened to the pedantic rules he had laid down on occasion of the previous lesson more from modesty than because she was in want of them. Then suddenly rising without attending to some cavil he thought it his duty to make, she went to her piano, and beginning to play, drew forth such ravishing notes that Ernest, who was himself no contemptible musician, could not refrain from applauding enthusiastically. She received his compliments with a slight shrug of the shoulders, and commenced a song that enabled her to display with full effect the capabilities of her magnificent voice. The soap-suds were forgotten; and Ernest's romance was coming back upon him: he began to chide himself for his foolish prejudices; and thought that, after all, with a little training, Clara might be made quite a lady. Suddenly, however, she broke off her song, and turning towards him with an ironical smile said: 'Not bad for a housemaid, Mr Professor—is it?'.

He attempted to excuse himself, but he was evidently judged; and, what was more—not as an obscure drawing-master, but as M. Ernest Leroy. His identity was evidently no secret; and she even called him by his name. He endeavoured in vain to make a fine speech to apologise for his ill-behaviour; but she interrupted him keenly, though good-humouredly, and the entrance of Alfonso was fatal to a fine scene of despair he was about to enact. Clara upon this retired with a profound salute; and Alfonso spoke with more of dignity than usual in his manner, and said: 'My young friend, you must excuse a little deception which has been practised on you, or rather which you have practised upon yourself. I am going to be very free and frank with you to-day. I am not what you take me for. I am the Count Corsini, a Roman; and because I have not the means of keeping a man-servant, when the women of my family go to church I follow them, as you saw. This is not unusual among my countrymen. It is a foolish pride I know; but so it is. However, the matter interests you not. You saw my daughter Clara, and thought you loved her. I was willing, as on inquiry I found you to be a respectable person, to see how you could agree together; but your pride—I managed and overheard all—has destroyed your chance. My daughter will seek another husband.'

There was a cold friendliness in Alfonso's tone which roused the pride of Ernest. He affected to laugh, called himself a foolish madcap, but hinted that a splendid marriage awaited him if he chose on his return to Paris; and went away endeavouring to look unconcerned. The following morning he was on board a vessel bound for Palermo, very sea-sick it is true, but thinking at the same time a great deal more of Clara than he could have thought possible had it been predicted.

Some few years afterwards Ernest Leroy was in one of the *salons* of the Faubourg St Germain. Still a bachelor, he no longer felt those sudden emotions to which he had been subject in his earlier youth. He was beginning to talk less of sentiments present and more of sentiments passed. In confidential moods he would lay his hand upon his waistcoat—curved out at its lower extremity, by the by, by a notable increase of substance—and allude to a certain divine Clara who had illuminated a moment of his existence. But he was too discreet to enter into details.

Well, being in that *salon*, as we have said, pretending to amuse himself, his attention was suddenly drawn by the announcement of Lady D—. He turned round, probably to quiz *la belle Anglaise* he expected to behold. What was his astonishment on recognising in the superb woman who leaned on the arm of a tall, military-looking Englishman, the identical Clara Corsini of his youthful memories. He felt at first sick at heart; but, taking courage, soon went up and spoke to her. She remembered him with some little difficulty, smiled, and holding out her alabaster hand said gently, 'Do you see any trace of the soap suds?' She had never imagined he had any feeling in him, and only knew the truth when a large, round tear fell on the diamond of her ring. 'Charles,' said Ernest awhile afterwards to a friend, 'it is stifling hot and dreadfully stupid here. Let us go and have a game of billiards.'

GRASS-CLOTH OF CHINA.

SOME time ago we called attention by a paragraph in this Journal to a fabric known as the grass-cloth of China, specimens of which are not unfrequently seen in this country, although the history of its production is involved to some extent in obscurity. The paragraph alluded to was limited to a detail of some observations made on the subject by Dr Cleghorn, H.E.I.C.S., at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Edinburgh last year; but the writer of these remarks having been since furnished with much additional information from various sources—though chiefly through the kindness of Dr Cleghorn—is thus enabled to present in the following paper a complete account of the history of the grass-cloth and the plant which produces it, a coloured drawing of which is published by Sir William Hooker in the 'Kew Garden Miscellany' for August 1851.

Although the *Tchou ma*, or Chinese flax, is only beginning to be known in Europe at the present time, and the cultivation of the plant has scarcely been attempted except in our botanic gardens, yet it must not be supposed that the fabric is new in China, whence it has reached us. Dr Macgowan states, that it has been used in China during a period of more than 4100 years, and the natives are so wedded to it that they will not employ linen as a substitute. Indeed there seems small inducement for them to do so, seeing that the delicate fibre of the *Tchou ma* forms the flax from which the 'finest of the Chinese linen fabrics' are manufactured; and that the substance, in the hands of European manufacturers, will—according to M. Stanislas Julien, a French authority—be made into a tissue as soft as silk, and as fine as, but stronger and tougher than the best French cambric. In this country the grass-cloth

is usually seen in the form of handkerchiefs and shirts; but in the East it is extensively used as an article of dress both in China and British India, being from its strength and fineness peculiarly adapted for clothing during the hot season. Samples of this substance, exhibiting a fine silky tissue, were amongst the products of Chinese industry which were exhibited a few years ago in the Rue St Laurent; and very fine specimens, imported by English merchants, may be seen in the Chinese department of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park.

The grass-cloth is the produce of *Boehmeria (Urtica) nivea*, belonging to the *Urticaceæ* or nettle family. Although the common nettle of our own country has been long known to possess various economical qualities, and amongst others to yield a strong fibre suitable for manufacturing purposes,* yet we were scarcely prepared to admit this family of uninviting plants to the high position in an economical point of view which the extensive use of the *Boehmeria flax* shews it to be entitled to.

The notices of this plant by European botanists have been hitherto very scanty. Koempfer in 1712 alluded to the *Sipo*, or wild hemp-nettle, which, he says, 'makes good in some measure what want there is of hemp and cotton, for several sorts of stuffs, fine and coarse, are fabricated of it;†' and the plant to which he refers in these remarks is probably the same as the one now under consideration—a supposition which is confirmed by the fact, that Thunberg, seventy-two years later (1784), gives the same vernacular name to *Titua nivea*,‡ which he notices for its valuable fibre. James Cunningham, in writing to Plukenet, mentioned the suitability of the cloth for summer-clothing, for which it is still held in great esteem §

The first notice of the *Tchou ma* in a British publication appeared in the form of the following note from the pen of Sir William Hooker in the 'Kew Garden Miscellany' in 1848:¶ 'Chinese grass-cloth, a very beautiful fabric manufactured in China, first imported under the form of handkerchiefs, and more recently to a considerable extent, as superior to any other fabric for shirts. By the kind help of Dr Wallich and Sir George Staunton, we think it may be safely asserted that the Chinese grass is the fibre of *Boehmeria nivea (Urtica nivea* of Linnaeus), a plant belonging to the urticaceous family—the same tenacity of fibre existing in *U. cannabina*, *heterophylla*, and other species of *Boehmeria*.'

Dr Macgowan of Ningpo has instituted inquiries in various quarters respecting the grass-cloth, and has been successful in bringing interesting facts to light. At a meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, held on 10th May 1850, a communication was read from him to the effect that 'the *Tchou ma* of China, the plant from which grass-cloth is principally manufactured, is the same with the *Kinchood* of Bengal.' The specimens exhibited in illustration of the communication had been submitted to Dr Falconer, who reported upon them as follows:—'The leaf specimens now sent from Ningpo, although wanting in the flower and fruit, confirm the opinion advanced by me

* In spring the common people in some parts of Scotland prepare a soap from the young tops of the common nettle, which are tender at that season; this dual is thus referred to by Andrew Fairservice in *Rob Roy*—'Nae doubt I could understand my ain trade of horticulture, seeing I was bred in the parish of Droopally, near Glasgow, where they raise lang kale under glass, and force the early nettles for their spring-kail.' From the fibres of the matured plant a kind of hemp is produced, as is also obtained from the *Urtica cannabina* of North America. Not only is the stem of the plant thus useful in manufacture, but the roots also, when boiled in alum, yield a yellow dye, which is used for dyeing yarn.

† *Hist. of Japan* (Schuchter's translation), i. 119.

‡ *Flora Japonica*, p. 71.

§ *Almagestum Botanicum*, 1796.

¶ Hooker's Journal of Botany and Kew Garden Miscellany, No. 1.

in my former communication,* that the *Tchou ma* plant, as described by Dr Macgowan, is not a species of *Cannabis*, but is the same plant as the *Boehmeria nivea* of botanists, described under the name of *Urtica tenacissima* by Roxburgh. The specimens of China correspond exactly with those grown in the Botanic Garden, with which I have compared them. Koempfer in the "Amenitates Exotica" gives *Mao* as one of the Japan names of the plant; and Thunberg in regard to its uses says: "Cortex profunibus conficiendis et filis validis ad texturas expetitur."

At a meeting of the Irish Flax Improvement Society, held in May last (1851), the secretary brought forward a communication from Dr Macgowan, with a packet of seed of the plant from which the grass-cloth is manufactured in that country, accompanied by a letter from Dr Bowring, Her Britannic Majesty's consul at Canton, forwarded through the Board of Trade. The committee directed that portions should be sent to the Belfast Botanic Gardens, and to several individual members of the Flax Society, in order to ascertain if the plants could be acclimatised, as this fibre might possibly afford the material for a new textile manufacture. It is indeed gratifying to know that the introduction of this important plant to Britain has been taken in hand by the Irish Flax Improvement Society. Should the attempt be successful, the *Boehmeria* will form a valuable—nay, an invaluable—addition to our agricultural productions.

In discussing the subject of Dr Macgowan's communication, it was observed that hitherto the attempts made to spin the China-grass fibre on flax machinery had not been successful, but that probably means could be devised for producing yarns of good quality, and at a price to compete with the Chinese yarn; and it was suggested that if the plant could be cultivated in the British islands, and the yarn exported to China, the result might be of considerable importance in a national point of view.

It may be gleaned from our preceding remarks, that considerable difference of opinion exists among botanists as to the true species which supplies the *Tchou ma*; Dr Macgowan adhering to the opinion of its being a species of *cannabis* or hemp, while most others incline to think it a nettle. We think there is little doubt that the nettle (*Boehmeria*) is the plant generally cultivated in China for this fibre, although it appears at the same time evident that other plants are used in certain districts to some extent. We are informed by an eminent merchant in Hong-Kong, that having some years ago set inquiries on foot among the Chinese with a view to commercial speculation, he arrived at the following results:—In the south of China (Canton) *Cannabis sativa* (hemp) is used; in the central parts, such as Soochow, *Boehmeria nivea*; and in the north (Tientsinfoo) a malvaceous plant called *Sida tilafolia*.

In India the *Boehmeria* was in Roxburgh's time cultivated for its bark, which abounds in fibres of great strength and fineness. In the Calcutta Botanic Gardens it grows very luxuriantly, and blossoms about the close of the rainy season. The roots of the original plants, as well as of their progeny, are becoming daily extended, and continue healthy and vigorous, throwing up numerous shoots as often as they are cut down for the fibres of their bark, which may be done four or five times every year if the soil is good, and care taken of the plant by watering in the hot weather, and draining the superfluous moisture in the rains. The plant is as readily cultivated from cuttings as the willow.†

Valuable translations from Chinese works relative to the cultivation of the *Tchou ma*, and the preparation of its fibre, are given in the 'Transactions of the Horti-

cultural Society of London' (vol. iv., 238-42.) The instructions for cultivation, and the explanations of the various processes of preparation, are detailed with great precision and minuteness, and are amply sufficient to enable other cultivators of our own country to pursue this new branch of industry, provided the plant be found to be cultivable in our climate. The following observations are from the 'Imperial Treatise of Chinese Agriculture' (lib. lxxviii., fol. 8):—

'For the purpose of sowing the *Tchou ma* in the third or fourth month, a light sandy soil is preferred. The seeds are sown in a garden, or, where there is no garden, in a piece of ground near a river or well. The ground is dug once or twice, then beds one foot broad and four feet long are made, and after that the earth is again dug. The ground is then pressed down, either with the foot or the back of a spade; when it is a little firm its surface is raked smooth. The next night the beds are watered, and on the following morning the earth is loosened with a small toothed rake, and then again levelled. After that half a *ching* (four pints and a half) of moist earth and a *ho* (one pint) of seeds are taken and well mixed together. One *ho* of seeds is enough for one or seven beds. After having sown the seeds, it is not necessary that they should be covered with earth; indeed if that were done they would not germinate. The next thing to be done is to procure four sticks, sharp at one end, and to place them in the ground in a slanting position—two on one side of the bed and two on the opposite—for the purpose of supporting a sort of little roof, two or three feet high, and covered with a thin mat. In the fifth and sixth month, when the rays of the sun are powerful, this light mat is covered with a thick layer of straw, a precaution adopted to prevent the destruction of the young plants by the heat and drought. Before the seed begins to germinate, or when the young leaves first appear, the beds must not be watered. By means of a broom dipped in water the roof of matting is wetted so as to keep the ground underneath moist. At night the roof is removed, that the young plants may catch the dew. As soon as the first leaves have appeared, if parasitical plants appear, they must be immediately pulled up. When the plant is an inch or two high, the roof may be laid aside. If the earth is rather dry, it must be slightly moistened to the depth of about three inches. A stiffer soil is now chosen and thrown into beds, to which the young plants are to be transferred. The following night the first beds, in which the young plants are, are to be watered; the next morning the new beds are to be watered also. The young plants are then dug up with a spade, care being taken to keep a small fall of earth round their roots, and are pricked out at a distance of four inches the one from the other. The ground is often hoed. At the end of three or five days the earth must be watered, and again at the end of ten days, fifteen days, and twenty days. After the tenth month the plants must be covered with a foot of fresh horse, ass, or cow dung.'

It is stated in the 'General Treatise on Agriculture,' entitled 'Nongtching-tsiouen-chou,' that it is a very common practice in some parts to propagate the plant by dividing the entangled roots—a mode more certain and not requiring so much care as the raising of seedlings. It is likewise increased by layers: 'this plan is a very quick one.' In parts where roots are difficult to procure seeds are had recourse to. 'As soon as the young plants are a few inches high they are watered with a mixture of equal quantities of water and liquid manure. Immediately after the stems are cut the ground must be watered, and this ought to be done at night or on a cloudy day; for if the plants were watered in the sunshine they would rust. Great care must be taken not to make use of pigs' dung. The *Tchou ma* may be planted every month, but it is necessary that the ground be moist.' New stocks

* Journal of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, vol. vi. part iv., p. 219.

† Roxburgh in *Flora Indica* (his posthumous work.)

detached from old plants are planted at a distance of a foot and a half from each other; the beds are prepared in the autumn, well worked and manured with fine muck; and the planting takes place in the following spring.

In this paper we have detailed all that is at present known concerning a crop which may be destined at some future period to become an important European one. It is perhaps worthy of remark, by way of caution to microscopists who may use the grass-cloth, that at the meeting of the British Association last year, Dr Douglas Maclagan having used a handkerchief (exhibited by Dr Cleghorn) for wiping a lens, he found that with even gentle rubbing the fibre scratched the surface of the glass. The grass-cloth handkerchiefs are thus manifestly unsuitable for use by those engaged in microscopic researches.

HORACE WALPOLE AND THOMAS GRAY.

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE.

[Paris, A.D. 1730.]

Gray. And what sort of evening had you, pray, at Milor Conway's?

Walpole. Mighty dull it would have been, called in London; but considering the fate of us poor exiles in a strange land, it passed off well enough. We shook each other by the hand more warmly than we should have done in Whitehall or Leicester Square, and felt comfortable at the flesh-and-blood evidence of every John Bull face that there is such a country as England after all.

G. Which one is really in danger of forgetting—one hears so little about it from the quality in Paris.

W. Paris mentions England now and then in a proverb—as she alludes to Paradise (of which she knows just as little) or Babylon the Great—

G. Which she is more familiar with, unless Scripture misleads and my eyesight deceives me.

W. You should have been with us last night at his lordship's, for we railed against French things and personages pretty scandalously I promise you, much as we enjoy ourselves in the naughty heart of them. My Lord George Bentinck and I had a prodigious dispute about the merits of Versailles, which he lauded and I unsparingly abused.

G. For my part, I spent an absolutely uninterrupted evening in letter-writing—

W. To Dick West, I hope, child?

G. Yes; and about Versailles too.

W. I am infinitely obliged to you for forestalling me. I should only have made mouths at its palatial magnificence, whereas you were too well pleased with it to do that.

G. You are mistaken: I thought but poorly of the place, and told Dick what I thought. For instance, I am barbarian enough to call the Grand Front a huge heap of littleness, and to declare of the whole building that a more disagreeable *tout-ensemble* you can nowhere see for love or money; though I admire the back front, with the terrace and marble basins and bronze statues. As for the general taste of the place, everything, I tell him, is forced and constrained; and even you might be shocked to see how I ridicule the gardens, with their sugar-loaves and minced-pies of yew, their scrawl-work of box, their stiff, tiresome walks, and their little squinting *jets-d'eau*.

W. Mind you keep your treasonable epistle under lock and key, or we may both have an *exempt* laying

his paw on our shoulders, and whispering *De part le roi* in our ears, and slipping a *lettre de cachet* into our hands. Little as I love Versailles, it is the gentleest place in the world compared with the Bastille.

G. If the *mouchards* are not on the look-out for me, I am for them, and horribly suspicious it makes me.

W. I'm sure one sat by me at the theatre last Wednesday: a mighty, mean, dirty-looking creature, who would press his snuff-box on me, and talk about *les Anglais*. He pretended not to suppose me a foreigner; but though I said nothing about that, I was rude and abrupt enough to prove myself English to the backbone.

G. I noticed the ugly rascal. He invited me in an off-hand style to join him in a game at *faro* or *hazard*. Probably he keeps a gaming-house himself.

W. Oh, there's nothing dishonourable in doing that, you know, here in Paris. More than a hundred of the highest people in the place do it; and the houses are open all night long for any adventurer who likes to go in.

G. I fancy our absence from the gaming-tables is one reason why we get on so slowly with the natives. They have no sympathy with abstinence of that kind. We must be perfect Huguenots to them.

W. Had you much communication with *mon cher ami* of the snuff-box? I hope, if he is a *mouchard*, you are not compromised?

G. I was as reserved and circumspect as a Cambridge freshman. No, I'm quite safe. If I had committed myself I should have been committed before now.

W. You're a wise child; yet *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*, especially while sitting out a tedious French ballet, and tempted to talk by a piquant old Parisian. What horrible ideas they have of music here!

G. Nothing can equal its wretchedness except the profound respect with which they listen to it. Did you ever hear such screaming?

W. No; except in our own laughter, when the thing was over: I really believe we squealed louder and longer than the singers, and infinitely more in tune. I'd as soon live on *saigre* as frequent their operas. The music is as like gooseberry-tart as it is like harmony.

G. More so if the gooseberries be sour, and set your teeth on edge. I shan't venture on another bite, but confine myself to Corneille and Molière. What a shame it is the houses are so thin on Molière nights!

W. That's because they've had nothing but Molière for such a prodigious time. I don't suppose Addison himself would continue to be worshipped in London every night of the year, and for twenty years running. But Molière has a foremost page in your good books.

G. I owe him a great deal, if only for whiling away dull hours at Cambridge, where he helped me to forget those execrable mathematics which are the alpha and omega of the university articles of faith. Cambridge will never produce a Molière, nor will England either.

W. Don't be ungrateful, child, for national mercies. Cambridge has given us Newton; and if France has her Molière, have we not Dryden and Vanbrugh, and Wycherley and Steele, and a world of others?

G. Perhaps we shall have Walpole on the list of English classics before we have done.

W. Who can tell? Stranger things have happened. Not only Balaam, but Balaam's ass we find among the prophets. Then why not Sir Robert's son among the poets?

G. Oh Thomas Gray himself, riding triumphantly on your argument of an ass. I daresay we have both had our day-dreams of glory at Eton and Cambridge.

W. And are not too old or too sage to have them still. After becoming travelled gentlemen, and initiated

in all the mysteries of the Grand Tour, we must let the world see what is in us, and appeal to posterity—that imposing fiction which shall one day be fact!

G. If the world knows no more of us a century hence than it does to-day, posterity will owe us as little as we owe it. Ah, if one could only rise from the grave in 1839, and search the booksellers' shops to see whether anything of Walpole or Gray be still on sale! To poor aspiring authors posterity is what eternity is to Addison's *Cato*—a 'pleasing, dreadful thought!' I wonder what our great-grandchildren will think of Pope and Arbuthnot, of Brooke's tragedies and Coventry's dialogues. Unless they're greater fools than I suppose they'll be—one may speak disrespectfully of one's juniors, who are not even going to be born for so considerable a time to come—they will cancel many a literary verdict of our day; raising the beggar from the dunghill, where we leave him, to be a companion of princes, and lowering some of our great Apollos to silent contempt.

W. Why, plenty of authors have come to this pass in our own experience, whom Pope's 'Dunciad' has at once stripped of immortality and immortalised. Every generation produces plenty more. People who make a noise and pother for a few brief moons, and then either die a violent death, like Mr Pope's victims, by a sort of justifiable homicide, or else perish from natural causes, the most natural in the world.

G. There's rather a dearth at present in our home-literature. Poetry seems to have sunk with the Jacobites—

W. Heaven forbid they should rise again together!

G. Spoken like thy father's son. The best thing I have seen lately is a satire called 'London,' said to be by a young fellow named Johnson, who writes for the magazines. It was published last year, and ought to be better known than it is, being very terse and energetic; every line in it is well-loaded, and goes off with a sharp report that you must listen to.

W. The satire's a sort of translation from Juvenal—isn't it? I've had it in my hands without reading it.

G. Mr Johnson is no mere translator I promise you. His poem is rather a transfusion of Juvenalian *vis vite* into modern veins; such a satire as the old Roman himself would have written had he been a subject of his most sacred majesty the second George.

W. Why, child, you've discovered another star in the heavens.

G. A fixed one, depend on't; and one that you may see with the naked eye without telescope or glasses.

W. Your vision is perhaps too keen. Some eyes, you know, see in the dark; but we're not all gifted after that feline fashion; and meanwhile Mr—a—a—a—Johnson—is it?—must try and wait. If he be no falling star he need not be in a hurry, but can go on shining till we have time to look at him.

G. His light won't go out yet, never fear. As for seeing stars in the dark, I don't suppose that faculty is peculiar to me. When else should we notice them? This one will probably be gazetted in the astronomical tables of Parnassus a hundred years hence.

W. In that case the year 1839 ought to have a record of Mr Gray's prediction as well as Mr Johnson's sign in the zodiac. How would 'London' go down here at Paris? Is it smart enough to take with the readers of Messieurs Boileau and Voltaire? Mr Pope is already a prodigious favourite here, and the French are capital judges of satire.

G. Mr Johnson is too smart for them—that is, against them: he rails quite angrily against the 'supple Gaul,' declaring that—

'Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey;
No gainful trade their industry can shape—
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or'—

W. Child, child! *c'est effroyable!* Remember the Bastille. Surely you believe in *exempts*? And if stone-walls have ears, mercy on us! what must they have?

THE SHEEP-FARMER IN AUSTRALIA.*

THE first step to be taken by our colonists, now that they had reached the future station, was of course to secure a legal right to the occupancy of the run; and Mr Jones at once started for Melbourne for the purpose of procuring a licence for an extended grant, as it was evident that, from the nature of the land, the run must be a large one to prove profitable. It may here be stated that this point was in due time settled, and the extent of the run defined: at a later period it was regularly surveyed by the government surveyor, and a furrow-boundary drawn. Its extent will appear somewhat fabulous to those of the old country, accustomed to measure land by acres; but it must be remembered that only about two-thirds was available pasturage. It had a river-frontage of about 27 miles, and on the north side of the river ran 8 miles back; it also included about 9 miles on the south side, running back there 8 miles likewise: making altogether a territory of about 288 square miles.

A situation was now to be chosen for the head-station, and a central point was selected on the bank of the river where it made a convenient bend in front of the intended buildings. The party had met with a carpenter at one of the nearest stations, whose services were put in requisition; and as architectural plans in a new country are not very intricate or varied, the design was soon drawn, and some extra hands hired to carry it into effect. It may be asked, where in the wilderness are extra servants to be had just as they are wanted? The problem is thus solved: at busy seasons, such as lambing or shearing time, mounted labourers are generally on the move from station to station seeking employment; and as they engage for a term, and seldom re-engage with the same master when that term is expired, there are generally labourers to be had, willing to enter into an engagement with a new employer. The fact of a new station being occupied soon gets known, and as extra hands are usually wanted at first, such stations are the points of attraction for those in the neighbourhood out of employment.

They first erected, some distance in the rear of the situation of the intended house, a small hut, which was taken possession of by the master; the kitchen was then built—a single detached room some 20 feet by 10, built of slabs in the mode before described; and this became in turn the residence, and the hut was given up to the men. The larger hut was then commenced, in front of the kitchen, and was habitable in about eight months. It consisted of two principal apartments 12 feet by 16, with a passage between them of 5 feet in width—one used as the living room, the other as the bed-chamber: two smaller rooms were built as a lean-to behind; and at the side, to correspond to the kitchen, the store was erected. Stabling, fowl-houses, &c. completed the arrangement: stockyards were enclosed with fencing, and two or three paddocks were in course of time railed in. The shearing-house and wool-shed—an important part of the establishment of the sheep-farmer—was placed on the opposite side of the river, some little distance in the rear of the other buildings. This was a substantial slab-building of about 110 feet by 40, and it was placed on the opposite side of the river relative to the dwelling, as the number of sheep driven there at shearing-time always makes the ground bare for some distance around, giving it a barren and desolate appearance. Two spots some eight or ten miles up and down the river, on either side of the head-station, were fixed

upon for out-stations for sheep, and at each was a hut erected and a flock placed, under the care, at first, of two shepherds and a hut-keeper; all of whom were armed with musket and ball-cartridge, as in a strange country they could not say what enemies they might encounter, whether in the shape of blacks* or bush-rangers. It may here be remarked, that with the latter our settlers were never troubled: they heard some tale of such having appeared, and murdered and plundered at some outlying station in the neighbourhood, just before they occupied their land; but they were themselves never subject to any annoyance on this score. With regard to the blacks, a gang soon made its appearance, with their chief, an intelligent and powerful young fellow, at its head. They were, however, disposed to be very friendly, and soon made themselves useful in stripping bark for roofing, sawing timber, &c. For these services they were paid in kind—a bullock, some tobacco, or other delicacy, being their remuneration. They are accomplished thieves, and when in the neighbourhood a sharp look-out is necessary; indeed, unless their labour was wanted, 'the master' would endeavour to warn them away, with the aid of strong language and a stock-whip, directly a gang was discovered about to make a descent upon the station. They are usually very cautious in driving a bargain, taught, perhaps, by experience that they may be overmatched by their white employer. They will turn with contempt from the offer, it may be, of some lean, working bullock, with 'Him bale budgery†—him too much old man—you too much . . . cheat!'—the expletives of their white teachers being, it is to be regretted, too aptly caught up as part of their vocabulary, or 'jabber,' to use their own word for talk.

But to return to our subject—the head-station. The hut of the squatter, when complete, is rather picturesque than otherwise, and Frank's was a fair specimen of the class. It had a frontage of about 85 feet, was 7½ feet high from the ground to the eaves, with a veranda, supported upon green-painted posts, the whole length; the doors and window-frames were of cedar, and were brought ready-made from Melbourne, and being oiled, had a very civilised appearance; a small enclosure, with paling and wicket for entrance, was in front of the hut, and contained a few trees, and, for a few months in the year, some home flowers—mignonette, &c. The interior of the rooms was lined with canvas (battened as in England); and in some huts, where a lady-inhabitant introduces elegances as well as comforts, the canvas is covered with paper of some gay pattern; then the whole apartment—with its chairs and tables—piano, may be—and little library of choice books—assumes quite a home appearance, and would do no discredit to any English dwelling of the middle class. In the case, however, of our friends—both bachelors—the hut was but simply furnished, for a long period nothing beyond necessities being admitted; the only ornamented part being the chimney, which was whitewashed (with lime brought from Melbourne) in a tasty style. The bedrooms contained tent-bedsteads, with their linen and mattresses, and scarcely anything else: the vicinity of the river rendered washstands superfluous, and the mysteries of the toilet being renounced by the squatter when in the bush. He keeps a town-suit of 'dress' clothes in his box at his hotel at his market-town, which suit he wears during his annual visit there; but at other times he is unfettered by fashion. Loose canvas-trousers, and check-shirt open at the throat, with broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hat, or of late the 'Jim Crow,' are the principal articles of attire. Complete it by a pair of jack-boots and stock-whip, and imagine a

beard of many months' growth, and you may picture the squatter to the life; though it must be confessed that the razor is more used than formerly, as civilisation, so to speak, advances into the interior.

Our friends having brought up their horses, some twenty in number, and imported an Arab from India to run with them, and having also succeeded in getting upon advantageous terms a small drove of cattle (for consumption), found their hands tolerably full of work; and for the sake of convenience adopted a plan of division of labour, which, being found to answer well, they continued to follow. Frank took upon himself the superintendence of the out-station work, while his partner engaged to manage the books and stores, and look after the men employed at the head-station—a sort of secretary for the home department. The most difficult part of Frank's daily duty was, at first, the necessary breaking in of the flocks and cattle to the run: this is merely the keeping a constant watch upon them, and not allowing them to stray over the boundary, and thus trespass upon a neighbour's property; but if properly attended to, although a great deal of care is required at first, it is astonishing how soon the stock appear instinctively to know their proper limit. This object once attained, Frank's chief occupation consisted in a daily ride to one or more of the out-stations, for the purpose of overlooking his stock, and seeing that his men did their duty. Nowhere is 'the eye of the master' more necessary to insure diligence in the servant than in the bush, and in no situation is 'greenness,' or want of practical knowledge in the employer, sooner found out and taken advantage of. It was now that the experience so hardly earned by Frank stood him in good stead; and during his daily superintendence he had often cause to be thankful that he had so serviceable an apprenticeship at Jerry's Creek before undertaking his present extensive speculation. Activity, too, both of body and mind, are essential points for success; and often has our settler ridden to a distant sheep-station, some twelve miles off, counted out the flock, and galloped home again by breakfast-time—sunrise. Indeed, distance seems never to be thought of by men whose life, like that of the wandering Arab, is mostly spent in the saddle, and whose horses, comparatively speaking, never tire, or need more food than the natural grasses of the country. A little anecdote may serve to illustrate this. Soon after Frank's arrival at the Henry River Station, on paying a visit one evening to his next neighbour, whose station was about twenty miles distant, our squatter found the wife of his friend suffering from toothache.

'Why don't you have it out?' was Frank's natural exclamation.

'You shew that you are fresh in these parts,' answered his neighbour. 'Have it out, indeed! why, our doctor lives fifty miles off!'

'Well,' rejoined Frank, whose employment in his brother's surgery might now turn to advantage—'well, I'll take it out for you. I must run back for my instruments, and will do the job in a twinkling.' And, in truth, into the saddle he jumped—homewards his twenty miles he hied—pocketed his instruments—galloped back—pulled out the offender—had a cup of tea—and returned home—as if it had been but three streets off.

About the end of June the lambing season—an anxious time—commenced, and continued for about six weeks. Two extra hands were hired to each flock, and as the lambs are all bred in the open air, a good deal of attention was required; the season proved dry, which was in their favour, and a good increase was the result; and although the marking, tailing, &c. of the flock of weaners, which was all done by Frank himself, was laborious and far from pleasant employment, yet 'the hope of reward sweetened labour,' and it was some little diversion from the usual monotony of his duties.

* The aborigines are called 'blacks'; children of settlers, born in the colony, 'natives.'
† *Anglice*—No good.

The next period of excitement came with October, when shearing, the important operation of the year, began. Our friends were under no anxiety respecting the extra hands necessary, for several gangs of shearers are sure to be travelling the country at this season; and, accordingly, a troop of ten or twelve made their appearance one morning with the inquiry: 'Has the master hired his shearers yet?'

'No,' says the master; 'how much a hundred will you take?'

'How much will you give?'

Frank, who had heard of a neighbour hiring at the rate of 12s. 6d., named that sum.

'That won't do at all; we'll come for one pound.'

'I can't give that.'

'Well, good-night, master.'

'Good-night!' And the worthies dispersed forthwith to the men's huts, where, after hobbling their horses, they made themselves comfortable for the night, and made use of the time to inquire as to the master's character for liberality, &c. The next morning, while Frank was at breakfast, came a deputation: 'If you'll take us all, we'll come for sixteen shillings.'

'No,' says our friend. But they would not abate more; and when the last of them had filed off past the river, Frank was fain to 'cooie'* after them, and agree to their offer. This sort of battle between master and servant is very common with such men, as they lose no opportunity for taking in a fresh hand in the matter of wages, as indeed in every other particular. If the master or his deputy does not superintend the operation of shearing, or if the men find him to be ignorant, they will 'race,' or leave on the bottom, the most valuable wool, which is the hardest to cut. A fast shearer has been known to cut 120 sheep a day; but 60 to 80 is the usual average. The men purchase their own rations and shears, which are supplied from the master's store; as each fleece is shorn it is subjected to the press—after having been shaken free from dirt, and folded upon the folding-table—and packed in bags brought from Melbourne, always a necessary part of the stores. The press used by Frank for some time was merely a weight adjusted by pulleys and common tackle; but as this was frequently getting out of order, he subsequently purchased a screw-press—a very effective though costly article, its price being £60.

In about a month the wool was ready for carriage to Melbourne, and the drays were put in requisition, the bales were all well secured upon them, and put in charge of two men to each dray—the driver and his mate—who took provisions with them for the time they expected to be on the road—about a month. They were expected to travel about fourteen miles per diem, starting early in the morning, halting during the hottest part of the day, and sleeping at night under the tarpaulins of their drays. In about a fortnight Frank, having arranged with his partner for the conduct and supervision of affairs at home, started for the capital to sell their wool, and lay in a stock of supplies for the next year. His manner of journeying was this: Attired in the usual costume, he galloped along on one horse, at the same time leading another, upon which a small valise with a change was strapped. Starting each day at or before sunrise, resting for a few hours at mid-day, and putting up for the night at sundown at some friendly station—or, as he neared the town, at some roadside inn—he managed to get over from forty to fifty miles a day, occasionally mounting the led-horse by way of relief.

He came up with the drays on the fourth day, and finding all right, pursued his course, and reached Melbourne at the end of the sixth. Arrived at his hotel, he donned his town-suit, and proceeded next morning to his agent, to negotiate the sale of his wool, and see

how his balance stood. The usual way of doing business is this: The up-country squatter has his agent in town, to whom he consigns his wool, and upon whom he draws cheques to pay wages and other expenses. The account is balanced when the clip arrives, and often does the farmer find that he is in debt to his agent. The expenses at first are necessarily great, but credit is readily obtained—the borrower paying a variable, sometimes a high rate of interest, and a commission upon the loan. This system of credit, although convenient, is apt to generate carelessness in money-matters; and the custom of living luxuriously when in town—or 'down the country,' as it is called—sometimes swallows up much of the year's profits; and although it is but justice to state, that in general the settlers are steady and economical men—especially of late years—still there are always some few 'fast' ones, to be found too ready to enter into the dissipations of the capital. Doubtless there are many excuses to be found for men debarred in a great measure for the greater part of the year from the society and amusements of their fellows: it is easy to fancy how reluctant they must be to tear themselves from the charms and social enjoyments of the town; still it would be well if some were to remember the sentiment—'May to-day's enjoyment bear to-morrow's reflection!' and copy the example of our friend in enjoying themselves during their sojourn without exceeding the bounds of prudence. With regard to the labouring-classes, too often may be applied to them the colonial phrase—'They earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses.' The shepherd or stock-keeper, immediately upon receiving his balance of wages due at the end of his term of service, goes to the nearest inn to change his cheque, and there, in many instances, he remains day after day, or week after week, according to the length of his purse, and for the greater part of the time in a state of intoxication, until he has spent every shilling.

It may appear somewhat extraordinary to those of the old country, accustomed to buy their pound of coffee, and who consider a loaf or two of sugar, and seven pounds of tea, a large investment, to read of the items of a squatter's provisioning sent home on the return of the drays. They took back no less a quantity than eight tons of flour, thirty-five cwt. of sugar, nine chests of tea, of about seventy pounds each, and one keg of tobacco (280 lbs.)—these the necessities. Then came minor articles—preserved fruits, pickles, crockery, linen, ironmongery, clothing, fish-hooks, powder and shot, harness, shears, &c. &c.; and among the rest strychnine (a deadly poison, the active principle of the nux-vomica), of which they use great quantities to poison the native dogs, this mode of extermination being found most effectual. In short, the store of the squatter presents more the appearance of what is termed in the country districts of England a *general shop*, which in effect it really is; for everything that the men require, either for themselves or families, beyond their regular rations, is purchased at the store, and put down to their account, and deducted from their wages at settling-time.

It needs not to detail minutely the occurrences of succeeding years: each as it passed witnessed improvements on our settlers' run, and increase in their flocks; but their duties and occupations were the same. In the third year they built a wooden bridge over the river at their head-station, in lieu of a punt which had heretofore served them for crossing. The next year they purchased the screw-press before mentioned, and imported a race-horse from England for the purpose of breeding. In the year just passed they sold their annual clip for a considerable sum; they likewise disposed of from 5000 to 7000 supernumerary sheep at 6s. per head. They have at present a stock of about 20,000 sheep; 300 head of cattle, which they keep up to that number for the purpose of food, one being shot every ten days for the consumption of the station, as beef is the princi-

* The colonial 'halloo!' heard to a great distance.

pal meat eaten; they have about seventy horses, worth on the average £10 each; their store is well filled, and their improvements are in good repair. The country around them is much more settled: when first they occupied the run, they were obliged to send some 150 miles for their letters—the mail-cart now passes their hut, and delivers their bag twice a week; they are both in the commission of the peace, and are fast becoming substantial men. They talk of getting a small run near town, where they may take in their stock for sale until prices suit; and where—the climate being more temperate—they may reside during the hottest part of the year, appointing a manager at the Henry River. They have been fortunately free, hitherto, from catarrh in their flocks—a terrible disease, which sometimes sweeps away hundreds at once, and depreciates the value of the survivors, but which seldom appears in a 'new' country. In fact, it seems, in all human probability, that their onward path is now smooth; the first difficulties are over; and if they have the average good fortune, they will soon arrive at that point of life's journey from which they may look back in security upon their early trials, as only necessary to be kept in memory as reasons for thankfulness that they are past.

It would be well perhaps for our settler—as it would certainly be a conclusion more in accordance with custom in all such romantic narratives—if this could be wound up with a happy wedding; but, alas! our friend is still a bachelor. It would be well perhaps for him—it would certainly be well for the country of his adoption—were the case otherwise. Woman, after all, is the great civiliser. What influence so effectual as hers in polishing the rugged manners of a new settlement, in alleviating the crosses, and rendering bearable the toils, of the squatter's daily life? What power so likely as hers to reform those habits hinted at in our tale, by making home the source of enjoyment, and rendering unnecessary the search for happiness elsewhere? Admitting that some women are unfitted by nature or habits for life in the bush, is there anything in that life alarming to the majority? Certainly not. Nowhere does the peculiar province of the sex—domesticity, to use a hard word—shew to more advantage than in the *menage* of the squatter. Is there more neatness and order around a station—the garden better cultivated—the men less rough and unpolished—the master more happy and contented, even if not more prosperous, than his neighbours—be sure a lady-president is there; and the more frequently such homes are met with in the colony—the more extended the sphere of such influences—the happier will be the state, the more elevated the social position, of the sheep-farmer in Australia.

A few particulars may be perhaps advantageously added on practical matters relative to bush-life. First, as to the tenure upon which runs are held. At the time the station above described was occupied, a licence to hold lands while unsold was granted by government at an assessment according to the extent. (The Henry River Run was assessed at £50.) But now some changes are about to take, or have taken place, and by the new regulations lands are to be let by tender annually, when in settled districts—that is, near and around towns; in an unsettled country, as Frank's, to have fourteen years' lease at an assessment according to the number of stock a run will carry; and all intermediate lands to have a lease of seven years. When such lands change hands, the new-comer to take off all 'improvements' at a valuation. The wages of labourers differ somewhat according to rank, and vary according to the supply. Shepherds get £35 to £50 per annum, with a hut and rations—namely, twelve pounds of meat, ten pounds of flour, two pounds of sugar, a quarter of a pound of tea, and in some places a quarter of a pound of tobacco; in others they have to buy this last 'necessary,' together with soap, candles, rice, clothing, &c.

from their employer's store. The climate in the interior is very hot for seven or eight months of the year. There is very little vegetation at this season, but during the winter and spring months—June to October—which are very like early autumn in England, vegetation proceeds rapidly. There is a good supply of excellent fish in the rivers; and fowl—such as quail, wild turkey, snipe, &c.—are found in most districts. The hospitality of the bush is proverbial. Men dismount at a station, secure their horses, and walk in and make themselves comfortable with precisely the same confidence as if all were their own property; and as 'sundown' is the general dinner-hour in the bush, 'callers' are continually dropping in at that time: they partake of the meal—join in a social pipe, and pot of tea or glass of grog, as the case may be—retire to a tent-bedstead and mattress in the sleeping-room; and are often up and away before the master rises, without wishing him good-morning.

The great want in the bush is the means of education, both religious and moral. Children must be separated early from their parents, or they will grow up mere shepherds and stock-keepers; but, of course, as the country becomes settled, this evil will be gradually diminished. Even now most families have religious services in their houses on Sunday, at which their households and dependents assist. But when the nearest church is 300 miles distant, religious observances must be often neglected, and the Sunday becomes a day of comparative rest certainly, but nothing more.

One important subject may be briefly noticed. Who are best fitted for emigrants? Either the labourer, the man able and willing to work with his hands, or the man with some capital, who is thus enabled to use the hands of others. And even the capitalist, to do well, must have no small share of industry, energy, and perseverance. Any one going out without these characteristics (unless he turn shepherd, which employment will admirably suit even the laziest) may be put down, to use an expressive colonial phrase, as 'cranky,' or not in the possession of common discretion: on the other hand, with these qualities, conjoined with prudence and economy, he may not succeed in amassing a fortune, but he will assuredly secure comfort and competence.

To those of his acquaintance who may discern the real hero of the foregoing narrative through the 'nominis umbra' Frank Woodman, the writer begs to say that the true 'Frank' is not responsible for any facts or opinions therein expressed; the recollections of many a pleasant evening passed in his company afforded the foundation of the sketch which will for the first time meet his eye in these pages.

VAGARIES OF THE IMAGINATION.

'Fancy it burgundy,' said Boniface of his ale—'only fancy it, and it is worth a guinea a quart!' Boniface was a philosopher: fancy can do much more than that. Those who fancy themselves labouring under an affection of the heart are not slow in verifying the apprehension: the uneasy and constant watching of its pulsations soon disturbs the circulation, and malady may ensue beyond the power of medicine. Some physicians believe that inflammation can be induced in any part of the body by a fearful attention being continually directed towards it; indeed it has been a question with some whether the stigmata (the marks of the wounds of our Saviour) may not have been produced on the devotee by the influences of an excited imagination. The hypochondriac has been known to expire when forced to pass through a door which he fancied too narrow to admit his person. The story of the criminal who, unconscious of the arrival of the reprieve,

died under the stroke of a wet handkerchief, believing it to be the axe, is well known. Paracelsus held, 'that there is in man an imagination which really effects and brings to pass the things that did not before exist; for a man by imagination willing to move his body moves it in fact, and by his imagination, and the commerce of invisible powers he may also move another body.' Paracelsus would not have been surprised at the feats of electro-biology. He exhorts his patients to have 'a good faith, a strong imagination, and they shall find the effects.' 'All doubt,' he says, 'destroys work, and leaves it imperfect in the wise designs of nature: it is from faith that imagination draws its strength, it is by faith it becomes complete and realised; he who believeth in nature will obtain from nature to the extent of his faith, and let the object of this faith be real or imaginary, he nevertheless reaps similar results—and hence the cause of superstition.'

So early as 1462 Pomponatus of Mantua came to the conclusion, in his work on incantation, that all the arts of sorcery and witchcraft were the result of natural operations. He conceived that it was not improbable that external means, called into action by the soul, might relieve our sufferings, and that there did, moreover, exist individuals endowed with salutary properties; so it might, therefore, be easily conceived that marvellous effects should be produced by the imagination and by confidence, more especially when these are reciprocal between the patient and the person who assists his recovery. Two years after, the same opinion was advanced by Agrippa in Cologne. 'The soul,' he said, 'if inflamed by a fervent imagination, could dispense health and disease, not only in the individual himself, but in other bodies.' However absurd these opinions may have been considered, or looked on as enthusiastic, the time has come when they will be gravely examined.

That medical professors have at all times believed the imagination to possess a strange and powerful influence over mind and body is proved by their writings, by some of their prescriptions, and by their oft-repeated direction in the sick-chamber to divert the patient's mind from dwelling on his own state and from attending to the symptoms of his complaint. They consider the reading of medical books which accurately describe the symptoms of various complaints as likely to have an injurious effect, not only on the delicate but on persons in full health; and they are conscious how many died during the time of the plague and cholera, not only of these diseases but from the dread of them, which brought on all the fatal symptoms. So evident was the effect produced by the detailed accounts of the cholera in the public papers in the year 1849, that it was found absolutely necessary to restrain the publications on the subject. The illusions under which vast numbers acted and suffered have gone, indeed, to the most extravagant extent: individuals, not merely singly but in communities, have actually believed in their own transformation. A nobleman of the court of Louis XIV. fancied himself a dog, and would pop his head out of the window to bark at the passengers; while the barking disease at the camp-meetings of the Methodists of North America has been described as 'extravagant beyond belief.' Rollin and Hocquet have recorded a malady by which the inmates of an extensive convent near Paris were attacked simultaneously, every day at the same hour, when they believed themselves

transformed into cats, and a universal mewling was kept up throughout the convent for some hours. But of all dreadful forms which this strange hallucination took, none was so terrible as that of the lycanthropy, which at one period spread through Europe; in which the unhappy sufferers, believing themselves wolves, went prowling about the forests uttering the most terrific howlings, carrying off lambs from the flocks, and gnawing dead bodies in their graves.

While every day's experience adds some new proof of the influence possessed by the imagination over the body, the supposed effect of contagion has become a question of doubt. Lately, at a meeting in Edinburgh, Professor Dick gave it as his opinion that there was no such thing as hydrophobia in the lower animals: 'what went properly by that name was simply an inflammation of the brain; and the disease, in the case of human beings, was caused by an overexcited imagination, worked upon by the popular delusion on the effects of a bite by rabid animals.' The following paragraph from the 'Curiosities of Medicine' appears to justify this now common enough opinion:—'Several persons had been bitten by a rabid dog in the Faubourg St Antoine, and three of them had died in our hospital. A report, however, was prevalent that we kept a mixture which would effectually prevent their fatal termination; and no less than six applicants who had been bitten were served with a draught of coloured water, and in no one instance did hydrophobia ensue.'

A remarkable cure through a similar aid of the imagination took place in a patient of Dr Beddoes, who was at the time very sanguine about the effect of nitrous acid gas in paralytic cases. Anxious that it should be imbibed by one of his patients, he sent an invalid to Sir Humphry Davy, with a request that he would administer the gas. Sir Humphry put the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue of the paralytic, to ascertain the temperature of the body, that he might be sure whether it would be affected at all by the inhalation of the gas. The patient, full of faith from what the enthusiastic physician had assured him would be the result, and believing that the thermometer was what was to effect the cure, exclaimed at once that he felt better. Sir Humphry, anxious to see what imagination would do in such a case, did not attempt to deceive the man, but saying that he had done enough for him that day, desired him to be with him the next morning. The thermometer was then applied as it had been the day before, and for every day during a fortnight—at the end of which time the patient was perfectly cured.

Perhaps there is nothing on record more curious of this kind than the cures unwittingly performed by Chief-Justice Holt. It seems that for a youthful frolic he and his companions had put up at a country inn; they, however, found themselves without the means of defraying their expenses, and were at a loss to know what they should do in such an emergency. Holt, however, perceived that the innkeeper's daughter looked very ill, and on inquiring what was the matter, learned that she had the ague; when, passing himself off for a medical student, he said that he had an infallible cure for the complaint. He then collected a number of plants, mixed them up with various ceremonies, and enclosed them in parchment, on which he scrawled divers cabalistic characters. When all was completed, he suspended the amulet round the neck of the young woman, and, strange to say, the ague left her and never returned. The landlord, grateful for the restoration of his daughter, not only declined receiving any payment from the youths, but pressed them to remain as long as they pleased. Many years after, when Holt was on the bench, a woman was brought before him, charged with witchcraft: she

was accused of curing the ague by charms. All she said in defence was, that she did possess a ball which was a sovereign remedy in the complaint. The charm was produced and handed to the judge, who recognised the very ball which he had himself compounded in his boyish days, when out of mere fun he had assumed the character of a medical practitioner.

Many distinguished physicians have candidly confessed that they preferred confidence to art. Faith in the remedy is often not only half the cure, but the whole cure. Madame de Genlis tells of a girl who had lost the use of her leg for five years, and could only move with the help of crutches, while her back had to be supported: she was in such a pitiable state of weakness, the physicians had pronounced her case incurable. She, however, took it into her head that if she was taken to Notre Dame de Liesse she would certainly recover. It was fifteen leagues from Carlepont where she lived. She was placed in a cart which her father drove, while her sister sat by her supporting her back. The moment the steeple of Notre Dame de Liesse was in sight she uttered an exclamation, and said that her leg was getting well. She alighted from the cart without assistance, and no longer requiring the help of her crutches; she ran into the church. When she returned home the villagers gathered about her, scarcely believing that it was indeed the girl who had left them in such a wretched state, now they saw her running and bounding along, no longer a cripple, but as active as any among them.

Not less extraordinary are the cures which are effected by some sudden agitation. An alarm of fire has been known to restore a patient entirely, or for a time, from a tedious illness: it is no uncommon thing to hear of the victim of a severe fit of the gout, whose feet have been utterly powerless, running nimbly away from some approaching danger. Poor Grimaldi in his declining years had almost quite lost the use of his limbs owing to the most hopeless debility. As he sat one day by the bedside of his wife, who was ill, word was brought to him that a friend waited below to see him. He got down to the parlour with extreme difficulty. His friend was the bearer of heavy news which he dreaded to communicate: it was the death of Grimaldi's son, who, though reckless and worthless, was fondly loved by the poor father. The intelligence was broken as gently as such a sad event could be: but in an instant Grimaldi sprang from his chair—his lassitude and debility were gone, his breathing, which had for a long time been difficult, became perfectly easy—he was hardly a moment in bounding up the stairs which but a quarter of an hour before he had passed with extreme difficulty in ten minutes; he reached the bedside, and told his wife that their son was dead; and as she burst into an agony of grief he flung himself into a chair, and became again instantaneously, as it has been touchingly described, 'an enfeebled and crippled old man.'

The imagination, which is remarkable for its ungovernable influence, comes into action on some occasions periodically with the most precise regularity. A friend once told us of a young relation who was subject to nervous attacks: she was spending some time at the seaside for change of air, but the evening-gun, fired from the vessel in the bay at eight o'clock, was always the signal for a nervous attack: the instant the report was heard she fell back insensible, as if she had been shot. Those about her endeavoured if possible to withdraw her thoughts from the expected moment: at length one evening they succeeded, and while she was engaged in an interesting conversation the evening-gun was unnoticed. By and by she asked the hostess and appeared uneasy when she found the time had passed. The next evening it was evident that she would not let her attention be withdrawn: the gun fired, and she swooned away; and when

revived, another fainting fit succeeded, as if it were to make up for the omission of the preceding evening! It is told of the great tragic actress Clairon, who had been the innocent cause of the suicide of a man who destroyed himself by a pistol-shot, that ever after, at the exact moment when the fatal deed had been perpetrated—one o'clock in the morning—she heard the shot. If asleep, it awakened her; if engaged in conversation, it interrupted her; in solitude or in company, at home or travelling, in the midst of revelry or at her devotions, she was sure to hear it to the very moment.

The same indelible impression has been made in hundreds of cases, and on persons of every variety of temperament and every pursuit, whether engaged in business, science, or art, or rapt in holy contemplation. On one occasion Pascal had been thrown down on a bridge which had no parapet, and his imagination was so haunted for ever after by the danger, that he always fancied himself on the brink of a steep precipice overhanging an abyss ready to engulf him. This illusion had taken such possession of his mind that the friends who came to converse with him were obliged to place the chairs on which they seated themselves between him and the fancied danger. But the effects of terror are the best known of all the vagaries of the imagination.

A very remarkable case of the influence of imagination occurred between sixty and seventy years since in Dublin, connected with the celebrated frolics of Dalkey Island. It is said Curran and his gay companions delighted to spend a day there, and that with them originated the frolic of electing 'a king of Dalkey and the adjacent islands,' and appointing his chancellor and all the officers of state. A man in the middle rank of life, universally respected, and remarkable alike for kindly and generous feelings and a convivial spirit, was unanimously elected to fill the throne. He entered with his whole heart into all the humours of the pastime, in which the citizens of Dublin so long delighted. A journal was kept, called the 'Dalkey Gazette,' in which all public proceedings were inserted, and it afforded great amusement to its conductors. But the mock pageantry, the affected loyalty, and the pretended homage of his subjects, at length began to excite the imagination of 'King John,' as he was called. Fiction at length became with him reality, and he fancied himself 'every inch a king.' His family and friends perceived with dismay and deep sorrow the strange delusion which nothing could shake: he would speak on no subject save the kingdom of Dalkey and its government, and he loved to dwell on the various projects he had in contemplation for the benefit of his people, and boasted of his high prerogative: he never could conceive himself divested for one moment of his royal powers, and exacted the most profound deference to his kingly authority. The last year and a half of his life were spent in Swift's hospital for lunatics. He felt his last hours approaching, but no gleam of returning reason marked the parting scene: to the very last instant he believed himself a king, and all his cares and anxieties were for his people. He spoke in high terms of his chancellor, his attorney-general, and all his officers of state, and of the dignitaries of the church: he recommended them to his kingdom, and trusted they might all retain the high offices which they now held. He spoke on the subject with a dignified calmness well becoming the solemn leave-taking of a monarch; but when he came to speak of the crown he was about to relinquish for ever his feelings were quite overcome, and the tears rolled down his cheeks: 'I leave it,' said he, 'to my people, and to him whom they may elect as my successor!' This remarkable scene is recorded in some of the notices of deaths for the year 1788. The delusion, though most painful to

his friends, was far from an unhappy one to its victim: his feelings were gratified to the last while thinking he was occupied with the good of his fellow-creatures—an occupation best suited to his benevolent disposition.

AN INDIAN PET.

THE ichneumon, called in India the neulah, benjee, or mungoo, is known all over that country. I have seen it on the banks of the Ganges, and among the old walls of Jaunpore, Sirhind, and at Loodianah; for, like others of the weasel kind, this little animal delights in places where it can lurk and peep—such as heaps of stones and ruins; and there is no lack of these in old Indian cities.

That the neulah is a fierce, terrible, bloodthirsty, destructive little creature, I experienced to my cost; but notwithstanding all the provocation I received, I was led into becoming his friend and protector, and so finding him out to be the most charming and amiable pet in the world.

In my military career (for the ~~old~~ Indian was long attached to the army) I was stationed at Jaunpore, and having a house with many conveniences, I took pleasure in rearing poultry; but scarcely a single chicken could be magnified to a hen: the rapacious neulahs, fond of tender meat, waylaying all my young broods, sucking their blood, and feasting on their brains. But such devastations could not be allowed to pass with impunity; so we watched the enemy, and succeeded in shooting several of the offenders, prowling among the hennah or melindy hedges, where the clocking-hens used to repose in the shade surrounded by their progeny.

After one of these *battues* my little daughter happened to go to the fowl-house in the evening in search of eggs, and was greatly startled by a melancholy squeaking which seemed to proceed from an old rat-hole in one corner. Upon proper investigation this was suspected to be the nest of one of the neulahs which had suffered the last sentence of the law; but how to get at the young we did not know, unless by digging up the floor, and of this I did not approve. So the little young ones would have perished but for a childish freak of my young daughter. She seated herself before the nest, and imitated the cry of the famished little animals so well that three wee, hairless, blind creatures crept out, like newly-born rabbits, but with long tails, in the hope of meeting with their lost mamma.

Our hearts immediately warmed towards the little helpless ones, and no one wished to wreak the sins of the parents upon the orphans; and knowing that neulahs were reared as pets, I proposed to my daughter that she should select one for herself, and give the others to two of my servants. My daughter's *protégé*, however, was the only one that survived under its new régime: and Junnie, as she called her nursing, threw well, and soon attained its full size, knowing its name, and endearing itself to everybody by its gambols and tricks. She was like the most blithesome of little kittens, and played with our fingers, and frolicked on the sofas, sleeping occasionally behind one of the cushions, and at other times coiling herself up in her own little flannel bed.

In the course of time, however, Junnie grew up to maturity, being one year old, and formed an attachment for one of her own race—a wild, roving bandit of a neulah, who committed such deeds of atrocity in the fowl-house as to compel us to take up arms again. If she had only made her mistress the confidant of her love!—but, alas! little did we suspect our neulah of a companionship with thieves and assassins; and so, leaving her, we thought, to her customary frolics, we

marched upon the stronghold of the enemy. Two neulahs appeared, we fired, and one fell, the other running off unscathed. We all hastened to the wounded and bleeding victim, and my little daughter first of all; but how shall I describe her grief when she saw her little Junnie writhing at her feet in the agonies of death! If I had had the least idea of Junnie's having formed such an attachment, I should have spared the guilty for the sake of the innocent, and Junnie might long have lived a favourite pet; but the deed was done.

The neulahs, like other of the weasel kind—and like some animals I know of a loftier species—are very rapacious, slaying without reference to their wants; and Junnie, although fond of milk, used to delight in the livers and brains of fowls, which she relished even after they were dressed for our table.

The natives of India never molest the neulah. They like to see it about their dwellings, on account of its snake and rat-killing propensities; and on a similar account it must have been that this creature was deified by the Egyptians, whose country abounded with reptiles, and would have been absolutely alive with crocodiles but for the havoc it made among the numerous eggs, which it delighted to suck. For this reason the ichneumons were embalmed as public benefactors, and their bodies are still found lying in state in some of the pyramids. Among the Hindoos, however, the neulah does not obtain quite such high honours, although the elephant, monkey, lion, snake, rat, goose, &c. play a prominent part in the religious myths, and are styled the *Bahons*, or vehicles of the gods.

In Hindostan the ichneumon is not supposed to kill the crocodile, though it is in the mouth of every old woman that it possesses the knowledge of a remedy against the bite of a poisonous snake, which its instinct leads it to dig out of the ground; but this *on dit* has never been ascertained to be true, and my belief is that it is only based on the great agility and dexterity of the neulah. Eye-witnesses say that his battles with man's greatest enemy end generally in the death of the snake, which the neulah seizes by the back of the neck, and after frequent onsets at last kills and eats, rejecting nothing but the head.

The colour of the Indian neulah is a grayish-brown; but its chief beauty lies in its splendid squirrel-like tail, and lively, prominent, dark-brown eyes. Like most of the weasel kind, however, it has rather a disagreeable odour; and if it were not for this there would not be a sweeter pet in existence.

So far the experience of our Old Indian; and we now turn to another authority on the highly-curious subject just glanced at—the knowledge of the ichneumon of a specific against the poison of the snake. Calder Campbell, in his recent series of tales, 'Winter Nights'—and capital amusement for such nights they are—describes in almost a painfully truthful manner the adventure of an officer in India, who was an eye-witness, under very extraordinary circumstances, to the feat of the ichneumon. The officer, through some accident, was wandering on foot, and at night, through a desolate part of the country, and at length, overcome with fatigue, threw himself down on the dry, crisp spear-grass, and just as the first faint edge of the dawn appeared, fell asleep.

'No doubt of it! I slept soundly, sweetly—no doubt of it! I have never since then slept in the open air either soundly or sweetly, for my awaking was full of horror! Before I was fully awake, however, I had a strange perception of danger, which tied me down to the earth, warning me against all motion. I knew that there was a shadow creeping over me, beneath which to lie in dumb inaction was the wisest resource. I felt that my lower extremities were being invaded by the heavy coils of a living chain; but as if a providential opiate had been infused into my system, preventing all movement of thigh or sinew, I knew not till I was

wide awake that an enormous serpent covered the whole of my nether limbs, up to the knees!

"My God! I am lost!" was the mental exclamation I made, as every drop of blood in my veins seemed turned to ice; and anon I shook like an aspen leaf, until the very fear that my sudden palsy might rouse the reptile, occasioned a revulsion of feeling, and I again lay paralysed. It slept, or at all events remained stirless; and how long it so remained I know not, for time to the fear-struck is as the ring of eternity. All at once the sky cleared up—the moon shone out—the stars glanced over me: I could see them all, as I lay stretched on my side, one hand under my head, whence I dared not remove it; neither dared I look downwards at the loathsome bedfellow which my evil stars had sent me.

'Unexpectedly, a new object of terror supervened: a curious purring sound behind me, followed by two smart taps on the ground, put the snake on the alert, for it moved, and I felt that it was crawling upwards to my breast. At that moment, when I was almost maddened by insupportable apprehension into starting up to meet perhaps certain destruction, something sprang upon my shoulder—upon the reptile! There was a shrill cry from the new assailant, a loud, appalling hiss from the serpent. For an instant I could feel them wrestling, as it were, on my body; in the next, they were beside me on the turf; in another, a few paces off, struggling, twisting round each other, fighting furiously. I beheld them—a *mungoo* or *ichneumon* and a *cobra di capello*!

'I started up; I watched that most singular combat, for all was now clear as day. I saw them stand aloof for a moment—the deep, venomous fascination of the snake's glance powerless against the keen, quick, restless orbs of its opponent: I saw this duel of the eye exchange once more for closer conflict: I saw that the *mungoo* was bitten; that it darted away, doubtless in search of that still unknown plant whose juices are its alleged antidote against snake-bite; that it returned with fresh vigour to the attack; and then, glad sight! I saw the *cobra di capello*, maimed from hooded head to scaly tail, fall lifeless from its hitherto demi-erect position with a baffled hiss; while the wonderful victor, indulging itself in a series of leaps upon the body of its antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat!

'Little, graceful creature! I have ever since kept a pet *mungoo*—the most attached, the most playful, and the most frog-devouring of all animals.'

Many other authors refer to the alleged antidote against a snake-bite, known only to the *ichneumon*, and there are about as many different opinions as there are authors; but, on the whole, our Old Indian appears to us to be on the strongest side.

THE FAR WEST.

'The Far West,' where is the West, and what are its bounds? But a few years have passed since our thriving town (then a rude hamlet) stood upon the further confines of the rising west. Still beyond there did indeed exist an ideal realm of future greatness, a matted and mighty forest; but 'clouds and thick darkness' rested on it:—but the solitude has been penetrated, the forest has been overwhelmed by the towering wave of emigration. That wave but recently spent its dindest fury ere it reached even here, and its last and dying ripple was wont to fall gently at our feet. But not so now: it has risen above, it has swept over us; and while its mighty deluge is yet running past in one unaltered current, the roar of its rushing surge, repeated by each babbling echo, is still sent back to us upon every western breeze. Ours is no longer a western settlement; our children are surrounded by the comforts, the blessings, and the elegances of life, where their fathers found only hard-

ship, privation, want. The 'westward' is onward—still onward—but where! Even the place that was known as such but yesterday, to-morrow shall be known as no more. The tall forest, the prowling beast, and

'The stole of the woods, the man without a tear,' are alike borne down, trampled, and destroyed by this everlasting scramble for the West.—*Buffalo paper*.

'THE WAUKIN' O' THE FAULD'

HEAVEN bless thy bonnie face, lassie!

Heaven bless the gentle heart

That could to you auld melody

Sic tenderness impart!

Awa', awa' wi' foreign airs,

Sae artfu' but sae cauld,

And let me hear again that sang—

'The waukin' o' the fauld.'

And thou the singer be, lassie,

For O thou singest weel!

The bosom soft, to feelin' true,

Will mak' others feel:

Even my sear'd heart, although it's noo

Toil-hardened, worn, an' auld,

Grew grit as when a bairn I heard

'The waukin' o' the fauld.'

A time may come to thee, lassie—

But far, far be the day—

When a strain like that will dearer seem

Than ye nicht care to say;

When thoughts o' buried years will rise

That daurna weel be tauld,

An' ye will feel that sang like me:

'The waukin' o' the fauld!'

C.

MYSTERY OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.

Lake Erie is only sixty or seventy feet deep; but the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 452 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although their surface is so much higher, are all, from their vast depth, on a level with the bottom of Lake Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the full probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper great lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior to Huron, and from Huron to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is by no means improbable, and will account for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but in no others. As the Falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some such subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of this river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

SPICK AND SPAN NEW.

'Spick and span new' is a corruption from the Italian *spicata della spanna*—snatched from the hand—fresh from the mint; and was coined probably when the English were as much infatuated with Italian fashions as they now are with French.

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TALKS OF THE COAST-GUARD FROM THE UNDEVELOPED

The *Ross* had been becalmed for several days in Cowes Harbour and utterly at a loss how else to cheat the time I employed myself one afternoon in sauntering up and down the quay whistling for a breeze and listlessly watching the slow approach of a row boat, bringing the mail and a few passengers from Southampton the packet cutter to which the boat belonged being helplessly immovable except for such drift as the tide gave her as the *Ross*. The slowness of its approach for I expected a messenger with letters—a lid to my impatient weariness—and as according to my reckoning, it would be at least an hour before the boat reached the landing steps I returned to the Countess Inn in the High Street called for a glass of negus, and as I lazily sipped it, once more turned over the newspaper lying on the table though with scarcely a hope of coming across at a line that I had not read half a dozen times before. I was mistaken. There was a 'Cornwall Gazette' amongst them which I had not before seen and in one corner of it I lit upon this, to me in all respects new and extremely interesting paragraph. We copy the following statement from a contemporary solely for the purpose of contradicting it: 'It is said that the leader of the smugglers in the late desperate affray with the coast guard in St Michael's Bay was no other than Mr George Polwhell Hendrick, of Fowthwithel, formerly as our readers are aware, a lieutenant in the royal navy and dismissed the king's service by sentence of court martial at the close of the war. There is no foundation for this imputation. Mrs Hendrick of Fowthwithel, requests us to state that her son from whom she heard but about ten days since commands a first class ship in the merchant navy of the United States.

I was exceedingly astonished. The court martial I had not heard of and having never overheard the Navy List for such a purpose the absence of the name of George Hendrick had escaped my notice. What could have been his offence? Some hasty, passionate act, no doubt, for misbehaviour before the enemy, or of the commission of deliberate wrong; it was impossible to suspect him. He was, I personally knew, as eager as flame in combat, and his frank, perhaps heedless generosity of temperament, was abundantly apparent to every one acquainted with him. I had known him for a short time only, but the few days of our acquaintance were passed under circumstances which bring out the true nature of a man more prominently and unmistakably than might twenty years of him in his everyday life. The vanity of pretension falls quickly

off in presence of sudden and extreme peril—especially requiring presence of mind and energy to beat it back. It was in such a position that I recognised some of the high qualities of Lieutenant Hendrick. The two sloops of war in which we respectively served were consorts for awhile on the South African coast during which time we fell in with a *Libano* Italian privateer or pirate—for the distinction between the two is much more technical than real. She was to leeward when we sighted her, and not very distant from the shore and so quickly did she show her water that pursuit by either of the sloops was out of the question. Being a stout vessel of her class, and full of men four boats—three of the *Scorpion's* and one of her consorts—were detached in pursuit. The breeze gradually failed, and we were fast coming up with our find when he vanished behind a headland, on rounding which we found he had disappeared up a narrow, winding river of no great depth of water. We of course followed and after about a quarter of an hour's hard pull found, on suddenly turning a sharp elbow of the stream, that we had caught a pirate. We had in fact, come upon a complete nest of privateers—wonderous or deep they termed it. The vessel was already anchored across the channel, and we were flanked on each shore by a crowd of desperadoes well provided with small arms, and with two or three pieces of light ordnance amongst them. The shouts of defiance with which they greeted us as we swept into the deadly trap were instantly followed by a general and murderous discharge of both musketry and artillery and as the smoke cleared away I saw that the leading pinnace, commanded by Hendrick, had been literally knocked to pieces, and that the little living portion of the crew were splashing about in the river.

There was time but for one look, for if we allowed the rascals time to reload their guns our own fate would inevitably be a similar one. The men understood this, and with a loud cheer swept eagerly on towards the privateer, whilst the two remaining boats engaged the flanking shore forces, and I was soon involved in about the fiercest *mêlée* I ever had the honour to assist at. The furious struggle on the deck of the privateer lasted but about five minutes only, at the end of which all that remained of us were thrust over the side. Some tumbled into the boat others, like myself, were pitched into the river. As soon as I came to the surface, and had time to shake my ears and look about me, I saw Lieutenant Hendrick, who, the instant the pinnace he commanded was destroyed, had with equal daring and presence of mind swam towards a boat at the privateer's stern, cut the rope that held her with the sword he carried between his teeth, and forth-

with began picking up his half-drowned boat's crew. This was already accomplished, and he now performed the same service for me and mine. This done, we again sprang at our ugly customer, he at the bow, and I about midships. Hendrick was the first to leap on the enemy's deck; and so fierce and well-sustained was the assault this time, that in less than ten minutes we were undisputed victors so far as the vessel was concerned. The fight on the shore continued obstinate and bloody, and it was not till we had twice discharged the privateer's guns amongst the desperate rascals that they broke and fled. The dashing, yet cool and skilful bravery evinced by Lieutenant Hendrick in this brief but tumultuous and sanguinary affair was admirably remarked upon by all who witnessed it, few of whom, whilst gazing at the sinewy, active form, the fine, pale, flashing countenance, and the dark, thunderous eyes of the young officer—if I may use such a term, for in their calmest aspect a latent volcano appeared to slumber in their gleaming depths—could refuse to subscribe to the opinion of a distinguished admiral, who more than once observed that there was no more promising officer in the British naval service than Lieutenant Hendrick.

Well, all this, which has taken me so many words to relate, flashed before me like a scene in a theatre, as I read the paragraph in the Gornish paper. The *Scorpion* and her consort parted company a few days after this fight, and I had not since then seen or heard of Hendrick till now. I was losing myself in conjectures as to the probable or possible cause of so disgraceful a termination to a career that promised so brilliantly, when the striking of the bar-clock warned me that the mail-boat was by this time arrived. I sallied forth and reached the pier-steps just a minute or so before the boat arrived there. The messenger I expected was in her, and I was turning away with the parcel he handed me, when my attention was arrested by a stout, unwieldy fellow, who stumbled awkwardly out of the boat, and hurriedly came up the steps. The face of the man was pale, thin, hatchet-shaped, and anxious, and the gray, ferret eyes were restless and perturbed; whilst the stout, round body was that of a yeoman of the bulkiest class, but so awkwardly made up that it did not require any very lengthened scrutiny to perceive that the shrunken carcass appropriate to such a lanky and diurnal visage occupied but a small space within the thick casing of padding and extra garments in which it was swathed. His light-brown wig, too, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat, had got a little awry, dangerously revealing the scanty locks of iron-gray beneath. It was not difficult to run up these little items to a pretty accurate sum-total, and I had little doubt that the hasting and nervous traveller was fleeing either from a constable or a sheriff's officer. It was, however, no affair of mine, and I was soon busy with the letters just brought me.

The most important tidings they contained was that Captain Pickard—the master of a smuggling craft of some celebrity, called *Les Trois Freres*, in which for the last twelve months or more he had been carrying on a daring and successful trade throughout the whole line of the southern and western coasts—was likely to be found at this particular time near a particular spot in the back of the Wight. This information was from a sure source in the enemy's camp, and it was consequently with great satisfaction that I observed indications of the coming on of a breeze, and in all probability a stiff one. I was not disappointed; and in less than an hour the *Rose* was stretching her white wings beneath a brisk north-wester over to Portsmouth, where I had some slight official business to transact previous to looking after friend Pickard. This was speedily despatched, and I was stepping into the boat on my

return to the cutter when a panting messenger informed me that the port-admiral desired to see me instantly.

'The telegraph has just announced,' said the admiral, 'that Sparkes, the defaulter, who has for some time successfully avoided capture, will attempt to leave the kingdom from the Wight, as he is known to have been in communication with some of the smuggling gentry there. He is supposed to have a large amount of government moneys in his possession; you will therefore, Lieutenant Warneford, exert yourself vigilantly to secure him.'

'What is his description?'

'Mr James,' replied the admiral, addressing one of the telegraph clerks, 'give Lieutenant Warneford the description transmitted.' Mr James did so, and I read: 'Is said to have disguised himself as a stout countryman; wears a blue coat with bright buttons, buff waistcoat, a brown wig, and a Quaker's hat. He is of a slight, lanky figure, five feet nine inches in height. He has two pock-marks on his forehead, and lips in his speech.'

'By Jove, sir,' I exclaimed, 'I saw this fellow only about two hours ago!' I then briefly related what had occurred, and was directed not to lose a moment in hastening to secure the fugitive.

The wind had considerably increased by this time, and the *Rose* was soon again off Cowes, where Mr Roberts, the first mate, and six men, were sent on shore with orders to make the best of his way to Bonchurch—about which spot I knew, if anywhere, the brown-wigged gentleman would endeavour to embark—whilst the *Rose* went round to intercept him seaward; which she did at a spanking rate, for it was now blowing half a gale of wind. Evening had fallen before we reached our destination, but so clear and bright with moon and stars that distant objects were as visible as by day. I had rightly guessed how it would be, for we had no sooner opened up Bonchurch shore or beach than Roberts signalled us that our man was on board the cutter running off at about a league from us in the direction of Cape La Hogue. I knew, too, from the cutter's build, and the cut and set of her sails, that she was no other than Captain Pickard's boasted craft, so that there was a chance of killing two birds with one stone. We evidently gained, though slowly, upon *Les Trois Freres*; and thus, after about a quarter of an hour's run, appeared to be her captain's own opinion, for he suddenly changed his course, and stood towards the Channel Islands, in the hope, I doubted not, that I should not follow him in such weather as was likely to come on through the dangerous intricacies of the iron-bound coast about Guernsey and the adjacent islets. Master Pickard was mistaken; for knowing the extreme probability of being led such a dance, I had brought a pilot with me from Cowes, as well acquainted with Channel navigation as the smuggler himself could be. *Les Trois Freres*, it was soon evident, was now upon her best point of sailing, and it was all we could do to hold our own with her. This was vexatious; but the aspect of the heavens forbade me showing more canvas, greatly as I was tempted to do so.

It was lucky I did not. The stars were still shining over our heads from an expanse of blue without a cloud, and the full moon also as yet held her course unobscured, but there had gathered round her a glittering halo-like ring, and away to windward huge masses of black cloud, piled confusedly on each other, were fast spreading over the heavens. The thick darkness had spread over about half the visible sky, presenting a singular contrast to the silver brightness of the other portion, when suddenly a sheet of vivid flame broke out of the blackness, instantly followed by deafening explosions, as if a thousand cannons were bursting immediately over our heads. At the same moment the tempest came leaping and hissing along the white-crested waves, and struck the *Rose* abeam with such

terrible force, that for one startling moment I doubted if she would right again. It was a vain fear; and in a second or two she was tearing through the water at a tremendous rate. *Les Trois Frères* had not been so lucky; she had carried away her topmast, and sustained other damage; but so well and boldly was she handled, and so perfectly under command appeared her crew, that these accidents were, so far as it was possible to do so, promptly repaired; and so little was she crippled in comparative speed, that although it was clear enough, after a time, that the *Rose* gained something on her, it was so slowly that the issue of the chase continued extremely doubtful. The race was an exciting one: the Caskets, Alderney, were swiftly past, and at about two o'clock in the morning we made the Guernsey lights. We were by this time within a mile of *Les Trois Frères*; and she, determined at all risks to get rid of her pursuer, ventured upon passing through a narrow opening between the small islets of Herm and Jethou, abreast of Guernsey—the same passage, I believe, by which Captain, afterwards Admiral Lord Saumarez, escaped with his frigate from a French squadron in the early days of the late war.

Fine and light as the night had again become, the attempt, blowing as it did, was a perilous, and proved to be a fatal one. *Les Trois Frères* struck upon a reef on the side of Jethou—a rock with then but one poor habitation upon it, which one might throw a biscuit over; and by the time the *Rose* had brought up in the Guernsey Roads, the smuggler, as far as could be ascertained by our night glasses, had entirely disappeared. What had become of the crew and the important prisoner was the next point to be ascertained; but although the wind had by this time somewhat abated it was not, under the pilot's advice, till near eight o'clock that the *Rose's* boat, with myself and a stout crew, pulled off for the scene of the catastrophe. We needed not to have hurried ourselves. The half-drowned smugglers, all but three of whom had escaped with life, were in a truly sorry plight, every one of them being more or less maimed, bruised, and bleeding. *Les Trois Frères* had gone entirely to pieces, and as there was no possible means of escape from the desolate place, our arrival, with the supplies we brought, was looked upon rather as a deliverance than otherwise. To my inquiries respecting their passenger, the men answered by saying he was in the house with the captain. I immediately proceeded thither, and found one of the two rooms on the ground floor occupied by four or five of the worst injured of the contrabandists, and the gentleman I was chiefly in pursuit of, Mr Samuel Sparkes. There was no mistaking Mr Sparkes, notwithstanding he had substituted the disguise of a sailor for that of a jolly agriculturist.

'You are, I believe, sir, the Mr Samuel Sparkes for whose presence certain personages in London are just now rather anxious?'

His deathly face grew more corpse-like as I spoke, but he nevertheless managed to stammer out: 'No; J. Smith Edward, thir.'

'At all events, that pretty lip, and those two marks on the forehead, belong to Samuel Sparkes, Esquire, and you must be detained till you satisfactorily explain how you came by them. Stevens, take this person into close custody, and have him searched at once. And now, gentlemen smugglers,' I continued, 'pray inform me where I may see your renowned captain?'

'He is in the next room,' replied a decent-tongued chap sitting near the fire; 'and he desired me to give his compliments to Lieutenant Warneford, and say he wished to see him alone.'

'Very civil and considerate, upon my word! In this room, do you say?'

'Yes, sir; in that room.' I pushed open a wicket door, and found myself in a dingy hole of a room, little more than about a couple of yards square, at the further

side of which stood a lithe, sinewy man in a blue pea-jacket, and with a fur-cap on his head. His back was towards me; and as my entrance did not cause him to change his position, I said: 'You are Captain Pickard, I am informed?'

He swung sharply round as I spoke, threw off his cap, and said briefly and sternly: 'Yes, Warneford, I am Captain Pickard.'

The sudden unmasking of a loaded battery immediately in my front could not have so confounded and startled me as these words did, as they issued from the lips of the man before me. The curling black hair, the dark flashing eyes, the marble features, were those of Lieutenant Hendrick—of the gallant seaman whose vigorous arm I had seen turn the tide of battle against desperate odds on the deck of the privateer!

'Hendrick!' I at length exclaimed, for the sudden flush of painful emotion choked my speech for a time—'can it indeed be you?'

'Ay, truly, Warneford. The Hendrick of whom Collingwood prophesied high things is fallen thus low; and worse remains behind. There is a price set upon my capture, as you know; and escape is, I take it, out of the question.' I comprehended the slow, meaning tone in which the last sentence was spoken, and the keen glance that accompanied it. Hendrick, too, instantly read the decisive though unspoken reply.

'Of course it is out of the question,' he went on. 'I was but a fool to even seem to doubt it that it was. You must do your duty, Warneford, I know; and since this fatal mishap was to occur, I am glad for many reasons that I have fallen into your hands.'

'No am not I; and I wish with all my soul you had successfully threaded the passage you essayed.'

'The fellow who undertook to pilot us failed in nerve at the critical moment. Had he not done so, *Les Trois Frères* would have been long since beyond your reach. But the past is past, and the future of dark and bitter time will be swift and brief.'

'What have you especially to dread? I know a reward has been offered for your apprehension, but not for what precise offence.'

'The unfortunate business in St Michael's Bay.'

'Good God! The newspaper was right then! But neither of the wounded men have died, I hear, so that—that'—

'The mercy of transportation may, you think, be substituted for the capital penalty.' He laughed bitterly.

'Or, or,' I hesitatingly suggested, 'you may not be identified—that is, legally so.'

'Easily, easily, Warneford. I must not trust to that rotten cable. Neither the coast-guard nor the fellows with me know me indeed as Hendrick, lieutenant of the royal navy; and that is a secret you will, I know, religiously respect.'

I promised to do so: the painful interview terminated; and in about two hours the captain and surviving crew of *Les Trois Frères*, and Mr Samuel Sparkes, were safely on board the *Rose*. Hendrick had papers to arrange; and as the security of his person was all I was responsible for, he was accommodated in my cabin, where I left him to confer with the Guernsey authorities, in whose bailiwick Jethou is situated. The matter of jurisdiction—the offences with which the prisoners were charged having been committed in England—was soon arranged; and by five o'clock in the evening the *Rose* was on her way to England, under an eight-knot breeze from the south-west.

As soon as we were fairly underweigh, I went below to have a last conference with unfortunate Hendrick. There was a parcel on the table directed to 'Mrs Hendrick, Lostwithiel, Cornwall—care of Lieutenant Warneford.' Placing it in my hands, he entreated me to see it securely conveyed to its address unexamined and unopened. I assured him that I would do so; and tears, roughly dashed away, sprang to his eyes as he

grasped and shook my hand. I felt half-choked; and when he again solemnly adjured me, under no circumstances, to disclose the identity of Captain Pickard and Lieutenant Hendrick, I could only reply by a seaman's hand-grip, requiring no additional pledge of words.

We sat silently down, and I ordered some wine to be brought in. 'You promised to tell me,' I said, 'how all this unhappy business came about.'

'I am about to do so,' he answered. 'It is an old tale, of which the last black chapter owes its colour, let me frankly own, to my own hot and impatient temper as much as to a complication of adverse circumstances.' He poured out a glass of wine, and proceeded at first slowly and calmly, but gradually, as passion gathered strength and way upon him, with flushed and impetuous eagerness to the close:—

'I was born near Lostwithiel, Cornwall. My father, a younger and needy son of no profession, died when I was eight years of age. My mother has about eighty pounds a year in her own right, and with that pittance, helped by self-privation, unfelt because endured for her darling boy, she gave me a sufficient education, and fitted me out respectably; when, thanks to Pellew, I obtained a midshipman's warrant in the British service. This occurred in my sixteenth year. Dr Redstone, at whose "High School" I acquired what slight classical learning, long since forgotten, I once possessed, was married in second nuptials to a virago of a wife, who brought him, besides her precious self, a red-headed cub by a former marriage. His, the son's, name was Kershaw. The doctor had one child about my own age, a daughter, Ellen Redstone. I am not about to prate to you of the bread-and-butter sentiment of mere children, nor of Ellen's wonderful graces of mind and person: I doubt, indeed, if I thought her very pretty at the time; but she was meekness itself, and my boy's heart used, I well remember, to leap as if it would burst my bosom at witnessing her patient submission to the tyranny of her mother-in-law; and one of the greatest pleasures I ever experienced was giving young Kershaw, a much bigger fellow than myself, a good thrashing for some brutality towards her—an exploit that of course rendered me a remarkable favourite with the great bumpkin's mother.

'Well, I went to sea, and did not again see Ellen till seven years afterwards, when, during absence on sick leave, I met her at Penzance, in the neighbourhood of which place the doctor had for some time resided. She was vastly improved in person, but was still meek, dove-eyed, gentle Ellen, and pretty nearly as much dominated by her mother-in-law as formerly. Our child-acquaintance was renewed; and, suffice it to say, that I soon came to love her with a fervency surprising even to myself. My affection was reciprocated: we pledged faith with each other; and it was agreed that at the close of the war, whenever that should be, we were to marry, and dwell together like turtle-doves in the pretty hermitage that Ellen's fancy loved to conjure up, and with her voice of music untiringly dilate upon. I was again at sea, and the answer to my first letter brought the surprising intelligence that Mrs Redstone had become quite reconciled to our future union, and that I might consequently send my letters direct to the High School. Ellen's letter was prettily expressed enough, but somehow I did not like its tone. It did not read like her spoken language at all events. This, however, I concluded, be mere fancy; and our correspondence continued for a couple of years—till the peace in fact—when the frigate, of which I was now second lieutenant, arrived at Plymouth to be paid off. We were awaiting the admiral's inspection, which for some reason or other was unusually delayed, when a bag of letters was brought on board, with one for me bearing the Penzance postmark. I tore it open, and found that it was subscribed by an old and intimate friend. He had accidentally met with Ellen Redstone

for the first time since I left. She looked thin and ill, and in answer to his persistent questioning, had told him she had only heard, once from me since I went to sea, and that was to renounce our engagement; and she added that she was going to be married in a day or two to the Rev. Mr Williams, a dissenting minister of fair means and respectable character. My friend assured her there must be some mistake, but she shook her head incredulously; and with eyes brimful of tears, and shaking voice, bade him, when he saw me, say that she freely forgave me, but that her heart was broken. This was the substance, and as I read, a hurricane of dismay and rage possessed me. There was not, I felt, a moment to be lost. Unfortunately the captain was absent, and the frigate temporarily under the command of the first-lieutenant. You knew Lieutenant — ?'

'I did, for one of the most cold-blooded martinets that ever trod a quarter-deck.'

'Well, him I sought, and asked temporary leave of absence. He refused. I explained, hurriedly, imploringly explained the circumstances in which I was placed. He sneeringly replied, that sentimental nonsense of that kind could not be permitted to interfere with the king's service. You know, Warneford, how naturally hot and impetuous is my temper, and at that moment my brain seemed literally aflame: high words followed, and in a transport of rage I struck the taunting coward a violent blow in the face—following up the outrage by drawing my sword, and challenging him to instant combat. You may guess the sequel. I was immediately arrested by the guard, and tried a few days afterwards by court-martial. Exmouth stood my friend, or I know not what sentence might have been passed, and I was dismissed the service.'

'I was laid up for several weeks by fever about that time,' I remarked; 'and it thus happened, doubtless, that I did not see any report of the trial.'

'The moment I was liberated I hastened, literally almost in a state of madness, to Penzance. It was all true, and I was too late! Ellen had been married something more than a week. It was Kershaw and his mother's doings. Him I half-killed; but it is needless to go into details of the frantic violence with which I conducted myself. I broke madly into the presence of the newly-married couple; Ellen swooned with terror, and her husband, white with consternation, and trembling in every limb, had barely, I remember, sufficient power to stammer out, "that he would pray for me." The next six months is a blank. I went to London; fell into evil courses, drank, gambled; heard after awhile that Ellen was dead—the shock of which partially checked my downward progress—partially only. I left off drinking, but not gambling, and ultimately I became connected with a number of disreputable persons, amongst whom was your prisoner Sparkes. He found part of the capital with which I have been carrying on the contraband trade for the last two years. I had, however, fully determined to withdraw myself from the dangerous though exciting pursuit. This was to have been my last trip; but you know,' he added bitterly, 'it is always upon the last turn of the dice that the devil wins his victim.'

He ceased speaking, and we both remained silent for several minutes. What on my part could be said or suggested?

'You hinted just now,' I remarked after awhile, 'that all your remaining property was in this parcel. You have, however, of course reserved sufficient for your defence?'

A strange smile curled his lip, and a wild, brief flash of light broke from his dark eyes, as he answered: 'O yes; more than enough—more, much more than will be required.'

'I am glad of that,' We were again silent, and I presently exclaimed: 'Suppose we take a turn on deck—the heat here stifles one.'

'With all my heart,' he answered; and we both left the cabin.

We continued to pace the deck side by side for some time without interchanging a syllable. The night was beautifully clear and fine, and the cool breeze that swept over the star and moon lit waters gradually allayed the feverish nervousness which the unfortunate lieutenant's narrative had excited.

'A beautiful, however illusive world,' he *dy* and by sadly resumed, 'this Death—now so close at my heels—wrenches us from. And yet you and I, Warneford, have seen men rush to encounter the King of Terrors, as he is called, as readily as if summoned to a bridal.'

'A sense of duty and a habit of discipline will always overpower, in men of our race and profession, the vulgar fear of death.'

'Is it not also, think you, that the greater fear of disgrace, dishonour in the eyes of the world, which outweighs the lesser dread?'

'No doubt that has an immense influence. What would our sweethearts, sisters, mothers say if they heard we had turned craven? What would they say in England? Nelson well understood this feeling, and appealed to it in his last great signal.'

'Ay, to be sure,' he musingly replied; 'what would our mothers say—feel rather—at witnessing their sons' dishonour? That is the master-chord.' We once more relapsed into silence; and after another dozen or so turns on the deck, Hendrick seated himself on the combings of the main hatchway. His countenance, I observed, was still pale as marble, but a livelier, more resolute expression had gradually kindled in his brilliant eyes. He was, I concluded, nerving himself to meet the chances of his position with constancy and fortitude.

'I shall go below again,' I said. 'Come; it may be some weeks before we have another glass of wine together.'

'I will be with you directly,' he answered, and I went down. He did not, however, follow, and I was about calling him, when I heard his step on the stairs. He stopped at the threshold of the cabin, and there was a flushing intensity of expression about his face which quite startled me. As if moved by second thoughts, he stepped in. 'One last glass with you, Warneford: God bless you!' He drained and set the glass on the table. 'The lights at the corner of the Wight are just made,' he hurriedly went on. 'It is not likely I shall have an opportunity of again speaking with you; and let me again hear you say that you will under any circumstances keep secret from all the world—my mother especially—that Captain Pickard and Lieutenant Hendrick were one person.'

'I will; but why?'

'God bless you!' he broke in. 'I must on deck again.'

He vanished as he spoke, and a dim suspicion of his purpose arose in my mind; but before I could act upon it, a loud, confused outcry arose on the deck, and as I rushed up the cabin stairs, I heard, amidst the hurrying to and fro of feet, the cries of 'Man overboard!'—'Bout ship!'—'Down with the helm!' The cause of the commotion was soon explained: Hendrick had sprang overboard; and looking in the direction pointed out by the man at the wheel, I plainly discerned him already considerably astern of the cutter. His face was turned towards us, and the instant I appeared he waved one arm wildly in the air: I could hear the words, 'Your promise!' distinctly, and the next instant the moonlight played upon the spot where he had vanished. Boats were lowered, and we passed and repassed over and near the place for nearly half an hour. Vainly: he did not reappear!

I have only farther to add, that the parcel entrusted to me was safely delivered, and that I have reason to believe Mrs Hendrick remained to her last hour

ignorant of the sad fate of her son. It was her impression, induced by his last letter, that he was about to enter the South-American service under Cochrane, and she ultimately resigned herself to a belief that he had there met a brave man's death. My promise was scrupulously kept, nor is it by this publication in the slightest degree broken; for both the names of Hendrick and Pickard are fictitious, and so is the place assigned as that of the lieutenant's birth. That rascal Sparkes, I am glad to be able to say—chasing whom made me an actor in the melancholy affair—was sent over the herring-pond for life.

MONACHISM.

HISTORY is commonly said to be the most instructive of all studies; but whether owing to the incompetence of its teachers, or to the natural dullness of the apprehension of men, it is very difficult to be understood. We take its examples as abstractions, without reference to time or place, and try the fitness of one form of civilisation by the principles of another form. What was excellent in its acted time we think vicious because inapplicable to ours; and thus we shut our eyes to the character of those men or things by whose agency the enlightenment of one generation was passed on to the next. As an instance of this injustice we would mention Monachism, or Monks, a word much used in the party polemics of the day—with which it has nothing in the world to do—and always misused. Unacquainted with the general history of monachism, it is usually considered as a thing belonging exclusively to the Roman Catholic Church; whereas it was of far more ancient date, and may be said to have had its votaries in almost every religion of the East.

Not to go further into the early history of this remarkable institution than the period immediately after the commencement of our era, it may be mentioned that the first Christian monks were *solitaires* or hermits, who, disgusted with the growing irreligion of the times, betook themselves to the desert to worship God undisturbed by the passions of men. Here they gradually entered into communities; and, as Gibbon tells us, 'the philosophic eye of Pliny surveyed with astonishment a solitary people who dwelt among the palm-trees near the Dead Sea, who subsisted without money, who were propagated without women, and who derived from the disgust and repentance of mankind a perpetual supply of voluntary associates.' Egypt was overrun with colonies of monks; they swarmed on the mountains and in the deserts to a number, as an old author remarks, emulating the population of the towns. The custom was soon introduced into Rome, where the gentry, and, above all, the matrons, converted their houses into monasteries; but still numerous zealots, scorning the comforts of civilised life, continued to fix their abode in the wilderness. Here, however, they were followed by the adulation of mankind, till hermits were turned into saints and bishops.

The picture drawn by writers of the stamp of Gibbon is uniformly repulsive. They attribute the institution to motives either despicable or vicious, and seem blind to the part it was destined to play in the history of civilisation. But we cannot deny the credit of earnestness to those who, on accepting a law of conduct, bound themselves, under the most terrible penalties, to obedience; who abandoned entirely the pleasures of sense; who dressed in the coarsest garb of the country where they chanced to reside; and who satisfied their hunger with a scanty portion of the simplest food, and their thirst with pure water. These necessities they earned by their daily toil in cultivating the fields, manufacturing implements, and acting as servants to one another. After the toilsome day, they lay down to rest on the ground on a hard mat, and were disturbed at midnight by a rustic horn calling them with its

abrupt but melancholy roar to their devotions. Their original cells were low, narrow huts, disposed in regular rows, and forming the streets of a monastic village surrounded by walls. In Egypt the larger monasteries contained 1500 or 1600 inhabitants, each thirty or forty individuals composing a society of separate discipline and diet.

So much for the more ancient monks; but the same character and the same industry descended for many generations; and in England we find them in the middle ages turning the most sterile tracts into productive lands, and giving a new aspect to the country. Even abbots assisted in all sorts of rural labours, ploughing, winnowing, and forging instruments of husbandry at the anvil. Thomas à Becket, the haughtiest of them all, was a hard worker; and after he became Archbishop of Canterbury, was accustomed to go into the fields to have a bout at reaping corn and making hay. An abbot of Glastonbury in the thirteenth century was a famous hand at repairing ploughs, and at using them too. 'It must have been a pleasing scene of rural industry,' says Mr Merryweather, 'the labours of those busy monks, with two score ploughs at work; with fields gloriing in their abundant crops, lands crowded with luscious fruits, and vines bending beneath the weight of grapes; with doves of near nine thousand head of cattle; fine fish-ponds, busy mills and barns overflowing with gathered fruits. We cannot accuse the monks of sloth, or entertain many fears that poverty and starvation were heard to raise their dismal cry at the gates of Glastonbury in vain.' By such labours England came to be called 'a storehouse of Ceres' from the abundance of its corn.

This labour, it must be remarked, was a religious as well as a social duty. By the rules of St Benedict, morning-work in the fields was enforced upon the monks—four hours from Easter till October, and six hours from October to Lent; and after dinner and a desert of holy reading, they returned to their out-of-door's labour. This may seem hard; but the earlier monastic lands were a desert, which it was the mission of the monks to reclaim. 'Experience taught the pilgrim to deviate from the beaten path, and to gaze over such uninteresting spots for the curling smoke that betokened the presence of the monks, and reminded him of their Christian hospitality. Often, when least expected, but when most desired, did the sound of the matin-bell, wafting across a lonely moor, carry a welcome to his sinking heart, and make him turn aside for a blessing and a meal. Far removed from the habitations of men, and thus shut out from all intercourse with the world, the labour of the monks was as essential to their own comfort as it was salutary in preventing the growth of idleness among them.' The marshes near the monasteries were drained, and converted into productive land. Such was the case at St Albans; and in another place the lake now called Alresford Pond was formed of these waste waters, and not only gave large tracts of land for the use of man, but rendered the river Itchen navigable to the very head.

But the monks were not satisfied with works of utility. They were the men of taste of the times, and set themselves to adorn the wilderness they had reclaimed, until

'The desert smiled,
And paradise was opened on the wild.'

They surrounded their monasteries with gardens, orchards, and plantations, perfumed them with flowers and shrubs, and grew herbs and vegetables, which few of the laity were acquainted with. Vineyards were attached to almost all the monasteries; and in some wine was so abundant that the supply was ascribed to

miracle! This was the case when King Edgar dined with the Abbot Ethelwold at Abingdon, bringing with him a crowd of the Northumbrian nobility. The king drank like a lord, and the lords were as merry over their cups as kings; but still there was no stint. The wine came at their call like an endless flood; and the debauch was kept up till night, when the guests departed rejoicing. They were assured that the barrels of the poor monks had contained originally but very little, the rest being a miraculous gift of the patron saint.

It may easily be supposed that the reclaimed desert was not long of finding a population. The monks at first built houses for the serfs and other dependents who assisted them in their labours, and thus was formed the nucleus of a town. St Egwin, for example, established himself in the middle of a dense forest; and clearing away the thorns and brambles, constructed his monastery—now the flourishing town of Evesham. But the history of Croyland Abbey is still more remarkable. 'St Guthlac chose the most wretched spot in Lincolnshire, when he resolved to dedicate his life to God. An old manuscript describes the loathsomeness of the place. "It was," says the writer, "surrounded with crooked and winding rivers and swampy fens; sometimes the air was filled with dark and nauseous vapours; it abounded with black troops of unclean spirits, which crept under the door of his cell, and through every chink or hole in the slender habitation; they came out of the earth and filled the sky with darkness." As years rolled by, this little oratory of wood disappeared, and a monastery of stone was raised amidst that dismal fen to the honour of St Guthlac. Croyland Abbey gained fresh possessions with each succeeding abbot; and Egelric, in the time of Edward the Confessor, converted much of the waste lands of the fen to a profitable use; he drained and afterwards ploughed them. "In the dry years," says Innocentius, "he tilled the fens, and had an increase of an hundred-fold for all the seed he sowed; and the monastery was so increased by the abundant crops, that the poor of the country were supplied therewith, which attracted such a multitude of people that Croyland became *alta je town*." The abbots of St Albans, as an inducement to settlers, gave them materials and money; and when a town began to rise, laid out and decorated a market-place, and erected a church at each entrance. But a town without access would have been of little use. "The road to London," says Matthew Paris, "called Watling Street and the Royal Way, as well as all the parts of the Chiltern, being covered with thick woods and groves, was become a refuge for all sorts of wild beasts—such as wolves, wild boars, stags, and bulls; and was also a harbour for thieves and outlaws, to the imminent peril of the passengers and wayfarers." The worthy abbot had some of the wood cut down, rough places levelled, bridges built, and the road made firm and passable; and for the better protection of travellers, he entered into an engagement with a valiant knight, named Thurnoth, to maintain a regular guard upon this road; to scour those parts infested with thieves, and to defend the highway in times of war; for which services the abbot granted to the knight certain lands and revenues.'

At a time when roads were in such a state, and when travelling was so difficult and dangerous, the social advancement of the people would have been impossible without the monasteries to serve as *points d'appui* of civilisation. They were inns, hospitals, and refuges for the destitute, in one. Hospitality was a religious duty, and a parsimonious monk was reckoned a disgrace to his order. In dearth and famine, in pestilence and war, the monasteries were crowded with the poor and pilgrim: their money, their plate, even the ornaments of their shrines, were sold to provide the means of their charitable housekeeping; and when nothing

more remained, the very house itself was mortgaged to the Jews. To convey an idea of the costly liberality of the monks, Mr Merryweather tells us that at the Abbey of St Albans every traveller who came to the gate was entertained for three days; and at the Priory of St Thomas of Canterbury, the great hall, or hospitium, for the accommodation of pilgrims and poor travellers, was 150 feet long and 40 feet broad.

The correspondence of the monks in these dark ages linked the parts of the world together, and kept up the level of intelligence. Abbot corresponded with abbot throughout Christendom; and the letters being preserved in the archives of the monasteries, many of them are extant to this day, and present a curious picture of manners. The pilgrim, too, played his part in aid of 'our own correspondent'; and from the stores of both the industrious brethren compiled the chronicles which are the only histories of the time. The monks, likewise, stood instead of the printers of a later era: they multiplied copies of books with their pen; and even Gibbon confesses that to their earlier brethren in the convents of the East we owe the preservation of many of the classics. The annual fairs brought letters from all parts of the country, and these fairs were under the jurisdiction of the monks, who derived from them a portion of their revenues.

Mr Merryweather gives many instances of elegant scholarship among the monks; but their skill in mechanical science is less known, although it appeared so wonderful to their age that it was usually ascribed to the black art. When Gerbert constructed a hydraulic organ, the people, who fell down with terror, thought they heard the voice of the devil. 'St Dunstan was not the faint monkish historians have maliciously represented him. He was a great experimental philosopher for his time; he was an ingenious mechanic, an elegant musician, an expert scribe, and a tasteful artist. In the times of John of Glastonbury, about the year 1400, many proofs of his skill existed in the Abbey of Glastonbury; and his biographer says that he could make or model anything in gold, silver, brass, and iron.' Dunstan was likewise the inventor of the *Æolian harp*, whose music was of course preternatural, and brought upon him a sentence of banishment from the court as a necromancer. Another monk, Oliver of Malnesbury, made experiments in the art of flying, and performed the distance of a furlong, but then fell to the ground, and lamed himself for life. The accident, however, did not diminish his faith in the new science: he ascribed it solely to his having forgotten to provide himself with a tal. Other better-known names will suggest themselves, such as Michael Scott and Bacon, who belonged to the thirteenth century. The latter assumed the gray tunic of the Franciscan order, chiefly for the sake of the books and the tranquillity of the cloister, a tranquillity no doubt from its being composed of 'ease and alternate labour'—so favourable to longevity, that we continually read of Saxon monks upwards of 100 years old, and of some of 125, one of 112, and one of 163.

The monks were the chief medical practitioners, and it is no wonder that many of their cures were esteemed miraculous, since they were the result of implicit faith. On this subject Roger Bacon, in his discourse on 'Art and Nature,' is very plain. "Physicians use figures and charms," he writes, "knowing that the raising of the imagination is of great efficacy in curing diseases of the body: raising the soul from impurity to health, by joy and confidence, is done by charms, for they induce the patient to receive the medicine with greater faith. They excite courage, more liberal confidence, and hope. The physician, then, who would magnify his cure, must devise some way of exciting faith in his patient; not that thereby he would cheat, but that he may stir up the imagination of the patient to believe he will recover." This philosophic monk also believed in

an invisible fluid which gave men power over other objects—the mesmeric force of the present day. 'Magnetisers affirm,' says Mr Merryweather, 'that those most susceptible of the mesmeric influence, as well as the most capable of effecting it, are the high nervous temperaments. It has been found, too, that spare diet and long fasting have strengthened the power of the mesmeric operator, and a strict continence of the body is a grand auxiliary to success. Who then bore the marks of such a temperament, or who then so encouraged it, by his peculiar living, as the monk of old? His days spent in deep study, in devotion, in penance, and long fasting; his nights in prayer and religious grief. Was not this a training to make a mesmerist, and to render the nervous system susceptible to the slightest touch? Have we not in such a being the very attributes of a successful magnetiser? And is it so very unreasonable to think the monk might have practised as supernatural what science has shewn to be a natural, although as yet an undefinable power?'

Such was monachism as an agent of civilisation; and, like other agents, when its work was finished, it was of no farther use. The wealth it created robbed it of its original character. The abbots became great lords, and the monks grew lazy, fat, and licentious. The illumination it had spread shewed the deformities of a system no longer applicable to the state of society; and at the Reformation the monk Luther shivered the superannuated colossus into fragments, of which here and there portions still remain as monuments of the olden time. Let us not despise monachism because its mission is accomplished. Let us look at it as a great historical fact, and give it the honour it deserves. The convents of the present world have nothing but the name in common with the monasteries of the dark ages; and those solitary apostles who take up their abode in savage lands, to spread industry, refinement, and religion throughout the wilderness—they alone are the legitimate descendants of the monks of old.

INVISIBLE VEGETATION.

IN revelling in the glorious splendours of the vegetable world at a season when every tree and flower is in perfection, one is apt to forget or overlook the world of invisible vegetation which, though unseen and unheeded by man, is yet in full and active operation around us, and which, when investigated by the aid of artificial vision, presents a field of contemplation as varied and wondrous, though perhaps not so gorgeous, as the visible display of green foliage and blossoms of every tint and shade of brilliant colour which sparkle in the summer sun. There is something exceedingly interesting in tracing nature to her ultimate and simplest forms. The mind of man has a natural craving for the infinite. It delights to speculate either on the vast or the minute; and we are not surprised at the expression of Linnæus, that nature appeared to him 'greatest in her least productions.'

One is delighted in a summer evening in a walk amidst the dense, shaded woods to pick up a large, beautiful fern, to examine its frond, curiously and most symmetrically composed of numerous pairs of side leaflets, and turning over them, to find their under sides thickly covered with double rows of spores or seeds, the germ from whence in due season are to spring up other ferns, of a like kind: or in wandering by the cool margin of the sandy sea-beach, to pick up the huge sea-tang (*laminaria*)—which the ocean waves have torn up from its rocky station in the deep sea, and thus cast ashore to wither and die—with all its accompanying parasites of little shell-molluscs, sea-worms, and zoophytes. All these are as interesting as even the contemplation of the great and venerable oak of the forest. Yet when we return home, and turn the

microscope to various objects then within our reach, we shall find that there are forms and living things to be seen there as intensely interesting, and as suggestive of thought, as any we have seen in the wider field of nature out of doors.

Take, for instance, a little stale vinegar which has been exposed for some time to the air; or a solution of sugar in water of eight or ten days' standing; or, according to Schleiden, some bruised currant-juice mixed with sugar, and strained through blotting-paper, and allowed to stand for a day or two. If a drop of the muddy or filmy part of these fluids be examined under the microscope, minute granular bodies will be first perceived; these grains or little globules will in another day have enlarged, assuming now the form of rounded cells; several of these cells join together, and after another day a minute, fibrous-looking body, like a small bit of feathery down, will be visible floating along in the fluid drop; this is the famed *vinegar-plant*, or fermentation fungus. In a little time other similar forms make their appearance, till the fermenting fluid becomes studded over with opaque, muddy-like spots. If this fluid is still kept exposed to the air, these little floating islands, as it were, will soon be observed to enlarge, and to acquire other inhabitants. Minute living creatures like cels will be seen in full activity darting through the vegetable meshes. Other minute, but more decided vegetable forms, as confervæ, may perhaps choose to take up here their abodes; and, besides the vinegar-cels, animalcules of other families—as the *volvox*, the wheel-animal, and numerous monads—may be seen to swarm and disport around the shores, and in the little central lagoons of the floating islands. When we reflect, however, that those islands cannot be more than a line, or one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and that perhaps within the whole area of the drop of fluid under examination there are not less than some hundreds of vegetable forms, and from two to three millions of animals—the imagination is almost lost in the conception of such extreme minuteness. Yet we must by no means be incredulous, for we have at hand more palpable, though still very minute analogies to the primitive vegetation which we have just been describing.

If, during the warm summer weather, we put aside a bit of bread, or a slice of apple, pear, melon, or other fruit, or a turnip or potato peeling, if nothing better is at hand, we shall find, in a few days, all those substances will have assumed a mouldy appearance. Take a little of this mould gently off on the point of a penknife, and subject it to the microscope: you see in the moulded bread a grove of tall stalks, each with a round head slightly flattened; in short, a mushroom in miniature. This is the *Mucor mucedo*, the fungus of the bread-mould. While fresh and young they are of a beautiful milk-white colour; gradually they assume a yellowish tinge. The stalks are so transparent as, under a good magnifying power, to shew the cellular structure inside; the bulb now also exhibits, under a thin bark or skin, a number of minute circular bodies all arranged in a compact form: these are the spores or seeds. After a day or two more the fungi begin to ripen and assume a brownish tint; the bulbs blacken, the skin bursts, and innumerable spores are scattered about, many floating away in the air. This forest of mould, like larger ones, is liable to accidents: you may see in one corner, for instance, that the bit of bread forming the soil has cracked; thus a fungus has been loosened at the root, and it falls down, we may suppose with a crash, though we still desiderate instruments to magnify and make audible the sound. Nevertheless the effects of the fall are visible in the breaking down of neighbouring stems, and in the premature scattering of the seeds. You may see, too, sometimes the scattered seeds collect

upon one or two plants, and, enveloping them entirely, destroy their vitality, and thus cause old, rotten-looking stumps. If you attempt to tear up a plant its roots cause a sensible resistance. A little water dropped into the centre of this grove will in due time clear away a portion of the plants and cause a lake; and this lake will be found very soon tenanted by living creatures.

The largest tree of this forest may be about half a line, or the twentieth of an inch high. The apple or pea fungi attain the great height of even three lines. In each head of seed there is generally a million of spores. Ten thousand millions of these seeds might be, and very often are, dancing about in the air-currents of our apartments, though totally invisible to us; but could we sufficiently magnify them as a sunbeam darted in at our windows and illuminated their bodies, they would appear like so many cannon-balls moving rapidly up and down, and in all manner of directions. Unlike the higher species of plants, these minute fungi do not pay exclusive homage to the sun. While all the aristocratic families of roses, tulips, sun-flowers, passion-flowers, magnolias, wait upon his beams, and twist and turn towards them, and live but in his smiles, the mould fungi delight in dark closets, damp, half-shut drawers, or shaded nooks and corners. Neither do they disturb themselves nor deign to turn towards his beams at all; they continue to shoot out perpendicularly, horizontally, or even reversed, just as the surface from whence they spring happens to be directed. No loyal pea or bean, or seed of barley or wheat, when germinating in the ground, fails to raise its head aloft and spread out its leaves and blossoms to the light and day; but the bread-mould points its stalk and its seed-vessel just as readily downwards to the earth as upwards from it. Give these fungi, then, moisture, air, and warmth, and they seem to care little about light—that agency so essential for stimulating and carrying on the vital operations of all the higher orders of vegetables.

The bread-mould we have compared to mushrooms: the various kinds of fruit-mould are of a somewhat higher order: they imitate mosses in a degree of arborescence, in roots which spread into the soil, in rudiments of leaves or rather fronds, and in a greenish verdure which the others want. The mould of the apple differs from that of the pear, and both from the mould of the lemon and orange; the parasites of different families of plants thus differing from each other just as is the case with the animated parasites of animals. But animated beings have their vegetable parasites too. A fungus has been detected growing from the body of the common blue-bottle fly; minute fungi have been found in the human lungs; and a peculiar fungus grows from the skin of the human corpse.

The snow-plant (*Protococcus nivalis*) is a minute red cell fungus, which is frequently seen in large clusters on the surface of snow, or incrusting bare rocks on the Alpine mountains of Europe. Another minute red fungus (*Trichodesmium Ehrenbergii*) has been described by Ehrenberg as seen at certain seasons of the year covering large portions of the surface of the Red Sea; and when the sun shines on it, imparting that red tinge, compared to mahogany sawdust, which has probably given the name to that celebrated inland sea. The appearance of this vegetable in immense quantities on the surface of the water is very sudden, and its duration transient. 'On the 8th July 1843,' writes M. Dupont, 'I entered the Red Sea by the Strait of Babelmandel. On that day the sands were white, the reefs of coral were white also; the sea was of the most beautiful cerulean blue. On awakening on the morning of the 15th of the same month, what was my surprise to behold the sea tinted with red as far as the eye could reach. Behind the ship, upon the deck, and on all sides, I saw the same phenomenon. The whole surface of the water was covered with a compact stratum, but of little thickness,

of a matter of a fine texture, apparently like brick-powder mixed with rouge, or what fine sawdust of mahogany would exhibit. On examination it proved to be a minute cryptogamic plant. This redness continued till noon of the 16th, when it disappeared, and the surface of the sea became blue as before.

We have seen that all these forms of vegetation, excessively minute and simple in structure as they are, yet obey the great law of nature in propagating their kinds. Millions of their invisible seeds are constantly floating in the air, or swimming in the water, or lie amid the dust and sand of the soil, ever ready to spring up when the circumstances favourable for their germination and development are present; and thus we need not wonder at their ready appearance in almost all fluids and in all localities; nor need we be led to the supposition which once prevailed, before their natures and habits were so well understood, that they sprung up spontaneously, without seed or germ, from the soil, or from substances in a state of fermentation. Undoubtedly they are most commonly found in the products of animal or vegetable fermentation and decomposition, just because these matters afford them the chief conditions of vegetable growth—that is, food, moisture, and warmth. Spallanzani long ago shewed that by sowing a quantity of the black dust or spores of bread-mould on a piece of bread, he had a quicker growth and more plentiful crop of fungi than when the bread was left to a natural or chance supply of seeds; just as the husbandman has a surer crop of wheat when he deposits a sufficient quantity of seeds than when he leaves the chance of a crop to the shake of the previous autumn. More recent and careful experiments by Professor Schulze have also shown that if due care be taken to get quit of the ova of animals and the seeds of minute vegetables from any fluid, and at the same time carefully to exclude the further entrance of them through the admitted air, no traces of animal or vegetable life will be manifest.

What purpose, then, does this profusion of minute and almost invisible organic existences subserve in the great economy of nature, for nothing can have been made by the Great Creator of the world in vain? What is the use of those countless and almost inconceivable myriads of vegetables and animalcules, living, dying, and again reproduced in the most rapid succession, and all unseem and unmarked by the ordinary senses of man? They are evidently the advanced guard, the great pioneers of nature, the sappers and miners of the vast armies of the organic kingdoms. Inorganic matters—rocks, stones, the hard flints and limestones, even the obdurate iron—have to be invaded and rendered into impalpable atoms; the bland and inert fluid water, and the various impalpable gases, have all to be decomposed and moulded into new forms and into matters having new properties. All this, in the first instance, is the work of vegetables; the simpler kinds working and slaving for the more complicated—the miner accumulating by the mere force of untold numbers food for the larger and more complicated. Before we can have the wheat grain which furnishes our morning roll, millions on millions of fungi and conifers, of lichens and mosses, must have been at work preparing a suitable soil for the more delicate and noble cereal. Before the solitary student can read these pages at his well-trimmed midnight lamp, myriads of animalcules that feed on the particles of vegetable origin dissolved in the waters of the ocean, must feed the medusæ that feed the whale, whose sperm-oil feeds and sustains that midnight taper. Millions on millions of tons of minute organic particles that are every day and every hour, by a process of decomposition, fast hastening downwards again to join the mineral kingdom of inert chaos and dark night, are constantly being rescued by the roots and pores of some minute vegetables, or the

maws of some hungry animalcules, and again carried for use into the great vortex of life. And thus it ever is in our ceaseless round of existence: all nature is connected by links of a great chain; and one of those links, diminutive as it is, but which could not be wanted in its proper place, is the microscopic plant.

'AN HONEST PENNY.'

It is interesting to remark the various shifts and contrivances, the resorts of a very humble species of ingenuity, to which some of the right-minded poor by whom we are surrounded have recourse in order to procure what they proudly and independently term 'an honest penny.' It is gratifying to know that there is a very large section of the lowest ranks to whom the feeling of dependence upon others and the practices of dishonesty are equally hateful and repugnant; and it is impossible not to sympathise with the persevering endeavours of many of this class whom society seems, from some accident or other, to have pushed aside from the beaten paths of labour and its deserved emoluments; and who are left to make their way in the world in the strict and literal sense of the term—seeing that they have first to invent a calling before they can pursue it. How much physical energy and good moral determination some of them bring to bear upon this praiseworthy undertaking the following brief sketches, drawn from the life, may assist in shewing.

Terence O'Donough is an Irishman whom a fortunate fate has united to an English wife. When I first knew Terry he was in the enviable position of a hanger-on at the underground warehouse of a small printing-office, where two or three minor monthly publications were rolled off from a machine in a cellar, the motive-power of which was supplied by a steam-engine in an adjoining factory. Terry's whole fortune consisted in his wife, who plied as a basket-woman in Covent Garden, and his own broad back, which he carried steadily under the pressure of three hundred-weight; to which might be added a temper insensible to provocation, and an appetite which, owing to 'his riverence, Father Matthew,' who had cured him of whisky-drinking, was a match for anything eatable under the sun. Terry's wife, whom he always addressed as 'me darlint,' was in every respect the 'dacent ooman' he was fond of calling her; and she was not a little proud of her Herculean spouse, as anybody might see who observed her watching him as he devoured the monstrous boiling of potatoes which she brought him regularly at one o'clock, and which, with a draught of water from the pump in the courtyard, constituted his unvarying dinner. I question if the good woman herself lived upon anything better: it was Terry's boast that he had made her, like himself, a 'taytotalman intirely,' and that 'iver since, wi' the blessin' of iver, they hadn't wanted for nothin' at all at all.' Terry had no regular engagement; his earnings were limited to fetchings and carryings, and running of errands; and when he had nothing to do he had nothing to receive. His average receipts were rather under than over a pound a month; and his wife, according to his own account, which I believe was the true one, earned about half as much; but she made his home comfortable to him; kept his little garret as 'clane as the blue sky;' and if Terry had any wish in the world, you may be sure the image of his wife was shut up in the centre of it.

And, to tell the truth, Terry had his wishes; and they were, like those of all honest hard workers—for constant employment, and a larger income. How to bring about their realisation was the question. An untaught Irishman, bred in the bogs of Connaught, without education and without a calling, what could he do to improve his condition? There was no human rival whom he could supplant by superior qualifications. Even the little printer's devils, who galloped up and down stairs, and ran about the warehouse, had all 'got the larnin', and could rade a printed book out and out, while he did not know 'sorrow a letter.' 'Tisn't the larnin' will do my business anyhow,' said he to himself. 'Bedad, if I was but a stame-ingin, it's a pound a week they'd be afther givin' me. Arrah now! that's what I call a diskivery. Sure I'll be the stame-ingin, and do it half-price, if the masher will onnly hear rayson!' So Terry watched his opportunity, and one day when the steam ran short, as it invariably did on the Saturday, he boldly volunteered to supersede the steam-engine 'if the masher would put a handle to the mill, and drive it clean through the week for a less sum than he paid to the proprietor of the steam. Terry's proposition was at first laughed at as absurd, as the power required was considered far too great for one man to supply continuously. Repeated defalcations, however, on the part of Terry's rival, the steam-engine, at length induced the printer to listen to his offer. A handle was fitted to the machine, and Terry was offered half-a-crown a day for keeping it going. The experiment succeeded admirably. The contest between flesh and blood, bones and sinews, on the one side, and cast-iron on the other, was for once decided in favour of the former. The snorting, fire-eating rival was cashiered, and sent about his proper business; and from that day to this the arms of Terence O'Donough, with some occasional assistance from his wife, have supplied the motive-power to the printing-machine in

Court. From long practice Terry now makes comparatively light work of his ponderous task. During the hot summer weather his wife makes her appearance in the afternoon, and laying hold of the same handle, proves herself a worthy helpmate to her toiling spouse. More than once have I seen Terry fast asleep on the floor, after working half the night, while his wife, grinding away, kept the concern going at the accustomed pace. The steam-proprietor is the only loser by the bargain; Terry's employer saves 20 per cent. by the exchange; Terry himself has trebled his earnings; and both he and his wife are confidently looking forward to the accumulation of sufficient capital for a start in the 'general line,' including 'murphies and black diamonds,' which is to lead them onwards and upwards to respectability and fortune.

Returning lately from a visit to the Principality, I arrived by the Great Western Railway at the Paddington terminus. Throwing my portmanteau on the top of an omnibus bound for the Bank, I mounted myself by the side of it, and in a few minutes we were en route for the city. We had not yet entered upon the New Road ere I became aware that the omnibus, which was crowned with luggage, was accompanied on its journey by no less than six young lads, the eldest not above seventeen, who, running at the side or in the rear of the vehicle, kept up with it the whole way. I noticed that if one of them caught my eye, he made a motion of touching his

hat—though not a semblance of a hat or of a shoe either was to be found among the whole party—and executed a kind of shambling bow, which, being performed at the speed of six or seven miles an hour, appeared a rather comic species of politeness. I asked the driver the meaning of this curious cortege. 'Them poor young 'uns, sir,' said he, 'is arnin' what I calls a reglar hard penny. They are a-looking out arter the fuggage; and because they runs it down all the way from the railway, they thinks they got a right to the portorage. When we drops a passenger and a portmanteau together you'll see the move. The fust man (they goes in reglar turns) will shoulder the luggage, and pocket the browns for carrin' of it home. He as has the last turn will have to run perhaps all the way to the Bank—a good four mile the way we go. They gits what they can, and takes their chance whatever it is. Sometimes they're done altogether. A boy may foller the 'bus all the way on the hunt arter a gentleman's luggage, and never git it at last—'cause why, d'y'e see, a cab may take it out of his mouth, or a kind-hearted swell may think that a chap as will run four times arter a trunk is perhaps likely to bolt with it when he's got it. 'Tis all a chance. I wish 'em better luck, that's all.' 'A hard penny indeed,' thought I; 'and a proof that these poor, ragged vagabonds are willing at anyrate to get one honestly if they can.'

The first passenger with luggage got out at Tottenham Court Road; his baggage was hauled from the roof and lifted upon the shoulders of one of our running attendants by the conductor, who seemed to look upon the ceremony as a matter of course. Away marched the little bare-legged Atlas at the heels of the passenger towards the Hampstead Road, and the omnibus proceeded on its route accompanied by the remaining five. The next stoppage was at Euston Square; and the portorage, being only from the omnibus to the North-Western Railway station, was but a two-penny job. At King's Cross we discharged another passenger, and lost another ragged attendant. At the Angel, Islington, two more disappeared; and the vehicle, on the roof of which my own was the only remaining luggage, proceeded onwards to the Bank. Onward at its side, with bare feet padding the dusty road, now at the rate of nearly eight miles an hour, came a flaxen-headed, country lad of fourteen, now and then scanning my face with eager glances, and pulling an obeisance at his straggling locks as they fluttered in the wind. When at length we stopped at the Bank, the little fellow had to fight for the possession of the portmanteau, which he did with a vigour almost amounting to desperation, with a half-drunken porter of forty, who was standing on the look-out. Finding himself likely to be worsted in the contest, he appealed to me with a look which a flint could not have resisted, and I felt myself compelled to interfere to procure him the job. He volunteered to carry the object of contention to Paternoster Row for 4d., after having run at least four miles in a broiling sun to make sure of the commission. He kept close to my side, as though fearful of incurring suspicion, either by going too fast or by lagging behind; and civilly bore the burden up stairs to the second landing before holding out his hand for payment. In answer to my questions, he told me that he should immediately start back again by the shortest cut to Paddington, there being no chance of a job by the return journey. He said he could get back in forty-five minutes in a direct line without much running, and that they could do three journeys a day. A good day was worth 1s. 3d. or 1s. 4d., a bad one, 8d. or 9d. He thought he made about 5s. a week out of it, but it was very hard work, and his victuals cost him all he got, except 6d. for lodging. He added that it would never do to run in shoes or boots—the gains would all go in leather: 'the sole of a shoe wears out

in no time when a boy's a runnin' all day long, while the sole of a fellow's foot only gets the thicker for it.' His time was too fully occupied to allow of much questioning; and having received his coin, he was off westward like a shot, to rejoin his comrades at the railway terminus.

These poor fellows work in bands, and find their security in sticking closely to each other. It is only when one is left alone at the end of a journey that a stationary porter has a chance against them. Together they would infallibly chase away any interloper who should presume to attempt to bag the game which they had conjointly hunted down. There is no doubt that they rely a great deal, as they have reason to do, upon the sympathy of the passengers, some of whom find no small amusement in the race so pertinaciously maintained for the chance of a trifling reward. I am not sorry to observe that since the increase of employment for all classes which has arisen from the impetus of the Great Exhibition, their numbers have been materially thinned. They have been in some sort replaced by numerous gangs of country-bred uphills, who make a trade of following the suburban omnibuses, and tumbling heels over head, or 'wheeling' for a hundred yards together on outstretched hands and feet, after the manner of the gipsy broods, who, in times gone by, swarmed in the track of the old stage-coaches, cutting capers for the halpence of the outsiders—an occupation that will most assuredly cease to be remunerative when London is again reduced to its average population.

Bob Rudge is the son of a 'navvie' employed on the Great Northern Railway. His father's fifteen shillings a week has been made to undergo a very considerable stretching in order to make it sufficient for the wants of eight young children, of whom Bob is the eldest, and he not yet sixteen. The mother has too much to do with her little troop of half-naked rebels to make any further attempt at industry than is manifested to the passers-by in the appearance of a small gingerbread and apple stall in front of the blackened brick cottage in Maiden Lane. If the poor woman manages by her desultory traffic to pay the rent of the little domicile she thinks herself well off. The number of undeniably good appetites beneath Mr Rudge's small roof has been long a source of perplexity to the honest man, and all of them would certainly have been reduced to occasional very short commons if Bob had not, like a dutiful son, come to the rescue. Maiden Lane and its adjoining purlieus and precincts, it should be known, are the El Dorado, the unbought paradise, of hungry donkeys. There and thereabouts are numberless small patches of unenclosed grass, half-lumbered with bricks and building materials, and destined to be built upon at no very distant date. These are plentifully pastured by asses too poorly owned to boast of private lodgings, who browse patiently among the broken bricks and rubbish, and pick up a gratuitous livelihood, being turned out of the shafts and left to shift for themselves whenever relieved from duty. Man is ever the child of circumstances, and generally derives his knowledge, if indeed he gets any worth having, from his personal surroundings. Little Bob Rudge, like the rest of us, caught up his experience from the lessons of his daily life. He was nurtured and dwelt among donkeys, and from the long habit of observing their predilections and propensities, has at last struck out a business for himself, enabling him to relieve his parents of the burden of his maintenance, and further, to render valuable co-operation towards that of the family.

All round the suburbs of London, girding the metropolis in every direction, are miles upon miles of open sewers and drains. The pedestrian who diverges from the beaten track is often only prevented from walking into them by the kindly information of his olfactory nerves: they are carried by numerous culverts

under the New River in the north, and under the roads and railways in the east and south; the aristocratic nostrils of the west have voted them a nuisance, and there they abound in less profusion; but everywhere their odours ascend and flavour the country air which the retired citizen imagines he is inhaling in all its purity. But the poison of one man is the meat of another, and this interminable source of disease and death little Bob Rudge has made the foundation of his traffic. The banks of these endless ditches and drains are everywhere covered with a rank and luxurious vegetation, chiefly consisting of a gigantic species of succulent grass rising on long reedy stems, which is to a donkey what turtle-soup is to an alderman. This Master Bob collects and sells by the sackful to the owners of asses; not to the poverty-stricken proprietors of the squatting herds in his own immediate neighbourhood, but to the thriving owners of the lively brutes who, on Hampstead Heath, and other such places of fashionable resort, amble flauntingly in milk-white drapery beneath the soft side-saddles of the frolic fair, or plod quietly along, guided by the feeble hand of the consumptive invalid.

Bob's profession is anything but a sinecure. He began by being his own beast of burden. I met him two years ago, armed with a short sickle and a sack six feet long; he was levelling the herbage on the bank of a ditch, and ramming it into his bag. Not being at all in the secret, I questioned him as to the use of his crop. 'What is it for?' said he: 'why for the mokes to be sure. Don't they like it—jest!'

'You don't pretend that they prefer it to grass or hay?'

'Don't they though? They prefers it to anything. If you got a moke, you jest try him: if you lives handy here, I'll be proud to sarve yer. Bless your 'art, about three bags on it turns 'em out as sleek as a mole. Vy, look 'ere; it's pretty nigh all juice—aint it?' With that he squeezed a handful of the reedy grass till his fingers were dripping with moisture. 'The mokes is no fools, whatever you think on 'em: they likes gravy in their meat as well as Christians. He, he! You don't catch 'em leavin' on it till 'tis all gone, I can tell yer. I could sell ten times as much as I do if I could git it, only 'tis so fur to take it. This 'ere's a-goin' to Camden Town, more nor two mile. If I had a moke o' my own I'd do well.'

By this time he had reaped a dozen yards of the bank, and cut enough to fill his bag. He rammed it in with his head and shoulders as the sack lay upon the ground, until it was tight enough to stand upright. Raising it on end till it towered far above his head, he stooped, and buckling it round his waist by straps stitched to the sacking, walked off with bended back, the ponderous load projecting forwards over his head, like the coffin of Daniel Lambert on the back of a Lilliputian undertaker.

Bob has now grown quite the little man of business. His ambition is gratified, for he has two 'mokes' of his own, and is doing a smart trade as commissariat to a pretty numerous regiment of donkeys, if one may judge by the palpable improvement in his costume and the expression of his confident face. He reaps and sells his crops without paying rent, taxes, or tithe. The paternal cottage has been lately painted and whitewashed; little Dick has made his first appearance in a shirt; and a neat-boarded shed, well pitched with tar and weather-proof, in the rear of the dwelling, gives token at once of Bob's prosperity and his humane care for the comforts of his friends and benefactors the mokes, who have helped in bringing it about. How he employs his time and his donkey-power in winter is a secret which, not being in his confidence, I have not been able to fathom. I have no doubt that he has found a market for both, and turns them to good account. I encountered him only a few days ago in a field not far from the Seven Sisters' Road. He was accompanied by young Dick;

both were busy 'reaping where they had not sown'; and their allies the mokes, tethered to a hurdle in an adjoining lane, stood witnessing the operation through a gap in the hedge with characteristic satisfaction.

LADY E. S. WORTLEY'S TRAVELS.

THE 'Travels in the United States by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley' is one of the cleverest books of the present publishing season. Her ladyship is a shrewd observer, liberal in tone, and humorous and graphic in powers of description. Her work is consequently a very different thing from other productions of the kind, and it will be read with interest even by those who, like ourselves, have perused almost everything that has been written on America. We should also be inclined to say that Lady Emmeline is possessed of no small degree of courage, moral and physical. She tells her mind pretty frankly, and goes everywhere, even into very rude scenes, with only female attendants. In one thing she is original: she is the first English aristocratic writer who has spoken with respect and admiration of the American character, and dared to prognosticate for the nation a great future. We may expect that Lady Emmeline will be defied by our transatlantic friends, and held up as a fine set-off to the whole race of Trollopes.

The round which this intrepid female traveller made included some of the western states, Mexico, the island of Cuba, and the Isthmus of Panama, across which she went in order to have a glance at the Pacific, an ocean now coming rapidly into importance—and not merely talked about, but steamed upon. With singular good sense, passing over the petty disagreeables that must inevitably occur in this extensive and varied tour, she speaks in glowing terms of the grandeur of many things that came under her observation. With the mightiness of the Mississippi she was duly impressed. To this great sea-like river, she says Campbell's fine line would apply as well as to the ocean: 'The lightning's wing sinks halfway o'er thee like a wearied bird.' After contemplating its gigantic features, she feels that at home all will appear insignificant. 'I shall want a microscope when I return to England, so miserably small and petty will seem its rivers, its hills—all its features. Magnifying-glasses might save one's patriotic vanity a little till we get used to the miniature scale. The Mississippi springs to life amid the chilly glare of everlasting snows, and it ends its mighty career beneath a burning sky—ay, almost under the flaming heavens of the tropics. Nothing gives one a better idea of the immensity and greatness of this sublime river, than the reflection that a vast space, comprising about two millions of square miles, pours its surplus waters into this king of rivers. It is indeed a long sea. Then not easily can one forget, on looking on those wonderful waters, what change another hundred years will almost certainly have produced on the vast scenes which they lave. What very nations of men will crowd on its busy shores and throng its immense valley! What a world of wonders will be presented to the future voyager! What industry, what prosperity, what splendour, what yet undreamed-of attainments of civilisation, and triumphs of science, and achievements of art! Already you see the beginnings of all these. The desert is gradually blooming, the forest is retreating, the habitations of men are rising in all directions; fleets of steamers and other craft are covering the face of the river; thousands of enterprising settlers are setting foot on the shores, and advancing further and further into the beleaguered wilderness; but a hundred years hence, nay, fifty! Imagination almost fails to paint to herself what shall then be unfolded and displayed in broad day to the gladdened vision.'

Reverting to this subject, after describing New Orleans, Lady Emmeline ponders on the destiny of the great people who are to work out the future of the Mississippi Valley; and this leads her to sympathise with the usually boastful character of the Americans, inferring that with such mighty works of nature before them they cannot help speaking in what seems to us the language of exaggeration. 'It is all petty malice and jealousy which make people talk of their exaggerated expressions and ideas. A man must have imagination indeed—must out-Shakespeare Shakespeare, the myriad-minded, and the very lord of imagination, to deal in hyperbolical extravagance here. What would be exaggeration in other countries is here the simplest moderation, and in all probability lags behind the reality. The fact is, they feel their destiny and their country's destiny, and they would be stocks and stones if they did not; and if in England we are disposed to think they "greatly daring" talk, we should remember a little what a prospect lies before them. Nature, their present, their future—all is in such an exaggerated mood here, all on such a stupendous scale! For them to have little views and entertain trifling projects, or hold petty opinions with regard to their mighty country's advancement and progress, would be as absurd as to see a party of giants in go-carts or in pinnafors, and playing at "Tom Thumb" and "Goody Two-Shoes." But the vulgar bragging of the Americans—for vulgar and offensive it is, in spite of Lady Emmeline's indulgent remarks—may be expected to undergo considerable modifications. 'As the people progress and advance more and more,' she says, 'they will gain more the humility of true greatness.'

Our authoress was not less gratified with the rapid advances making by Boston than the bustle and tokens of wealth in New York. The wharfs of this finely-situated city 'during the business season are densely lined with the shipping of every maritime country under the sun. Merchantmen of every size are there; and for at least three miles they present an uninterrupted forest of masts and cordage, commingling apparently with the chimneys of almost innumerable steamers. More than 1000 sailing-vessels, nearly 100 steamers, about 80 tow-boats, and 200 canal-boats, may usually be found in the noble harbour of New York during the busy time of year. In the severest winter this harbour is never obstructed by ice, so that vessels are not inconvenienced on that account. I have already mentioned the magnificence of the New York hotels, but must just add that the enormous Astor House not only is said to be furnished with its own private printing-press for striking off the diurnal bills of fare, but it also makes all its own gas. However, it does not yet, I believe, manufacture its own linen or plate!'

The more novel portion of the work refers to Mexico, whose thoughtless inhabitants, clearly incapable of self-government, she hits off in an amusing style. It is Lady Emmeline's candid opinion that if the Mexicans were to be free of revolutions and their troublesome consequences, they would be positively too happy. They may be said to have paid, in the shape of 300 revolutions, for their superlatively fine climate. It is clear that 'people cannot be allowed to live in such a paradise for nothing. We may go on and enjoy our jog-trot peace and quiet at home in our misty little island; we have to keep our windows shut, to exclude the fog and chilling dropping rain: it would be hard to have them broken open by drizzling cannon balls, and rather expensive too, though glass is cheap. We want a good roof over our heads, to prevent rude Boreas from visiting us; to have it summarily blown off by a shell would be a double hardship in our bitter clime. So we have the blessings of order, as maintained by our metropolitan and rural police; and of Britannia warming-pans and coal-scuttles; and the non-blessings of

fog, ice, snow, clouds, east winds, and unripe gooseberries. They have glorious suns and balmy airs, and mighty mountains and dazzling stars, gold and purple skies, a silver earth, and insurrections of every pattern and species—a large assortment always on hand, agreeably diversified by numerous little stabbings and killings by undisciplined amateurs; for the regular *pronunciamiento* must be quite a profession in Mexico by all accounts, and is conducted on principles of high art.

During these revolutions funny things occasionally occur. Our authoress was told a 'tale of a lady at Puebla, who had some beautiful flowers on her balcony, and who neglected them during the civil war, a week ago (we came through as it was dying off, I believe, but we were rather sleepy, and did not find it out at all.) She left them for nearly three days, and then, afraid that they would be quite spoiled, in spite of the peppering balls that fell round faster than usual (the popular tempest, just going to clear off perhaps for a few weeks or so, was expending its last strength fitfully), out she stepped on her fair balcony armed with a watering-pot—not so bad a weapon after all if it could have held enough—and proceeded to refresh the unlucky flowers, some of which had had their heads carried off by bullets, while several were bearing scars like the very flowers of chivalry. She watered them pretty fast, you may be sure; but before she had done, bang came a great ball, and cut in two the body of a flower-pot. That was enough; away ran the lady at once, thinking that the flowers had better be killed than herself.

The streets of Mexico are broad, clean, and airy, and the gayest in the world. The equipages are splendid, and the costumes of the people brilliant and striking. Then, what abundance of novelties in the shops, arranged beneath open arcades! 'What is there not to be found here? Look round: here are *sombreros*, *atillas*, *reboses*, *satins*, *silks*, *silver*, *gold*, *china*, *picures*, *mitts*, and twenty thousand things besides, all close at hand; and just look at those splendidly-embroidered cloth-mungos for gentlemen, with a circular piece of coloured velvet in the middle to act as a sort of masculine necklace. Here are wax figures, most elaborately and exquisitely finished, faithful representations of every class in Mexico—a perfect population themselves, and, it is asserted, not given to the melting mood, which you would have suspected. Here are spurs like merely moderately-sized windmills! That weigh, some of them, a pound and a half, and the jewels of which clatter along the pavement, when the wearer happens to walk, like a travelling tinker's store on an uproarious and kicking donkey. And here are gold and silver ornaments in lace, and aerial flounces and furbelows, and artificial flowers, which it is said—but I cannot corroborate the assertion by having witnessed anything of the sort—are made by men; and that you may there see a whole regiment of stout, active Mexicans, who ought to be quarrying stone, or working in the mines, or mending their abominable roads (which must destroy a large proportion of ill-starred travellers annually, we should think), with enormous moustaches, and desperate-looking *cuchillos* at hand, actually employed in mincingly manipulating delicate decorations for ladies' dresses, trimming fairy-caps, and artistically twisting and pinning bows of ribbon. Would the reader like to give 200 dollars for a cheap pair of Guadalaxara stamped leathern boots, wrought all over with silver? And a saddle for about double that trifling sum? Would he admire more those *lassos* or *scarves*, or beautiful Mexican hats, with their tassels and broad rolls of shining silver, fastened with little lions, serpents, and other devices? Or has he any fancy to pay away a small fortune for a complete set of horse-furniture, and a full riding-dress of the country to match? It is a most beautiful costume

altogether; and one cannot help hoping that the Mexican *caballeros* will not give up their magnificent and appropriate costume, and splendid horse-equipments, to adopt the ugly fashions of Europe.

With Havana, the capital of Cuba, Lady Emmeline was enchanted. The beauty of the cloudless climate, the richness of the vegetation, and the fairy-like gracefulness of the female inhabitants, reclining in, their glittering *volantes*, were all attractive. Going to the *paséo*, as the place of fashionable resort is called, the scene is thus described. Here a multitude of carriages 'swarmed in double lines, and all seemed like a fairy tale in action. Those graceful, aerial-looking, gaily-painted open *volantes*, like cars fit for Queen Mab, and the ethereal-seeming beings within, crowned with flowers, with no other covering on their gracious heads than these delicate blossoms, and their own massive braids of superb black hair—for very seldom did they even wear the mantilla, and when they did, its exquisitely-disposed folds seemed little else than the light shadow cast by those abundant waves of silky sable locks: all was enchantment. How gracefully waved their fans, with which they fluttered light pretty salutations to each other!—those glistening feathery fans, like the wings of sylphides: and their dresses! surely *Arachne* herself must have spun them, and *Iris* coloured them! I will try and paint, in words, three of these fair daughters of Cuba, as they recline in their luxurious *volantes*. One is in a dress of the most sky-like azure; another in a diaphanous dreamy sort of robe, of the most gossamer texture, and of the softest yet brightest tint of rose-colour; and the third—who sits forward in the middle—is in spotless lily white: and these dresses float light and full as very clouds about them. They are all *décoltée*, and with very short sleeves, and all are snow-pale with statuesque features and magnificent hair. There seem to be hundreds and thousands of these carriages, with equally fair and fairy-like *damosels* within, and clad in every hue of the rainbow—lilac, emerald-green, the faintest strawy-yellow—that admirably suits with their generally jet-black locks—and various delicate tints and shades of all colours. The carriages themselves look like enormous butterflies glittering in the rays of the descending sun, with their innumerable, bright, varied colours. Then how beautiful are the long double rows of trees on either side of the *paséo*, and the flowers, and the exquisite sky above, and the splendid fountains, falling into sculptured marble basins; and how charming is the delicious temperature and the soft breeze from the neighbouring sea!

Pity that the race of holiday-makers who occupy this paradise of an island are so utterly incompetent in the way of general progress. That they are destined to lose it, sooner or later, there can be no reasonable doubt. Of the transit across the Isthmus of Panama, likewise afflicted with a slothful race of Spanish *Crooles*, the authoress gives some interesting particulars; but for these and other matters we must refer the reader to the book itself, which will amply repay perusal.

DOMENICHINO.

DOMENICHO ZAMPIERI was born at Bologna in the month of October 1581. He was the second son of a shoemaker, who, by the persevering exercise of his humble trade, gained a comfortable living. The elder Zampieri wisely determined to give his sons a good education, with a view to their embracing liberal professions; and on this latter subject he sought the advice of some of his respectable customers. Among these was the painter Calvart. This artist offered the shoemaker to take his eldest son and instruct him in the art of painting, and the proposal was gladly accepted. It now remained to dispose of the younger son, a quiet, reserved, sad-looking boy, who took no pleasure

in the noisy games of his young neighbours, but always sought to muse in some retired corner.

'What shall I make of him?' said his perplexed father one day to Calvart: 'he is a strange, moping sort of boy, whose inclination it is difficult to discover.'

'Make him a priest,' replied the painter: 'you can't do better than put him into the church. Gregory VII. was a carpenter: the worshipful guild of shoemakers has not yet supplied us with a pope, but who can say what it may do?'

Calvart's advice was followed, and Domenico Zampieri commenced the studies preparatory to a course of theology. Being naturally of a studious, meditative disposition, he had acquired at the end of four years a considerable amount of information and learning calculated both to enlarge the mind and benefit the heart. Meantime Calvart was labouring in vain, trying to make an artist of the elder brother. Not a single spark of genius could he elicit; and at length he told the shoemaker that the lad, whatever might be his vocation, would never make a painter.

'Well,' said Calvart, 'I got you into this scrape, and I will now try to get you out of it. Let your boys change places: the eldest, I daresay, will make an excellent priest; and as to the youngest, without any instruction, and from merely visiting my studio occasionally, he has already acquired a far greater knowledge of painting than his brother.'

Once more was Calvart's counsel followed implicitly, and Domenico found himself at liberty to follow the career for which nature had intended him. He soon became Calvart's best pupil, and his master predicted that his fame would equal his own.

This Calvart was a Flemish painter of undoubted merit, and who in public estimation occupied a place next to the Caracci. But this did not satisfy him: he wanted to excel the distinguished brothers of Bologna; and so far did his jealousy extend, that he forbade his pupils, on pain of expulsion, to enter the studio of his rivals, or even to copy any of their works.

Notwithstanding this prohibition, our hero became acquainted with a youth of his own age named Albano, who, as well as Guido, had commenced his studies under Calvart, but a short time before had deserted to the enemy's camp—that is to say, the studio of Ludovico Caracci. The sympathy of taste and feeling which at first attracted the young men towards each other soon ripened into close friendship, and Zampieri was ere long induced to visit the forbidden scene of Albano's studies. There he could not help perceiving Caracci's vast superiority to his own master; but filled with gratitude towards Calvart, and nobly unwilling to desert his cause, he warmly defended the Flemish painter against the sneering accusations of want of skill which Albano's companions were wont to bring against him. However, he thought it quite allowable, for his own private improvement, to make copies at home of some of Caracci's masterpieces. For some time he did this in secret; but at length some tale-bearer carried the story to Calvart, who, under pretext of paying a visit to Domenico's father, went immediately to ascertain its truth.

He began by praising the youth's progress, and then asked the father to show him the pieces which he painted at home. The delighted shoemaker hastened to usher his visitor into the attic which Domenico occupied; and there one glance was sufficient for the jealous painter. On the easels against the walls everywhere did he see copies from the works of the Caracci, and none from his own! He, however, dissembled his wrath, and on his return said nothing of his visit to the culprit, who heard of it in the evening from his father.

Great was Domenico's consternation. With fear and trembling he repaired next morning to the studio, thinking that Calvart would expel him. The artist was walking up and down the room with hasty strides,

stopping now and then to inspect the works of some of his duller pupils, and praise them in an extravagant, and yet irritated manner. At length he stood behind Domenico, who was employed in putting the finishing touches to an admirable study from nature, one which offended the Flemish painter's eye from its unmistakable likeness to the school of Caracci.

'Domenico,' said he, pressing his hand heavily on the young man's shoulder, 'you have been going on very badly of late, falling off in your painting, and spending your time with that good-for-nothing scapegrace, Albano.'

'But, master'—began Domenico.

'And worse than that,' interrupted Calvart, 'you try to imitate these unworthy Caracci, whose mission seems to be to destroy every rule and principle of good painting. Do you think that in this way you will ever become an artist?'

Domenico, without deigning to reply, shrugged his shoulders.

This unlucky gesture was taken by Calvart as an impertinent answer to himself, and acted like a spark falling on a triffling of gunpowder. His rage knew no bounds; he tore the canvas from Domenico's easel, dragged the young man towards the door, and dismissed him with a violent box on the ear.

The next day our hero, to the great delight of his friend Albano, enrolled himself among the pupils of Ludovico Caracci. In the evening a supper was given in his honour by his new companions, and it was with great difficulty he could prevent them from going afterwards in a body to serenade, in anything but a complimentary manner, the ears of Master Calvart.

In order to excite the emulation of his pupils, Ludovico Caracci was in the habit, from time to time, of giving a prize to whichever among them produced the best painting; and one of these trials of skill took place soon after Zampieri's entrance. The new-comer, diffident of his powers, dared not enter the lists, but finished a sketch in secret. When the prize was adjudged, his master upbraided him with his timidity, and Domenico ventured to shew his sketch, almost anticipating blame. Ludovico Caracci, however, was so much struck with its merits that he appealed to his assembled pupils to pronounce what its author deserved. With one accord they assigned to him the first place, and the youth who had gained the prize yielded it to him with the best possible grace. It was at this time that he began to be called Domenico, by which caressing diminutive of his Christian name he continued to be known, almost to the exclusion of his patronymic. Our hero was endowed by nature with a tender, loving heart, and his affection for Albano increased daily. It was, therefore, a sad trial to him when his volatile friend set out for Rome. During a year Domenico patiently pursued his studies at Bologna, and then yielding to Albano's pressing entreaties, he went to Rome. There he was kindly received by Annibal Caracci, who was then painting the Farnese Gallery. Associated in his master's labours, he produced a picture, 'The Death of Adonis,' which was at first attributed by the public to Caracci; but the latter was too upright to profit by the error, and took care to secure to his pupil his full need of praise.

Domenichino could not boast rapidity of conception, nor any remarkable facility of execution. He loved to remain secluded in his studio, working out patiently his own ideas, and avoiding the gay society of his fellows. Therefore among them he was far from being popular: they laughed at the shoemaker's son, who dressed shabbily, and cared so little to join in their sports. In contempt of his apparent slowness they gave him the nickname of *The Ox*.

'He whom you call an ox,' said Annibal Caracci one day, 'will plough his furrow after a fashion that will yet fertilise the field of art.'

Thomas Aquinas, on account of his presumed dulness, received when a boy a similar title from his comrades. They were reproved by his illustrious master, Albert the Great, in the following words:—'If Thomas is an ox, he is one whose roaring will yet fill the world.'

The noble House of Aguechi, of Florentine origin, was at this time represented at Rome by two of its members—the one, P. Aguechi, was a cardinal, the other, J. B. Aguechi, was a man of immense wealth, and a passionate lover of the fine arts. Through the interest of Albano, Domenichino obtained an introduction to this powerful patron, and painted for him two excellent pictures. These caused quite a sensation in Rome, and very soon a band of jealous rivals sought how they might injure the unsuspecting artist. One day Cardinal Aguechi told his younger brother that he must immediately expel from his palace a dangerous infidel and scurrilous painter, as he believed Domenichino to be.

J. B. Aguechi, not wishing to displease his powerful and imperious brother, appeared to acquiesce, but privately reassured his protégé as to the issue of the business. He gave a splendid banquet in honour of the cardinal's birthday; and in the evening proposed that the assembled guests should view his picture-gallery, to which, he said, he had lately made several additions. Now this gallery, although much talked of, was but little seen; for Aguechi, like many great collectors, was chary of exhibiting his treasures to public gaze, and reserved the view of them for those choice spirits who could really appreciate their merits. Therefore, on the present occasion, the company eagerly expressed their satisfaction at the promised treat.

'It would seem, brother,' said the cardinal, 'that your gallery must contain marvels.'

'Your Eminence shall judge for yourself.'

Accordingly the cardinal, followed by the other guests, passed through the door which their host held open, and truly beheld inestimable treasures. There was a panel whose surface was painted on wax by the Greek Apollonius in the thirteenth century; pieces by Cimabue, Giotto, Perugino, Leonardo Da Vinci, and Raphael, besides several great artists of the time. At one end of the gallery the cardinal remarked a green curtain, which seemed to veil some large painting, and he asked his brother to withdraw it. J. B. Aguechi feigned excessive reluctance; but the cardinal persisted so earnestly in his request that at length the curtain was drawn back, and Domenichino's magnificent painting of 'St Peter in Prison' appeared, brilliantly lighted up by a ray of the setting sun. The cardinal, who, without being as accomplished as his brother, really possessed taste, was struck, not to say startled, by the beauty of the picture. He looked at it for some time in silence through his hand half-closed in the form of a tube.

'Why, this is a *chef-d'œuvre*!' he exclaimed at last. 'What do you think of it, gentlemen?'

The obsequious guests, who had waited to take their cue from the cardinal, now with one accord launched out into extravagant praises of the painting.

'Who is the artist?' asked his Eminence.

'My brother,' replied J. B. Aguechi, 'you will please to recollect that it was only in compliance with your own urgent entreaties that I shewed you this piece: it is the production of a Bolognese painter who has had the misfortune to incur your Eminence's displeasure.'

'What! Domenichino? Who could have told me that he was a mere heretical dauber?'

'His ignorant and jealous rivals say so.'

'Well, well, it is not too late to make him amends.'

From that time our artist enjoyed the favour of Cardinal Aguechi. He painted for him 'St Jerome in his Grotto,' and 'St Francis kneeling before a Crucifix.'

He had just completed the latter piece when the cardinal died. Before his death he recommended Domenichino to the protection of Cardinal Aldobrandini, who complied with his friend's wishes by intrusting his protégé with the decoration of the palace of the Belvedere. He also painted a series of pictures of sacred subjects for the abbey of Grotta-Ferrata; and these, still bright and glowing as the day when they started into life, attract even now the notice and admiration of visitors.

After some time he returned to Rome, where Albano was occupied in executing pictures to adorn the castle of Bassano, belonging to the Marchese di Giustiniani. Here Domenichino experienced the value of true friendship. The generous Albano, under pretext of wanting time, persuaded the marchese to confide part of the work to his friend. Accordingly, while he was engaged on the 'History of Apollo,' Domenichino was employed in painting the 'History of Diana.'

For his splendid piece, 'The Communion of St Jerome,' executed at this period, and destined for the chapel of San-Girolamo-della-Carità, he received the miserable sum of fifty crowns. But from it he reaped an abundant harvest of fame. It burst on the public as a resurrection from the ancient school of art, and its author was lauded to the skies. He had, however, a bitter enemy, named Lanfranc, who accused him of being a mere servile copyist of the Caracci. Agostino Caracci had, in fact, treated the same subject, and the two compositions bore some faint resemblance to each other. Through the intrigues of Lanfranc 'The Communion of St Jerome' was thrown into a barn, where Poussin, twenty years afterwards, discovered it. The French painter proclaimed its transcendent merits, and through his influence it was placed in the Vatican, opposite Raphael's 'Transfiguration.' The remainder of Domenichino's career was strangely chequered by weal and wo. He married a beautiful girl, named Marsibilia, to whom he was fondly attached, and whose devoted affection was his chief support under those trials which his sensitive spirit could so badly bear. Lanfranc and the Spanish painter Josef Ribera, surnamed Spagnoletto, persecuted him without ceasing. At length the latter devised the cruel expedient of bribing a workman to spoil the frescoes which Domenichino was painting for the dome of San Gennajo. Despite this injury, however, and the sorrow which he felt at the death of his two children, our artist continued to prosecute his work until the fear of poison broke down his spirit. He refused to leave his house, and took no food save that which he had prepared with his own hands. Notwithstanding these precautions he died in 1641, a victim to poison by some accounts, but, as others assert, cut off by pulmonary consumption.

PEAT AS A MANURE.

[The following is from a little practical brochure by Mr James Cuthill of Camberwell, entitled 'Market-Gardening Round London,'* in which a horticultural account is given of everything—from cauliflower to parsley, from fibrets to water-cresses—grown in the neighbourhood of the metropolis for its own supply.]

I HAVE tried the following plants in a mixture of peat-charcoal and earth with the following results:—

Cerastiums.—These luxuriate in a mixture of three ounces of pure charcoal to one pound of mould. In this material they make good saleable plants in half the usual time. Cuttings strike freely, either in the pure charcoal or in the mixture.

Cucumbers.—For these I mixed the charred peat with mould during winter, and when the plants are put into it, they grow famously, and produced a heavy crop. The peat-charcoal not only yields nutriment, but it affords good drainage. Cucumber tops strike root freely in pure charred peat.

Melons.—These succeeded in a mixture of charred peat and soil equally well with the cucumbers; and if a large proportion of the soil consist of peat, I am of opinion that the flavour of the fruit will be improved, more especially in cloudy, sunless seasons.

Strawberries grow admirably in charred peat mixed with soil, and in the case of pot plants they like a good handful of the pure peat placed in the bottoms of the pots. This latter has a tendency to prevent the ingress of worms, which do not appear to like its sharp edges.

Vines.—I have not yet tried the effect of charred peat on vines; but judging from analogous cases, I am certain that it will prove of much advantage to them, not only as a fertiliser, but also as a means of keeping the borders porous, and thereby bringing better into action the other materials of which they may be composed. Under such an arrangement much finer-flavoured fruit may be expected.

Potatoes.—I have found those manured with charred peat drier and more mealy than others to which farm-yard manure was applied. In the former, the foliage and stalks are more compact and firm, and when taken up the tubers were found to be clean-skinned. In my case no wireworm came near them. Where potatoes are pitted in long ridges, in the open ground, a layer of peat between them and the soil helps to keep them dry, and if this heap could be covered with it below the straw it would also be an advantage.

In flower-gardens, peat-charcoal will be found invaluable, inducing, as it does, quick growth; but not over-luxuriant, and consequently plenty of blossoms. Under its influence the colours of the latter are well brought out.

The experiments mentioned above were all tried last year. This season I have found that if, instead of horse-dung being turned and sweetened for a month before it is used for forcing, it is allowed about a week's laying, and then put into a four-light pit, and covered over with an inch of peat-charcoal, all will be well. Under this system, by the time my cucumber plants came up, all smell was removed. Again, gardeners are much annoyed in January and February by plants damping off. I dusted my cucumber plants in the pans every morning with peat, and I did not lose six out of 600. Those treated in this way thrived better than the others, and produced a more healthy, dark-green leaf. In short, I consider charred peat in a melon ground to be as necessary as a telegraph to a railroad. The one is incomplete without the other. The sort of charred peat that I use is the granulated kind.

I have only to add, that I never had finer crops of strawberries in pots, as well as all the above sorts of plants, than I have had this summer. On frequent examination of the roots, I have always found the young fibres adhering closely round the particles of peat, shewing at once the great benefit they derive from it, not only in the shape of nourishment, but also in the warmth, air, and moisture the charcoal affords, being so porous. If this is the case in a light soil, to clayey land a good dressing must be much more beneficial. My potatoes have never been better than this year (1851.) I have had many potatoes weighing three-quarters of a pound, the stems strong and woody, with not half so much water in their system as usual. And if my plan of wintering them was carried out (as mentioned in the 'Belgian Prize-Essay on the Potato,' in my last pamphlet), the potato would bid defiance to disease; as we find the charred peat to be so splendid a manure, and without an end, covering, as it does, three millions of acres, from fifteen to thirty-five feet deep, and lying just at our hand, and in a distressed part of the three kingdoms, where industry only wants stirring up; for in England the Irish are the most industrious, hard-working people on the face of the earth. By using this manure largely, you will not only be enriching your own ground, but be lending a helping hand to poor Ireland, where Providence had placed the peat as a blessing; but the uses of the material were not to be discovered until wanted. It is now in a ripe state. The earth wants more manure, and a greater demand is made upon it, which will increase as the population multiplies.

And when this mighty store, laid up for the earth's use in time of need, is all gone, some other vast hidden accumulation will appear. In the meantime, the Irish Amelioration Society, Waterloo Place, London, deserves encouragement for the help their operations in Ireland have given to the people in their late great struggle for existence, not less than for the benefit you will confer on yourself by purchasing the article they sell, which I have been endeavouring to shew is a first-rate manure, and a capital deodoriser of all obnoxious smells.

A FANCY ABOUT A BOY.

'Nothing—less than nothing—and vanity!'

We stood beside the window-sill,
The little lad and I;
Within the room was sober gloom,
Without, a sunset sky.
I drew him forward to the light,
That I might see him plain;
That sudden view thrilled my heart through
With a delicious pain.

I leant his head back o'er my arm,
And stroked his crisped hair—
The dear, dear curls, o'er which salt pearls
I could have rained out there!
I looked beneath his heavy lids,
Drooping with dreamy fold;
What visioned eyes I saw arise!
But nothing shall be told.

Gaily I spoke: 'Could I count back
Nine years, and ho guin nine,
I would not say what ill to-day
Had chanced this heart of mine.'
He laughed—all laughed I most of all;
But I was glad, I ween,
That the whole room lay in such gloom—
His face alone was seen.

He talked to me in schoolboy phrase;
I gave him meet replies—
I mind not what; my sense was nought,
(Or lived but in my eyes.
I could not kiss him as a child,
I only touched his hair,
Or with my hand his broad brow spanned;
But not that it was fair.

He strange to me—as I to him,
We never met before;
Yet I would fain brave nimbly pain
To see the lad once more.
But why this was, and is, God knows!
And I—I know, with joy,
I'll find among His angel throng
An angel—like that boy!

DR CHAMBERS AND MR IRVING.

The congregation, in their eagerness to obtain seats, had already been assembled about three hours. Irving said he would assist me by reading a chapter for me in the first instance. He chose the very longest chapter in the Bible, and went on with his exposition for an hour and a half. When my turn came, of what use could I be in an exhausted receiver? On another similar occasion, he kindly proffered me the same aid, adding, 'I can be short.' I said, 'How long will it take you?' He answered, 'Only one hour and a half!' 'Then,' replied I, 'I must decline the favour.'—*Dr Hanna's Memoirs.*

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ENJOYMENT OF THE FUTURE.

It must be confessed that a very seductive study is afforded by that science which treats of the successive revolutions that rent asunder the crust of the primeval globe, and of the series of races which inherited by turns the pre-Adamite earth. It is interesting to trace what appears to be the preparation our world received by those mighty changes for some condition of permanence and tranquillity, and to follow the fearful and wonderful developments of organic life till they ended in Man. But what next? What is to follow? Has the awful and magnificent drama really come to a conclusion? May the mind at length sink into rest and contentment after having revelled in the marvels of geology? This is impossible. Those marvels have only given the impetus to excitement; and we turn our eyes 'from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,' in search of the new phenomena that are to follow.

Is it reasonable to suppose that man is only a link in the chain, a race in the series of existences; and that after him will come some different and nobler being to continue the infinite progress? Is it reasonable to suppose that even now we are in the course of a new geological revolution, which, slower still than the movement of a glacier, will take ages upon ages for its development? To think thus we believe to be contrary to reason as it is to Scripture; but we believe, likewise, that although at the birth of man there terminated one series both of organic and inorganic changes, he is the beginner of another of a wholly different character. The stone monsters of the old world which geology has caused the earth to disgorge from her successive strata, and to relate their history to us with the distinctness of written monuments, exercised no influence upon the destinies of the world otherwise than as forming a portion of its crust. They flew, they swam, they crawled, they ravened, they died—and that was all. A convulsion of the globe buried one race, and a new one took its place, as unconscious of the fate of its predecessor as it was unable to prophesy its own.

But man is in quite a different position both as regards the physical world and the fortunes of his own race. The aspect of the former he is able to change at his will. Wherever he goes he makes, when he does not find, the conditions necessary for his existence. He modifies the climate, disarms the thunder, sweeps away the forest, drains the marsh, bores his path through the rock, throws a road over or under the river, descends into the bowels of the earth, and skins over the surface of the deep. But, unsatisfied with this sovereignty over material things, he flings his influence abroad into the future; making laws for unborn generations, and

moulding the form and destiny of times that as yet have no existence. This is the grand distinctive character of his being. He lives in the future. Even without the aid of revelation he conceives the idea of a future life, and feels, without being able to see, that he is not a thing of dust, but a spirit of the universe. From his earliest childhood, his thoughts, his dreams, his longings, flee away into the future. He is not a child when he plays with his companions, but the future man, father, master; and as he advances into life, that mystical future recedes before him, and so he marches on, and on, and on. He works, plans, provides, all for the future. He plants woods, and builds dwellings, cities, temples, all for the future. He lays up treasure for the future; and when arrived at the end of the present—when the last sands of life are running, and the grave yawns to receive him, and the darkness of death descends upon him like a pall—behold! a new dayspring rises amid the gloom, the silver cord is loosed, and he steps into the future. Yes, with the appearance of this being there ended the series of geological changes, and in him there commences a series of moral changes as awful and astonishing.

In examining this connection of man with the future, we observe the difference between two important springs of human action—the love of reputation, and the love of fame—and are able to estimate their respective value. He whose god is reputation is obviously an inferior being, debarred from the exercise of the higher functions of his nature. He is only a child of the future as belonging to the species, for he is incapable of appreciating or enjoying his inheritance. He is satisfied with the applause he can hear, and the reward he can feel, and pleases himself with the maxim of a spurious philosophy—'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die.' Now, there is in this, to the unreflecting mind, a certain colouring of common sense. What benefit, it is asked, can we derive from a fame which is born only when we have ceased to live? What can the future do, as regards the enjoyments of this state of existence, for a being who dies with the present? What compensation can he find in posthumous renown for the labours and woes of his mortal life? Does the fame of the Macedonian hero, which still resounds throughout the world, warm the ashes in his grave of ages? or does this fame constitute the paradise of our own blind schoolmaster, the teacher of all times? The answer is: That the aspirations of man are a part of his nature, and that the exercise of the nobler functions of our constitution forms in itself the happiness of the mind, just as the exercise of the instincts forms the happiness of the senses. These aspirations are their own reward: the future is enjoyed in the present; and

the free spirit wears the crown, even when the head knows not where to rest. The idea that the love of fame is absurd, since it is impossible to realise its enjoyments, can only proceed from a grovelling mind, unable to comprehend any higher felicity than its own.

But the longing after fame is confined to a few. It requires for its dwelling a mind of a peculiar and somewhat poetical order; while the practical working out of great ideas, without any reference to posthumous compensation, is a far more common test of character in the children of the future. But here we are met with the same objection. Why care for generations that are yet unborn? What pleasure can you philanthropists take in benefiting those who have never done anything for you, and whom you will never see? It is better to enjoy the present, and leave the future to take care of itself! Why, this enjoyment is precisely what they seek, however unconsciously to themselves! In caring for the future, they enjoy the present in its keenest relish; while the objectors, absorbed in the exercise of the lower functions of human nature, proclaim that they belong to an inferior and less-favoured order of the species. All this feverish excitement we see around us—this longing and labouring after the improvement of mankind—is a proof that in our day the new series of progression goes rapidly on, and that we discharge our prescribed task in the work of human life with zeal and fidelity.

The instinctive striving even of common minds after a good that is not to be enjoyed by their own generation is one of the most remarkable phenomena of man's nature. We argue, we toil, we lavish our fortune, we submit to present hardships and privations—for what purpose? In order that at some indefinite time an advantage may arise to be enjoyed by beings yet unborn. Those hypothetical beings are nothing to us or ours. If indeed we crippled our resources in order to improve an estate which would yield the return to our heirs, the thing would be intelligible on the principle of a wide and generous selfishness. In like manner, when the kindly Hindoo plants a grove, he pleases himself with the notion not only that some unborn traveller may repose in its shade, but while reposing bless his unknown benefactor; and therefore, while admiring the beautiful action, we are at liberty to suspect that the advantage he thinks his soul will derive from that grateful thought mingles with benevolence in the motive. But there are a thousand objects of human effort which are wholly inconsistent with the idea of self-interest of any kind whatever; even of that kind which arises from our habit of identifying ourselves with the beings *in posse* who are to proceed from our own blood. We may mention as an instance the earnest struggles that are now making by all wise and good men to wrest from bigotry and ignorance an education for the people. These champions of civilisation do not consist merely of the young, who may suppose themselves to have some interest in the growth of knowledge and order in the land: the old man who totters on the brink of the grave is one of the foremost of the band, and his step becomes firm and strong, and his eye gleams with a generous light as he girds himself up for the strife. If you ask him why, he will tell you of the good to come a score or two of years after his body is dust and his soul for ever severed from the things of time. Does he expect the thanks of that new generation? Does he look for the fame of a public benefactor? He smiles at the idea. Of what service would thanks be to the dead? Fame! he does not comprehend what fame means: he is an obscure, quiet, comfortable man, who, if public honours were offered him even in life, would refuse to have them, if he could refuse for laughing!

The motive is innate. The old man as well as the young belongs to the future, and the future belongs to him. He yearns over the idea of the unborn world,

which is to him an actual existence, and which his spirit presses forward to meet. His labours are labours of love, and his compensations spring from the exercise of the required functions of his being. But this he does not know any more than the unreasoning animal knows why it loves, cherishes, and would die for its young. They both fulfil their destiny—the animal and the man: the one belonging to the present, the other to the future; the one perishing, the other living for ever. And this future, in its mundane sense, only ends with the end of the world. It is vain to dream that when this or that is accomplished our labours will cease. Our labours will never cease, for they are a condition of our existence. The future recedes step by step as we advance, and we advance till we stumble into the grave.

This reminds us of one of those great thoughts of Christianity, which would be enough of themselves to testify the divinity of its Founder, and which, when the mind is once awakened to their grandeur, excite both astonishment and awe. We allude to the *impossible* perfection we are *commanded* to reach. If this perfection were attainable by human nature, it would not only give rise to a thousand delusions and misconceptions, but would, if really attained, be the destruction of the soul, which would say in secret, with the pride of the Jewish formalist: 'All these things have I kept!' But the unattainableness of the prescribed perfection keeps the loftiest natures on the stretch. Even like the future, what they seek recedes as they advance; and the pilgrim of the world finds at length that the object of his struggles and reward of his labours lies beyond the grave.

In describing the distinctive character of the race, we have furnished a test wherewith to try the intellectual standing of individuals; for he of course holds the first rank who discharges best the loftier functions of his nature. It is vain for the sneerer to pride himself on what he calls the 'common-sense' views that claim him to the present; they prove simply that his intellect is of a lower order, that in mental vision he is purblind, that he is an inferior and imperfect being. Not, however, that the heir of the future is inattentive to the present; for in reality he is more attentive than if the latter bounded his horizon. With him the present is a portion of the future just as time is a portion of eternity; and the same attribute of his nature which throws him upon the distant and unborn, directs his sympathies towards the beings that surround him. But the practical corollary is obvious to any one who observes and thinks. Let him only divide the individuals of his acquaintance into high and low intellects, mean and lofty spirits, and he will find that he has separated the slaves of the present from the children of the future.

THE STRANGE SCHOONER.

MEIN HERR VON BISCHOFF was a Dutchman, as almost every one will perceive from his name, and one of the most comfortable, smoking, tea-drinking, punch-imbibing of his numerous fraternity. He had abandoned business at an early era, no one knew why, unless from love of ease, though certainly it was quite clear he had enough to live upon. He had been a merchant in New York, but no longer lived in that city. He had before he was forty years of age retired to a splendid estate on both sides of a small creek that opened into a lovely bay. A green and high bluff stood on the southern side of the bight, covered at the summit with low trees and bushes, and on the sides and all around by wood. At the foot of the cliff Bischoff built his house. It was a perfect model of neatness and cleanliness. It was of stone, and formed two storeys.

The upper storey was all bedrooms, as were the garrets; while on the lower was a dining-room, a smoking-room, a large kitchen, and one apartment into which no man but the master of the house ever ventured. It was barred with iron, and the only window opened into a passage. But no one thence could see the inside, the glass being stained, and heavy curtains further obscuring the vision. The door was always carefully locked.

Bischoff had numerous servants, male and female, white and black. He grew his own vegetables, reared his own cattle, had a poultry-yard, a splendid dairy, as clean as an old maid's parlour. He lived well did Mein Herr. He rose at six, took a walk round his garden, looked at his tulips—if in season—scolded his gardener good-humouredly, peeped into his poultry-yard, examined the dairy with the air of a connoisseur, and then breakfasted. He ate heartily of his pork and beef, drank plenty of tea, munched two or three corn-cakes, and then smoked a pipe by way of promoting digestion. At eleven, after a stroll through the house—a stroll always accompanied by numerous grunts and objurgations at the laziness and extravagance of servants—he took his *schnapps*, as he called his first glass of spirits, and then read the last Dutch paper with rare gusto, though he had almost worn it out, and it was at length nearly two years old. But until another came it was the retired merchant's latest intelligence; and as in those days no one, especially Dutchmen, were ever in a hurry for news, it served the purpose at least of our modern Sunday paper. At one he dined, with an appetite which to us degenerate mortals would seem dreadful in its vehemence. But Von Bischoff—Peter was his Christian name—looked upon dining as a duty, and never moved from table in less than an hour. He ate his beef and cabbage, his bacon and beans, his venison, his fish, with clockwork regularity, and quaffed his beer with equal respect for the interior mechanism of his stomach. Then he made a glass of punch, and in fine weather went down to the port of New Rotterdam, as his estate was called. We said the port. This requires explanation.

The Dutchman's garden went right down to the edge of the water. It had been chosen for the purpose where the bank was high and steep, and a very decent quay had been knocked up with a few cedar piles driven into the water, and a number of planks laid down from them to the land. A little bower had been erected close to the port, and here Peter would take his glass of grog and his pipe, and spreading himself out in a leathern cushioned arm-chair, would gaze upon the water in the direction of the capital of the state of New York. Once a month a methodical schooner would, about two o'clock on the first day of the month, come in sight, wind and weather permitting, and about three would moor alongside the wharf, with the most praiseworthy punctuality. But Andrew Brock was even a more jog-trot Dutchman than Peter von Bischoff. He was never known to hurry himself, or ever to be behindhand, when he could help it. He could not be induced to understand why wind and tides should ever vary, or at all events should not be perfectly regular in their variations. And yet if the wind was against him, Andrew took it quietly; he was not, like an English madcap of a sailor, going to bother himself with beating-up the channel against the wind, wearing out ship and tackle, but waited until he could sail in a reasonable and methodical manner, in his usual course, with his usual sails set. He brought Von Bischoff his letters, his supplies of tea, sugar, and tobacco; and took away bacon, and cheese, and corn, and leaf-

tobacco, and other things which the Dutchman grew; and now and then the schooner brought a Dutch paper, which delighted the heart of the owner of New Rotterdam for months, yea, even years. A whole week did it take Andrew Brock to load and unload, with the assistance of his crew and the well-fed negroes of the establishment. But Mein Herr never grumbled. He had some one to drink with him, to smoke with him, and to sit with him. Not that when Captain Brock sat down before him they ever roused themselves to any greater exchange of intellectuality than a few remarks relative to the Hollands or the tobacco. But then there is sociability in company which even a silent Dutchman can appreciate, and Von Bischoff was on such occasions eminently happy.

For some years previous to the commencement of our narrative, Von Bischoff received every month by the hand of Andrew Brock a letter of some pages in length, written in a clear handwriting, but with all the delicacy and elegance of woman's usual style. Peter looked at them gravely, and with some little alarm, and at length found courage to open them. He read them with a solemn countenance, but with tears glistening in his eyes, and always made up his mind to write an answer next time. But though Peter could indite with facility an invoice or a business-letter, an epistle which had to deal in sentiment and feeling was something out of the way, and required consideration. And so Peter went on considering for three years; and little Katherine, the author of the documents in question, received no other reply to her affectionate outbursts of filial duty save promises to write next time, kind wishes, and handsome presents.

'Katherine is eighteen, she says,' exclaimed Andrew Brock one day, taking his pipe away from his mouth for a minute—and thinks it time she should come home.'

'Eighteen!' replied Peter, opening his little eyes to their extreme width, and looking in truth unutterable things—'eighteen! Her mother was married at that age.'

'I'll marry her,' said Andrew Brock gravely. 'She is pretty, and as lively as a kitten.'

'Ah!' responded Peter, without noticing the offer of his skipper; 'lively! Just like her mother, I suppose. These English have quicksilver in their veins. But she is a woman now: she must come home.'

'Give me the order to receive her,' continued Captain Brock, who understood clearly that his overtures were rejected for the present, and, like his patron, was not inclined to waste words in explanation.

Mein Herr did all that was necessary: sent the money for her schooling, a female servant to accompany her, and two lines to his daughter requesting her to come home, and declaring himself very glad to see her. There was a little hypocrisy in this, for Peter felt considerable uneasiness about the matter. During the two years that his young English wife had lived his life had been miserable. She was a joyous, young, merry thing, who would have given untold happiness to any man who could have appreciated her. She was always singing, dancing, or running about. She could never stand still, and the methodical Dutchman was miserable. Worst of all, she made him laugh, and that made his stomach ache, he said, which was an alarming symptom of future illness. About a year after giving birth to a lovely child, Mary Bischoff was drowned while crossing over to New Rotterdam. She was standing on the taffrail, trying in her girlish way to catch a glimpse of a large fish by the side, when her foot slipped, overboard she went, and being swept away by the rapid current, was seen no more.

The next evening the bereaved husband sat in his bower thinking of the sudden loss he had sustained of one he had loved with all the love of which he was capable.

'Mein Gott!' he cried aloud, 'I am very sorry. But there is comfort in all things: I shall be quiet now. What a pity she was so lively. But she would have killed me; so I suppose it is all for the best.'

Was it the wind or was it a sigh that made the Dutchman start? But though he rose and looked around he saw nothing. But his unfeeling speech had sufficient effect on his feelings to make him believe that the ghost of his drowned Mary had reproached him in this gentle way. This belief made him turn to little Kate with sorrowful love. But soon he could not bear the sight of her. Before a week the memory of the winsome ways, the pleasant smile, the jocund laugh of his charming wife had melted the heart of the young Dutchman, and Peter would willingly have once more lost all his peace and tranquillity to have been teased even into leanness by his pretty Mary. But it was too late. The water yielded not up its dead, and Kate was sent to nurse, and after that to school.

Some years beyond this, Peter, whose ruling passion was money, was accosted by a strange sailor, who made him a proposition. What it was no man ever knew. But Peter grew suddenly wealthy, lent money to all who needed it, retired from business, and took up his residence at New Rotterdam. For some years he seemed far from happy; he was always on the look-out, as if for some one. But by degrees, as no one came, he grew easier in his mind, and at last seemed to forget every cause of unhappiness, and waxed fatter, being more contented and satisfied than ever. He still lent money to good houses; but Captain Andrew transacted his business for him, collected his accounts, had his bonds signed, and did everything which was needful. Every month he brought home all that had been repaid in interest or principal during the month, and took back all that Peter consented to put out to interest. Richer and richer grew our Dutchman, for not only his money but his vast estates brought him in profit.

The 1st of May was the day on which Katherine was expected home. It was a bright and sunny morning. Peter ate his dinner with his usual method, after ordering a luxurious tea to be ready at three o'clock, the hour at which the schooner was expected to arrive. At two precisely he was in his bower with pipe and glass. He lit the one and took a sip of the other, and then looked around. His pipe dropped from his mouth and almost out of his hand as he saw two schooners heading for the port of New Rotterdam, at the usual distance. They were so exactly alike that Peter was puzzled to know which was which. What could this mean? There was some mystery about the matter. There was, he was sure, going to be trouble and vexation, and his equanimity would surely be disturbed.

'That it should happen on this very 1st of May 17—,' he cried; 'the birthday!'

But why is he so pale and trembling; why does he lay down his pipe; why does he gulp down his drink, and, buttoning his pockets, assume an air of sullen defiance, as if prepared to defend them with terrible energy?

'My Heavens!' he exclaimed, 'it is the 1st of May 17—; Katherine's birthday, and the anniversary—What will become of me?'

The usually rubicund and merry face of the Dutchman grew pale, all the commonly suffused red congregating on the top of his large nose, his eyes twinkled with angry vehemence, and an awful frown of alarming portent collected on his brow. His glance never left the two schooners, which came on exactly abreast, with their flags flying, and heading exactly for the port of New Rotterdam. Peter now recognised that of Brock by the off-mended sails, those of the other being spick-and-span new of white duck, while the vessel itself had a smart and natty appearance. Mein Herr von Bischoff

sank down upon his arm-chair in deep thought. His unlit pipe was between his teeth, his replenished glass was untouched. He could distinguish something on the deck of Andrew Brock's schooner which made his heart leap. It was a figure which carried him back sixteen years. It was the same size, in the same dress; and the Dutchman could have sworn it was her who, after twenty-four months of wedded life, had found a watery grave. The schooner came nearer and nearer, and Peter Bischoff rose as usual to walk down to the very edge of the water. The small craft was brought up in the wind, stood still, and then with wonderful rapidity moored by the negroes to the shore.

'My father,' said a soft, ringing, silvery voice in Peter's ear, that made him look round in amazement, for he could have sworn it was the voice of the dead—'my father, here is your Katherine, your Kate.'

Merciful Heaven! It was the same hair, the same eyes, the same voice, the same form; and Peter turned away and wept bitterly, Dutchman and phlegmatic as he was.

'What is the matter?' asked Katherine, much amazed.

'You are so like what your poor mother was,' replied the father.

'Dear papa, and do you mourn for her still?' said his rosy-checked, fair-haired, light, airy-stepped daughter.

'I do. I never shall forget the wicked relief I felt at being quiet. But that very unnatural joy was my punishment. Years, my child, had healed the wound; but you have reopened it.'

O what a smile of unutterable love came from that child's face as the Dutchman thus spoke of her mother! She caught him round the neck, she kissed him, she laughed, she chattered like a monkey, and then ran with noisome glee to see what the house was like.

'Well, Captain Andrew, what is the meaning of this schooner following you, and anchoring 200 yards off our port?'

'The devil blister its black sides!' said Andrew Brock fiercely: 'it has followed me from New York like a leech. It has never been fifty yards apart; sometimes it would come so close I thought we should touch. It is a rich Englishman, I know: the captain is a little handsome fellow with smart curly whiskers; I fancy he has come in chase of Katherine.'

'Little man, smart curly whiskers, in love with my daughter: *der teufel*, I will kill him!' and Peter Bischoff looked as angry as he had done some hours before. 'But I don't understand such impudence. What can he want?'

There lay the strange schooner in the stream, riding at anchor about 200 yards distant. It was an elegant and graceful craft, with low hull, tall, raking masts, white duck-sails, a clean, well-holy-stoned deck, and all that air of natty seamanship which is peculiarly English. Peter shook his head, and looked as if he expected to see some sign of life on board. But not a soul was on deck—not a sign of life was visible. The schooner lay stilly and silently at anchor, as if wholly abandoned by man.

'Very odd,' said the Dutch skipper.

'Very,' replied Peter: 'come and take tea.'

Away walked our two portly friends up the garden towards the house, musing with very different feelings relative to the advent of the strange schooner. The Dutch skipper saw only a rival in love and trade in the English sailor, but Peter saw something far more serious; but what it was, unfortunately, he could not communicate to any one. They found Katherine roaring with laughter at the astonishment of the negro female servants when she began upsetting a whole system of her father's arrangements, of which she did not approve. First a chair did not please her; then a table; then a heap of old china was not in a position to

satisfy her; and with her own hands and those of her alarmed assistants all was in process of alteration.

As Peter entered the negresses stopped, looking at him with an air of uneasy doubt.

'Make haste, Darkness,' said Katherine, with her rich merry laugh, that still made her father's heart leap, and still moistened his eyes.

'Obey your new mistress,' exclaimed Peter quietly: 'I give no further orders here. Katherine, my daughter, rules the house.'

The negresses laughingly and cheerfully prepared to obey; but Kate had changed her mind for the minute, and checking them, bade them prepare tea. Down sat the two Dutchmen, one on each side of Kate—the one to admire and gaze at her in fixed silence, the other to make desperate love. Peter was a handsome man of forty, and would have looked well, making himself into a beau—but the skipper was as ugly a man as you would find in the land, too fond by far of his glass, which Peter did not altogether abuse, though he, too, might more wisely have been a little more abstinent. So Kate laughed heartily at his compliments; asked him if he was not ashamed to dream of marriage at his age, when he should be thinking of a future life—a man of fifty is quite ancient in the eyes of a boarding-school miss of eighteen—and only became more uproarious in her mirth when he got a little angry. Peter would have laughed if he could, but he had a dim perception now of all he had really lost sixteen years before: he knew now what joy might have been his if his wife had been spared to him; and again, as it did ever, his heart reproached him with that unfeeling speech of his the evening after her death.

The tea seemed never likely to finish: Peter kept asking for fresh cups, and fresh slices of hot cake, and eating them slowly, as if he never tired of being helped by his beloved child, whose little hands, stirring his tea and cutting his cake, seemed to make it twice as pleasant. Andrew Brock, tried to imitate him, but he was too fond of brandy and water to be able to do so. It was in vain that gallantry made him try a third cup: he could not manage it. About seven, Kate, who was tired with her journey, retired to rest; and Andrew Brock, for the same reason, followed her example. Peter Bischoff remained alone with his pipe and his glasses.

There sat the Dutchman in his cloud of smoke, puffing away out of a bowl of huge dimensions, and quaffing his grog with more gusto than usual. He was not happy. The return of his daughter had brought to his mind the days of his courtship—all that was pleasant in his married life, all its charms, all the excellences and pleasant qualities of Mary Bischoff, while none of her faults were remembered: then he thought of the anniversary of the 1st of May—to him one always of painful import; and as he smoked and drank the good man dozed away, half asleep, half awake, with all manner of queer beings around him. Presently some one seemed to call him, but so faintly he could scarcely hear, and he fell quite into a heavy slumber.

'Peter Bischoff, Peter Bischoff!' said a voice again in a shrill tone which made him start.

Peter sat upright, and looked wildly around; he then clearly distinguished some one tapping at the window in a mysterious way. As usual, all the servants were gone to bed, and Peter Bischoff was alone.

'Who is there?' said he in a low tone.

'I,' replied a half-shrill, half-gruff voice—'the sailor of the island.'

Peter Bischoff groaned; but seeming to resign himself to his fate, went to the door, unbarred it, and gave admission to the stranger. A well-made little man, of about six-and-thirty, with light curly whiskers, a cap, a round jacket, and loose trousers, and a sash supporting pistols and dirk, walked quietly in, entered the smoking-room, sat himself down in the portly Dutchman's

arm-chair, and looked at him with his clear, piercing blue eyes with an air of considerable curiosity and surprise.

'How odd you look!' said the English sailor laughingly; 'as if you expected me, yet did not like the visit.'

'Quite prepared to see you,' replied the Dutchman.

'How you're changed in sixteen years!' said the other: 'fat, gray-haired, red nose—can't say you're improved.'

'Mere matter of taste,' said the Dutchman.

'Exactly. But to business. Do you recollect the 1st of May fifteen years since?'

'Yes; there must have been such a day,' observed the Dutchman.

'Glad you are willing to own that. But allow me to refresh your memory:—In the year 17—, sixteen years ago, living in a small hut on Long Island, I discovered a treasure in my garden, buried there by pirates, I suppose'—

'So you said at the time,' mused the Dutchman.

'And so I say now!' exclaimed the English sailor shrilly. 'I should have declared the discovery to the state, but I didn't. I thought a provision for my old age of more importance than the enriching a corporation; so I looked round for an honest, upright, but hard man, who could make the best of my money until I wanted it, and rumour brought me to you.'

'Exactly,' groaned the Dutchman.

'I came over to you in my schooner, in which I traded down the coast, and told you that I had made the discovery. You never advised me to make it public, but offered me 5 per cent. for my money as long as I liked. I preferred wandering just then to settling down, and I accepted: I brought you over to the island, handed you the money, you gave me a receipt: here it is—I want my money. The 1st of May 17—is not yet come; the sixteen years when it was to be yours if unclaimed are not past.'

'Exactly,' said the Dutchman.

'You are ready, I suppose?' exclaimed the English sailor: 'L.10,000 net at 5 per cent. for fourteen clear years is L.17,000.'

'Mein Gott!' said the Dutchman with a deep sigh.

'I understand: it is not pleasant to give up so round a sum. Suppose we strike a bargain?'

'Hein!' cried Peter, rousing himself.

'What do you say to a swap, Mein Herr von Bischoff? Your daughter against the L.17,000?'

'See you blistered first!' cried the Dutchman in a loud and thundering voice.

'What!' said the sailor, much surprised, 'you prefer your daughter to your money?'

'Of course I do, young man!' exclaimed Peter von Bischoff; 'and you shall strip me of my fortune ere you shall rob me of her.'

'Suppose I denounce you as having secreted treasure?' said the sailor gruffly.

'Do so, and the teufel take you!' thundered the Dutchman.

'Pay me my money then,' said the sailor: 'here is your receipt. Here is the sack in which I intend to carry away my gold.'

The Dutchman looked fiercely at him, but did not move. To part with L.17,000 was dreadful, but to promise his daughter to a man he didn't know was worse.

'Well,' asked the sailor, 'what do you decide?'

'Nothing!' said the Dutchman in angry embarrassment.

'My dear papa,' exclaimed Kate, bursting into the room, 'what is the matter? I hear you quarrelling with Captain Andrew: what has he been doing?'

'Go to bed,' said Peter Bischoff much annoyed, 'my dear Kate! I am engaged in business with a stranger'—

'A stranger!' cried Katherine in wild and passionate

accents; 'do you say a stranger? Oh, my mother! why have you come in this disguise?'

'Your mother! What did you say?' said Peter, pale and trembling.

'Yes, my dear father!' replied Katherine; 'and after what you said to-day, you must indeed be proud and happy.'

'Proud and happy!' said Mary Bischoff sternly. 'Then why have I been dead to him for sixteen years? Why, when I fell overboard and was picked up, and was coming home, did I hear him say, "It is all for the best?"'

'Because I was a fool; because I knew not the happiness I lost that day; because I loved my ease and quiet, I seemed glad for a moment. But explain all this. I shall go mad! How are you here? Are you Mary, or are you the sailor? What is the object of your lending me money? But no; I am an idiot to ask you. This is some trick. It would be too much happiness—too much!'

'Do I hear aright?' cried Mary, looking at her husband and her child. 'Is it possible that you really love me?'

'Mother,' said Kate solemnly, 'if you had heard and seen him this morning you would not have doubted him;' and drawing the sham sailor on one side she spoke earnestly in a whisper.

In a minute more the sailor's whiskers fell off, his cap was removed, and but that the face was browned, a little plumper, and the form a little rounder, Peter von Bischoff saw before him the same loved being who, sixteen years before, had disappeared beneath the waters of the Hudson. But Peter had no time to speak, for Kate drew her away. Overcome by his emotions, the merchant sank into his arm-chair.

'It is my wife or her ghost, as sure as I'm a Dutchman!' he cried.

In a few minutes Kate and Mary returned, the latter having hurriedly changed her garb, and Peter knew her once more. He took both their hands, unable to speak, and gazed at them with surprise and affection. His little eyes stood out prominently in his head; he looked first at one and then at the other, and then drawing his wife to his bosom, kissed her earnestly.

'Tell me all about it,' said he, rising with a tremendous effort, and offering her a chair. 'My dear love, welcome home!'

'To say, Peter, that I am surprised is to say little. I am very happy, very proud, even after so many years, to be united to my husband. When I fell overboard sixteen years ago I was swept away by the current instead of sinking, and was picked up by a fisherman whose canoe you could not see in the dark. I lay all night in his hut, nursed by his wife and daughter. Towards the afternoon I was better, and was brought home in the canoe. The man set me on shore at the low beach, and I walked up here with the wicked intention of frightening you with my ghost. Just as I reached the bower I heard you speak. Never shall I forget that moment. It seemed that my girlish spirits made you unhappy, and that you looked upon my death as rather fortunate than otherwise. I resolved never to let you know I was alive: my pride revolted at the idea of being a burden to a man who rejoiced at my supposed death. I would have taken my child; but I loved you still, and wanted to see my child well brought up. You knew that my father had been a sailor, and even that it was rumoured he had been hard upon the Spaniards in the Indies. I had been often long voyages with him. I assumed the dress of a man at once, as the best disguise and the surest way of getting on. I shipped on board a trading boat which went to Long Island, where my father had died. I sought his house, now mine, and made it my headquarters. Arranging the house one day I found a letter to myself hidden in an old box. It was put there

in the prevision that his daughter might marry and not be happy. It told me of the hidden treasure. I saw in this unexpected windfall a future fortune for my child. I knew you to be a man capable of doubling it. You know the rest. But I could not bear not to see my Katherine. I went to the school—the mistress knew me well—I told my story, and she agreed to let me see my child as often as I liked. My child loved me dearly. Every voyage—and they were only along the coast—I put off my male garb, and spent some hours with Kate. When she was old enough to understand, I explained the reason of my parting with you, but, as you well know, without seeking to diminish the child's affection for its father.'

'God bless you!' said the Dutchman.

'And so you mean to take back your runaway wife?' replied Mary, sidling up to him.

'*Mein Gott!* you don't want to go?' exclaimed Peter anxiously.

'But I'm as merry and wild as ever. Kate and I romp together like two kittens.'

'So much the better,' said the Dutchman, whose eyes looked very moist. 'The house is yours; do as you like; only forgive me my words—I did not mean them—and you may dance on my head if you like.'

'I do forgive you, Peter. I would do so simply to quiet those imploring little eyes of Kate's,' replied Mary; 'but I do so from my heart—on one condition.'

'Anything you like,' said Peter with enthusiasm.

'The fact is, when I came here it was not with any intention of making myself known. I had heard it rumoured that you intended to marry Kate to old Andrew Brock; at all events, he said so.'

'Old porpoise,' growled Peter indignantly.

'I am glad to hear you had no such intention.'

'See him drowned first!' said Mein Herr von Bischoff.

'For I, my dear husband, have one ready for Kate. He is a young Englishman—a clever, handsome, lively, pleasant fellow. You like ease; he likes work. Make him manager of your estates: you have plenty of money; you can enlarge and improve them.'

'But it is your money.'

'No, Peter; it is yours in trust for Kate. She will be happy to share our home. By and by we can build her a house on the port, and then years hence when we really do die.'

'Hush, mother!' cried Kate eagerly. 'Talk of anything else.'

'We'll talk of your marriage then.'

'Yes!' exclaimed Peter, who was in a rapturous state of mind. 'And won't we dance, and have a fine time of it!' and the Dutchman actually rose, seized his wife and daughter by the hand, and, amid shouts of laughter, began dancing round the room. They tried to stop him, but in vain; he was too much for them. At length, however, he was out of breath, and sank into an arm-chair.

'Let's have some supper,' said he suddenly, 'and drink to the health of the mistress of the house. Holla! oh! Up there, Gratz, Joseph, William, Ebony, Alice. Be stirring; look alive!' and seizing his walking-stick, the Dutchman began banging the table with a settled energy which made his wife smile. It was a strong proof of his love; for he hereby declared that he abandoned willingly all his ideas of phlegmatic comfort, and authorised those he loved to be henceforth as uproariously mirthful as they pleased.

'Your father is going mad!' said Mary laughing.

'With happiness, mamma,' replied Kate, joining their hands, and gazing at them with such an exquisite smile of joy as made both embrace her fondly.

A happy man from that day was Mein Herr von Bischoff. He never looked grave again, for fear of making his family fancy he was tired of their mirth. When he unexpectedly found the house filled during the next ten years by little children—both his daughter's

and his own—he certainly did look at them with somewhat of a serious expression of countenance; but when he caught his wife or daughter's eye fixed on him, he would laugh heartily, and winking at both, exclaim with genuine delight: 'It's all for the best!'

THE MAGUEY OF MEXICO.

FULL five millions of people drink the *sap* of the maguey, a fact which of itself entitles this interesting plant to a more generous description than has yet appeared in the note-book of the traveller. We shall venture a few particulars from memory.

The appearance of the maguey is picturesque in the extreme, not yielding in this respect either to the palm or the tree-fern. On seeing it for the first time the traveller reins up his horse, and gazes admiringly on its thick dark leaves. He feels that he is in a foreign land—a land of vegetable giants. He feels, too, that he is in Mexico; for on no other part of the American continent does the great aloe attain its full and colossal proportions.

It is difficult by 'word-painting' to present the *coup d'œil* of the maguey; but most persons have seen the aloe of our botanic gardens, or the plant of the pine-apple, and these suggest the idea, though somewhat feebly, of its general appearance. On looking at the maguey you see nothing but its leaves, or rather blades, for such huge, thick masses of vegetable matter can hardly be termed leaves. Let us call them blades then. Popularly speaking, there is no stem—that is, there is no visible stem—the great flower-stalk being quite another thing, which we shall describe hereafter. The blades appear to grow directly out of the ground, or out of something slightly elevated above the surface; which, however, is hidden by their bases that lap each other around it. If you amputate the blades close by their bases, you will discover this 'something' to be a large mass of fibrous and succulent vegetable matter, exactly of the form of an ostrich-egg or cocoa-nut, its lower extremity resting upon the ground, to which it is held fast by a number of stout branching roots. This is the true stem; but, to be more expressive to the popular ear, we shall take the liberty of terming it the 'nucleus' of the plant. In a full-grown maguey this nucleus will be about twenty inches in its vertical or longest diameter, and at least twelve inches measured horizontally. It consists of two distinct parts: the outer or rind, and the heart (*corazon*), which is contained within. The rind is tough and fibrous, and about an inch in thickness; the heart is a mass of succulent matter, very similar, both in appearance and consistency, to the flesh of a firm Swedish turnip. It can be scooped out and removed, as we shall see presently, without causing the immediate death of the plant. Let us now turn to the leaves or blades. In a large specimen of the plant, each one of these is about eight feet in length, and twelve inches in breadth at the base, where it is widest. It is also thickest at this point, where it is at least four inches through. From its base the blade tapers regularly, lessening both in width and thickness till it ends in a sharp point. Neither surface is a plane. The upper one is concave or troughed, though the trough disappears towards the point; and the under surface, on the contrary, exhibits a convex or ridged form, the convexity nearly corresponding to the hollow of the other side. A cross section of the leaf, near its base, would not be unlike the representation on paper of an obtuse-angled and isosceles spherical triangle. Both surfaces are perfectly smooth, and of a uniform dark-green, not far from the shade of the common bulrush. Where the plant grows in a low, rich soil the green is still more obscure, and on close inspection the surface will be found delicately mottled with patches of a purplish-black.

In botanical language, the leaves of the maguey are

armed. Along each edge is a row of small claws, like fish-hooks, set about four inches from each other, and giving to the leaf a serrated appearance. These claws curve inwards towards the nucleus of the plant. They are of a dark-blood colour, keen at their points, and as hard as horn itself. They are firmly set—sufficiently so to take the piece out of your coat or skin, should you be so imprudent, after getting hooked upon them, as to drag yourself hurriedly away. But the maguey is still further armed. Each blade is tipped with a hard, thorny spikelet, four inches in length, as black as ebony, as sharp as a needle, and not unlike the quill of the porcupine. These, with the claws already described, constitute the defensive armour of the plant. Without them, however, it would not be so easily wounded; for the leaves, though soft and pliable, are sufficiently tough and fibrous to prevent their being readily crushed or broken. It requires a smart stroke of the sabre to amputate one of them near the base. I have often made the experiment. It is somewhat of a feat.

Imagine, then, some thirty or more of these huge blades radiating from a common centre, their spikelets pointing to every quarter of the heavens, and even to the earth itself—for in many instances the lower leaves curve gracefully over until their tips rest upon the surface of the soil; I say, imagine this, and you will have before your mind's eye a faint idea of the appearance of the great *Agave Americana*. You will not see the spheroidal nucleus I have described. It is hidden by the leaves, whose broad bases grow out from its surface, sessile, and lapping one another. You will see nothing but the huge green blades rising above the head of the horseman, and radiating *chevaux-de-frise*-like from each other.

Such is the aspect of the maguey in its ordinary state. It presents an altered appearance when it has flowered. The leaves still remain as before; but out from their centre, and partially sheathed by the two or three which point vertically, shoots a tall stem of three inches in diameter, and between twenty and thirty feet in height. This is the flower-stalk, and its top is ornamented with thick clusters of bright yellow flowers. It is somewhat irregular in its outline; that is, it is not exactly cylindrical, though nearly so. It is semi-lignous, its surface exhibiting slight grooves, with here and there small nodes. It is destitute of leaflets or branches, except at and near the top, where the blossoms hang out on their numerous pedicels. Considering that this tree-like stem shoots vertically up to a height of nearly thirty feet, and that its top is crowned with a fragrant cluster of flowers, it will easily be imagined that it adds to the imposing appearance of the plant. It certainly does so; and it is in this stage of its growth that the maguey is usually pictured by travellers. Yet, strange to say, you may journey from one end of Mexico to the other without seeing half-a-dozen plants in the state of flowering. The reason is obvious. The maguey is not cultivated for ornament, but for use—the use of its sap, which can be extracted from a single plant to the value of ten or twelve dollars. Since the flower-stalk would destroy, or rather monopolise the sap for its own nourishment, the latter of course could not be extracted, and the value of the plant would be lost. Under these circumstances, it is evident that nature is seldom permitted to carry out her design—never, in fact, except by the accident of neglect on the part of the cultivator, or in some wild spot where the maguey may chance to 'blush unseen.'

We come to the geography of the *agave*. Although Mexico is peculiarly the country of the maguey, an aloe resembling it is found in all tropical regions, and even distributed to some extent through the latitudes of the temperate zone. It is indigenous in Spain, and will grow in the climate of Britain; but in no country that I am aware of, excepting Mexico, has any attempt been made to extract its sap as an exhilarating beverage.

This may arise from the fact, that in no other country does the plant attain that colossal size or luxuriance that would render such a thing either possible or profitable. Even in Mexico itself, a stunted or ill-cultivated specimen is worthless to the proprietor, as such a one would not yield enough to pay for the ground it would occupy.

But the most singular fact in the geography of the magüey is, that although principally found within the limits of the tropics, it is not a tropical plant; that is to say, it does not thrive to perfection in the hot lands (*tierras calientes*)—the region of the palm. The surface-formation of Mexico is peculiar. Along both oceans that border it extends a belt of low land, hot and febrile in its climate, and altogether tropical in its character. Having crossed this belt towards the interior, the traveller ascends at first gradually through the foothills of mountains, then more abruptly through the mountains themselves, till at an elevation of 6000 or 8000 feet he debouches upon wide level plains. From these he beholds other mountains rising still higher—some of them crowned with eternal snow, some standing apart and solitary like obtuse cones, while others trend in *sierras* running around the plains, and separating them from each other. These plains, or, as they are called in the language of the country, *valles*, are the *tierras templadas*—the table-lands of Mexico. Here are found all the great cities, here dwells the main body of the inhabitants; and this is the true region of the magüey. Here alone is it seen in full luxuriance, and here only is it cultivated for the use of man.

The aloe of the *tierras calientes* is altogether a different affair. It is the wild magüey or mezcaltl-plant, and bears but slight resemblance to its gigantic cousin of the *tierras templadas*. It is similar, however, in generic properties. It possesses the same spheroidal nucleus, though much smaller, and sends up the tall flower-stalk. You may see this species in flower at all times, for, like other wild plants of the forest, it is allowed to bud and blossom when it will. The most striking difference between the two will be noticed in the leaves. Those of the wild species are much more slender, and there are three or four times as many of them to a single plant. They are more thickly barbed along the edges—so much so indeed, that where a patch of wild magüey covers the ground, it is no easy matter to make one's way through them; hence the skin-savers and leathern-leggings worn by all the *vaqueros* of the *tierras calientes*. I remember having a pair of military overalls torn to pieces in a single day's scouting by the claws of the wild magüey. No cloth can hold out against them.

The leaves of the wild plant, from the fact of their being more slender, curve still more gracefully than those of the cultivated species. In colour the two species differ essentially. Instead of the dark-green which distinguishes the blades of the upland magüey, these exhibit a surface of mottled-red and whitish-green. Frequently the whole plant appears of a bright scarlet, as if burned to this hue by the hot rays that constantly pour down upon it. A thicket of them, which is often seen, or even a single plant of this colour, bursting suddenly upon the eye of the traveller, presents a most striking and vivid picture.

There is no use made of the wild magüey—at least it is not cultivated to this end. It is indigenous in the arid districts of the *tierra caliente*; and in some parts grows in such plenty as to form the characteristic plant of the tropical underwood. It flourishes side by side with the cactus and the acacia, the three together forming impenetrable jungles called in the language of Mexico *chaparrals*. Sometimes its sap is extracted and distilled into a fiery drink—a species of whisky—named *Mexical* (*mezcal*). The Indians have a way of roasting, or rather baking its roots and part of its leaves, so as to yield a sweet and agreeable esculent.

Thus cooked, they carry it into the markets of the great cities, where it is purchased even for the tables of the rich. I know not the process by which they prepare it, but I have often eaten it in this state, and could not help liking it. It is full of saccharine matter, and tastes not unlike preserved citron, though it is firmer and more fibrous. It produces a most singular effect on the tongue of those unaccustomed to it—a sort of indescribable nervous titillation.

The wild magüey makes its appearance upon the northern plains of Mexico, upon the less elevated plateaux of Chihuahua, Sonora, and the Valley Del Norte. Its roots and leaves are also eaten by the Indians who roam over these plains—the Navajos, Comanches, and Apaches. By them it is baked, along with horse-flesh, in hot stone-ovens sunk in the ground; and thus cooked, it forms one of their most favourite dishes.

Let us now return to the *true* magüey, which we have seen is a different plant both in its appearance and uses. It has been matter of surprise to me why such intelligent travellers as Ward, Toinsett, and others, have neglected to note this difference. They could not well have failed to observe it; but indeed most foreigners visiting Mexico rush somewhat hurriedly out of the *tierra caliente*, in order to escape from its febrile dangers. It was my fortune—at the cost of a good uniform or two—to skirmish for several months among the wild magüey; and when I afterwards climbed up to the table-lands and beheld for the first time the cultivated plant, I was impressed with the idea that I had never seen it before. Strange, too, that at the elevation where the latter is first met with, the wild species disappears; and their line of conjunction, if I mistake not, will be found to correspond very nearly with the highest line of the palm. But it is upon the high plateaux, 7000 feet above sea-level, where the magüey attains its greatest strength and luxuriance. As one ascends the mountains above this elevation, it gradually appears more stunted and worthless. It might be supposed, from the temperature of the table-lands, that it would thrive in the latitude of the temperate zones; but such is not the case. It can be cultivated to no purpose in the United States; and even in Northern Mexico, outside the tropic, it again assumes the form and aspect of the wild species. Notwithstanding the objection to the temperate zone, it is not extreme heat which the plant seeks for, but a *uniform temperature throughout the year*—a climate never warmer than an English summer, and never colder than an English spring. Such a one does it find on the great intertropical plateaux of the Mexican Andes.

It is there alone that it is cultivated—in many places being the principal object of agricultural industry. In the *valles* of Puebla, Mexico, Toluca, Guanajuato, around the pyramid of Cholula, and on the Llanos de Assam by Tlascalla, large plantations may be seen entirely occupied with the cultivation of the magüey. In these, as well as in other plains, it may also be seen planted in double or triple rows along the edges of the maize or wheat fields, or bordering the green meadows, thus forming an ornamental enclosure as well as a valuable addition to the property of the farmer. In most of the plateaux of Mexico timber is scarce, and fencing is a costly operation. In such cases the magüey serves an important purpose in helping out the enclosure. A double row of plants, with their long spiky blades locking each other, make of themselves a hedge sufficiently formidable to turn both horses and cattle. But whether planted for the sake of fencing a farm, or whether forming of itself the staple product of the proprietor, the plants are carefully tended, and the sap of each drawn from it in its proper season.

The planting is a simple operation. The young magüey are set in the ground at a distance of about

two yards apart, just wide enough to prevent them from crowding each other when they arrive at full size. They are kept clear of weeds, and digging around them is sometimes beneficial. Should any of the blades be wounded, or *wilted* from blight, which is sometimes the case, the dead part is amputated with a large pruning-knife. And thus they are tended with no great labour or expense for a space of about eight years, during which time they make no return to the proprietor, for as yet not one of the plants has yielded sap. The time, however, of productiveness has arrived. This is at the end of the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, or sometimes even of the twelfth year. The irregularity depends upon soil, climate, and other incidentals; but eight years may be taken as the average. The plant now threatens to 'shoot,' but it is closely watched by the *tlachiquero* (klatch-ee-kü-ro); and when that hour arrives at which the great flower-stem should spring up out of the nucleus, the top of the latter is cut off, and the maguey is tapped. We shall describe this process anon.

It is plain from all this that to create a new maguey plantation would require a somewhat patient sort of mind. In many cases it would be planting for posterity—'sowing that others might reap.' Even in beginning a plantation of magueys, the ground must not all be occupied the first year. A portion of young plants must be set out each succeeding year, until those first planted have commenced yielding sap; and even when these have been sucked dry, which is accomplished in three months from the time of their being tapped, their wilted and wrinkled bodies are dragged from the ground, and a fresh generation of juveniles are stuck into their places. In this way a constant succession of ripening is kept up, and the sweet *aguamiel* (honey-water) flows on for ever.

In an old plantation you will see the maguey at every age—from the year-old that looks like a new-set beet-plant, to the huge giant radiating over a circumference of yards. When it is considered that a full-grown maguey is worth at least a couple of guineas, and that thousands of them may be seen upon a single plantation, it may be concluded that this species of farming is no small business. Many have realised handsome fortunes in their culture, and many at this moment draw ten thousand dollars a year out of their magueys.

We come to consider the *uses* of the maguey. Its principal value lies in its sap, and for this alone is it cultivated. From this is manufactured one of the most grateful and wholesome beverages known to the human race—the celebrated drink *pulqué*. I need not have said manufactured: the process is extremely simple, but I will detail it from the beginning. You are passing along the edge of a field of magueys a little after sunrise; you see a singular-looking man, with short leathern breeches, legs naked from the knees down, and *guarache*s—rude leathern sandals—strapped over his feet: a jerkin or spencer of smoky-brown leather, corresponding to the breeches, covers his arms and shoulders, and on his head is a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat of wool, glaze, or palmella. The dark bronze of his face and legs, the inward turning of his toes, his long and tangled black hair, convince you that he is an Indian. The hog-skin bag that hangs over his left shoulder, and the long trumpet-shaped calabash which he carries in his hand, tell you he is a *tlachiquero*. His business is to extract the sap of the maguey, and carry it home to the *casa grande* (large house) of the proprietor.

He has skulked in among the huge green blades, and you lose sight of him in a moment. Follow and observe him. He wends his way through devious paths known only to himself. Here he stoops down under the curving leaves; there he pushes them gently aside, holding them so, as he squeezes past, lest their keen claws might

wound his bare legs. All this he does with the nimbleness and silence of a cat. He arrives at length before a plant that has been tapped, and halting in front of it lays down his calabash. The plant thus tapped (*cor-tada*) is easily distinguished from its fellows. It has a ruinous look. Two or three of its leaves that have been cut off lie withering beside it; and over the ground is scattered a quantity of whitish scrapings, exactly resembling horse-radish when brought to table. The ovate nucleus is partially exposed to view, and you perceive that a small segment has been cut from its top. A large stone is resting upon it, or a piece of the butend of one of the amputated leaves.

The *tlachiquero* lifts off the stone, and you perceive that the nucleus is hollow. The heart (*corazon*) has been scraped out, though not all of it, and the thick rind remaining forms the sides of a regular spheroidal cavity or jar. You perceive that half way down to the bottom of this jar some of the heart still remains, but portions will be removed from day to day. You will perceive, also, that in this cavity there is a quantity of a clear crystalline liquid: taste it. It is as sweet as honey-water, and both in taste and appearance exactly resembles the juice of the sugar-cane or the sap of the maple-tree. It is the sap of the maguey; it is the *aguamiel*. You will observe that there is nearly half a gallon of it (remember that it is morning, and this is the first visit of the *tlachiquero*), and that quantity is the collected flowings of the whole night.

The *tlachiquero* now takes up the calabash, which is called the *acojoté* (a-ko-hó-té.) This is a curious implement, and deserves a word. It is an oblong gourd, nearly three feet in length, and hollow of course. One of the ends is tipped with a horn open at the point; there is also a hole in the other, which is the larger or butend; and the *acojoté* therefore is nothing more than a rude suction-pipe, and that is its purpose.

Having laid hold of this instrument, the *tlachiquero* inserts the horn into the great cup of the plant, and, placing his lips to the other end, by a well-known hydraulic law, draws up the liquid contents into the gourd. A finger is then placed to the horn end, and he removes his lips, raises the *acojoté* to his shoulder, inserts the point of the horn, and allows the *aguamiel* to run into the skin bag. The bag is fastened at its mouth by a draw-string, which prevents the liquid from being spilled, while the *tlachiquero* proceeds to further operations.

The *acojoté* is now laid aside, and our Indian takes from his belt a small hoe-shaped instrument called the *rampa*. It is simply a scraper, not unlike what is used on shipboard, but smaller and of keener edge. With this the *tlachiquero*, inserting his arm, scrapes off a light layer from the *corazon*, which he throws out of the cup. The veins through which flows the *aguamiel* are thus opened afresh, and the liquid goes on collecting as before. The *tlachiquero* now replaces the stone (this is done to keep out dust, flies, and the sun), takes up his *acojoté*, passes on to another plant, goes through a similar series of operations, then to another, until his skin bag is filled, when he trots off to the big house to empty it.

He will pay three visits a day to each of the plants that are yielding sap, but in his noon-visit he will obtain a smaller quantity than he found in the morning, and in the evening still less. During the whole day the plants will yield him from a gallon to a gallon and a half each, and this yield will continue for the space of three months. At the end of that time, the whole of the *corazon* will have been scraped out, the sap will have ceased to flow, the huge leaves will have grown brownish and wrinkled, and the maguey will have died. It will now be dug up, the ground levelled in, and a young successor planted in its place.

I have said that the cultivated maguey is rarely seen with its flower-stalk. When this happens to be the

case, the plant is considered as lost. The sap cannot be drawn from it after it has flowered; and only on the eve of its flowering can it be tapped so as to yield successfully. The tlachiquero watches zealously for the symptoms that denote the approach of this epoch, and notes them carefully. In passing a maguery-field many of the plants may be seen with husks of maize impaled upon their topmost spikelets: these are the marks of the tlachiquero. They are plants that will soon be ready for cutting.—*Maquyes de Corte.*

Let us now follow the tlachiquero to the house, and see how pulqué is made.

Arrived with his bag of aguamiel, he enters an out-house set apart for the pulqué-making business. Here are seen numerous raw hides nailed upon frames, and stretched so as to hollow them into the shape and capacity of vessels, each of which might contain about a barrel. Into one of these the tlachiquero empties his bag, and, going off again, soon returns with another cargo; and so on till the vessel is filled. Meanwhile the process of fermentation has commenced, and the aguamiel, thus jumbled about and mixed, soon loses its crystal colour and honey-sweet taste. It grows whitish, and becomes more and more acidulated as the hours pass. It is now what is termed *tlachique*; but this—although to the foreign palate by far the most agreeable drink—is not the true pulqué. The latter is thus produced. In a vessel which stands in one corner of the room will be found a quantity of the sap which has been fermenting there for ten or fifteen days: this has grown white and sour, and is called *madre de pulqué* (mother of pulqué.) A small portion of this is poured by way of leaven into the vessels that contain the tlachique, to excite and assist the fermentation; and in twenty-four hours after the sap has been taken from the plant it becomes pulqué. It grows whiter with age, and in three or four days it assumes the appearance of thin milk.

The fresher it may be, it is the more pleasant to the palate of the foreigner; but a genuine old Indian pulqué-drinker likes it long kept and sour as a tart. I myself should prefer the tlachique—that is, the aguamiel—shortly after it has commenced fermenting. I should prefer it not only to pulqué, but to any other drink on the face of the earth—not even champagne being allowed to form the exception.

The pulqué slightly intoxicates—about as much as Bavarian beer, and not so much as English ale; but the intoxication from it is short-lived, and is never followed by those terrible effects that are the certain sequents of intoxication from all other drinks. Its wholesome properties as a tonic are too well known to need confirmation. Every foreign resident in Mexico, although shy of it at first, on account of what they call its disagreeable smell—I have never observed this—after awhile take to it, like it better than the natives themselves, and grow fat upon it.

The pulqué is to be had at all times and at all seasons: *Nunca falta pulqué* (pulqué never fails) is one of the sayings of Mexico. In that unchanging clime the juice of the maguery flows at all seasons of the year—the pulqué is fermenting at all hours, and a constant supply is thus thrown into the market. It is usually carried in hog-skin bags, on the backs of mules or donkeys, and sometimes to a considerable distance; but it is seldom to be met with in any part of the *tierras calientes*, as it will not bear transportation to these regions and remain in a fit state for drinking. It is a perishable beverage, and can never form an article of export.

In the large cities it is sold in shops called *pulquerias*, and similar establishments are found in the villages and along much-travelled roads in the country. The walls of these shops are frequently ornamented with gaudy paintings, representing parties of men and girls enjoying themselves over the refreshing beverage; and

not unfrequently may be seen, painted in large letters on these walls, verses that celebrate the good qualities of pulqué. Among the people it is a national drink, and they seem to have a sort of national feeling in regard to it. A Mexican is sure to ask the stranger whether he likes pulqué, and an answer in the affirmative always seems to give gratification. Besides making the pulqué, the maguery-plant serves many other uses, and some of them by no means of slight importance in that peculiar country.

We have seen that it is used in making enclosures where timber is scarce. Houses are often thatched with its broad, trough-shaped leaves, and this use can be made of them after the sap has been extracted. An excellent kind of thread, called *pita*, is also manufactured from their fibres, and strong cloth is woven from the same. No doubt, in the hands of a more energetic people, the maguery could be turned to far better account. As it is, however, they convert it to many excellent purposes, and it is well worthy of the couplet assigned to it:—

‘Comida, bebida,
Casa y vestida.’*

‘AN HONEST PENNY.’

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

NANCY GOODALL was the only daughter of poor parents. Her father was a day-labourer upon a farm at which when a boy it was my wont to pay an annual visit at harvest-time. She was a sprightly and active young woman when, while yet a child, I first saw her. Born to servitude, she graced her lot with those quiet virtues which render servitude respectable and often endearing. In her twenty-first year she accompanied the squire's family to London in the humble capacity of housemaid. There she remained for nearly thirty years, rising gradually through the various grades of service, until, finally installed as housekeeper, she had the sole management of domestic affairs. She might, perhaps ought to have saved during this long period a considerable sum of money. She really saved nothing. The sole use of money, in her estimation, was to ameliorate the condition of those dear to her. Her parents, who, as they grew old and infirm, needed assistance, received the best part of her earnings, and by her bounty were saved from having recourse to the hateful charity of the parish. After their death her only brother, who had married young and imprudently, emigrated with a large family to America. It was Nancy's money and Nancy's credit that procured his outfit and paid his passage; and several years passed after his departure before she had discharged the responsibilities undertaken in behalf of him and his wife and children. Still no thought of care or anxiety for herself ever troubled her. She knew her old master too well to imagine for a moment that he would ever allow her to be in want. Since the death of her mistress she had been the friend rather than the servant of the young ladies, and after they were married and settled in the north, had been the careful nurse of the old squire, who, before he died, added a codicil to his will, which secured her, as he thought, a comfortable provision for life.

When the lifeless body of the old man was borne off to the family vault in Devonshire, Nancy felt herself completely alone in the world. She remained a few weeks in the house in Piccadilly, awaiting the settlement of affairs, and expecting the purchase of the annuity which she well knew had been bequeathed by her master. The cruellest misfortune overtook her at once. Owing to certain family quarrels, and some real

* By a somewhat free translation, ‘Meat, drink, clothing, and lodging.’

or fancied neglect on the part of his heirs, which the deceased squire had violently resented in the disposition of his property, the will he had made was disputed on the ground of alleged insanity on the part of the testator; and after a great deal of strife and some litigation, the estate was thrown into Chancery. Neither of the litigants had the slightest objection to Nancy's legacy, which each and all pronounced well deserved, and pledged themselves to pay: but no one paid it, and the desolate woman, now past the prime of life, was thrown, after a comparatively easy and luxurious existence, upon her own resources. The town-house was shut up, and Nancy, with one quarter's wages in her pocket, was turned loose on the desert of London to seek for the means of subsistence. As if it were decreed that nothing should be wanting to complete her distress, she was knocked down and run over by a coach while wandering about in search of a lodging; and emerged from the hospital—to which she was carried in a state of insensibility—three months after, a cripple for life, to begin the world again at fifty years of age upon a pair of crutches.

Nine-tenths of the women in existence so situated would have given up the contest, and retired to die in the workhouse. Nancy was made of harder stuff. In a dingy house in a by-street in Somerstown she took a humble lodging, and, determined to support herself, cast about for the means of doing it. The pride that kept her from asking alms of any one strengthened her resolution to do without alms. Hardly possessed of the power of locomotion, she still managed to creep about in search of employment. Needlework was out of the question—her way of life not having sufficiently skilled her in the art, and it being too late to learn; her sight, moreover, beginning to fail. So she boldly entered the lists of handicraft labour: paid a journeyman clogmaker for instruction in his craft, bought the necessary tools, and set about making clogs for the market. In muddy London there is an immense demand for these useful manufactures; and Nancy, with a woman's tact for an article of woman's wear, contrived to make her productions favourites with her sex. It was little indeed but a few pence that she got out of each pair; but she became expert from practice, and therefore never wanted employment. For seven years she pursued her laborious trade, and supplied a large district of dealers with her stock. She faced the rigid economy and penurious fare to which she found herself suddenly reduced, after a life of plentiful abundance, with a courage and patient endurance that never flagged. Her one room was half-filled with narrow planks of wood, from which she sawed with her own hands the soles of the clogs, afterwards carving them to shape, and hollowing them for the reception of the foot. This was the labour of the morning, generally commencing with the dawn; the latter part of the day she spent seated at a little bench, cutting out and affixing the leathern ears, and finishing off the goods for the shopkeeper. She lived constantly surrounded with chips and cuttings, and used to boast that she smelt like a carpenter's shop. But the exercise preserved and even improved her health, and the little excitement of traffic gave a purpose and a pleasure to her toilsome life which she had never felt before.

Nancy is yet alive. Contrary to almost all precedent in Chancery cases, that one in which she was so deeply interested has been lately settled. Her master's will has been executed to the letter, and Nancy is now in receipt of an annuity considerably greater than the sum bequeathed for the purchase would have bought when she was eight years younger. She has retired to her native village—not to indulge in the pride of ease and sloth, but to set an example of usefulness and benevolence. She has voluntarily undertaken a task for which few are better qualified—that of educating

practically young girls for service, two of whom she has constantly under tuition. If this short history of her life should meet her eye, which is not improbable, she may perhaps suspect who was the writer; but the very last thing she would think of would be the idea of taking offence at the narrative.

Billy Ducks (I must not give his real name for fear of Colonel Maberley) is the lad who drives the mail-cart from the chief town of a midland county to the market-town of B—, situated some fourteen miles off. Billy is the only son of a widow. While he was yet an infant his mother, a sickly woman at best, was driven into the workhouse by the sudden and accidental death of her husband, a farm-labourer, who was killed by the fall of a felled trunk of elm from a forest wain which he was assisting to load. Billy was brought up in the workhouse, where he was taught to read the Testament, and to write a very little. He had inherited an active temperament from his father, who had the reputation of a 'harum-scarum chap,' and the habits, manners, and likings of the boy were altogether different from those of his dull comrades and fellow-prisoners. He shewed an early fondness for animals, and for horses in particular, and soon attracted the notice of the master and manager, who kept a nag, and who found that it was no bad economy to intrust the creature to the general superintendence of Billy, even while he was yet an urchin. One consequence of this charge was, that Billy in course of time learned to ride—a species of accomplishment destined to be of more use to the workhouse lad than the abstruse arts of reading and writing. When he was about twelve years of age his active habits and his self-acquired skill as a groom recommended him to the notice of a neighbouring farmer, who received him into his house, and gave him shake-down and board, but never a copper of money, in return for his services in the stable-yard and at the plough-tail. The farmer drove regularly every Saturday to the market at the county town, and sometimes Billy went with him; and when the farmer, relying on the steadiness of the boy, had sacrificed too freely to John Barleycorn, Billy had to drive him home; and in this way he learned to handle the whip and reins with a dexterity which earned him quite a reputation. Billy was happy, and would have been contented with his lot but for one trouble which preyed upon his mind—the other boys on the farm christened him 'Young Workus,' and jeered him on account of his mother, who yet remained in the house. More than one battle he fought to avenge her outraged name; but that did not mend the matter: the more he 'licked' the youngsters, the more the bigger boys molested him. His thoughts were ever on some plan to get his mother out of the house, and a thousand times he wished himself a man, that he might support her by his labour.

When Billy had been two years with Farmer F—, he heard accidentally one Saturday at the inn where his master was in the habit of putting up every market-day, that somebody was wanted immediately to drive the mail-cart to B—, the regular post-boy having met with an accident, which had sent him to the hospital with a broken head, through a collision with a wagon in the High Street. Billy pricked up his ears, and rushing out to find his master, sought and obtained permission to offer his services. A trial was granted him; and six o'clock the next morning saw him perched on the little red mail-box, and trotting nimbly over the pebble-stones, charged with the delivery of the mail-bags at the town of B—, fourteen miles off, at half-past seven—trusting for guidance to the horse, which, having travelled the same route for three years daily, was supposed to know pretty well where he was going. The boy's services gave entire satisfaction, and his predecessor, obtaining promotion upon his recovery,

never returned to unseat him. Billy was officially installed in the office, with the tremendous salary of 5s. a week, being at the rate of 10d. per twenty-eight miles, as he goes and returns each day; throwing the currying, foddering, and care of the horse, the cleaning of the vehicle, and the responsibility attaching to the charge of Her Majesty's mail-bags, into the bargain. Verily, whatever retrenching reformers may say, some of our public business is executed with a due regard to economy.

But Billy never once thought of grumbling with his pay. To a lad who had never felt the weight of half-a-dozen sixpences in his life, 5s. a week appeared a mine of wealth. He marched with the air of a lord to the workhouse, and lugged his astonished mother incontinently forth; and placing her to lodge with a cottager in the village of C—, two and a half miles from B—, returned to his duty as proud as a general who has just won a battle. But there is a speedy end to 5s. a week when a pair of mouths are at work upon it; and both Billy and his mother soon found that some addition to their income was necessary to make both ends meet. Luckily the exaltation of her son revived the withered hope in the mother's heart, and she set her own wits to work to produce an 'honest penny' to augment their scanty earnings. It happens that in C— there is but one post-delivery, and that late in the day, though it is a large, straggling village, receiving some thirty or forty letters a week. Mrs Ducks consulted with Billy, and having formed their plan, canvassed the whole village; offering the housekeepers, if they thought fit to intrust her with them, to fetch the letters daily from the post-town, and to deliver them by breakfast-time at C— every morning, receiving a penny each for the trouble of fetching them. There were but few dissentients. The gentry and most of the farmers were but too glad of the opportunity of getting their correspondence in good time. She obtained authority from nearly all to receive and forward their letters—and thus, self-constituted post-woman of the parish upon which she had formerly been a burden, she has made for herself an occupation which upon an average adds a couple of shillings to the weekly income. Every morning at seven o'clock, whatever the state of the weather, in wind, hail, rain, or snow, in the cheerful sunlight of summer or the howling storms and darkness of winter, the widow sallies forth on her solitary route. It is for her near an hour's walk to the post-office, where she waits but a few minutes while the letters are sorted which Billy has just brought. She is back again before nine; and if she have letters to deliver—for she frequently does the whole distance for nothing—they are delivered and paid for on her arrival.

No later than the beginning of last month I had taken it into my head to walk from the county town whence Billy Ducks starts on his daily drive to the little town of B—, and, rising early for the purpose, set off almost as soon as the lark had left her nest. When about three miles on the road, my relish for the task had considerably abated, and seeing Billy coming spanking along in my rear, I hailed him, and asked for a lift. He pulled up, and thrusting a book into his pocket, made room for me on the seat by his side. I knew the particulars of his history perfectly well before, and was not sorry for an opportunity of a little conversation. His mode of life, as I learned it from his own lips, would be no luxury to one accustomed to domestic comforts. He sleeps in the stable with his horse; in the stable, for the most part, he eats and drinks; and in the stable he studies, having undertaken to educate himself in a practical way. The book he had secreted at my appearance was a small treatise on arithmetic, bought for twopence at a butter shop where he got his cheese for dinner. He had worked past the rule of three, and was 'botherin' out' vulgar

fractions when I hailed him. He said he could do most of the sums in his head, without the chalk, as he rode along—but he worked them over again on the stable-door in the day; and when I asked him: 'How much is three-fourths of seven-eighths of twenty shillings?' answered in less than a minute: 'Thirteen and three-halfpence.' He said he had nearly all the day, from eight in the morning to six at night, to himself, with only the 'oss' to look after, and to call on the 'old ooman' now and then; and he was trying to pick up a little writing and arithmetic, to qualify himself for something better when it should offer. He found his berth worth rather more than he expected. His employers did not countenance his taking passengers, but they took no notice of it; and he made a few shillings most weeks by sharing his seat with a traveller, though it was rare to meet with one of a morning.

I could see plainly enough that Billy is made of the right metal, and is destined to get on. If circumstances don't make him, he will make circumstances for himself—and this, after all, is the faculty worth most in connection with worldly prosperity.

A COURT-POET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE reign of Elizabeth may be considered pre-eminently the age of chivalry. The dark days of feudalism were past; the burdens which had long lain heavy upon the liberties of the people, although not formally repealed, had been gradually relaxed; the intellectual ignorance which had formerly been the characteristic, if not the boast of all, except the clergy, had passed away before the humanising influence of letters. The spirit of chivalry, however, still existed, not less potential because separated from the stern realities with which it had formerly been associated, not less fascinating because no longer connected with the remembrance of outrage and oppression. But the chivalry of the age of the Tudors was not merely distinguished by external splendour, or by the absence of the intolerable evils inseparable from feudalism. Henry VIII., detestable as his memory must ever be, was no enemy to civil liberty, and he was a genuine patron of letters. In both these respects he was followed and excelled by Elizabeth. Literary merit was seldom overlooked in her court; and among the accomplishments necessary for the courtier who aspired to the favour of his royal mistress the talents of the *trouvère* were not the least indispensable. Her court was consequently thronged with gentlemen, who, while they rivalled the troubadours—whom they proposed to themselves as their models—in every other knightly accomplishment, far exceeded them in poetic feeling and refinement. In truth, Elizabeth seems to have looked for the union of the courtly graces with intellectual superiority in all whom she received into her favour or honoured with her confidence. It is difficult otherwise to account for the neglect which Spenser experienced, and for which the disfavour of Burleigh is not a sufficient reason, unless we charge his disappointment to the want of those courtly graces which were at all times a sure passport to royal favour, although more solid acquisitions might be needed for its preservation.

The natural result of the favour shown to men of letters ensued: almost every courtier aspired to be a poet, and every poet strove to be a courtier. Perhaps the former class succeeded better than their more gifted brethren. Among oceans of rhyme, distinguished for nothing but its servile imitation of the poems of the troubadours, disfigured by the same extravagance of metaphor, puerility of conceit, and ingenuity of versification, we occasionally discover traces of real poetic feeling, for which we should in vain search in their prototypes. Sir Walter Raleigh was undeniably the first

of these courtier-poets, and excelled all his brother minstrels in the gentle science as far as he outstripped his age in more solid acquirements and romantic enterprise. Especially he differs from them all by abandoning the eternal theme of the Provençal poetasters and their imitators: his poetic magazine contains other weapons besides darts and flames: Cupid is not his sole auxiliary, nor his mistress his only divinity. When he occasionally deviates from the more lofty and natural style which he usually employs, and condescends to this well-worn theme, he seems only to disguise his real meaning under an allegorical garb: his loves are political, and the mistress whose bright eyes he worships, or whose frown he deprecates, is one whose displeasure was a real calamity, and whose smile brought with it those gifts of honour and fortune to which Raleigh, although a philosopher and a scholar, was by no means indifferent. The following stanzas indicate a quick perception of the beauties of nature. The invectives against the court may possibly have been dictated by some temporary disappointment, of which Raleigh experienced his full share; but the exquisite descriptive touches which it contains evidence the existence of a true poetic feeling which must be considered as a pledge of his sincerity.

'Heart-tearing cares and quivering fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts;
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth 's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be!

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find!

Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comfort grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may
shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmur e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here 's no fantastic masque nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance,
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother;
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems hid in some forlorn creek;
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.'

Shakspeare has often been charged with plagiarism; assuredly, in one sense, not without reason: he was superior to the petty vanity which impels bookwrights to strive after originality, and to prefer a startling paradox, or a barren simile, which they can claim without dispute as their own, to the weightiest truth

or most brilliant image which may have been suggested by another. Shakspeare read the book of nature; but he read other books too, and never hesitated to adopt and interweave with his own whatever of beauty he found in either. It is no slight distinction to be allowed the privilege of furnishing even the smallest of the gems which adorn the diadem of Shakspeare, and few authors would be willing to forfeit the honour as to object to the appropriation. Shakspeare would seem to have been familiar with the writings of Raleigh, as several instances occur in which remarkable expressions, and in one case the whole of one of his best-known passages, have been borrowed from the poems of the accomplished courtier. One example of the former will be sufficient:

'That sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell,'

bears too evident a resemblance to the famous exclamation of Macbeth, to be regarded as an accidental coincidence. Again, who will not instantly recognise in the following lines the germ of the soliloquy of Jaques? It is headed 'De Morte,' and deserves to be placed in juxtaposition with the more elaborate paraphrase of Shakspeare, as a fair example of the readiness with which the dramatist was wont to adapt to his purpose any material that he met with and could turn to account.

'Man's life 's a tragedy: his mother's womb,
From which he enters, is the tiring-room;
This spacious earth, the theatre; and the stage,
That country which he lives in: passions rage,
Folly and vice are actors; the first cry,
The prologue to the ensuing tragedy.
The former act consisteth of dumb shows;
The second, he to more perfection grows;
The third, he is a man, and doth begin
To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin;
I'th fourth, declines; i'th fifth, diseases clog
And trouble him; then Death 's his epilogue.'

The corresponding passage, it will be remembered, is put in the mouth of Jaques; and it is worth considering how far the poet, while adopting the thoughts of the courtier, may have made him further subservient to his purpose, by embodying in the person of the caustic moralist the character of that remarkable man, whose personal and mental qualities must have been as well known at the time when 'As You Like It' was written as the extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune through which he passed.

Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of Shakspeare is the life-like reality, the statuesque individuality of his characters—forcing upon us the conviction that he was not so much indebted to the liveliness of his imagination and fertility of his invention as to his intimate knowledge of nature derived from the living model. Such we know to be the fact in those historical characters whose lineaments are well known. No writer ever took fewer liberties with history: careless of geographical detail, heedless of occasional anachronism, he never falsifies a fact or misrepresents a person. Even if we had not contemporary authority to attest his accuracy, who would not realise the intense reality of his delineations of the hero of Agincourt, of Wolsey, of Queen Katherine, or of Beaufort? They are evidently not sketches emanating from a poet's brain, but *surportraits*, Daguerreotypes by the genius of Shakspeare; invested with all the graceful ornaments that poetic imagery and diction can confer; and not only engaging our admiration for these, but claiming our sympathy from the irresistible conviction that they are the genuine portraits of the very men whose names they bear. The same remark applies to his own historical characters. The intense sympathy which these excite differing, not in degree but in kind, from that which attaches to the character of every other poet, can only be referred

to our recognition of them as intensely faithful, though still poetic delineations of real beings. Of course this remark applies to a comparatively small class of Shakespeare's characters, as the majority of them are adopted—together with the plot—from the old novels which he dramatised. However much, therefore, they may have been embellished and enriched in passing through his hands, they must not be confounded with his own creations.

Unhappily for us, literature in the time of Elizabeth was too stately a thing to be employed as the vehicle for gossip: Shakespeare was not blessed with a Boswell; no Horace Walpole had arisen to enliven his own and instruct afterages by his piquant anecdotes and lively sketches of society, bringing us face to face with our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, and giving us an assurance of their veritable existence, which history, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, fails to convey. Had Shakespeare been as fortunate in this respect as Dr Johnson, how much labour might have been saved to commentators; how many an obscure passage would have been cleared up; with what interest might we have recognised Mercutio or Benedict in some of the gay flutterers of the court, under names possibly not unknown to fame; or enjoyed the castigation inflicted on folly and presumption in the persons of Slender and Malvolio. It is worthy of remark, that the only characters in this play which are not copied from Lodge's 'Rosalynd' are those of Jaques and Touchstone. Neither is of the slightest service in the conduct of the plot, and both bear the strong impress of originality which invariably belongs to all of Shakespeare's own creations. The correctness of the portraits would doubtless soon be recognised by those who were familiar with the originals, and must have lent much extrinsic interest to the play in the eyes of those with whom the real Jaques, by right of birth, and the original Touchstone, by virtue of his profession, were entitled to associate. The character of Jaques affords much internal evidence in support of this theory: the haughty, cynical temper of the disappointed courtier; the rebuke of the duke—for Raleigh's life had not been blameless; the turn for philosophical speculation; the state of Sir Walter's fortunes at the date when the play is supposed to have been produced—about the year 1600—all agree with what we know of his character and history. One striking passage must not be overlooked. In act iv., scene 1, we find the following dialogue between Jaques and Rosalind:—

'Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own. Compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.'

Rosalind. A traveller! By my faith you have great reason to be sad! I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; though to have seen much, and have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

'Jaques. Yes, I have gained my experience!'

It is scarcely necessary to point out the applicability of this passage to Raleigh, who, eminent as he was in many respects, was doubtless best known as a traveller. The allusion to his broken fortunes in the reply of Rosalind is pointed and *à propos*. That such was the result of Raleigh's experience is confirmed by his own testimony. In his dedication of his discovery of Guiana, published in 1596, we find the following passage: 'I do not then know whether I should bewail myself either for my too much travel and expense, or condemn myself for owing less than that which can deserve nothing. From myself I have deserved no

thanks, for I have returned a beggar and withered.' These coincidences may possibly be merely accidental; but they at least form as broad a foundation as many upon which imposing structures of hypotheses have been erected. It is at all events interesting even to imagine that we can discover some traces of one of the best specimens of our national character fossilised, as it were, in the poetry of our great dramatist. Many of Raleigh's poems have doubtless perished. Spenser refers to a projected work of his which was to have been entitled 'Cynthia.' It was intended to celebrate the glories of the maiden queen, and was probably planned upon a large scale, since Spenser alludes to it as being in some sort a rival of the 'Fairy Queen.' But the adventurous spirit which possessed him was incompatible with the life of contemplative solitude indispensably necessary to a great work of art. For his larger prose works the world is indebted to the tedium of his frequent sea-voyages and the constrained seclusion of his latter years. The few poetic specimens which we possess are scarcely more than ejaculatory—the almost involuntary expressions of a mind keenly alive to a sense of the beautiful, and clothing its thoughts intuitively in a poetic dress, as their most appropriate garb, with little appearance of labour or premeditation.

Spenser has recorded the circumstances of Sir Walter's first introduction to him in 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' in which he pays a high tribute to the poetic genius of the 'Shepherd of the Ocean':—

*'Emulating my pipe, he took in hand
My pipe, before that emuled of many,
And played thereon, for well that skill he conned,
Himself as skilful in that art as any.'*

It seems that Raleigh was at that time under the cloud of regal displeasure:

*'His song was all a lamentable lay,
Of great unkindness, and of usage hard;
Of Cynthia, the lady of the sea,
Which from her presence faultless him debarred;
And ever and anon, with singults rise,
He cried out to make his under song:—
Ah, my love's the queen, and goddess of my life!
Who shall me pity when thou dost me wrong?'*

We are not informed of the reason of his disgrace; but it could have been only of short duration, as we soon afterwards find both him and Spenser at court and received with due distinction; probably it is to this temporary banishment from court that the following stanzas refer. They are not without elegance: their humble tone, bordering on servility, might perhaps offend our modern ears, if we did not recollect that it was the fashion of the day to approach Elizabeth not merely with the homage due from the subject to the sovereign, but also with the gallant devotion exacted from the true knight by his lady.

*'The frozen snake oppressed with heaped snow,
By struggling hard gets out her tender head,
And spies far off from where she lies below
The winter sun that from the north is fled.
But all in vain she looks upon the light,
When heat is wanting to restore her might.'*

*What doth it help a wretch in prison pent,
Long time with biting hunger overpressed,
To see without, or smell within the scent,
Of dainty fare for others' tables dressed?
Yet snake and prisoner both behold the thing
The which but not with sight might comfort bring.'*

*Such is my task, or worse, if worse may be—
My heart oppressed with heavy frost of care,
Debarred of that which is most dear to me,
Killed up with cold and pined with evil fare.
And yet I see the thing might yield relief,
And yet the sight doth cause my greater grief.*

So Thisbe saw her lover through the wall,
And saw thereby she wanted what she saw;
And so I see, and seeing want withal,
And waiting so unto my death doth draw.
And so my death were twenty times my friend,
If with this verse my hated life might end.'

Raleigh's muse seems to have expired with Elizabeth. Poetry was no longer the fashion of the court, and the dark clouds which now rested on his fortunes, and which were destined to be dispersed only by his death, although they did not repress his love of historical and philosophical research, must have had the effect of quenching that fine fancy which once teemed with forms of beauty. The following lines, written the night before his execution, are the sole relique to which we can assign a date subsequent to the death of Elizabeth. This brief summing up of a long experience, simple and devout as became the occasion, possesses a peculiar interest from the circumstances under which it was written:—

'Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust!'

Such were the last notes of the last as well as the greatest of the bevy of courtier-poets who had embellished the reign of Elizabeth. Although infected by the characteristic affectation of the age, and trammelled by the rules which fashion had imposed upon poetry, it was impossible not to recognise in Raleigh the stuff of which poets have been made. With a keen eye for the beauty of external nature, and a strong bent for philosophical speculation, he combined remarkable purity of diction and considerable ingenuity in that complex and highly-artificial versification upon which the passion of the times set the highest value. He has contrived even to lend interest to the eclogue. His shepherds and shepherdesses are not knights and ladies of high degree in masquing attire; they bear the veritable stamp of Arcadia, and prattle with a *naïveté* which is really charming. It is a matter for infinite regret that a restless spirit, constantly goading him on to visionary schemes of impossible execution, should have hindered him from accomplishing some great work which would have reflected honour upon his age, and have entitled him to a niche side by side with Spenser. That he was capable of a great work that colossal fragment, the 'History of the World,' attests. Had he devoted his energies to a great literary task earlier in life, when his fancy was still buoyant, and his mind unclouded by care, there can be little doubt that he would have selected a poem as the monument of his genius. It would have been *are perennius*.

A LOST ART.

It used to be the fashion for those who stayed at home to assert that travellers lied. It never was quite clear how they arrived at this conclusion—how they learned the exact degree of accuracy that might be assigned to a description of some Timbuctoo woman's housekeeping, or discovered whether there were savages who really ate earth, when they themselves had never been 'beyond seas,' nor ever seen a creature more outlandish than their own country cousins 'come up' from Somersetshire. However, assert it they did; and the veracity of such a man as James Bruce was a question they settled at once off-hand.

The fashion is now gone out; not, however, because travellers have changed one whit in their narrations, but because fewer people stay at home than formerly;

and they having seen some wonders, and heard of others well authenticated, deem it no longer quite impossible that there may be others still as yet undreamt of in even their philosophy. The ends of the earth having been brought together, and the hitherto unknown discovered and well ransacked, there is now hardly anything which appears beyond our belief. We are staggered by nothing. New Holland furnishes a goodly share of startling animal wonders. The opossum, which was first heard of, lifting its young in and out of a natural pouch just as we put our handkerchief in our coat-pocket, was hardly more strange than the quadruped recently discovered there—a creature not unlike an otter, with the bill of a duck (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*.) The isles of the Indian Archipelago shewed us a fantastic world, whether vegetable or animal we at first could hardly tell. Here a thing like a monkey seemed suspended in the air; there, as it appeared, a gorgeously-spotted butterfly had alighted on a dead stick; the forceps of a horrid beetle were stretched towards one somewhere else: in short, you could not make out how such various grotesque shapes could thus have got huddled together. If you asked, you were told it was not monkeys, moths, nor beetles you were looking at, but plants—new sorts called Ophrys and Orchideæ. In time we got used to everything, and at last ceased to wonder. Birds-nest soup is thought no more of now than our own turtle. That Chinese women should lace up their feet so tightly as to change the original shape, seems as natural to us now as that our own women should do the same with their waists.

And yet, hand in hand with this general absence of astonishment at whatever may happen in our own time, will be found a vast amount of incredulity for certain wonders of the past. There is the same inclination to doubt them as there once was to doubt the traveller's tale. It may be that vanity has somewhat to do with this; that people do not like to hear that the men of earlier centuries knew anything which is as yet a secret from them. They seem to feel themselves aggrieved by such assertions, and not being able to deal with them, deny their truth. Yet it would appear as if other arts besides glass or mural painting, or the famed purple dye, did once exist, which we are unable to imitate—to imitate at least in equal perfection. Though now ridiculed as fabulous, there is still the record that glass was once made malleable. What reason have we for doubting the story of the glass cup that was dashed on the ground, and which bent but did not break? That our glasses are shivered by such experiment is no proof of the falsehood of the narrative. If, but a few years ago, we had read in some hitherto undiscovered ancient manuscript, that in the author's time were persons who possessed the art of arresting another's shadow, of holding it fast and keeping it when the person himself was gone, who is there that would not at once have pronounced it to be untrue? And why? Because then we had not seen the possibility of doing it; but we should believe it now, being able to do it ourselves. Shallow reasoning, forsooth; yet nevertheless it makes its way.

In a curious old book written by Abrahamus Sancta Clara,* and entitled 'Etwas für Alle' ('Something for Every One'), is mentioned a juggling trick which, incomprehensible as it seems to us, was, it appears, practised in great perfection by many persons in those days, whose performances are specified with the time and place of their occurrence. Sancta Clara can hardly be looked on as a person not worthy of credit. He was court-preacher at Vienna, and was as famous for his great love of truth as his sermons are well known for the severe attacks they contained on the lusts and vanities of the world. They are remarkable for their strange language, for their occasionally jocose style, and

* Born 1642; died 1769.

the terrible denunciations they launched forth against the ungodly, whether high or low in station.

The art he describes, and which he seems to consider as a quite separate one, was termed 'Wasserspaien' ('Vomiting Water.') One person in particular—Blasio Manfredi, a Maltese—who practised it in perfection, is thus described:—

'He would have a vessel brought full of tepid water, and fifteen or twenty glasses, which were large at top, and he would then rinse his mouth out to show that he had nothing between his teeth. When he had swallowed some glasses full, he would spurt out a liquid like red wine: then would follow brandy, rose-water, orange-water, white wine, and the like, which things were all to be known by their taste. It was observed, however, that he always began with the red wine. Sometimes he swallowed twenty glasses of water, and spurted it out again like a *jet d'eau*. Cardinal Richelieu caused this Manfredi, whose scholars were all the like sort of jugglers, to be put in prison, and threatened to hang him unless he proved his art to be natural, and not connected with magic. This the Maltese did in great secrecy, and was then liberated, to earn his living as before.' With this description a woodcut is given, in which the performer is represented standing upright, with his head thrown back, while from his mouth a high jet of water is seen to play. There could have been nothing displeasing in the exhibition; on the contrary, it must seem rather pretty to view than otherwise.

Another artist is also named, Jean Roger of Lyons, who could spout out water of twelve or fourteen different colours, all of a pleasant odour. He could besides make a *jet d'eau* which played so long that one might repeat the 51st psalm while it lasted. Once, in presence of his imperial majesty Ferdinand III., he represented a jet of fire which came from his throat.

The variety in the performances of the different persons professing the art shews that it was not so very uncommon: each one endeavoured to surpass the others by the novelties he introduced, just as now the Wizard of the North tries to distance his contemporaries by the inexplicability of his tricks. In India at the present time may be seen performances quite as marvellous as those described by the trustworthy Benedictine monk.

ART-EDUCATION FOR ALL.

Everything which surrounds us is an influence. We are surrounded with beautiful things in the world, and it is our duty to make our houses look as beautiful as possible. Everything we have in our houses, every glass and jug, every painted door and table, is an influence, an association, out of which the mind receives its instruction, even more than that which the pedagogue conveys in school. Therefore art is nothing more nor less than the recognition of the example set us by God. I should be sorry to limit art to a mere canvas and statuary exposition of it. The basis of all good art—of painting and statuary, and architecture and the ornamentation of domestic vessels—is a constant acknowledgment of the beauty of the external world, out of which can only come good art. The craving for this art is perfectly universal. The savage who carves his spear and war instruments, and paints his body, evinces a leaning towards things that are beautiful. The commonest hind who cultivates his small plot of land with flowers is declaring an inward and conscious sense of the beauty alluded to. Therefore the manufacturer, the designer of every class, and the workman, instead of working from the thought that he is merely catering to a luxurious feeling, should labour rather with the consciousness that he is labouring to cultivate and raise that which in the human mind is a natural instinct. To the designer—and house-painters and architects are amongst this class—a true sense of art is indispensable: that he should think for himself, and not be continually reproducing what has been done before. Take the ordinary house-painter: a man thoroughly

educated for his business would for 3s. 6d. make a cottage an arena of excellence. Shop-fronts and signs, and all these things, are influences. It is impossible to live opposite an ill-painted shop-front without being morally the worse for it. But supposing the designer of every character were perfect—the best would be thrown away upon us with ill-educated workmen. If the design be not realised by the workman it must lose all its vitality and beauty. We are continually talking of our inferiority to France and Germany in designs. In these countries every man has received an education in art, from the designer to the lowest class of workmen, to enable him thoroughly to understand and to love the work to be done. In Lyons I have seen workmen bring into their shops quantities of flowers and draw them, merely for their beauty, not because they were obliged to do so. These are the men to make work beautiful and to do justice to the designer. But even supposing the designer and the workman to be well educated, it is no less important that the user of a thing should be able to appreciate it too. 'People in this country,' say manufacturers, 'are not in a position to tell good things from bad ones.' I have no belief in the statement that the people are not prepared for beautiful things in art. That they want education in art I readily admit, but that they have an instinctive love for it I fully believe.—*Lecture on Art-Education by Mr J. A. Hammerley.*

POWER OF KITES.

The power of a kite twelve feet high, with a wind blowing at the rate of twenty miles an hour, is as much as a man of average strength can stand against. With a stronger gale, such a kite has been known to break a line capable of sustaining 200 lbs. The surface spread by this sail is forty-nine square feet, and it should be noticed that these serve as standing ratios, from which, by the rule of proportion, the power of larger kites can be calculated. We must not, however, suppose that a kite of thirty-six feet in length has only three times the power of a kite twelve feet in length; for, in fact, it has three times the power in length, and three times the power in breadth, which will make the multiple nine; so that it would lift or draw nine times as much as a kite of twelve feet. Two kites, one fifteen feet in length, the other twelve, have power sufficient to draw a carriage with four or five persons when the wind is brisk.—*History of the Charrolant.*

RAILWAY TRADE.

A regular trade is now carried on between London and the most remote parts of the kingdom in every conceivable thing that will bear moving. Sheep have been sent from Perth to London, and Covent Garden has supplied tons of the finer description of vegetables to the citizens of Glasgow; every Saturday five tons of the best fish in season are despatched from Billingsgate to Birmingham, and milk is conveyed in padlocked tins from and beyond Harrow at the rate of about one penny per gallon. In articles which are imported into both Liverpool and London, there is a constant interchange, according to the state of the market—thus a penny per pound difference may bring a hundred chests of congon up or send as many of hyson down the line. All graziers within a day of the rail are able to compete in the London market; the probability of any extraordinary demand increases the number of beasts arriving weekly at Camden Station from the average of 500 to 2000, and the sheep from 2000 to 6000; and these animals can be brought from the farthest grazing-grounds in the kingdom without any loss of weight, and in much better condition than the fat oxen were formerly driven to Smithfield from the rich pastures round Aylesbury or the Valley of the Thames.—*Sidney's Rides on Railways.*

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IMPRESSIONS OF CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING.

TRAVELLING on the continent is not, generally speaking, so rapid as in England. The roads are not inferior to ours, but the carriages are heavier and the horses not in so good condition; therefore it is seldom that a diligence or private carriage goes much more than six miles an hour. This rate of speed suits the wishes of continental people, who are rarely in a hurry about anything—the idea of a business-value for time being scarcely known amongst them. An Englishman chafes under it; but it is to little purpose, for it is scarcely possible to induce any driver or conductor to make haste. The same moderation of speed has been maintained in the railways. Sixteen miles an hour may be stated as the ordinary rate of progress in that mode of conveyance. One does not find so much as twenty except in Belgium, where business principles are more in vogue, but they may be presumed to be in some degree affected by English ideas.

It is not merely that movement is slow, but there are many impediments that cause a consumption of time. Continental people must have a great deal of accounting about everything. The *comptoir* is always a most conspicuous and important part of a business establishment. Billets charged with minute specifications have to be taken out beforehand for even trifling distances by an omnibus. You may come at the moment of starting, find an empty place, and offer the money; but that won't do. You must walk into a *bureau*, and go through the formality of taking out a ticket. So it is at railway-stations. The simplicity of the ordinary transaction in England—the purchase of a ticket at the counter perhaps three minutes before the hour of starting—is totally inconceivable to our friends abroad. You probably are sent away from your hotel an hour before the time of starting, and you will find it well to be as near this time beforehand as possible. On arriving, you have to engage and see one of the railway porters to take your luggage to a *comptoir*, that it may be weighed; for in most places every pound of it has to be paid for, and nowhere is it wholly free. You have to go to this place, full of coarse bustle and noise, and wait till your turn for weighing arrives, when your porter announces its weight, and hands you a billet expressive of that particular, and of the appropriate charge, together with the number put upon the various packages as a guidance to your ultimately claiming them at the end of your journey. You then go to another bureau and take out your personal billet. Sometimes you are required to take out the personal billet first, and as a necessary prelimi-

nary to getting your baggage expedited. This happens where, as an essential preliminary to getting a billet of either kind, you have yet another piece of business to transact—namely, to go through an office where your passport is inspected, or at least to shew that document to a gendarme standing by. We lately found it so in Prussia, in Saxony, and in the Austrian dominions. Now, all these matters require some time; for, be it observed, a billet is not stamped as with us. It has to be partly written, the writing has to be dried by sand (a thing nearly obsolete in English stationery, but in universal use abroad), and it has also to be cut by scissors out of a book. The slow, pedantic formality of the whole affair is very trying to an Englishman's impatient temper; but he cannot help himself. After all, he has to go to the *salle* or waiting-room appropriate to the particular class indicated in his ticket (shewing his ticket before he is allowed to enter), and there remain till the proper moment when the doors will be thrown open, and the travellers allowed to take their places in the carriages. And this is apt to be a trying part of the business to an Englishwoman, as in Germany she will scarcely fail to find every man present with a cigar or pipe in his mouth, the room full accordingly of smoke, and the floor in a state disgustingly filthy. On the whole, it is a most disagreeable half-hour or three-quarters which it requires to allow a traveller to start on a continental railway journey. When it is for a short distance, so much time may well be much grudged. We lately went from Verona to Mantua, in order to look on those Mincio-laved fields where Virgil once lived, and which one still associates with the idea of his *Melibœuses* and *Daphnes*. The railway journey required strictly one hour, but it was made nearly three by the omnibus journeys to and from stations, the preliminary, and the consequent formalities. Our passport was examined both in leaving Verona and in entering Mantua. One fact in the return is sufficient to shew the small value set upon time in that part of the world: the omnibuses commenced their round of the hotels in Mantua for the taking up of passengers at half-past four, and were off on their way out of town at a quarter to five, for a train which was to start from the station—a mile and a half distant—at six. This was more time than was strictly necessary; but the reason appeared, when we found the omnibuses in time to receive and carry back to Mantua the passengers who came in by a train from Verona at about twenty minutes past five!

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the formality and deliberation with which the continental railways are managed are attended by an apparent safety to the passengers. Accidents are comparatively

rare on these railways. The continentalist is not in a hurry, and he does not object to being treated with a kind of military rigour by the officials: he appears thus to benefit in point of security for life and limb. The Englishman grudges to mispend a minute, and he occasionally gets smashed. It is now indeed generally asserted that the appalling frequency of railway accidents in England is owing chiefly, if not solely, to the insufficiency of attendance or to culpable negligence; but we can entertain no doubt that, other things being equal, the ratio of accidents must coincide in some degree with the hurry of the procedure. One feels on a continental railway that he is treated like a slave, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he is treated like a *parcel*; but he also feels that he is all but certain of coming safe to his journey's end.

Passports have been touched upon. It is a terrible business to the English continental traveller, forming a subject of anxiety and trouble, and a cause of expense at every place he comes to. He never can be safe for a moment without it; and yet it must occasionally be parted with in order to be examined by the police. Returning to Berlin from a forenoon's visit to Potsdam, we lately found a cordon of soldiers drawn up across the platform, and all the passengers had to show their passports before being allowed to leave the station. Our own passport being at this time in the hands of the police, we should probably have been in some difficulty here had it not been for our *commissionaire*, who contrived to make his own certificate pass for us also. What would our London holiday-makers think if they could not visit Windsor without a similar detention on their return to the Paddington station? The strictness is at present greatest in the Austrian dominions. At Vienna we wished to go to Presburg to visit an English friend who lives there. It is a two hours' journey; but it cost us a considerable part of the previous day to make two attendances at the police-office, in order to give the explanations necessary before obtaining permission to go. Being subsequently too late in our application at the police-office for our passport *visé* for Trieste, we had to wait an extra day in Vienna in order to obtain the document. By a similar oversight, the consequence of misunderstanding an official, we had to wait a day in Trieste before getting permission to go to Venice. Thus we lost two days out of five through this troublesome formality—a considerable loss in money to a party of three persons, but a greater loss in tedium and ill-humour. Such things are great drawbacks from the pleasures of a continental journey. In the Austrian railways one or two officers wearing their swords come in at the second-last station, and before the final stoppage of the train go through the carriages from end to end, examining the passports of the passengers. The poor passengers always appeared to us to have a sadly cowed look while under this process. It was a particularly painful spectacle in Hungary and Lombardy, where everybody knows that the people are kept down purely by military force. We may here remark that the Austrian railways are altogether in the hands of the government, which contemplates a primary utility for them as means of transporting troops through its disaffected provinces. The filling up of a space, where a mountainous tract has to be crossed, is a stupendous piece of railway engineering. In passing along in the omnibus, which at present form a provisional mode of transport, one sees the sections and bridgings for the line going on at an aerial height on the rough, woody mountain-side, and reflects how powerful must be the motive force which compels a government notoriously averse to push on so expensive a work. Meanwhile the unrailed intervals of the space are all furnished with electric lines for the communication of intelligence. It is curious to see the poles stretching across a moorland tract where there is no railway, and

sometimes, for the sake of short cuts, not very near to the post-road.

There is one comfort pretty general on the continent for which the traveller feels himself in a great measure indebted to the rigid system of administrative discipline by which so many matters are conducted: we allude to the street carriages, which are almost everywhere under such regulations that attempts to overcharge are nearly prevented. The one arrangement above all others conducive to this good end is, making the charge depend on time. Obviously, while there may be great doubt about the distance which a street carriage has travelled, there need be none about the time occupied in the course. We accordingly found in the cities where this plan prevails, that we could settle with the drivers of street carriages in an amicable spirit and without an approach to dispute, thus avoiding that worry to which every stranger in our English cities is subjected in dealing with that class of men. We would instance Berlin and Baden-Baden as places where the time-system, with some little fortification from other regulations, works particularly well. Is it beyond hope that a system founded on the best continental experience could be introduced in England? We hardly know any department of public service in which there is more need for reform than this. In Berlin the charge for one or two persons by a one-horse carriage is sixpence for a quarter of an hour, and one-and-sixpence for an hour. An additional person pays a half more.

The physical distinction between the continent and England which most strikes a traveller is with respect to the atmosphere. A native of our cloudy island feels exhilarated by the pure, dry, blue air which envelops him abroad. There is a lustrous brightness over even city objects which one never sees at home. We feel the air to be a fine medium in which we are bathing—a novel and most pleasing sensation. It is distressing in central Europe to observe the extent to which, in towns, the natives persist in drugging their beautiful atmosphere with tobacco-smoke. The German seems as if he would never willingly part with his pipe or cigar. He indulges his propensity without delicacy towards women or strangers—at all hours and seasons: we have seen him keep the pipe in his mouth in situations of difficulty, or while engaged in work, when an Englishman would have deemed it necessary to be free of all encumbrances whatever. While conversing with him you feel his breath like the air from an old disused chimney, as if his windpipe were cased with ancient soot all the way down. Throughout Austria you can enter no public carriage where you are safe from the persecution of tobacco smoke, nor can you anywhere secure an exemption from it in favour of any ladies in your charge. Political feeling has lately effected in Lombardy a reform which probably refinement could never have accomplished—the people having generally abandoned the use of tobacco out of hatred for the government, which derives a revenue from the article. Would that some similar gust of sentiment would banish the nuisance from other dominions of the House of Hapsburg! One quickly perceives how smoking accords with the delicate habits of the German. Being never in a hurry, he has time to smoke; and being devoted to smoking, he can do nothing expeditiously. It is a prominent feature of continental life all through the season of travel, that multitudes of well-dressed men are continually seen sitting in the open air in front of the establishments called *cafés*. They generally content themselves with some very innocent liquor—coffee or *eau sucrée*; and thus provided, with a newspaper, and a few neighbours to converse with, they will sit for hours, as if they had no business to call them elsewhere. We at one time felt pleased with the sight of so many people making themselves happy with such simple things;

but we have latterly begun to think the custom not very creditable. To be contented with an amusement so puerile, so insipid, and so *slow*, marks, we should say, some default in the popular mind. The men who spend much of their time in this way must to some extent neglect their affairs. They can have little time besides for improving their minds by study. They cannot be a progressive people. There is a vicious circle in politics. If a people has no share in ruling, its mental calibre becomes or remains contracted; and while its mental calibre is contracted, it cannot be fit for any share in the government. To this total inaptitude and inexperience in which the continental nations have hitherto been kept by their governments—as if it were necessary to treat men in all situations and throughout all time as children—must mainly be attributed the sad failure of the democratic movement all over Europe in 1848–49, by which, to all appearance, improvement has been put back for a generation. But this is rather a serious corollary to draw from a few remarks on the custom of dawdling over *eau sucrée*; and as our rôle is not politics, it would perhaps be best to say no more on the subject.

One general remark that arises in our minds from a pretty long continental excursion is, that though there is much to be pleased with in what one eats and drinks and hears and sees and feels when abroad, there is yet a felicity in the condition of England which may well make an Englishman content with his own country. We have a kindly regard for all neighbouring countries and people, and are no bigots on any point; but commend us after all to the tight little island!

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

OCTOBER.

I MUST now beg to introduce those who have been so far companions in my rambles to some friends who had at this time joined me in my solitude, and who will accompany us in a walk to the bogs where I formerly found the *Equisetum sylvaticum*. These were a beloved brother, who had come to pass a day or two with me, and his intelligent and merry little son, of about eleven years old, who had accompanied him; and as if to make all things around me seem bright and joyous, my own dear invalid charge had sufficiently recovered to be able, under certain restrictions, to share our pleasure, and to go at least part of the way with us. The special object of this ramble was to shew to the new-comers the beautiful sight of the flowering fern (*Osmunda regalis*), now just in perfection.

It was a glowing day—one of those very hot mornings which sometimes burst forth to gild the autumn; yet, as we ascended the hill and crossed the heath, the never-failing sea-breeze relieved the ardent heat, so as to enable us much to enjoy our walk, as we lingered on our way—*lionising* the ground as we went—now pointing out to our interested friends the different beauties of the scenery, and the exquisite views of the deep-blue sea, which from time to time opened on us; and then diversifying the scene by eating some blackberries, or searching out relics of such rare plants as still remained, spreading their almost faded beauties among the decaying leaves—in like manner as we sometimes see a few of those gems of person or mind which have adorned youth outliving the wear and tear of the world, and embellishing the latter years of the life of their possessor. But as the relics of summer flowers are chiefly found in sheltered and calm nooks, where neither sun nor wind has had full power, so are those lingering ornaments of body or mind most frequently found in

those whose lot has been cast in the more sequestered paths of life—where nature has not been stifled by art, and the free course of her blossoming neither forced by the glare of worldly adulation and prosperity, nor checked by the biting blasts of undue discouragement.

Chatting, botanising, and berry-eating, we pursued our way, a happy group, once more down the sloping field, where the cotton-grass still displayed its snowy tassels of fibre, and the cross-leaved and purple heaths, and the silvery spikes of the pale-lilac ling, still decked the ground; and now I had the pleasure of finding the pretty white beak-rush (*Rhynchospora alba*), which grew in profusion all over the face of this bog, though wholly unknown in either of the others in the neighbourhood. The white beak-rush is not a true rush, and belongs not to the *N. O. Juncææ*, in which real rushes are placed, but to the *Cyperaceæ*, and has but half the number of stamens and pistils which are to be found in a *juncus*. It is an elegant little thing. The spikelets of white flowers are collected so as to form a level surface at the summit, and spring from a large floral leaf which overtops the head of flowers; the leaves are tapering and linear, extremely elegant and delicate in their growth, rising erect with a graceful curve, and being very slight and sharp-pointed. The whole plant is almost white; and the root, which generally comes out of the soft, boggy ground at the least pull, is a pretty tube with delicate fibres hanging from it, and looking almost like a small bulb. The bog now displays a great variety of different kinds of *carex*, rush, and plantains, but it is very wet; and we find that the fatigue of crossing it, and proceeding to the marsh in search of the *Osmunda*, would be too much for the strength of my feeble young charge. We were loath to leave him, but his cheerful good-humour made all easy; so, settling him on a pleasant bank under the copious shade of a lofty oak, and providing him with a store of rushes to plait, we left him with his little friend to supply him with fresh materials for his work, and amuse him with his chat, and pushed briskly on to the enclosure, which we found now fairly overgrown with the beautiful little arborescent sterile spikes of the *Equisetum sylvaticum*, and turning to the right, we soon stood directly in front of the object of our pursuit.

But before entering on the description of any one individual of that tribe, so full of interest, so curiously and beautifully diversified in form and structure, though forming such a united and well-defined family—I mean the fern tribe—it may be as well to examine a little in detail what are the most marked characteristics by which we may readily know a fern from any other plant; and in so doing we shall be led to observe how wonderful and varied are the works of God, and to remark fresh instances of that love which provides for his creatures so many sources of interest and enjoyment, and so many wonderful and beautiful objects for their admiring study. The most clear and simple definition of a fern that I have seen is that given in Macgillivray's condensation of Withering's arrangement of British plants—a little work so easy to understand, so portable, and so cheap, that I would strongly recommend it to any one who wishes easily to make out the names of any flowers or plants he may meet with—it is this: 'A plant consisting of a frond (leaf) with dorsal or terminal fructification.' Whenever you meet with a leaf bearing on its under side roughish dark-coloured spots, which you find on investigation contain seeds, you may be sure—whether it is small or large, or whatever may be its shape—that it is a fern of some kind or other. But there are some plants which, though classed by most botanists as ferns, and belonging to the *N. O. Filices*, are yet not true ferns, nor quite so

easily discerned to be of that order. Of these the *Osmunda*, which bears its fruit on a terminal spike, instead of at the back of the leaf, is one; a second is the moonwort (*Boraginum lunaria*), a pretty little plant, from about three to six inches in height, the rachis or stem of which is divided into two parts—a pinnate leafy portion, and a spike of fructification. This grows in many parts of England, and is found also, though more sparingly, in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Magical properties were formerly attributed to it. A third kind is the adder's tongue (*Ophioglossum vulgare*), also more abundant in England than in the other divisions of Great Britain: this consists of a single, undivided, and sharp-pointed frond, rising so as to form a shield for a spike of fruit which springs from the same hollow rachis or stem. After this spike begins to mature, it grows so as to overtop the leaf, which, when young, formed its shelter; and when perfect, stands as much above the frond as below it, displaying a double row of thecae or capsules, which, when the seed is ripe, open transversely, gape widely, and allow the seed to be scattered by the winds. When this plant gets abundant it is considered a serious injury to the crop of grass, as it often covers acres of ground. These three are the only British plants which, though called ferns, do not bear their fruit on some part of the back of the leaf.

Ferns differ widely in their size, form, and the situation where they grow. There are some of which the fronds are three or more feet in length, elegantly cut and divided—as the bracken (*Pteris aquilina*), the shield fern, &c. There are others where the leaf is straight at the edge, and uncut, from three or four inches to a foot or more in length: of these is the elegant glossy hart's tongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare*), so abundant around fountains and spring-heads, as well as drooping in huge clusters on the hedges in shady places, of which Dioscorides tells us that, 'being drunke in wine, it is a remedie against the bitings of serpentes.' Then there is the polypody, formed of leaves cut in even to the very midrib with alternate divisions, the back of its leaf ornamented by a double row of yellow, bead-like thecae, and growing in beautiful tufts in all directions. From the top of old walls, out of the fissures of aged oaks, or on the surface of the weather-beaten rock, there the year through may be found the graceful polypody in drooping clusters; for the fronds thrown up in May and June are matured by September, and retain their vigour and beauty until those of the succeeding year make their appearance. But to give an idea of half the varieties of ferns which exist even in these islands would be impossible in the limited space which I can allot to that purpose: it must therefore suffice to say, that though there are some species so large as I have before stated, there are others most diminutive; that whilst some sorts may be found on the crests of the loftiest mountains, there are others which luxuriate alone in the sheltered woods and lanes which intersect the land; some, such as many of the spleenworts (*Aspleniums*), abounding on old walls, ruins, and churches, where, mixed with the scaly-leaved hart's tongue (*Ceterach officinarum*)—so rare in the midland and northern counties, though so very plentiful in the south-western—they start from beds of the driest mortar, and enamel the stonework with their brilliant verdure; whilst others no less lovely will flourish only where the spray of the waterfall ceaselessly drops on them, keeping them continually in a dripping state.

There is scarcely a locality where ferns of some kind are not found, and there is no season of the year when you may not see them in all their brightness. From the frigid regions of the north to the flowery plains of the south, from the frigid and in the torrid zones, these plants are indigenous, and many of them possess valuable medical properties. The leaves contain in many instances a thick astringent mucilage, with

other matter, on which account many are considered pectoral and lenitive. Capillaire is so called from being prepared from the *Adiantum capillus veneris*, a plant of pectoral and astringent qualities; and *Osmunda regalis* has been employed successfully for the rickets. The common bracken (*Pteris aquilina*) and the male shield-fern (*Aspidium filix mas*) have even been used in the manufacture of beer—at least so Lindley states, and we cannot have better authority—as *Aspidium fragrans* has been as a substitute for tea. The people of Tasmania roast and eat the root of one species of fern for bread with the flesh of the kangaroo.

But I must not allow myself to dwell longer on the subject of ferns in general; but having given a few of the leading characteristics of the tribe, we must now return to the little enclosure where the *Osmunda regalis* awaits us. The generic name of this family, *Osmunda*, is said to be of northern origin, and to be so named on account of its potency in medicine. *Osmunder* was one of the names of Thor, a Celtic divinity; and *mund* in Anglo-Saxon is expressive of force or power. It is the finest of all our species of British ferns, and indeed there was no need of minute investigation in seeking for it: high-arching over our heads rose the proud fronds of this 'flower-crowned prince of English ferns.' The whole hedge was a mass of fronds—some in full fruit, others robed only in the fairy green, which decks the sterile branches, absolutely glittering with beauty, and rising from the foot to the crown of the hedge in massive luxuriance; the upper ones, standing high above our heads, being in themselves both sterile and fertile fronds, from six to eight feet in length, and raised on a bank some feet high, which they amply clothed; indeed they so intersected the whole hedge for some yards of its length as to appear to form its main substance.

If you, my reader, have ever felt that sort of enthusiastic feeling which leads you to a sort of personal appropriation of the scenery or objects of nature or art which happen to be near your dwelling, making it all seem as if it were really your own, and you yourself were answerable for its making a good appearance, and justifying your description of its beauties, you will perhaps be able to enter into the proud feeling of exultant success which possessed me when standing before this splendid group of foliage I saw at a glance that it more than answered the expectation I had raised in the mind of my companion, and observed the pleasure with which he selected two or three of the giant fronds, traced the stems to the point where they sprung from the *rhizoma*—the part between the stem, or rachis, and the root—and cut them. One measured more than seven feet, and the spike of fruit was, I should say, not less than twelve or fourteen inches in length, the rest falling little short of like dimensions. The *Osmunda regalis* differs from the usual habit of others of its order in its mode of fructification, which approaches more nearly to that of the *Equisetaceae*, its thecae or seed-vessels being gathered into a terminal spike, or rather cluster of spikes, instead of being, as I have said is usual with most ferns, disposed on the under side of the leaflets. The frond of the *Osmunda* is linear and pinnate, there being four or five pair of pinnae or leaflets, exquisitely veined, and of a clear, semi-transparent green of a remarkably vivid tint. The apex or point of the fertile frond is composed of its spikes of fruit, whilst that of the sterile bears green leaflets to the summit. It is not unusual to find some of the pinnae towards the base of the spike only partially converted into thecae, and presenting an edge of green to view. This arises from the thecae being borne on the margin of contracted leaves. Old Gerard, in his *Herbarium*, calls it '*Osmund the waterman*.' Why, I know not, for I have not been able to trace the reason, though I do not doubt that there must have been some legend connected with the plant

which led to the name. He says of it: 'The root is great and thick, folded, and covered over with many scales and interlacing roots, having in the middle of the great and hard woody part thereof some small whiteness, which has been called the heart of *Osmunda* the waterman. The root, and especially the heart or middle part thereof, boiled or else stamped, and taken with some kind of liquor, is thought to be good for those that are wounded, dry-beaten, or bruised—that have fallen from some high place; and for the same cause the empiricks do put it in decoctions, which the later physicians do call wound-drinkes. Some take it to be so effectual and of so great a virtue that it can dissolve cluttered blood remaining in any inward part of the body, and that it also can expell or drive it out by the wound.'

It is exceedingly difficult to get this 'great and thick root' out from the bog in which it grows. A collector gave me an amusing account of the manner in which he had long in vain assailed it, as, in consequence of there being no resistance in the soil, his spade failed to act on the root, and gave way under the pressure—a result likely to overthrow him in the mire. He, however, succeeded at last in securing a piece by getting the spade fairly under the root, and so lifting it out, conveyed it safe to his fernery, where, with some two dozen other species, collected from various parts of England, it was happily flourishing and bearing its fruit a year after its removal. This fern, though usually erect in its growth, sometimes, when it grows near the water's edge, assumes a pendent character. Newman says: 'I noticed a beautiful instance of this when at Killarney, where it completely fringes the river between the lakes, and certainly forms a most prominent feature in that lovely but neglected portion of Killarney's famed scenery. So altered is the usual character of this fern, that its long fronds arch gracefully over, and dip their masses of seed in the crystal water; whilst the saucy coots, from beneath the canopy it affords them, gaze fearlessly on the visitors who are continually passing by.' The whole aspect of the plant is most noble and majestic. Hooker records that Mr Stewart Murray measured a tuft of its fronds on the banks of the Clyde, which, from the base to the apex, measured eleven feet and a half in height. Impressions of the leaves of *Osmunda* are, according to Withering, frequent in the nodules of ironstone found in Coalbrookdale, Shrop. He says it is the only species of an indigenous vegetable which he has ever discovered in a fossil state; adding, that all the other impressions of filices which he has found on ironstone seem to be those of American plants; but remarking, however, that *Osmunda* is also a native of Virginia. He tells us a curious fact—namely, that 'this plant, though before not to be found for many miles around Birmingham, in the year 1802 appeared on an archery butt on Moselay Common, artificially raised with mud from a deep pit, in which the seeds had probably lain for a length of time. It continued to flourish so long as the butt remained.'

The singular phenomena which exist connected with the vegetative power in seeds require but observation to strike every mind with wonder and admiration. 'Some,' says Withering, 'lose their vital principle by being kept out of the ground even for a short time after ripening; whilst others may be sent round the world, and exposed to every vicissitude of climate, or even be buried for ages in the earth, and yet vegetate with the first favourable opportunity.' Some will spring up on any soil or in any aspect; whilst others wait, lying dormant till some soil or rooting-place to which they have affinity is presented to them, when they at once put forth their energies, and become vigorous plants. Wheat, taken from the wrappings of mummies 8000 years old, has been known to vegetate freely. New cuttings for railroads or other purposes, to be speedily

covered with plants of species before unknown in their neighbourhood, as in the cuttings at Box, near Bath, plants of the brittle fern (*Cystopteris fragilis*) were found, as if sprung from seeds which had lain dormant perhaps for ages—that fern not being, as I have been told, before known in that locality. The *Osmunda* seems to be widely distributed over the kingdom, yet it is not generally well known. Probably the fact of its growing only in bog-earth may account for this, as few people are in the habit of visiting wet bogs; yet it is well worth while to do so, if only for the sake of becoming acquainted with this noble plant. It is said that Sir Walter Scott, when visiting Killarney, seemed unmoved and unadmiring until coming to a part of the scenery where this fern abounds and takes a drooping character, gracefully arching in large tufts over the water, and forming a shelter for many aquatic birds, he stopped the boatmen, and exclaimed—'This is worth coming to see!' The fronds when they first appear are of a salmon hue, and, until matured, continue somewhat of a reddish colour. They are of very rapid growth, and each root bears from six to twelve fronds, two or three of which would form an ample shade from the sun for a tall man; and, indeed, we ourselves found those we had gathered most useful for that purpose as we walked homewards.

We now, having secured our main object, began to think of returning to those whom we had left on the other side the bog; but as we retraced our steps, we found other objects of interest. On the turf banks of the hedges, rising from the sloping sides of ditches, on the ramparts of earth which separated the enclosures—all round us, feathering the ground with its elegant foliage of the most vivid green, we found that pretty and graceful fern, which, though generally distributed throughout our land, is much less frequent in the southern than in the northern counties, as indeed its name would indicate: as it is called the northern hard fern (*Lomaria spicata*). Every fern has a root—a rhizoma—which is the part between the root and the stem, and which corresponds to the trunk in a tree, and is in fact that which in the tree-ferns of tropical countries forms the trunk—and a stem or rachis from which the leaflets spring. Now the roots in the hard fern are black, tough, and wiry; the rhizoma is tufted—that is, above ground—and hairy; the rachis of the fertile frond dark purple, smooth, and shining; whilst that of the sterile is green; the fertile frond is linear and pinnatifid—that is, once cut, and pointed at the apex. It grows very erect, and is often a foot and a half or more in length, the back being thickly loaded with capsules, lying so close together that none of the substance of the leaf is to be seen. The barren frond is not so erect, wider and shorter, of a brighter green, and wholly without capsules. The appearance of this and some other ferns would puzzle those who are not aware that some plants of that order produce both barren and fertile fronds from the same root and at the same time. The beautiful parsley-leaved fern (*Allosorus crispus*), which so richly decorates those masses of stone which hang about the mountains in the Lake and other northern districts, and may be found springing from the crevices in old stone-walls, is one in which the fertile and barren spikes are found at the same time and on the same root; and the beautiful maiden-hair (*Adiantum capillus veneris*), so rare in England, is another. This most elegant species is to be found at Ilfracombe, in Devonshire, and in two or three spots in Cornwall. I have also heard of plants being found near Brixham, in South Devon; but the inconsiderateness of collectors has been such, that where it used to grow abundantly it is now difficult to find specimens. In the South Isles of Arran it, however, abounds to such an extent that it is said the inhabitants gather it and use it as tea.

And so, after a lengthened ramble, combining much enjoyment with the attainment of some information

and a grand display of specimens, we reach our home in safety, none of our party being injured by the efforts they had made, and we rustics only regretting that such cheering and intellectual companionship so seldom shared and enlivened our country walks.

WILD SPORTS OF THE EAST.

THE angling season begins in London with the very first disappearance of frost and the first blush of blue sky in the heavens; and, with comparatively few exceptions, Sundays and holidays are the only days of sport. The young angler begins his career in the Surrey Canal, the Grand Junction Canal, or the New River, which ever happens to be nearest to the place of his abode. His first apparatus is a willow-wand, bought at the basketmaker's for a penny, and a roach-line for five-pence more. A sixpenny outfit satisfies his modest ambition; and thus equipped he sallies forth to feed—not the fishes—they he invariably frightens away—but himself, with the delusive hope of catching them. The blue-bottles have not yet left their winter quarters, and 'gentles' or maggots are not yet to be had; so he has recourse to kneaded bread or paste, hoping to beguile his prey with a vegetable diet. In order that the fishes may be duly apprised of the entertainment prepared for them, he crams his trousers-pockets with gravel, which he industriously scatters upon his float as it sails down the stream, doubtless impressed with the notion that the whole finny tribe within hearing will swarm beneath the stony shower to take their choice of the descending blessings, and finding his bait among them, give it the preference, and swallow it as a matter of course. The theory seems a very plausible one; but we cannot say that in practice, though witnessing it a thousand times, we ever saw it succeed. For the sake of something like an estimate of the amount of success among the juvenile anglers of this class, we lately watched the operations of a group of nearly thirty of them for two hours, but failed in deriving any data for a calculation, as not a fin appeared above water the whole time. With the exception of a few 'stunnin' bites,' and one 'rippin' wallopper,' which was proclaimed to have carried off a boy's hook, there was no indication of sport beyond that afforded by the party themselves.

When the sun, bountiful to sportsmen, begins, as Shakespeare has it, 'to breed maggots in a dead dog,' a new and superior race of anglers appears upon the margin of the waters. The dead dogs then have their day, and are now carefully collected from holes and corners by the makers and venders of fishing-tackle, and comfortably swaddled in bran, where they lie till their bones are white, originating 'gentles' through the live-long summer for the use of the devotees of angling. Now we see something like tackle deserving the name: capitalists who think nothing of a crown, ay, or a pound either, by way of outfit; rods of real bamboo, straight as an arrow, and fifteen or twenty feet long; floats of porcupine quill, and lines of China twist; bait-boxes, fish-cans, and belted baskets, and all the paraphernalia of the contemplative recreation appear upon the banks; but still no fish, or nothing larger than what a half-pound trout would gobble up in his prowlings through some country stream for breakfast. All these mighty preparations are made against a generation among which a full-sized sprat would rank as a triton among the minnows. Not one Cockney sportsman in ten thousand has ever seen a trout alive, and would perhaps be as likely to be pulled into the water by one of a couple of pounds' weight as to pull the fish out were he by any miracle doomed to the terrible alternative.

The oriental's enthusiasm for the sport has no sort of relation to his success. We met Charley Braggs in the last Sunday-evening's walk returning from his

day's amusement. Now Charley is a machine-man in the ——— Printing-office, and having put the Sunday paper to bed at about two o'clock, instead of going home to his own after a week of unremitting toil, he had set off for Hornsey by moonlight, where, perching himself upon a bank, he had sat from three in the morning till seven at night, bobbing for small fry at a bend in the New River. His basket was well stuffed—with grass; among which he pointed exultingly to four or five little silvery victims, whose united weight would have kicked the beam against a quarter of a pound. And yet Charley thought himself successful; and so he was in comparison with the average of New-River anglers.

But we must ascend in the scale in order to do fair justice to our subject, and take a glance at the angling establishments in the neighbourhood of London, where good-sized fish are really caught, or, as the phrase is, 'killed;' and where, in order that there may be no doubt about it, their skins are plentifully varnished and preserved as evidence of the fact. Upon the banks of the several rivers that empty themselves into the Thames at various points in the vicinity of London there are numerous establishments of this kind. We shall sketch one where we have before now passed a delicious day in the enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*, and which will serve very well as a sample of the whole.

We mount upon an omnibus, and driving four or five miles through the suburbs in a north-easterly direction, are set down at a turnpike-gate in a neat, tree-sprinkled village. Leaving the village to the west, we take the turnpike-road, which leads in a direct line to the river, where, at the distance of half a mile from the village, it is crossed by a substantial and handsome bridge. Traversing the bridge, we turn to the right after a passage of a few score paces, and enter, through neatly-trimmed walks, upon the grounds and gardens of a country inn. Covered seats and rustic alcoves—arbours, and quiet, snug, leafy retreats, abound in the gardens and grounds which abut upon the river's brink. The water foams and dashes with the unceasing noise of a cataract over a series of wooden dams, erected to divert the main current into a new channel for the purposes of navigation—the old bed of the river being that rented by the proprietor of the inn, and by him strictly preserved for the delectation of his patrons, the amateur anglers of the metropolis. Let us enter the house, and proceeding up stairs to the piscatory sanctum, look around us while we impinge upon a bottle of the landlord's unexceptionable ale. Here we are in the very paradise of the London anglers, and surrounded with the trophies of their cunning and patience, ranged in glass-cases, and labelled with the weight of the immortalised victims and the names of their fortunate captors. Here it is recorded, for the instruction of future generations, that a gudgeon of seven inches three-eighths in length, and five ounces ten drachms in weight, was captured by the redoubtable Dubbs of Tooley Street, on the 6th of August 1839; and though Dubbs himself, for aught we know, may long since have been gathered to his fathers, the wide-mouthed witness of the fact, the gudgeon himself, still hangs in the centre of his glass-case, suspended like Mohammed's coffin between heaven and earth, to bear perpetual testimony to his prowess. Yonder is a perch of three pounds caught by Stubbs of Little Britain; and above it a marvellously chubby chub, caught by Bubb of the street called Grub. These memorials of past achievements no doubt have their due influence, and urge the rising heroes of the angle to emulate their great forerunners. One whole side of the dining-room you see is parcelled out in lockers large enough to contain the necessary tackle and apparatus; and each locker is neatly painted, and bears the name of the amateur to whom the contents belong. These—and their number is not small—are the regular

subscribing members of the angling fraternity; and here on every Sunday throughout the summer, unless the weather be very bad indeed, they muster strong, often arriving while the dew is yet on the grass, and pursue their silent pleasures till dinner, steaming on the table at two o'clock, calls them together to report progress and recruit their strength.

The conversation on these occasions is characteristic and technical, and altogether fishy.

'Ha, Bubbs!' says Stubbs; 'shake a fin, old trout. What's the cheese? You don't look very fresh about the gills to-day.'

'Why,' responds Bubbs, 'you see I started afore light, and had but a scaly breakfast—not quite the thing in the ground-bait, you see. I'll be all right as a roach after I've nibbled a bit, I daresay.' Happy the man who at the dinner-table can display to the view of his admiring comrades some fish of mark—some roach of ten, or club of twenty ounces. Old exploits are gone over for the hundredth time, with added particulars at every repetition. Baits are overhauled and discussed along with the brandy and water. Moss-crammed bags, where blood-worms, dung-worms, lobes, and lance-tails are kept to scour, are ransacked for specimens, and notes and maggots are compared, and much flunny and vermic lore is elicited from the veterans of the silent art. The dinner and grog being duly honoured, the rod is again resumed beneath the shadowy shelter of the trees on the river's brink; and long after the gloom of night has descended upon the gurgling stream the brethren of the angle in populous silence pursue their labours. It is now seven years since friend Bubbs caught his big chub: the monster fish rose at his fly full sixty feet off, on the opposite side of the stream, where there is an eddy of the current rebounding from yon projecting piles. It was the work of an hour—the hour of Bubbs's life—to bring the 'walloping gentleman' safe to land; and ever since, throughout every Sunday and holiday of the fishing season, has Bubbs been lashing away at the water with his whipping-rod and fifty yards of line, in the fond expectation of catching another to match him. 'Good-luck to your fishing!' say we. We cannot wait for the next bite, but must be off to see what the punters are about in the Thames.

'Patience in a Punt' is the title of an old caricature, representing the 'elderly gentleman' of hat-and-wig notoriety seated on a dilapidated chair in a flat-bottomed boat during the pelting of a pitiless storm, from which he is but partially sheltered by the skeleton of an umbrella, and, with eyes intent on his float, waiting for a bite. The picture is as applicable at the present hour to the class for whom it was intended as it was when published forty years ago. The punt is a nondescript kind of boat, with perpendicular sides and square ends. The fishing-houses on the banks of the Thames—of which there are plenty on both sides of the river, from Putney to Kingston, and beyond—are abundantly provided with these boats, in which the angler sits upon a chair, and generally baits for barbel, the only fish in the waters near London, with the exception of the pike, which, from the unwillingness he manifests to leave his native element, can be said to yield anything like sport in the catching. In some parts of the river near Twickenham they are exceedingly plentiful at times, and thirty or forty pounds' weight of them are not unfrequently caught in a day by a single rod. There is one thing against them, however, and that is, that they are worse than good for nothing. They hardly deserve the name of fish, being a species of mud vermin armed with snouts, and they taste of earth to a degree perfectly nauseous. People every season die through eating them, yet they are eagerly sought after, and an immense amount of time and expense is annually thrown away in their capture. The virtue of patience in connection with

punt-fishing is exemplified in waiting day after day half the season through before you make acquaintance with a single barbel. These unsavoury creatures herd together in swarms, and migrate from place to place, seeking a new feeding-ground when the old one is exhausted, and seldom staying long in one spot. As it is never possible to tell where these herds of river swine are lying with their snouts in the mud, you may plant your punt fifty times before you light upon a swarm, and thus cultivate your patience to the highest pitch of perfection.

In conjunction with the barbel-fishing in the Thames we may notice the bream-fishing in the different docks. It seems an odd thing that there should be any connection between the corn-laws and fishing for bream; yet a connection there certainly is. Certain of the docks appropriated for the reception and unlading of vessels freighted with grain became gradually well stocked with this particular fish, which thrives well upon a bread diet. Corn that from long hoarding under a high duty had become weaviled and worthless, was frequently thrown overboard, and that in vast quantities; and the consequence was, that enormous specimens of full-fed, aldermanic-looking bream were occasionally lugged forth to the light by the amateur anglers of the docks. We have seen them hauled up to the surface from a depth of twenty feet, looming through the green water like the broad, white waistcoat of an alderman through the reek of a civic feast. Apparently too fat to wag their tails, they dangled supine upon the treacherous hook, and only winking a bleared eye under the unwelcome light of day, 'gave up their quiet being' without a struggle.

In walking about the streets of London one is struck with the singularly great proportion of fishing-tackle shops taken in connection with the actual requirements of the population. There are some districts literally crammed with them—quiet, retired spots generally, where the traffic in other things is small, and the passers-by comparatively few. The key to this apparent riddle will be found in the fact, that the London makers supply the greater part of the kingdom—that nearly the whole of the fresh-water fishing-tackle of England is the produce of London manufactories. The harvest of these tradesmen is of course the summer season, and they spare no pains to make it as profitable as may be. At any of these shops you may purchase liberty to fish in private ponds or streams, situated, some of them, in distant counties, and contract for board and lodging at a moderate rate, or at any rate you choose, during your stay.

But we must proceed summarily to notice the winter field-sports of the indigenous Cockney with dog and gun, or with gun and no dog, as it may happen. Of this class of sportsmen there is no variety: the species is one and the same, and you might almost fancy it is the same individual you meet with everywhere, turn your face in what direction you will out of town on a Sunday in winter. He is a sort of hybrid specimen, half-artisan, half-mendicant, with a dash of the area sneak. Unwashed, untrimmed, and you may be sure uncensored, he saunters forth with his hands in his pockets; his gun, a long iron-barrelled, rusty old flint, balanced under his arm; while his unctuous rags flutter in the wind. He is followed at a little distance by a half-starved, unwilling whelp, which is too well acquainted with the vigour of his master's toe to venture his lean and lanky anatomy within kicking distance, and which cannot always be seduced by the combined allurements of oaths, whistlings, and peltings, to participate in the day's sport. He carries his powder and shot in his pocket, and measures the charge with the bowl of a tobacco-pipe; and his game is anything that flies or runs, from a crow to a water-rat. His impatience for sport seldom allows him to straggle farther than the brick-fields, which on all sides of London constitute the

line of demarcation between the country and the town. Here he loads his piece and his short pipe, and with the latter firmly gripped by his teeth, prowls among the half-baked bricks, waging war among the sparrows and vagabonds unfortunate enough to come in his way. He is the terror of the cottagers and gardeners of the suburbs, and the admiration of a cluster of ragged urchins, who gather round him and do his despotic bidding with alacrity. He never aims at a bird on the wing; and never, if he can help it, pulls the trigger without first securing a convenient resting-place for his long barrel. With all these precautions he considers himself fortunate if he kills once out of three times; and all the dead sparrows he carries home cost him at least ten times their weight in lead. We have met him more than once in the custody of the policeman, marching off to the station for sending shot through cottage windows, or leaping garden-fences after maimed sparrows. It is fortunate for the public that his recreation is generally over early in the day. By one o'clock the public-house is open, and even though his ammunition be not by that time all shot away, as is generally the case, he cannot resist the vision of the pewter-pot, which rises before his imagination as the destined hour draws near. Sometimes a wild ambition seizes him: he will learn to shoot flying, and then you may perchance come upon him in some retired field under Highgate Hill, in company with some congenial spirit, furnished with a luckless pigeon tied by the leg, at which these considerate sportsmen fire by turns, as the miserable bird rises in the air to the length of the string. The last time we witnessed this delectable sport, the string was severed by the twentieth discharge, and the unwounded bird got clear off, to the mortal chagrin of the pair of brutes.

The purlieus of Whitechapel and some other districts of London are yet disgraced by the disgustingly-cruel and senseless exhibitions of dog-fights, badger-baitings, and rat-slaughters; in which latter spectacle of barbarity certain wretches in human shape, envious of the reputation of the celebrated dog Billy, have aspired to emulate his exploits, and are actually seen to enter the arena with a hundred or more live rats, which they are backed, or back themselves, to kill with their teeth alone in a given time! The cockpit, too, yet survives, and mousers are fought in secret and out of ear-shot of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals. These and similar brutalities, however—thanks to the dawn of a better feeling and a more enlightened self-respect among the lower orders—are very much on the wane, and it may be fairly hoped will hardly survive the present generation of Cockney sportsmen.

CONSPIRACY OF THE CLOCKS.

WHEN Cardinal Montalto assumed the tiara under the title of Sixtus V., he speedily threw off the disguise which had enveloped his former life, smoothed the wrinkles from his now proud forehead, raised his piercing eyes—heretofore cautiously veiled by their downcast lids—and made the astounded conclave know that in place of a docile instrument they had elected an inflexible master. Many glaring abuses existed in Rome, and these the new pope determined to reform. It was the custom for the nobles, whether foreigners or natives, to be escorted whenever they went out by a numerous body of pages, valets, soldiers, and followers of all kinds, armed, like their masters, to the teeth. Sometimes a noble's 'following' resembled an army rather than an escort; and it frequently happened that when two such parties met in a narrow street, a violent struggle for precedence would take place, and blood be freely shed by those who had had no previous cause of quarrel. Hence came the warlike meaning—which is

still retained—of the word *rencontre*. Sixtus V. resolved to put down this practice, and seized the opportunity of an unusually fierce combat taking place on Easter-day within the very precincts of St Peter's.

Next morning an official notice was posted on the city walls, prohibiting every noble without exception from being followed by more than twenty attendants. Every one also, of whatever degree, who should himself carry, or cause his people to carry, any sort of fire-arms (pocket-pistols being especially mentioned), should thereby incur the penalty of death. At this notice Pasquin jested, and the nobles laughed, but no one dared to indulge in bravado, until the following incident occurred.

Just after the promulgation of the pope's orders, Ranuccio Farnese, the only son of the Duke of Parma, arrived in Rome. His first care was to wait on the new pontiff; and being presented by his uncle, Cardinal Farnese, the young prince met the reception due to his rank and to his merit. Already his talents and courage gave promise of his becoming a worthy successor to his father; and the Roman nobles vied with each other in doing honour to the heir of one of the richest duchies in the peninsula. On the evening after his arrival he was invited by Prince Cesarini to a magnificent banquet. Wine flowed freely, and the night waxed late, when the gay guests began to discuss the recent edict of his holiness. Several wild young spirits, and amongst them Ranuccio, declared themselves ready to brave it openly. Next morning, however, when sobered by sleep, they all, with one exception, judged it expedient to forget their bravado. Ranuccio alone felt a strong desire to try conclusions with the pope. Although a feudatory of the holy see, he was not a Roman, and he was a prince. Sixtus V. would probably think twice before touching a head that was almost crowned. Besides, youths of twenty love adventure, and it is not every day that one can enjoy the pleasure of putting a pope in a dilemma. Ranuccio, in short, went to the Vatican and asked an audience of his holiness. It was immediately granted, and the prince, after having, according to the custom, knelt three times, managed adroitly to let fall at the very feet of Sixtus a pair of pistols loaded to the muzzle.

Such audacity could not go unpunished. Without a moment's hesitation the pope summoned his guards, and ordered them to arrest and convey to Fort St Angelo the son of the Duke of Parma, who had just condemned himself to death. War might be declared on the morrow; an outraged father might come, sword in hand, to demand the life and liberty of his son. What cared Sixtus? He was resolved to restore but a corpse.

The news spread quickly: so much audacity on one side and so much firmness on the other seemed almost incredible. Cardinal Farnese hastened to the Vatican, and, falling at the feet of the pope, with tears in his eyes pleaded his nephew's cause. He spoke of the youth of the culprit and the loyalty of his father, who was then in Flanders fighting the battles of the holy see. Ranuccio had been but two days in Rome—might he not fairly be supposed ignorant of the new enactment? Then he belonged to a powerful house, which it might not be prudent for even his holiness to offend; and, finally, he was closely related by blood to the late pope, Paul III.

The holy father's reply was cruelly decisive. 'The

law,' he said, 'makes no distinction; a criminal is a criminal, and nothing more. The viceroy of God on earth, my justice, like His, must be impartial; nor dare I exercise clemency, which would be nothing but weakness.'

The cardinal bent his head and retired.

Besieged incessantly by fresh supplications from various influential quarters, the pope sent for Monsignor Angeli, the governor of Fort St Angelo. To him he gave imperative orders, that precisely at twenty-four o'clock* that evening his illustrious prisoner's head should be struck off.

The governor returned to the castle, and signified to Ranuccio that he had but two hours to live. The young man laughed in his face, and began to eat his supper. He could not bring himself to believe that he, the heir-apparent of the Duke of Parma, could be seriously menaced with death by an obscure monk, whose only title to the pontificate seemed to have been his age and decrepitude. Yet speedily the threat seemed to him less worthy of derision, when he saw from his window a scaffold, bearing a hatchet and a block, in process of erection. But who can describe his dismay when his room was entered by a monk, who came to administer the last rites of the church, followed by the executioner, asking for his last orders!

Meantime Cardinal Farnese was not idle. He consulted with his friend, Count Olivares, ambassador from the court of Spain, and they resolved to attempt to obtain by stratagem what had been refused to their prayers. Two precious hours remained.

'Our only plan,' said the cardinal, 'is to stop the striking of all the public clocks in Rome! Meantime do you occupy Angeli's attention.'

His eminence possessed great influence in the city, and, moreover, the control of the public clocks belonged to his prerogative. At the appointed hour, as if by magic, time changed his noisy course into a silent flight. Two clocks, those of St Peter and St Angelo, were put back twenty minutes. Their proximity to the prison required this change, and the cardinal's authority secured the inviolable secrecy of every one concerned in the plot.

The execution was to be private; but Olivares, in his quality of ambassador, was permitted to remain with the governor. A single glance assured him that the clock was going right—that is to say, that it was quite wrong. Already the inner court was filled with soldiers under arms, and monks chanting the solemn 'Dies Iræ.' Everything was prepared save the victim. Olivares was with Angeli, and a scene commenced at once terrible and burlesque. The ambassador, in order to gain time, began to converse on every imaginable subject, but the governor would not listen.

'My orders,' he said, 'are imperative. At the first stroke of the clock all will be over.'

'But the pope may change his mind.' Without replying the terrible Angeli walked impatiently up and down the room, watching for the striking of his clock. He called: a soldier appeared. 'Is all prepared?' All was prepared: the attendants, like their master, were only waiting for the hour.

'Tis strange,' muttered the governor. 'I should have thought—'

'At least,' interposed Olivares, 'if you will not delay, do not anticipate.' And monsignor resumed his hasty walk between the door and window, listening for the fatal sound which the faithful tongue of the clock still refused to utter.

Despite of the delay, however, the fatal hour approached. Ten minutes more, and Ranuccio's fate would be sealed.

Meanwhile the cardinal repaired to the pope. As he entered, Sixtus drew out his watch, and his eyes sparkled with revengeful joy. On the testimony of that unerring timepiece Ranuccio was already executed.

'What seek you?' asked his holiness.

'The body of my nephew, that I may convey it to Parma. At least let the unhappy boy repose in the tomb of his ancestors.'

'Did he die like a Christian?'

'Like a saint,' cried the cardinal, trembling at a moment's delay. Sixtus V. traced the following words: 'We order our governor of Fort St Angelo to deliver up to his eminence the body of Ranuccio Farnese.' Having sealed it with the pontifical signet, he gave it to the cardinal.

Arrived at the palace gates, Farnese, agitated between fear and hope, hastened to demand an entrance. A profound silence reigned within, broken only by the distant note of the 'De profundis.' He rushed towards the court. Was he too late?—had his stratagem succeeded? One look would decide. He raised his eyes—his nephew still lived. His neck bare, and his hands tied, he knelt beside the block, between a priest and the executioner, faintly uttering the words of his last prayer. Suddenly the chanting ceased; the cardinal flew towards the governor. Ere he could speak, his gestures and his countenance lied for him.

'A pardon!—a pardon!' exclaimed Olivares. The soldiers shouted. The executioner began to unloose his victim, when a sign from Angeli made him pause. The governor read and reread the missive.

'The body of Ranuccio Farnese!' he repeated: 'the criminal's name would suffice. Why these words, "The body of?"'

'What stops you?' cried the cardinal, at that perilous moment looking paler than his nephew.

'Read!' replied Angeli, handing him the pope's letter.

'Is that all?' said his eminence, forcing a smile and pointing to the clock. 'Look at the hour: it still wants two minutes of the time, and I received that paper from his holiness more than a quarter of an hour since.'

The governor bowed: the argument was irresistible. Ranuccio was given up to his deliverers. A carriage, with four fleet horses, waited outside the prison, and in a few moments the cardinal and the young prince were galloping along the road to Parma. Just then the clocks of Rome pealed forth in unison, as if rejoicing that by their judicious silence they had gained their master's cause. It might be well if lawyers in our day would sometimes follow their example.

Monsignor Angeli, as the chronicle relates, was rather astonished at the rapid flight of time after his prisoner's departure. In fact, the next hour seemed to him as short as its predecessor was long. This phenomenon, due to the simple system of compensation, was ascribed by him to the peaceful state of his conscience. Although inflexible in the discharge of what he esteemed his duty, he was in reality a kindhearted man, and felt sincere pleasure at what he honestly believed to be Ranuccio's pardon.

On the morrow the Spanish ambassador was the first to congratulate Sixtus V., with admirable *sang froid*, on his truly pious clemency. Olivares was only a diplomatist, but he played his part as well as if he had been a cardinal, and made every one believe that he had been the dupe of his accomplice. He had good reasons for so acting. His master, Philip II., seldom joked, more especially when the subject of the joke was the infallible head of the church; and he strongly suspected that the clocks of Madrid might prove less complaisant than those at Rome.

Poor Angeli was the only sufferer. For no other crime than that of not wearing a watch, the pope

* In Italy the hours are reckoned from 1 to 24, commencing at sunset.

deprived him of his office, and imprisoned him for some time in Fort St Angelo. As to Cardinal Farnese, renouncing all the praises and congratulations of his friends at Rome, he prudently remained an absentee.*

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

October 1851.

THE friends of Sir J. Franklin, and all those interested in arctic explorations, have been excited and disappointed by the recent news brought from the polar regions by Captain Penny, who has come home with all hands in good condition. At headquarters, which of course means the Admiralty, the intelligence has been discussed with the usual amount of professional insight and rivalry, and judgment pronounced accordingly. In order to a proper understanding of the question, you must permit me to recapitulate various particulars which I have from time to time communicated. Sir James Ross was, as you will remember, sent out to look for Franklin in 1848; and such was the opinion entertained of his abilities, that every one expected he would accomplish all or more than all of the work intrusted to him. How miserably he failed, and how unexpectedly and undesired he came home towards the end of 1849, will not soon be forgotten. A general feeling prevailed that we ought not to abandon the search for the long-lost adventurers while the slightest hope existed of their being discovered; accordingly the government resolved on a comprehensive scheme, which should, if possible, finally settle the question. The arctic sea was to be penetrated from the east and the west. Captain Collinson was sent out with two ships—the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*—in January 1850, to try what could be done by way of Behring's Strait; one of the vessels got well up and into the ice last autumn, and Captain Maclure, her commander, hoped to push his way far to the eastward before winter set in, and intended when frozen up to send out walking-parties in the same direction, in the hope of falling in with other parties from the opposite quarter. Captain Collinson wintered at Hong-Kong, and is now probably following on the track of Maclure. The next measure was the equipment of the ships *Resolute* and *Assistance*, and the steamers *Pioneer* and *Intrepid*, forming an expedition of which Captain Austin was appointed chief, and Captain Ommanney second in command. Two other vessels, the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, were placed under the charge of Captain Penny, a whaler of much experience and ability; Sir John Ross came forward to aid the search in a ship fitted out by private enterprise; and last, the squadron was increased by two schooners from the United States, sanctioned by the American government. Besides all these, *Lady Franklin* sent out a small vessel on her own account. The ships sailed in April and May of last year; and after exploring the shores of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, wintered at Cornwallis Island, having discovered nothing of the missing expedition except traces of an encampment at which a number of bones and some pieces of rope were collected, and considered of such value that they were brought home to be examined. The excitement created by the arrival of the *Prince Albert*, *Lady Franklin's* ship, with these relics, and a rumour of a wholesale slaughter of English crews by Esquimaux, you will probably not have forgotten. In the spring of the present year, before the ships were released from their winter quarters, several walking-parties were organised and sent out to prosecute the search. By these the northern and southern shores of Barrow's Strait were diligently explored; Melville Island and the Winter Harbour of Parry were revisited; and the vicinity explored up to 106 degrees of west longitude, and up to 104 degrees in

the latitude of Cape Walker. New land was seen to the north-west, and from the discoveries made there is reason to believe that Banks Land is continuous with the land already known on the south of the strait; and the conclusion appears to be inevitable that Sir John Franklin did not pass to the westward of Wellington Channel. It was known that he had thoughts of attempting this inlet, as Parry had seen it on one or two occasions clear of ice; the exploration of it was therefore intrusted to Captain Penny as a special task. Having forced his way up as far as the ice would permit, he started with a walking-party to continue the search; and at eighty miles from the mouth of the channel came to a second broad inlet, dotted with islands, stretching away to the north-west, all open water as far as could be seen, and presenting indications of the same to the remotest point of vision. This was encouraging; but as nothing could be done without a boat, the captain retraced his steps, mounted a boat on a sledge, went back to the new inlet, which he named Victoria, embarked on it, and, in conjunction with his assistants, explored more than 300 miles of its shores, when provisions failing, he was obliged to return once more to his ships. Here he found Captain Austin, and proposed to renew the search with more efficient means. It appears, however, that his wishes were overruled. Captain Penny was bound, by his instructions, to return to England this autumn; and has recently arrived, bringing with him a collection of relics obtained from Cape Riley, which proves to have been Franklin's quarters for the winter of 1845-46. The relics consist of portions of ropes, part of an old sail with the name *Terror* stamped on it, a cask, and a finger-post: the latter was lying on the ground near three graves in which three seamen belonging to the expedition had been buried. Thus all we know respecting the veteran Sir John, his colleague Crozier, and their companions is—that they wintered at Cape Riley during the first winter after their leaving England; that three of their number died and were buried; that the ships went away—and then all trace is lost. Since that time six years have passed; and if any of the long-lost party still survive, how painful must have been their sufferings from privation, severity of climate, and hope deferred!

Captain Austin states in his dispatches that, not considering any further exploration of Wellington Channel and its upper waters desirable, he was preparing to make his way to Jones's Sound at the head of Baffin's Bay, considering it probable that Franklin may have got to the north-west by that opening. So far as is known it has never yet been explored; and it is considered by those competent to judge as affording less prospect of success than appeared in Wellington Channel. To have abandoned the latter seems like throwing away the only promising opportunity that has hitherto presented itself; the more so, as we may believe the open water discovered by Captain Penny to be one margin of the arctic sea or polar basin, the existence of which has long been known, and more than once visited by Russian adventurers from the coast of Siberia: its diameter is about 2500 miles. Across it lies the shortest route to Behring's Strait, and it is possible that Franklin, if he got up Wellington Channel to the open water, may still be sailing about it, trying to find an outlet. What attempt will be made to verify this supposition we cannot tell until further news come from the north. Sir John Ross, who has just reported his return, having left the ice on the 18th August, brings no additional intelligence: he inclines to the opinion that Franklin did not go up Wellington Channel, but that he was attacked, as rumoured, by the Esquimaux. This again painfully involves the question. It is said that Captain Penny has offered to return forthwith to Wellington Channel if the

* The above is abridged from the French of Edouard Fournier.

Admiralty will grant him a steamer for the purpose: winter, however, would have set in before he could arrive on the spot.

This subject has led me to greater length than I intended. I could not, however, close it, without giving you a complete summary of a question which engages a more than ordinary share of attention, and so trust to your indulgence.

To pass from a cold region to a hot one, let me say a few words about the famous Egyptian obelisk, known to us as 'Cleopatra's Needle,' and to the Arabs, even ages ago, as 'Pharaoh's Packing-Needle.' It has rather suddenly come to be a subject of talk; and the reason why appears to be briefly as follows.—It is very old, having been cut from the quarries at Syene, 750 miles from where it now lies on the beach at Alexandria, in the reign of Thothmosis III., at the time when Thebes was in its glory. Most of the inscriptions on the stone were the work of this monarch and his successor Sesostris, and on this account is held to be the more interesting. It appears that this obelisk had been set up on a pedestal near a companion needle of similar proportions; that it fell down in course of time, and eventually became half buried in drifting sand. Thus it lay when the British army, having achieved a victory in Egypt, resolved on bringing home the monument as a trophy of their valour. A vessel was purchased, and machinery and apparatus prepared for lifting and shipping the ponderous mass in 1801, when the operations were stopped by order of the general in command at Malta. In 1820 Mehemet Ali made a present of the neglected monument to George IV., thereby confirming our claim to it; but nothing was done towards its removal; and an enterprising Frenchman suggested that it might be conveyed to Paris in the same vessel that carried the Luxor obelisk from Egypt to the Place de la Concorde in 1830, as though to rebuke our slowness.

The subject, although half a century old, has not been forgotten: it was mentioned in parliament, and since then all sorts of projects have been published for the embarkation and transport of the huge monolith. Some say that it should be set up in the courtyard of the British Museum; others that Hyde Park would be a more fitting place, as the monument would then serve as a striking memorial of the Great Exhibition. Let us get the stone first, and then we will determine what shall be done with it. Its dimensions are extraordinary—being 64 feet long, 8 feet square at the base, and weighing about 240 tons. Notwithstanding a general wish that it should be 'sent for,' an influential authority states that it is 'scarcely worth the trouble and expense of the undertaking;' and adds, that 'it will cause disappointment if it is expected to prove an ornament, as it is in a very mutilated state, the edges being broken off, and the hieroglyphics much defaced.' The length at present uncovered by the sand is about thirty-five feet from the apex, with from three to four feet down the sides; and the whole of what is visible is in the same dilapidated condition. It must also be said that the longer it is left in its present position the worse it will become, from the anxiety of all travellers to possess pieces of it, which the native boys knock off largely to sell. The base of the obelisk is about twenty feet distant from the sea, and the city-wall will have to be broken through to remove it. The water is only two feet deep at the distance of fifteen feet from the shore, nine feet deep at twenty fathoms, and twenty feet deep at 200 fathoms' distance.' From these particulars some idea may be formed of the nature of the undertaking as regards the removal, and an inference drawn as to its ever being attempted.

Next, there are certain American patents to be talked about, some of them perhaps more amusing than useful. Judge for yourself:—For 'improvements in balloons, and their appendages;' 'in exercising

chairs;' 'in magnetic needles;' for a 'pocket-filter and drinking-tube;' 'a trap for catching flies;' 'a submarine telescope,' to be used under water; 'for alitting clothes-pegs;' 'improved machinery for making pill-boxes;' another is a contrivance which has claims on the notice of people who wash dishes. According to the description, 'the crockery or other articles of table furniture are placed in a machine fitted to receive them, and then to wash them by turning a shaft, with arms and buckets so arranged as to throw the water upon the crockery with force, and thus act upon and clean each article.' Another is a varnish wherewith to protect hams, fruit, and vegetables, composed of a 'union of resin, shell-lac, and linseed oil.' Another is for improved 'hamcs,' so fitted to the shape of the horse's neck as to make the pressure greatest where the muscle is thickest, and at the same time to render 'displacement or disarrangement of the collar almost impossible, and prevent much, and in most cases all chafing.' Then comes something interesting to agriculturists in their newly-awakened spirit of enterprise—'a cultivating seed-planter,' which is 'a combination of the roller and the harrow for crushing and pulverising the soil, with the cultivator teeth for forming the furrows and depositing the seed, the roller preceding the harrow, and both preceding the cultivator teeth.' Another is intended for the benefit of those who incline to grow honey as well as wheat and barley: it is called the 'bee-moth trap,' and 'consists in making the bottom or floor of the hive of two opposite oblique surfaces, approximating to two sides of a prism, with a fluted roller revolving in the partial interval between their converging edges, which roller is rotated by the air operating on a vane or wind-wheel on the outside. This keeps it almost constantly in operation; and as the bee-bread, refuse of the hive, droppings, and other matters, fall to the bottom, they are carried out by the grooves as they come round, and fall to the ground, the roller thus serving as a cleaner to the hive, preventing the accumulation of dirt and refuse of the operations of the bees, which are injurious as affording harbour for the miller, and likewise a temptation to her to enter the hive.'

Before quitting the subject of rural economy, let me mention here that the Royal Academy of Georgofili, at Florence, have offered a prize of 280 francs for a solution of the question—'To determine by experiment the quality of soil best adapted to the cultivation of leguminous plants, and the relative advantages of the various manures hitherto known, chiefly those consisting of inorganic matter;' also one of 500 francs and a gold medal for a thrashing-machine to supersede the present Tuscan mode of treading out corn by horses; and a third of 280 francs for an essay on the use of salt in cattle-feeding. Here, at home too, our Royal Agricultural Society have published their list of prizes which are to be given for forty-four different implements and instruments, including ploughs, drill, steam-engines, portable and stationary, pulverisers, crushers, bruisers, chaff-cutting machines, harrows, light wagons, hoes, rakes, and 'any new implement;' and 'for the best dynamometer especially applicable to the traction of ploughs.' Competitors are required to have all arrangements completed with the secretary before next May. There are, besides, prizes of from thirty to fifty sovereigns for the best report on farming in Herefordshire and Cumberland—on the manufacture of beet-root sugar—on seeds, and underwood, and other agricultural subjects, to be sent in by March; and last, one on guano, to be ready by 1854. It is a good sign to see agriculture thus on the move for improvements; it involves many moral as well as substantial considerations.

Now to come back to the American items: a patent has been obtained for a method of taking sheets of paper from a printing or paper-making machine, by means of 'a cylinder or curved instrument that shall

receive such sheets and pile them upon a table provided for the purpose; and also in combining certain mechanical powers and movements with such table, that the accumulation of sheets thereon, by bringing into contact certain parts, produces a movement which causes the said table to descend in such manner as to keep the top of the pile upon it at nearly the same height constantly, the increase of the depth of said pile being used as a means by which to cause the apparatus for the purpose to perform its work.' Another invention is for simplifying the weaving of piled fabrics, one part of which is to use short wires, lapped in the middle for the loops, instead of the usual long wires. Another, similar in purpose, 'cuts the loops on the wires as the cloth is woven, by means of a reciprocating-knife combined with the weaving part of the loom;' and with this knife further combines 'a take-up roller,' which keeps the loops parallel, and 'wedge-formed guides,' which insure that the knife shall traverse truly, and 'a trough into which the wires drop, and a second trough into which they are successively transferred, that they may be carried back to and under the looping warps,' where they are ready to repeat their former operation. Another is for an 'improved mantelpiece,' made 'of glass or similar material, properly ornamented on its back by paint or otherwise, and surrounded and guarded by a cast-iron framework, which shields the glass from injury by accident; said metal-frame serving at the same time as an ornament, which can be highly elaborated into any pattern that the fancy of the manufacturer may suggest; and mantelpieces produced of the greatest beauty and durability at a comparatively small cost.'

One ingenious inventor proposes to ventilate railway carriages by a peculiar mode of fixing outside shutters; another proposes to do the same and to prevent the entrance of dust, by 'attaching to one of the cars of a train a centrifugal fan, which is driven from one of the axletrees of the car: the blast thus generated being conveyed through the car by pipes, whence it is discharged by adjustable adjutages of peculiar form in the direction required to prevent the dust from entering the car.' You will see that nothing is said of what becomes of the passengers while this windy process is going on. The subject is one of much importance in the United States, owing to the great heat of summer and annoyance from sparks and dust thrown off from the wood burned in the locomotives. Hence the number of railway-carriage ventilation schemes is great. I add one more, thus prosily described by the inventors. They say: 'The object of our invention is to introduce into the several cars of a railroad-train a current or currents of air taken from some point or points forward of the smoke-pipe of the locomotive, and thereby not only to supply the cars with the required ventilation, but at the same time to produce in each car of the train an outward pressure of air, which will effectually prevent dust, smoke, and sparks from entering the cars; and to this end the nature of our invention consists in combining with the railroad-train a tube or tubes, united at the junction of each car in the train by a flexible or yielding joint, the said tube or tubes being carried farther forward than the chimney of the locomotive to receive the air in the front of the train, and the said tube or tubes being made to communicate with each car of the train, so that the current of air forced by the motion of the train into the forward end of the tubes, where it cannot be charged with dust, smoke, or sparks, may be thus caused to enter each car of the train.' And next, another gives 'the shell of a submerged propeller the form of a section cut from the open extremity of sea-shells,' whereby 'the mouth of the hollow tube at which the water enters has a greater area than its hinder extremity, at which the water is discharged.' And last, a machine calculated to be highly useful to the planter. It plants and cultivates cotton 'with

about one-fourth the usual labour to a man and horse, besides doing the work more neatly and better. It lays off the rows two at a time, the ridges being made in the usual way, opens the drill, drops the seed, and covers the same in two drills at the same operation, doing the work of seven or eight hands and four horses. It then harrows and scrapes both sides of two drills, chops out at the rate of two drills at a time, bars them, and cultivates, entirely breaking and stirring the ground the width of two rows at a time, superseding nearly all the necessity of scraping and hoeing through the season. The machine is worked with one horse, is very simple in its construction, and needs only one person to manage it.' If this machine will do all that is stated, perhaps some of our East India cotton-growers may be disposed to make trial of it, and Manchester will not be unwilling to encourage anything which increases the growth of cotton.

To touch upon astronomy is a sudden change of subject; but as what I have to say is American, it may be suitably introduced here. You are aware that the supposition of a third ring to Saturn has been reported from time to time for several years past, and at length verified by observers at Liverpool. The phenomenon has been perseveringly discussed by United States astronomers, who, after a diligent examination of it, and investigating it on numerous hypotheses, have come to the conclusion that the whole of Saturn's rings are fluid, and not solid, and not of equal density. They are preserved intact, because 'the satellites are constantly disturbing the ring; but in the very act of perturbation they are sustaining it in its place. Their sustaining action is not negative, but positive; and without satellites there can be no ring.' Among other conclusions to which they have been led by the interesting inquiry is, that 'delicate micrometrical measurements of the rings shew that they are not of uniform thickness. May not this accumulation of matter on one side be the incipient nucleus of a satellite? If so, it will be reserved for future astronomers to witness a scene no less amazing than the formation of a new world within the limits of the solar system.'

We are shortly to get further information respecting the law of storms—a subject, on many accounts, of growing importance to science and commerce. A circular was issued some time ago from the Colonial Office to parties in foreign countries, and another has just been sent out by Lord Palmerston to British consuls abroad, containing a series of inquiries suggested by Lieutenant-Colonel Reid, who, as you are aware, has done much towards elucidating the law of storms. 'In order'—so runs the missive—'that an investigation of this nature may be practically useful, it is essential that facts connected with the atmospheric phenomena in question should be carefully observed and accurately recorded over as large a portion as possible of the surface of the globe, by persons of education, and whose scientific attainments or professional avocations qualify them for making such observations.' It is suggested that 'captains of ports, masters of lighthouses, and harbour-masters,' would be competent to the task, as they are habitually observing the sky. The consuls are to send home half-yearly an abstract of the information obtained, and diagrams of the routes of remarkable storms when they can be procured. We shall probably get manifold data from many climates: meantime the Swedish government is about to send out the ship *Eugene* on a voyage of discovery and circumnavigation, with a scientific commission on board, nominated by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm. The French also are going to explore the Japanese sea with a frigate, corvette, and a steamer, to promote at the same time science and commerce, and make an attempt to renew European intercourse with Japan.

There appears now a prospect of our telegraphic communication with the continent becoming permanent, as

the wire is laid across the Channel, from the South Foreland to a point about four miles south of Calais. It consists of four copper wires of the thickness of an ordinary bell-wire, cased in gutta-percha, and twined with a corresponding number of hempen strands, steeped in a mixture of tar and tallow, into a rope of about an inch in diameter. Another strand, similarly prepared, is wound transversely round this; and, finally, ten wires of galvanised iron, about a third of an inch thick, are twined round this central core, and form a solid and at the same time flexible casing. The whole, when thus completed, has the appearance of an ordinary $4\frac{1}{2}$ metallic cable. The length is 24 miles, and the weight from 170 to 180 tons. Then there is Wenley's underground telegraph, which, it is hoped, may become a means of diminishing accidents on railways. It needs no battery, and can be kept in working order with very little trouble. It has been tried at the Welwyn Tunnel, and the directors of the Great Northern have determined that no train shall enter a tunnel until a signal has been made from the opposite end that the preceding train has passed out. Appos of railways, the frequent casualties of late have elicited a scheme for a 'Railway Passengers' Protection Society,' which all persons interested in the subject—and who is not?—are invited to join.

Go where you will in London at present you are sure to hear the means of travel talked about—a truly interesting subject. Projects are afoot for a monthly line of steamers to the Azores and the west coast of Africa: a Liverpool and Manchester company are at work on another line to run to Rio and other ports in South America, to commence next spring. The vessels are to be fitted with screws instead of paddles, and constructed on such models as will insure a speed of ten miles an hour. This movement, it is said, has originated in the great and increasing trade of Liverpool with Brazil. The departures from each end will be monthly, the boats calling at Lisbon for passengers and fuel. It is calculated that the passage to Rio will not exceed twenty-five days, and that the whole distance to the river Plate will be accomplished in thirty-five days, including the detention in Rio to transfer the cargo and passengers to the branch-boat. Then there is to be another line of screw-steamers between Philadelphia and Liverpool, and Boston and Liverpool: one of the vessels belonging to the latter is to accommodate 1000 passengers. Another line is to ply from some ports in Virginia to certain ports in Europe; and last, another of four vessels, each of 1500 tons, to run from New York to Genoa, touching on the way at Madeira. If travelling facilities are to go on multiplying in this way, we shall soon want other worlds besides our own to circumnavigate.

I must compress my remaining items, or you will complain that I am running on too great a length. So—Professor Horsford, while verifying the pendulum experiment in the Bunker Hill Monument, near Boston, found that the sides of the edifice opposite the sun expanded every day with the heat. Mr Young, of Manchester, has succeeded in solidifying gas—a result which Liebig said some time ago was 'one of the greatest wants of the age.' The substances obtained—a volatile oil, and paraffine—are entirely wasted in the present process of manufacturing coke. Cheap coal makes cheap gas; and now that we get coal cheap by railway, an offer has been made to 'lay on' gas to the great parish of Marylebone, at 4s. per 1000 feet. The number of bathers at the Euston Square Baths and Washhouses during the present year has been 15,897; of washers, 33,276; in 1847 the respective numbers were 15,630 and 15,576. The Society of Arts promise a prize-medal for a box with the best and most numerous set of water-colours and brushes—to sell at one shilling—and for the best and cheapest case of instruments. A fossil human footmark has been found in a red-sand-

stone quarry near Dumfries. What an excitement this fact, if true, will cause among geologists! And having occasionally reported to you the proceedings of Mr James Richardson, the African traveller, I may close this paragraph with the melancholy intelligence that the enterprising explorer died last March while on his travels near Bornou.

Before these lines appear in print the Exhibition will have closed, the medals will have been distributed, the bustle of packing and removal will have gone through most of its convulsions, and the grand and extraordinary spectacle will cease to exist, except in books, and in the memory of those who beheld it. Much will grow out of it: among the first results is a project for 'The International Institute,' by which 'it is proposed that the exhibitors, foreign as well as British, shall form themselves into an association, under a title that will commemorate the most interesting epoch in the history of nations, and that they seek the necessary powers to erect in some central situation a building upon an unprecedented scale of grandeur, as an International Museum and Emporium of Arts and Manufactures; where, as in its great prototype, the results of science and the choicest productions of art, in each branch of the world's industry, may from time to time be seen with the utmost facility for study; and where the inventive genius of every clime shall ever find encouragement and timely assistance—where every new invention shall have a place; where the inventor and the capitalist shall be brought into immediate and direct communication; and where, also, periodical exhibitions would take place, with a judicious distribution of prizes.'

Would not Smithfield make a capital site for such a building?

AN INTERESTING PRESSFUL OF BUSINESS-BOOKS.

WE were lately much interested in being shewn by a friend, who has frequent occasion to use the treasures of a large public library, the ledgers and other business-books, along with the miscellaneous correspondence of a great joint-stock mercantile company. This bare intimation will not convey to the reader a notion of much exciting interest, since romance is seldom supposed to be perched on a three-legged stool, or to be embodied in the figures confined within vertical red lines. Yet these thoroughly business-looking books and papers had in them a strong and almost fascinating interest, and the greater part of our readers will probably be inclined to sympathise in this feeling when we state that they were the books and papers of the renowned Darien Company. That undertaking is unfortunately too well known in history. Yet to revive the memory of those whose recollection of it may be indistinct, and to save them the trouble of consulting some ponderous history, we shall give in a very few words a sketch of this celebrated adventure.

The people of Scotland could not fail to observe how much the commercial enterprise of England had enlarged its wealth and material happiness, and they desired to imitate so attractive an example. An ingenious schemer, named Paterson, concocted a plan for effecting this with the aid of English wealth. He was to obtain from the government certain privileges for a great trading company; and as those privileges would, it was deemed, secure to it beyond doubt a very lucrative trade, it was supposed that English capitalists would readily take shares in it, and swell the rather meagre capital to be expected from Scotland alone. It happened as he expected, and all went smoothly and triumphantly, when the great English trading companies took the alarm. They were determined at all events to prevent their own countrymen from investing capital in a rival trade, and they got parlia-

ment to take up their cause. Severe measures were threatened, and the English shareholders withdrew; but this only served to increase the excitement in Scotland, and it was resolved to make the adventure purely national. For this purpose subscription-books were opened in Edinburgh and Glasgow in February 1696. They excited a complete fervour throughout the land. Never was railway or mining adventure more recklessly run after. In a short time £400,000 were subscribed. This seems a small sum when we remember that in many a secondary Scottish manufacturing town as much railway stock has been subscribed. But we must take the assurance of contemporaries, that such at that time was the impoverished state of Scotland, that only by excruciating efforts, by borrowing, by exacting payment of debt, by selling land, and by clubbing small sums, could the amount which each subscriber desired to advance be procured.

When the money was engaged for and partly advanced, the next question was what should be done with it? In an evil moment the country went into the dazzling scheme of Paterson, and determined to create a Scottish colony. They selected the narrow neck of land sometimes called Darien and sometimes Panama, which joins the northern and the southern continents in America. They had thus in view the very object which has lately been so effectively recommenced—a commercial communication between the Atlantic and Pacific. There was no end to the dreams of richness and greatness which this project opened up to the ardent people of Scotland; but the first necessary step was to get themselves firmly planted on the spot. With this view an expedition was despatched, which took up its position at what seemed a suitable spot, and it was followed by several auxiliary detachments. We do not intend to go further here into the melancholy history of the colony, than to say that it was overwhelmed by disaster after disaster, and in the end failed utterly. Besides mismanagement and a wretched climate, it had to suffer from the hostile assaults of the Spanish; and as King William had taken the part of the English traders, who looked with jealousy and rancour on the colony, the poor adventurers, instead of obtaining aid from English colonies and English ships, were by them treated with little less severity than by their enemies of Spain. Not only was the capital lost, but many valuable lives were sacrificed, and the national pride was outraged. The event tended in the end to good, for the national animosities created by it showed the imminent necessity of an incorporating Union of the two kingdoms. This great project was brought to a conclusion, as all the world knows, in 1707. Never was a political event so earnestly deprecated as this connection with proud and wealthy England was by the equally proud but miserably impoverished Scots; never was event fraught with so lasting a heritage of benefits to those who saw in it the harbinger of misery. To get the treaty carried at all it was necessary to secure some immediate and tangible benefit to Scotland. Nothing could suit better than cash in hand; and a fund reaching the whimsically fractional amount of £398,085, 10s. was given by England to Scotland, and received the name of 'the equivalent.' It was applied partly to make up for the effect in Scotland of the larger public debt which England had incurred; and a considerable portion of it went to reimburse the losers by the Darien Scheme, who maintained that they were the victims of English interference, and were entitled to reimbursement from English money.

Such is a brief outline of the events of which the pressful of books and papers to which we have alluded is the still speaking record; and it will be admitted that such documents must possess no inconsiderable interest. A gentleman who superintended the printing for the Bannatyne Club of some of the letters and other documents in this collection, gives the following account of

it as a whole, and of the place where it is deposited:— 'In an old oak-press in one of the under rooms of the Advocates' Library, there has been preserved a collection of books and loose papers, all connected with the proceedings of the company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies, commonly known as the Darien Company.

'Of these, certain bound volumes were the business-books of the company; and the loose papers are letters, accounts, and memorandums, of more or less importance. The editor has been unable to discover the circumstances under which this curious collection came into the possession of the Faculty of Advocates; but he thinks it probable that, when the affairs of the company were wound up after the Union, and its miscellaneous property was dispersed, the oak-press, containing the business-books of the establishment, was carried from the office, in Bristo Port, across the Cowgate, and deposited in the Advocates' Library, as an institution where it might not inappropriately be preserved, and which was conveniently near. The collection has been suffered to remain undisturbed in its original repository, except that a large mass of the miscellaneous papers appear to have been collected together, and bound up without reference to any method of arrangement. This mass constitutes the main source from which the contents of the following pages have been selected, and is referred to in the foot-notes as the "Miscellaneous Collection."

The business-books of the concern—journals, ledgers, stock-books, &c.—are remarkable for their gigantic size, as if even in them should be personified the vast ideas and bold projects of the undertakers. We had a rather startling illustration of their unusual size, since the friend who showed us the collection, pulling one of the largest rather hastily from its shelf, was pressed backwards by its weight, so that, being encumbered with a lawyer's gown, he sank on the floor, and required to be relieved from the huge mass which kept him prostrate. Save in their size but rarely rivalled—it would be difficult to distinguish these books from the contents of a banker's or joint-stock company's safe at the present day. They are bound exactly in the same manner in vellum, strengthened at the hinges by bands of thick leather, fastened with slips of vellum crossed or platted with a sort of faint attempt at ornament. And over this regular binding they have generally a sort of greatcoat of loose, soft, red leather, to give a temporary protection to the book during frequent and rapid use.

Nor are the interior aspect and substance of these books less remarkable than their merely external appearance. There are few who do not know how irregular, angular, and twisted is the ordinary writing of the seventeenth century, and how especially difficult it is without great practice to decipher accounts of that period. Now in the inferior books—such as the local accounts in the various towns, the cargo-books of the vessels, &c.—we find these cramped, old-fashioned methods in full use; but we never saw any manuscript more beautiful and distinct—we might say more modern looking—than the entries in the great books kept in the central office. The ink is still singularly black; the paper fine and white; and in flattening the pages of an unfinished account one might suppose that the clerk had just left his desk, and would come back to complete it. The system of double-entry is pursued; and altogether it would appear as if, under the presiding genius of the projector of the scheme, a stride had been at once taken from the old slovenly habits to the perfection of modern book-keeping. Calligraphers are a vain race. They count beautiful writing one of the fine arts—sometimes at the head of them. One can imagine the pride with which the so-soon-forgotten penmen looked over these pages, to lie nearly a century and a half in obscurity, and only furnish amusing reflections to those

who not only know not who they were, but do not, as in the case of more dignified memorials of skill, care to know.

Yet though one turns over these ponderous volumes with interest and admiration, there is one among them, dirty and torn, bearing marks of much and rough usage, and full of irregular, and sometimes illegible scrawls, which is endowed with still more interest: it is the subscription-book, in which those who adventured their means in the enterprise signed their names and set forth the sums for which they stood good. The date of the opening of the books is 26th February 1696, and on that day there were subscribed upwards of £50,000. On the progress of the subscription, it is stated in the introduction to the club-book already cited, 'by far the greatest part of the whole amount was subscribed before the end of March. On the last day of that month there appears, for some reason or other, to have been a sort of rush upon the books. It is noticed on the margin that the subscriptions were continued during the afternoon; and that day presents 176 separate transactions. A separate book was opened at Glasgow on 5th March. The total amount entered in this book is £56,325. In May and June the numbers in the general book became scanty—three, two, and sometimes but one entry being made in a day. The books were announced to be closed on the 3d of August, and on the 1st the whole sum was subscribed for. The subscriptions on this day—sixteen in number—give a sum of £14,125. There was now no further opportunity for the tardy, the diffident, or those who could not raise sufficient means, partaking in the great adventure; and the last of the envied band—the destined participators in the boundless wealth of a new world—was the provost of Couper-of-Fife, whose name is pledged by Sir Archibald Mure for £100. On that day the royal burghs as a body ventured for £3000; and two merchants who were conspicuously connected with the scheme—James Balfour, merchant in Edinburgh, and William Arbuckle, merchant in Glasgow—entered for second subscriptions of £1000 each. One of the books of the company betrays the secret of this transaction, and shews that the amount to which the stock was limited, £400,000, was rather beyond than within what the country could promise to embark. In the "General Journal" there is, of date 2d February 1700, this entry: "Stock invested in the Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies, Dr. to sundry accounts £1000, for so much William Arbuckle subscribed for, the 1st August 1696, to complete the quota of £400,000 stock, p. verbal order of the Council General; and in regard ditto Arbuckle paid in the several proportions of sd. £1000 out of his own private cash, therefore the Council General ordains that the said several proportions be repaid."

In looking over this list, consisting as it does of about 1500 of the best-off Scotsmen of the period, one cannot help being struck, almost to a humiliating extent, with the paucity of great names among them. After the nobility, notable chiefly through their rank and power, the only names known at the present day as those of distinguished men seem to be Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, and Sir Robert Sibbald, whose political profligacy was after all more conspicuous than his scientific and antiquarian acquirements. Among men with conventional reputations there are George Lockhart of Carnwath, the Jacobite intriguer, and the respectable judge Lord Fountainhall. Some people would perhaps attach more interest to the entry: 'I, Master David Williamsone, minister of the gospel at the West Church, subscrib for one hundred pounds sterling, being, if we mistake not, the identical Dainty Davy of Scottish song. The clergy are pretty numerous, and so are the physicians, so that these two learned professions appear to have been at that time in a comfortable position. The number of landlords is of course

considerable, but there is a far larger proportion than we would naturally anticipate of burgesses and other traders. What enormous strides has Scotland made since these times!

THE DROP OF DITCH-WATER.

[FROM THE DANISH OF ANDERSEN.]

We all know what a magnifying-glass is—a thing like a round spectacle-lens, which makes everything appear a hundred times larger than it really is. Take one of these glasses, hold it before your eye, and look into a drop of water taken from a ditch or stagnant pool: there you will see a thousand strange creatures, such as you would not have believed could have existed in the clear-looking drop of water before you. But the monsters are there, and there is no deception in the matter. They look like a whole dismal of water-spiders. See, too, how voracious they are! See how they tear each other limb from limb! Still they seem to be happy and comfortable after their own fashion.

Now there was once an old man—all the people called him Old Creep-Crawl—who would always have the best of everything; if he could not get it by any other means, then he had recourse to magic to obtain his ends. One day Old Creep-Crawl was sitting with a magnifying-glass in his hand looking at a drop of water taken from a puddle. Heugh! how it did creep and crawl! Each individual of the thousands of animals hopped and jumped at his own discretion, totally regardless of the feelings of his fellows, and they mangled and killed each other without mercy.

'Horrible!' said Old Creep-Crawl shuddering. 'I wonder if by any means one could induce them to live in ease and peace, so that each one might mind his own business.'

He sat down to consider and ponder over the matter, but no good plan occurring to him he called his magic to assist him. 'First,' said he, 'I will give them a colour, so that one may see them better.'

As he spoke, he poured in what looked like a drop of red wine; but it was more than wine; it was witches' blood, taken from the lobe of the ear—an extremely costly preparation, and a very valuable agent to a necromancer. Instantly all the creatures became of a general flesh colour, so that they looked for all the world like a population of wild men.

'What have you got there?' inquired another necromancer, who had no name—a peculiarity of which he was very proud.

'If you can tell me what it is, I will give it to you,' answered Creep-Crawl; 'but I fancy you will not know unless I tell you.'

The nameless man then peeped through the glass and saw—he saw, as he thought, a city full of wild men. The sight was frightful; but more frightful still was it to see how the citizens thrust and cuffed, slashed and hacked, bit and tore each other. Whoever was undermost wanted to come to the top, and those who were above wanted to stop there, and of course to keep the others down.

'Look, look! there goes one with a leg as long as my own. Bah! take it away—Stay, there is one with a little bump behind his ear—a little, insignificant bump; but it is an unlucky bump for him, and a deal of mischief will come of it. The other creatures catch sight of the bump, they rush at its possessor, knock and hammer him about, and now they have killed him. In another place I see one sitting as still and modest as a maiden, seeming to think of nothing but peace and quietness. No; she must go out among the others. There—they dash at her, and she is torn to pieces in a moment!'

'That's queer sport,' said the nameless magician. 'It is; but can you tell me what it is?' replied Creep-Crawl: 'can you read me the riddle?'

'Oh, that is plain enough,' replied the other. 'It represents Paris, or London, or some other large city—I don't know which, for they are all alike: it certainly is a large city.'

'It is only ditch-water!' growled Creep-Crawl.

EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

How meanly does the present posture of general education in Great Britain, compare with what now prevails in New York! Let the reader peruse the following speech of Mr Raymond, one of the representatives of that city:

'I am proud, sir, to be able to stand here to-day, and say that the city of New York offers a free education to every child within her limits. She has erected about 200 houses for school purposes, with all the appliances of scientific and mechanical invention; she employs the best teachers whose services can be procured; she purchases books, stationery, everything required in such schools—and then, sir, she throws the doors wide open to the free admission and instruction of every child within her borders. There is not a child in the darkest street or narrowest lane, or the most crowded court of that most densely crowded city—no matter how destitute he may be—there is not one so poor and friendless that he may not walk up to the door of the best schoolhouse in that great city, and demand the very best education which its wealth can procure. Nor does she stop there, sir. She has organised eighteen evening-schools, and provided teachers for them, at which children and adults, whose necessities require them to labour during the day, may attend during the evening and receive the rudiments of education. Nay, more; she has organised and established a Free Academy, where any child whose faculties and whose industry qualify him therefor, may receive, under able and accomplished teachers, and with all the aids and appliances which money can command, an education equal to that afforded in the best of your colleges throughout the state. And this, sir, without money and without price. All this, sir, does New York city provide for the instruction of those into whose hands her destinies are to be committed. And all the property within her borders is taxed to pay the expense thereof. The man with his hundreds of thousands, and without a single child to reap the advantages of the schools, pays his tax for their support, and feels that he is only doing the duty which he owes to the community in which he lives and with which his interests are identified. The tax-payers there, onerous as is the tax imposed upon them, make no complaints that their property is taken for the use of others without their consent, or that they are compelled to educate children not their own. They feel that they are parts of the society in which they live—that they hold their possessions in subordination to the necessities of that society—and that their interest, as well as their duty, compels them to aid in the education of all its children.'

LONDON STATION STATISTICS.

The passenger-carriages afford eleven miles of seat-room, and would accommodate 40,196 individuals, or the whole population of two such towns as Northampton. The loading surface of the goods equals eleven acres, and would convey 40,000 tons. If the tires of all the company's wheels were welded into one ring they would form a circle of seventy-two miles. To keep this rolling stock up in number and efficiency there are two establishments—one at Camden Town and one at Wolverton.—*Sidney's Rides on Railways.*

PARTIAL SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

Among the heathen nations, the Persians in the time of Cyrus considered the virtues, especially justice and gratitude, as the main object of education; among the Athenians, accomplishments in arts, sciences, and letters were the end; and among the Spartans, obedience was the sole principle of instruction, because that would preserve the acquiescence of the laws. Yet neither of these answered their designs. Persia acquired some of the milder virtues, but failed in strength and hardihood; Athens found that neither art nor science would avail against depravity of morals; and Sparta found that it was not enough to secure

obedience to laws without considering their nature and effect; Persia fell a victim to luxury, Athens to licentiousness, and Sparta to tyranny. Such are the lessons of antiquity, and its splendid wreck remains an example to warn us against the dangers of partial systems. But under the new light which the Christian system has thrown over the power and destiny of the soul a different view has been taken of the end and means of education. We consider the object of education as twofold: one, to improve and strengthen the mind itself; the other, to endow it with whatever is valuable or auxiliary in the duties of life.—*E. D. Mansfield.*

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS ALARIC WATTS.

[The principal part of the inhabitants of a village in the north of England, desirous of bettering their condition, resolved some few years ago to seek their fortune as settlers in the backwoods of Canada. Having arrived at this conclusion, they waited on the minister of their parish church in a body to ask him to accompany them in their wanderings, 'lest they should forget God in the wilderness.' The good man appealed to his wife, who replied in the words of Ruth: 'Whither thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried.' &c. A small grant from a society established for missionary purposes prevented the pastor from being burdensome to his flock in the first instance. The little colony is now in a very flourishing condition; and a description given by the clergyman of 'thine first Sabbath in the bush' to a friend of my own suggested the idea of the following poem:—]

BENEATH a forest's shadows dim,
Beyond the broad Atlantic sea,
Uprose—strange sound—the matin hymn,
Startling the vagrant bee.
Music those skies had never heard,
Save voice of stream or song of bird.
And youth and age were gathered there
Alike to brave life's changeful weather;
Warrior and peasant joined in prayer,
Bowed down in love together.
There, where no Christian foot had trod,
The wanderers sought their fathers' God.
Their altar was but logs unhewn,
By woman's willing fingers piled.
First offering hers—a fitting boon
Won from the desert wild.
Had sculptured cedar shone more fair
To Him, who owned that offering there.
Sweet words that spoke of peace and love,
Proclaimed in a familiar tone,
The welcome message from above,
To hearts that were his own.
Another fold his flock must find;
Say, could their shepherd stay behind?
Sweet counsel, urged with accent bland,
He gave; but coldness o'er them crept.
He saw—he blessed their native land:
The floodgates burst—they wept, they wept!
O England! could thy deathless sway
The Atlantic's waters wash away!
But dovelike Peace at length came down
The fainting heart to heal and bless;
And Faith and Hope, their joy to crown,
Sprang up in that lone wilderness.
The Lord they sought had there been found;
The desert place was holy ground!

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UP THE GAMBIA.

THERE is a river so far under the sovereignty of our country that she levies custom-duties on all merchandise that enters it—one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, and one of the richest in the hopes of civilisation—yet almost wholly unknown to the English reader. Having ourselves had an opportunity of visiting the Gambia, and not as a mere passing voyager, we are in hopes that the slight sketch we purpose giving of its general aspect will excite the curiosity of some, and perhaps occasion the surprise of others.

Before the high land of Cape Verd could be distinctly traced, we felt that we were approaching the sultry regions of Western Africa. This feeling increased as the faint remains of the trade-wind gently wafted us toward the mouth of the river. All nature now seemed to become changed. The sky had lost its deep-blue colour and assumed a light and dazzling hue, from the sultriness of the air and the reflection of the yellow sands; the atmosphere was dry and intensely hot, so that, without any previous agreement, we found all the ship's company clothed in their thinnest apparel; the waters of the sea were now commingled with those of the Gambia, and wore a lighter tint than the usual waves of the ocean; while one or two large sharks swam near the vessel, watching if any offal should be thrown out, or any living creature should fall overboard. Passing by Cape St Mary we soon anchored off the island bearing the same name, where the main channel of this noble river is about three miles across; although above and below it is twice wider.

St Mary's is a British settlement—the seat of British government and trade in the districts of Senegambia since the abolition of the slave-trade. The island is about sixteen miles in circumference, and contains 3000 or 4000 inhabitants. Its principal town, Bathurst, has a long row of well-built dwelling and store houses fronting the river, presenting a very interesting appearance to the stranger, who scarcely expects to witness such signs of civilisation on his first view of life in Africa. The cottages and huts of the natives lie in the background. Here are to be found men of all shades of colour and all degrees of civilisation: it would be a perfect Babel if all were to speak their native languages; but a broken English takes the precedence of other tongues. The negroes who have been located on the island and trained to habits of industry are in general decently clothed, and possess comfortable cottages surrounded by little gardens; but groups of people from inland towns are to be seen in all the rudeness of a semi-barbarous condition.

The mixed progeny of European men and negro women occupy a middle rank, whilst British merchants and officers form the caste of the highest order. A few blacks have by dint of persevering industry risen to mercantile rank and influence, and they imitate the English style and mode of living.

The colony of St Mary's is not only a receptacle for thousands of recaptured slaves—where they learn the arts and ways of humanised life—but it is a focus of civilisation, and of its attendant blessings, to the neighbouring countries. An important trade is carried on between England and the nations of the Gambia. Vessels of considerable burden can reach M'Carthy's Island, 250 miles up the river; and small merchantmen of thirty or forty tons navigate the stream about 200 miles farther, nearly to the Falls or Rapids of Barracunda. As our principal object is to depict the country and its native inhabitants, we shall not dwell upon the localities inhabited by foreign settlers.

It was a beautiful day in January when we weighed anchor to proceed up the Gambia. This month and that of December, with part of November and February, are the finest in the year—the only ones in which an Englishman can perfectly enjoy himself. After this period the weather becomes intolerably hot: June is a month of tornadoes; then come two months of rain, and another of tornadoes, which is followed by the drying season, the most unhealthy part of the year, for then the vegetable matter which had accumulated upon the surface of the soil, and has been decomposed by the supervening rains, sends forth its pestiferous effluvia, and causes those fevers which prove so fatal to European emigrants. At this season every one is sick; and the question is—who shall die or who shall live? But after two or three years the constitution becomes acclimated, and the annual fever is no more dreaded than the influenza in England. Yet the dull, foggy, dreary months of our English winter are really delightful to think of in Western Africa. The thermometer ranged from 80 to 84 degrees Fahrenheit in the hottest part of the day; but the air was so exhilarating that it was difficult to imagine the temperature to be so high.

A sea-breeze which prevails on the coast during the day-time filled our sails and fanned us up the splendid stream. An awning was spread over the stern-part of the deck, and we sat down in the luxury of repose to enjoy the wonderful scenery with which we were surrounded. This was rich and magnificent—the vast river appeared studded with promontories and islands, and its low banks were lined with the majestic mangrove. This tree grows in the margin of brackish water, and propagates itself by letting down suckers, which take root in the submarine soil, at length forming impen-

trable groves of ever-verdant beauty. Wherever the bank is high enough to be dry, the mangrove disappears, and the plains are decked with other trees—such as the African oak, the teel-tree, the monkey-bread, the tamarind, locust, and lofty palm tree. In these open spaces the natives build their towns, and cultivate the adjoining land, around which dense forests have sprung up, the abodes of wild beasts, birds, and reptiles, of many species.

At nightfall the sea-breeze died away, and we let down our anchor, except when the channel was clear and the tide flowing, in which cases the vessel gently floated up with the assistance of her boat. In the midst of the stream these evenings were delicious, and our repose under the awning was safe and sweet. The cry of the hyena, the howling of the wolf, and an occasional roar of some larger animal, were distinctly heard as they ranged the forests or scoured the open country in search of prey; these, and the snorting of the hippopotamus, as he playfully tossed the water on high, reminded us of the mighty monsters of Africa. But in mid-river we were secure from the violence of the beasts and the annoyance of the insect tribe. The latter form one of the scourges of these tropical countries, especially in moist situations. As soon as night puts on her sable mantle, the mosquitoes issue from their lurking-places in countless millions, like those ephemeral insects which bask for a few hours in the summer heat of England.

Although England claims the sovereignty of the Gambia, there is still a small French settlement which was by some mismanagement exempted from British jurisdiction. In a late war with our opposite neighbour the king of Barra, the sovereignty of the river-bank, for half a mile inland throughout the length of his dominions, was ceded to the English. This old king was a sad tyrant and a sturdy warrior; nor did he yield to the cannon and rockets of his civilised enemy without a severe struggle, in which many lives were lost. He was as despotic over his own subjects as haughty towards strangers, treating his people as if they were his own goods and chattels. If he wished to purchase an article of foreign luxury, or to buy a horse or a wife, he sent some armed men to plunder one of his own villages of its children, whom he sold or bartered to gratify his desires. On the shores of Barra, the lovers of lawless fraternity might have found a spot suited for their Elysium; for no Christian priest has ever trod this soil, no civilised legislation has ever corrupted the native mind! Yet they are victims of wild and gloomy superstition, and the law of nature seems to be one of unmixcd selfishness; for 'might overcomes right' throughout these *untutored* tribes.

One morning we found ourselves beside the mouth of a large creek. These are natural canals penetrating far into the country, causing openings in the mangrove thickets, and making watery highways for social communication and commerce.

We entered the boat, and rowed up this creek for nearly a mile. The sun's morning rays could not penetrate through the trees, and the breeze had not yet sprung up, so that there was a shady calm and stillness almost startling. It is chiefly in these places that so many English seamen have met their death. Vessels come up the large creeks for timber, and the sailors inhale the malaria bred in the pestiferous woods. Their feverish bodies are deprived of sleep through the closeness of the atmosphere and the swarms of mosquitoes; and the disease is aggravated by toiling under a vertical sun and drinking spirituous liquors, so that ordinary remedies fail of having any effect, and whole crews have thus miserably perished. At this time of the year, and after sunrise, there was no fear of such miasmata. At length we reached a break in the mangroves, and found ourselves in sunny fields with every sign of animated nature. Monkeys

chattered over our heads, and hurried down with their usual curiosity to see the white men; birds of brightest plumage flew about in countless hundreds; guinea-fowl, pheasants, and wood-pigeons, seemed to court the sportsman's gun; the hawk screeched above us, and a royal eagle winged his upward flight. A native town lay before at a short distance. It was inhabited by Jaloofs, who dwell in certain countries of Senegambia—a name given to the region between the Senegal and Gambia rivers. The Jaloofs are very dark in their complexion, but are regular in their features and of handsome form, approaching the European model of size and figure. Their hair is short and curling, and their skin of a jetty black. They frequently tattoo themselves with gunpowder or the juice of a certain tree.

The village which we visited was composed of a number of huts irregularly situated. They were generally round, the sides composed of wattled cane supported by strong stakes, and the roof a thatch of long grass. Sometimes the sides are plastered over with mud, and the *tout ensemble* has the appearance of a large bee-hive. The richer or greater men, who possess several wives, have a proportionate number of huts, all enclosed within one fence. A man's riches are calculated by the number of his wives, whom he employs in cultivating the soil, and in other ways which bring pecuniary profit. The women are really a kind of household slaves, and upon them devolves all the laborious part of field and domestic work. Nor are they regarded as fit companions for their husband, but eat their meals alone, and often find themselves the scorn of their own children. No wonder that many Africans regard the birth of a female child as a great calamity. Poor thing! its prospects for life are very dreary and disheartening. It is only in countries where the Bible is made the rule of morals that woman is raised to her proper rank in society. The Great Lawgiver, who has denounced polygamy, and declared that woman should be a 'help-met' for her husband, who must love and cherish her as his own flesh, has prescribed the only efficacious rule for delivering the weaker sex from degrading bondage or heartless oppression. Nothing but Christianity will persuade an African to be married to one wife in lasting wedlock. His pecuniary interests are concerned in polygamy, for his wives support him in idleness and dissipation: if they do not work for him he must work for himself. Besides, 'if I marry according to the white man's fashion, I cannot change in the event of my disliking her,' is an argument in the mouth of every pagan negro. Ignorant of love and of domestic happiness, the haughty African pretends to despise the nuptial bonds to which the European submits; but their women envy the state of Christian females. The result of our moralising upon this important subject, after all our observations made in different lands, approaches nearly to the old saying—that 'England is the paradise of women.'

Most of the Jaloofs are now nominally Mussulmen, though few of them know anything of the Mohammedan creed. Their conversion was made by the sword of some Moorish king, who forced them to acknowledge God and his prophet; which faith they hold in conjunction with their native superstitions and heathen practices. They eat twice a day—in the morning and at sunset. At the time of our visit they were preparing to take their early repast, and the chief or headman of the village courteously invited us to eat with him and his (male) friends. However, upon witnessing the provision, and the process of eating it, we respectfully declined, on the plea that the food did not agree with us; which was true enough. But we signified our desire for friendship by accepting a draught of milk presented in a calabash. The natives sat on the ground round wooden bowls, and helped themselves with their hands to a preparation of millet called *kooskoos*, stewed with a

little meat. The latter was divided with their fingers; and with the same natural instruments they formed the stew into little balls, which they adroitly chucked down their throats. We gave the chief a little tobacco, with which he was much pleased, and we then withdrew to our boat. Outside of the men's huts we met a number of women, who had come to see the white men. Their dress was a simple cloth fastened round the waist, and descending nearly to the ankles like a petticoat; but some of them had a number of necklaces and other ornaments round various parts of their bodies. The men likewise wore a cloth about their loins, having another to throw over their shoulders—which the women also have for full dress.

On another day, as we sailed by the dominions of a Mandingo king, we paid a visit to one of his towns. It differed little from that which we have already described, only it was larger, and the huts were constructed with mud walls. The residence of the chief, who was a 'great man,' was made of the same material, being a circular apartment with an outer and inner wall; but a number of huts were enclosed within his precincts. We were at a loss to discover how any one could obtain access to the interior, as neither door nor window at first appeared; but our interpreter shewed us a small aperture, through which one must creep on hands and feet, and which supplies the places of door, windows, and chimney. The palaces of the warrior-kings are sometimes fortified, and are of larger size and better workmanship than those which we have described. The Mandingoes are not so jetty black as the Jaloofs, and have more of the Guinea style of nose, lips, and hair; but they are tall and well-formed. They are a warlike people, and possess many kingdoms in this part of Africa.

As we sailed up the river, we began to lose the mangroves, and to form a closer acquaintance with the alligators, which bask in great numbers on the sunny banks. The sea-breeze also began to fail us, and our progress was slowly made by the tides and the towing-boats. We were therefore obliged to anchor whilst the water ebbed; but this enabled us to go frequently ashore, and make short excursions to see the country where it was not covered with wood. The danger of wild beasts and serpents, the fear of losing ourselves, and the dread of meeting with any hostile depredators, deterred us from penetrating into these vast forests. The grass also is a great hinderance to peripatetic movements, as it grows as high as a man's head; but the natives frequently set fire to it, when the country presents the appearance of a vast conflagration. There is a danger, however, of valuable timber being burned at the same time. So with the corn-fields: the seeds are planted immediately before the rain begins to fall; after it is over, the harvest is ripe, the whole process occupying but a few months of the year. The tops of the stalks are cut off; the grain is winnowed by women, and the stubble is subsequently burned.

One day in the course of our peregrinations we fell in with a village of pastoral Foolaahs. We were surprised to see the lightness of their complexion. The young women especially were very fair, not being darker than an ordinary mulatto. They were of European shape, with black, silky hair, well-proportioned, and of delicate features. As they wore little clothing, they exhibited their form to the best advantage, and seemed proud of their proximity in colour to the Tubabo or white man, with whom they claim a kind of consanguinity. The pastoral Foolaahs differ from the Teucolors in colour as much as in their national habits and customs. The latter are a powerful people, possessing many kingdoms, interspersed among those of the Mandingoes and Jaloofs; but the nomadic tribes have no lands of their own: they are passionately fond of cattle, which they feed in the territory of any chief who will not injure them, paying tribute for the right

of pasturage. They are frequently the victims of those international feuds which the slave-trade has produced, and are plundered by marauding chieftains, who live at the expense of their neighbours. They do not seem to have any definite notions of religion, or even of a human soul; but while they keep aloof from the religious practices of other pagans and the dogmas of Mohammed, they are the victims of many fears connected with witchcraft and sorcery. Most of the Teucolors are Mussulmen. A third class of Foolaahs are the Loubies—a vagabond, stunted race, the gipsies of Western Africa.

Such are the principal inhabitants of this noble river, which is almost unknown in history, and has never been celebrated in the verse of a poet. Yet deeds of war and of barbaric chivalry have been here wrought which might have formed the theme of many a lay of Border minstrelsy. The Gambia has had its noted warriors and adventurers, its councillors, crusaders, and Robin Hoods. One of the last of these freebooters, named Kemintang, was for many years the scourge and terror of the upper districts of the Gambia. His eventful history and savage deeds of valour and cruelty might have formed a narrative of no small interest to the lovers of romance.

The want of authentic records must for ever leave unsolved some very interesting questions of African history. How came such a variety of nations, speaking different languages and having different manners, to be so curiously intermingled in this portion of the earth's surface? How is it that these people are now found in a semi-barbarous condition, while traces remain of civilisation and mental culture of no mean order? For the language of a people contains the hieroglyphics of their former character, just as the Pyramids and ruined temples of Egypt would convince us of her ancient grandeur if all literary records had perished in the flames which consumed the library of Alexandria. The language of the Foolaahs contains words and terminations exceedingly like the names of the old Carthaginian heroes who fought with gigantic Rome. In other respects it bears the marks of considerable taste and genius: its euphonic and intricate grammatical changes cannot have been the product of a barbarous people. It exhibits far richer traits of refinement than does the dialect of modern Egypt, and deserves the study of a curious philologist. A rough sketch of its grammar and imperfect vocabulary of words in manuscript, by the Rev. R. M. Macbrair, may be seen in the library of the British Museum. Are these people the descendants of the once far-famed Carthaginians? If not, how came they here, with such a colour of skin and such a language?

The Mandingo tongue, altogether different from the Foolaah, may be called the Italian of Africa—so simple, euphonical, and full of soft vowel sounds. It would make a beautiful language for ladies, and might be formed into the melodious verses of Tasso. Whence this dialect was derived, and how it was moulded into such pleasant combinations, is another marvel among the wonders of Africa.

After passing several beautiful islands, only inhabited by wild beasts and serpents, we reached M'Carthy's Isle—an oasis of civilisation in this vast desert of the mind, and as such deserving of separate consideration: it is one of the brightest hopes of Central Africa. The river, which below this place is about three-quarters of a mile in breadth, gradually narrows as far as Fattatenda, where its stream is 100 yards wide, and two or three fathoms deep in the dry season. Here are various depôts of European merchandise, as a considerable trade is carried on with the interior by means of native merchants. The tide rises a few inches as far as the Falls or Rapids of Barraconda, above Fattatenda. Beyond this point the river is not navigable for boats, and the country assumes a wilder aspect.

While we tarried up the river the weather became intolerably hot, and we proceeded downwards before the coming rains. From the middle of March till the same time in May, the thermometer stood at 104 degrees to 110 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade during the whole of the day. It did not sink lower than 90 degrees in the night. A strong wind blew from the east, as parched as the deserts from which it came, drying up every kind of moisture, and filling every place with light sand. It seemed impossible to stir in this burning temperature, and we were much annoyed with the prickly heat in our skin, and with other inconveniences from noxious insects. In May the evenings began to grow cloudy, and sheet-lightning appeared in the distance. The negroes now became busy in the fields, where the women were employed in sowing grain. The first shower fell near the end of May, and in a few days the tornadoes began. These may be classed with the grandest phenomena of nature. Due notice of their approach is given by a blackness which rises from the horizon until it covers the whole heaven; then a deep and solemn silence prevails, as if nature were collecting all her energy to swell the coming blast. Meanwhile all the animal creation may be seen hastening to their wonted places of shelter: birds, beasts, fowls, with trembling haste to escape the storm. Presently a rustling noise is heard, and then a terrific wind sweeps the earth, as if it would hurry away everything with resistless violence. The rain next falls in torrents, not dropping, but pouring, so as to flood the ground in a few minutes. Lightning flashes from every quarter of the heavens at the same instant, illuminating the country in the darkest night, and making the smallest objects visible. Forked streams of electric fluid shoot up and down the black clouds, and rattling thunder drowns every other sound in the noise of its deafening peals. These tornadoes always blow from the east; and when overtaken by one of them in sailing down the river, we took in all sail, and were blown forward with amazing velocity, scudding on bare poles till the angry wind had somewhat lulled. It has been computed by actual measurement that as great a depth of rain has fallen in one day in Western Africa as during a whole year in England.

THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

M. DE LAMARTINE'S 'History of the Restoration,' now in course of publication, will no doubt greatly add to the author's deserved popularity as a writer, and to many minds will bring up the recollection of events to which in the present day there is no parallel. We confess that we have read the first two divisions of the work with much pleasure, but also with some degree of pain. The accounts which M. de Lamartine, as a faithful historian, finds it his duty to present, are in some instances a fearful revelation of the lengths to which Napoleon went in vindication of his authority. Perhaps nothing in the whole range of history equals in atrocity the assassination of the young Duke d'Enghien; and as it is important to have the real truth unfolded of this terrible affair, we propose, with the aid of the new lights thrown on it by Lamartine, to lay it before the reader. It may be of use to begin with a few words on the genealogy of this hapless victim of political vengeance.

The Duke d'Enghien was a descendant of the great Prince de Condé, a member of the family of Bourbon, who, after signalling himself as a general, died in 1687. The third or fourth in direct descent from this eminent individual was Louis Henri Joseph, Duke de Bourbon, who, at the outbreak of the Revolution of 1789, emigrated with many others of the French

noblesse, and held a command in the small army raised in Germany to fight for the declining cause of Louis XVI. In this desperate, and, as it proved, vain attempt, the Duke de Bourbon was accompanied by his youthful son, Antoine Henri, Prince d'Enghien. Failing in their military enterprise, the emigrant army dispersed. Many went to England, and among this number was included the Duke de Bourbon; his son remained in Germany, where he resolved to live till better times. Bidding adieu to relatives and companions in misfortune, he retired to the château of Ettenheim, near the town of that name, in the archdukedom of Baden. This was in 1804, when Bonaparte had attained the position of First Consul of France, and, in the possession of almost uncontrolled authority, had prepared measures for being crowned emperor. In the selection of Ettenheim as a favourite scene of retirement, the duke was influenced by perfectly honourable motives. He had become attached to the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort, niece to the Cardinal de Rohan, who possessed Ettenheim as part of his archbishopric. With the view of residing near this lady, D'Enghien came to Ettenheim, and there, it is said, he was privately married to her, the ancient château being at the same time resigned by the cardinal for the accommodation of his niece. When the catastrophe which we are now about to relate occurred, it is not quite clear that D'Enghien and his wife lived together in the old château; and, according to some accounts, the union had not yet taken place. This circumstance, however, is immaterial to the narrative. It is indisputable that the Duke d'Enghien lived in an exceedingly retired manner at Ettenheim, where he took no part whatever in political affairs: indeed he never quitted the place except to pursue field-sports in the neighbourhood, of which he was very fond, or to make a short excursion into Switzerland.

It will easily be supposed that at this period Bonaparte was exceedingly jealous of encroachments on his newly-acquired supreme power in France; and it is but justice to acknowledge that he had some cause for apprehension. The republican armies had put down external aggression, but within the bosom of French society secret conspiracies were formed against the life of the First Consul; and it was generally believed that the British government privately aided in these furtive designs. No one can now seriously believe that English ministers could have lent themselves to schemes for assassinating even their worst enemy; but Napoleon himself always pretended that such was the case, either through a perverse mistake or with the view of palliating the act of villany into which his fears or his vindictiveness unhappily precipitated him. In the early part of 1804, a conspiracy was discovered in Paris, the parties implicated being mostly men of distinction. General Georges had been some time previously arrested, and those in his employment stated that he had been visited at intervals by a young man, to whom great respect was shewn. The police conjectured that this secret visitor was the Duke d'Enghien, to whose personal appearance he bore a resemblance. Spies were forthwith despatched to Ettenheim, to learn something of the duke's movements, and the story they brought back was that the prince occasionally absented himself from home—the truth being that at such times he was out on shooting excursions, and had never so much as crossed the

French frontier. These absences, however, were made coincident with the visits to Georges, the conspirator, in Paris; and on this flimsy ground of accusation it was resolved to seize the person of the duke, and bring him into France. That the seizure must be made by a military force, and on foreign soil, formed no obstacle to the French authorities.

Acting under the immediate orders of Napoleon—as has been verified by the statements of his private secretary, Menneval—General Ordener proceeded from Paris, under a feigned name, to Strasburg, where he obtained a large military force to proceed to Ettenheim. He set out secretly on the night of the 10th of March 1804, and having arrived at Strasburg, took counsel with General Leval, Charlot the colonel of gendarmes, and the commissary of police. It was resolved by this conclave to anticipate and facilitate the capture by despatching spies. The two rascals pitched on for this mission were Stahl a police-officer, and a man named Pfersdoff, both being able to speak German, and act the part of wandering peasants. By these mean agents the localities were reconnoitred, and private particulars learned respecting the movements of the duke. The appearance of the spies did not escape observation: a vague suspicion was created, but no steps were taken by the duke or his domestics to avoid a possible danger. Having done nothing wrong, there was nothing to be feared. Accordingly all proved favourable for the enterprise. It is here proper to state that the account of the two spies confirmed a report which had reached the French authorities, that Dumouriez, who was known to be engaged in a plot against the First Consul, lived in communication with the Duke d'Enghien. This was a mistake originating in a similarity of names. The person supposed to be Dumouriez was in reality a harmless French emigrant, named De Thomery. What mischief sprang from this silly mistake!

'On the evening of the 14th March,' proceeds Lamartine, 'General Ordener, accompanied by General Fririon, chief of General Leval's staff, and by Charlot, colonel of gendarmes, set out in the dark from Strasburg, towards the ferry of Rheinau on the Rhine, and found there, at an appointed hour, 300 dragoons, fifteen ferry-men, with five large boats; and lastly, thirty mounted gendarmes, destined to be employed in the violation of dwellings and seizure of persons, in an expedition more worthy of lictors than of soldiers. The Rhine was crossed in silence at midnight; and the column, unperceived during the sleep of the German peasants on the right bank, and guided by different roads, arrived, as the day was breaking, at Ettenheim. The spies, whom Ordener and Charlot had brought with them, pointed out to the gendarmes the houses which were to be invested. Colonel Charlot first caused to be surrounded that which was supposed to be inhabited by Dumouriez, but which was really inhabited by the emigrant General de Thomery; and then hastened with another detachment of troops to encircle and attack the house which contained the principal prey marked out at Paris. Ordener, with his dragoons, had formed a belt of cavalry around the town and the paths that environed it, so that no attempt at escape or resistance should succeed in thwarting the vengeance of the First Consul.' Early in the morning, the château of Ettenheim was violently forced open; and the duke, who was in the act of dressing to set out for the chase, was immediately seized—resistance, at first thought of, being speedily shewn to be impracticable. 'The prince was dragged away from his residence without being permitted to take a last farewell of her whom he left swooning and in tears.

While Ordener withdrew, and mustered his dragoons, the Duke d'Enghien, with his companions in captivity, was secured at a short distance from the village in a mill called La Tuilerie. Here he was permitted to send to the château for his dog, his clothes, and his linen; and shortly afterwards, placed in a cart with his attendants, he was carried forward to the ferry. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day he arrived in Strasburg, and for security was confined in the citadel. While here immured for about two days, he was allowed to write to the Princess de Rohan, describing his situation. At one o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 18th, having only had time to dress, he was placed in a carriage drawn by six horses, under the escort of several gendarmes, one of whom sat beside him. The carriage, travelling day and night, arrived on the 20th March, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the gates of Paris; and after a short pause at the ministry of foreign affairs, proceeded by the external Boulevards to Vincennes. The carriage, which had been expected, passed the drawbridge of that fortress, and stopped in the court at the door of the chef de bataillon, Harel, the commandant of the castle. . . .

'The prince descended from the carriage, shivering with cold and the moist air. Harel, feeling for his situation, asked him to walk up into his apartment to warm himself by the fire. "With pleasure," said the prince as he thanked him: "I shall look on a fire with great satisfaction: I shall also be glad to have something to eat, for I have taken nothing during the whole day." A poor woman belonging to a religious order, who educated the children of Mme Harel, and who lived outside the castle, was coming down the staircase from the commandant's quarters at the moment the prisoner was going up with his guardian. She heard the dialogue, and drew aside to let the young man pass. "He was pale," she says, "and appeared very much fatigued: he was tall, and his appearance was noble and striking. He was dressed in a long uniform riding-coat of blue cloth, with a cloth cap ornamented with gold lace." Harel, not aware of what was to follow, provided an apartment for the duke, and furnished him with supper. Of this melancholy meal the dog which had accompanied his master gratefully partook. After supper the duke wrote a letter to the princess, and then laid himself down and slept profoundly, like a man who anticipates a happy waking.

Little was the unfortunate prince aware of the measures that had been adopted to insure his destruction. Already within a room of the castle a mock tribunal had been formed by the nomination of Murat, governor of Paris. The names of the miscreants who composed this sham court were General Mullin, president; Colonels Bazancourt, Barrois, Guittou, Ravier, and Rabbe; D'Autencourt, judge-advocate; and Molin, chief-secretary. Promptitude, silence, secrecy were enjoined; and the trial was to be only a method of passing sentence. Savary, who appears to have been deeply implicated in hurrying the duke to his fate, attended as a spectator to prevent any mismanagement. We again take up the thread of Lamartine's narrative.

'It was eleven o'clock at night, when the lieutenant, Noirot, and the two gendarmes, Theris and Lerva, entered the room where the young prince was asleep. These men had tender hearts under the rude uniform of their profession, and they have since avowed how much it cost them to interrupt thus, by the summons of death, the only happiness which a captive can taste, and how gladly they would have prolonged, at least for some minutes, the repose or the dreams of the prince, who was a soldier like themselves. But the tribunal and Savary were waiting. They awakened the prince without precipitation, and without harshness of word or gesture, and he could perceive pity in their eyes

and in their accents. He dressed himself in the same clothes as the evening before. He buttoned his gaiters, and put on his travelling-cap, uncertain whether they had called him to make an appearance or to depart; and he permitted his dog, which had slept at his feet, to follow him. He then went with the lieutenant and the two gendarmes through the staircases, the corridors, and the courts, and was introduced into the chamber adjoining the saloon of Harel, where he found himself in the presence of the judge-advocate, D'Autencourt. It was then midnight, as it appears by the date of the examination. To D'Autencourt's questions as to who and what he was, and what had been his mode of life and actions, he gave simple and explicit answers, not one of which could associate him in any respect with a conspiracy; and he finally begged to be allowed to have an interview with the First Consul. This request was not acceded to. Before his assumed judges, to whom he was immediately introduced, the same plain answers were given to all interrogatories. The trial was a burlesque on justice. The accused was confronted with no witnesses; no documentary evidence was produced against him; he was allowed no advocate—a point in itself clearly illegal. There was literally nothing to criminate the prince but suspicion, and that founded on mistakes. Anxiously was he pressed to reveal the particulars of the conspiracy in which he was presumed to be engaged. He could only tell that he had borne arms against France, but in honourable warfare; and that, as a Bourbon, he must naturally retain a feeling of hostility against the revolutionary government. He also confessed that he had for some time been dependent for subsistence on bounty kindly extended to him by England. Having with a noble candour given these explanations, the accused was ordered to withdraw. Savary, the officers of the legion of gendarmerie and of the line, and the spectators also, retired to allow the judges to deliberate in silence and secrecy. Their deliberation lasted no longer than was required by decency to give them an appearance of having reflected, when, with a unanimous voice, they pronounced him guilty of having borne arms against the French republic; of being in communication with England, and concerned in conspiracies against the life of the First Consul. The sentence—death! "Let it go forth," said the president of this tribunal, "to the times in which we live, that, having been appointed judges, we have been compelled to give judgment under the penalty of being judged ourselves!" They forgot, however, that they could not be judges without a culprit, and that he who was brought before them was not amenable to their tribunal, but was an exile dragged before his enemies with the bayonet at his throat. They also forgot that they would indeed be judged by the equity of the world, by their own conscience, and by the Almighty. . . .

As soon as the judgment was pronounced, and even before it was drawn up, Hullin sent to inform Savary and the judge-advocate of the sentence of death, in order that they might take their measures for its execution. It seemed as if the time was equally pressing to the tribunal as to those who awaited their decision, and as if an invisible genius was hurrying along the acts, formalities, and hours, in order that the morning's sun might not witness the deeds of the night. Hullin and his colleagues remained in the hall of council, and drew up at random the judgment they had just given; and this short and unskilfully-prepared document (summing up a whole examination in two questions and two answers) terminated with the order to execute the sentence forthwith.

As the execution on the open esplanade of the castle might have led to unpleasant consequences, Savary resolved to have it perpetrated within the fosse of the fortification. Harel received orders to give up the keys of the iron gateways and steps which descended

from the towers, and opened on the foundations of the château, to point out the different outlets and sites, and to procure a gravedigger to commence opening a grave while the man for whom it was intended still breathed. A poor working gardener of the château, named Bontemps, was aroused, and his work pointed out to him. He was furnished with a lantern to guide him through the labyrinth of the moat, and light him while he dug the pit. Bontemps descended with his shovel and pickaxe to the bottom of the moat, and finding the ground full about dry and hard, he recollected that they had begun to dig a trench the evening before at the foot of the Queen's Pavilion, in the angle formed by the tower and a little parapet wall, for the purpose, it was said, of depositing rubbish in it. He accordingly went to the foot of the tower, marked out in paces the measure of a man's body extended at length, and dug in the earth, that had been already moved, a grave for the corpse they were preparing for it. The Duke d'Enghien could have heard from his window, over the humming noise of the troops below, the dull and regular sound of the pickaxe which was digging his last resting-place.

Savary at the same time marched down and arranged slowly in the moat the detachments of troops who were to witness this military death, and ordered the firing-party to load their muskets.

The prince was far from suspecting either so much rigour or so much haste on the part of his judges. He did not doubt that even a sentence of death, if awarded by the commission, would give occasion for an exhibition of magnanimity on the part of the First Consul. He had granted an amnesty to emigrants taken with arms in their hands; how could it be doubted, then, that he who pardoned obscure and culpable exiles would not honour himself by an act of justice or clemency towards an illustrious prince, beloved by all Europe, and innocent of all crime?

He had been taken back, after his interrogatories and his appearance before the military commission, into the room where he had slept. He entered it without exhibiting any of that terror which prisoners experience in the anxiety and uncertainty of their sentence. With a serene countenance and unembarrassed mind he conversed with his gendarmes and played with his dog. Lieutenant Noirot, who was on guard over him, had formerly served in a regiment of cavalry commanded by a colonel who was a friend of the Prince of Condé. He had also seen the Duke d'Enghien, when a child, sometimes accompany his father to reviews and field-days of the regiment; and he reminded the prince of that period and these circumstances of his youth. The duke smiled at these reminiscences, and renewed them himself by other recollections of his infancy, which mingled with those of Noirot. . . . A noise of footsteps, advancing slowly towards the chamber, interrupted this agreeable and last indulgence of captivity. It was the commandant of Vincennes, Harel, accompanied by the brigadier of the gendarmerie of the village, Aunft. This friend of Harel had been permitted to remain in one of the commandant's rooms, after having ordered the prince's supper, and from thence he had heard or seen all the events of the night. Harel, agitated and trembling at the mission he had to fulfil, had permitted Aunft to follow and assist him in his message to the prisoner.

They saluted the prince respectfully, but neither of them had the firmness to acquaint him with the truth. The dejected attitude and trembling voice of Harel alone revealed to the eye and the heart of the prince a fatal presentiment of the rigour of his judges. He thought they now came for him only to hear his sentence read. Harel desired him, on the part of the tribunal, to follow him, and he went before with a lantern in his hand, through the corridors, the passages, and the courts it was necessary to cross to

arrive at the building called the "Devil's Tower." The interior of this tower contained the only staircase and the only door descending to and opening into the lowest moat. The prince appeared to hesitate two or three times on going into this suspicious tower, like a victim which smells the blood, and which resists and turns back its head on crossing the threshold of a slaughter-house.

Savary, while waiting till the prisoner had descended to the place of execution, and till the detachments and firing-party had been drawn up on the ground, was warming himself, standing by Harel's fire, in the hall where the trial had taken place. Hullin, after having sent off his *procès verbal* of condemnation, was sitting at the table, with his back turned towards Savary. Hoping that the sentence would be commuted by the power and clemency of the First Consul, he began reading, in his own name and in the name of all his colleagues, a letter to Bonaparte, to communicate to him the desire that the accused had expressed of obtaining an audience of him, and to supplicate him to remit a punishment which the rigour of their functions alone had forced them to award. "What are you doing?" said the man after Bonaparte's heart, approaching Hullin. "I am writing to the First Consul," said the president, "to acquaint him with the request of the condemned, and the wishes of the council." But Savary, taking the pen from the hands of the president, said to him, "Your business is done; the rest is mine."

Hullin yielded to the authority of the general, and arose mortified at being deprived of the privilege of recommending a prisoner to mercy, which is inherent in all tribunals and military commissions. He thought that Savary claimed this privilege for himself, and he complained to his colleagues of a despotism which left the remorse more heavy on their consciences. He then prepared to return with them to Paris.

Harel and Aufort preceded the duke in silence down the steps of the narrow winding staircase, which descended to a postern through the massy walls of this tower. The prince, with an instinctive horror of the place, and of the depth beneath the soil to which the steps were leading him, began to think they were not conducting him before the judges, but into the hands of murderers, or to the gloom of a dungeon. He trembled in all his limbs, and convulsively drew back his foot, as he addressed his guides in front: "Where are you conducting me?" he demanded with a stifled voice. "If it is to bury me alive in a dungeon, I would rather die this instant." "Sir," replied Harel turning round, "follow me, and summon up all your courage." The prince partly comprehended him, and followed.

They at length issued from the winding staircase through a low postern, which opened on the bottom of the moat, and continued walking for some time in the dark, along the foot of the lofty walls of the fortress, as far as the basement of the Queen's Pavilion. When they had turned the angle of this pavilion, which had concealed another part of the moat behind its walls, the prince suddenly found himself in front of the detachment of the troops drawn up to witness his death. The firing-party selected for the execution was separated from the rest; and the barrels of their muskets, reflecting the dull light of some lanterns carried by a few of the attendants, threw a sinister glare on the moat, the massy walls, and the newly-dug grave. The prince stopped at a sign from his guides within a few paces of the firing-party. He saw his fate at a glance, but he neither trembled nor turned pale. A slight and chilling rain was falling from a gloomy sky, and a melancholy silence reigned throughout the moat. Nothing disturbed the horror of the scene but the whispering and shuffling feet of a few groups of officers and soldiers who had collected upon the parapets above,

and on the drawbridge which led into the forest of Vincennes.

Adjutant Pellé, who commanded the detachment, with his eyes lowered, advanced towards the prince. He held in his hand the sentence of the military commission, which he read in a low dull voice, but perfectly intelligible. The prince listened without making an observation or losing his firmness. He seemed to have collected in an instant all his courage, and all the military heroism of his race, to shew his enemies that he knew how to die. Two feelings alone seemed to occupy him during the moment of intense silence which followed the reading of his sentence: one was to invoke the aid of religion to soothe his last struggle, and the other to communicate his dying thoughts to her he was going to leave desolate on earth.

He accordingly asked if he could have the assistance of a priest, but there was none in the castle; and though a few minutes would suffice to call the curé of Vincennes, they were too much pressed for time, and too anxious to avail themselves of the night, which was to shroud everything. The officers nearest to him made a sign that he must renounce this consolation; and one brutal fellow, from the midst of a group, called out in a tone of irony: "Do you wish, then, to die like a Capuchin?"

The prince raised his head with an air of indignation, and turning towards the group of officers and gendarmes who had accompanied him to the ground, he asked in a loud voice if there was any one amongst them willing to do him one last service. Lieutenant Noirot advanced from the group and approached him, thus sufficiently evincing his intention. The prince said a few words to him in a low voice, and Noirot, turning towards the side occupied by the troops, said: "Gendarmes, have any of you got a pair of scissors about you?" The gendarmes searched their cartridge-boxes, and a pair of scissors was passed from hand to hand to the prince. He took off his cap, cut one lock from his hair, drew a letter from his pocket, and a ring from his finger; then folding the hair, the letter, and the ring in a sheet of paper, he gave the little packet, his sole inheritance, to Lieutenant Noirot, charging him, in the name of pity for his situation and his death, to send them to the young Princess Charlotte de Rohan at Ettenheim.

This love-message being thus confided, he collected himself for a moment, with his hands joined, to offer up a last prayer, and in a low voice recommended his soul to God. He then walked a few paces, to place himself in front of the firing-party, whose loaded muskets he saw glimmering at a short distance. The light of a large lantern, containing several candles, placed upon the little wall that stood over the open grave, gleamed full upon him, and lighted the aim of the soldiers. The firing-party retired a few paces to a proper distance, the adjutant gave the word to fire, and the young prince, as if struck by a thunderbolt, fell upon the earth, without a cry and without a struggle. At that moment the clock of the castle struck the hour of three.

Hullin and his colleagues were waiting in the vestibule of Harel's quarters for their carriage to convey them back to Paris, and were talking with some bitterness of Savary's refusal to transmit their letter to his master, when an unexpected explosion, resounding from the moat of the forest gate, made them start and tremble, and taught them that judges should never reckon upon anything but justice and their own conscience. This still small voice pursued them through their lives. The Duke d'Enghien was no more.

His dog, which had followed him into the moat, yelled when he saw him fall, and threw himself on the body of his master. It was with difficulty the poor animal could be torn away from the spot, and given to one of the prince's servants, who took him to the

Princess Charlotte—the only messenger from that tomb where slept the hapless victim whom she never ceased to deplore. They placed him, dressed as he was, in the grave dug under the wall; and they buried with him his money, his watch, his rings, his trinkets, and a chain that he wore round his neck. They took nothing from the pocket of his coat but the diary of his journey, which Hullin put under cover, and addressed to R  al for the First Consul. It is only necessary to add that Napoleon, on hearing the whole circumstances of the case, said, "Tis well!" It is known that he afterwards loaded the murderers of the Duke d'Enghien with wealth and honours.

The finishing scene of this terrible drama remains to be noticed. On the day after the execution, a post-chaise with four horses, containing a young lady and an old man, drove up to the door of the inn at Vincennes. The lady was the Princess de Rohan, and the aged man was her father. The princess had hurried from the borders of the Rhine to implore pardon for him she loved. She arrived in time only to learn his death, and to mourn a separation till reunited in a better world.

Every sort of shuffle has been resorted to for the purpose of screening Bonaparte from the obloquy of this horrible act, but without avail. At St Helena he justified the deed on the ground of the conspiracies known to be carrying on against his life, and the necessity for striking terror into the Bourbons and their adherents. Hullin, Savary, and some other agents of Napoleon, have in their published memoirs endeavoured to free themselves from blame by throwing the burden of guilt on others. Hullin, going beyond the rest in expressions of regret, speaks of suffering pangs of remorse for the part he was compelled to act; but as these penitential feelings were paraded during the reign of the restored Bourbons, their sincerity may admit of some degree of doubt. History, which clears up state-mysteries, has fully demonstrated the entire innocence of the unfortunate D'Enghien. By one of the most recent revelations, it is evident that throughout the whole affair the duke had been mistaken for the young Count Jules de Polignac, who was the real party that had been in communication with Georges in Paris! This fact only aggravates the injustice perpetrated by Napoleon, whose doom we shall suffer the honest Lamartine to pronounce, in words ever to be remembered.

"Neither mankind nor history will ever pardon the spilling of this innocent blood by Napoleon. A tomb has been raised to him under the dome built by Louis XIV. at the Palace of the Invalids, where the statues of twelve victors, hewn out from one single block of granite, harmonising with the massy pillars which support the lofty edifice, seem to stand the sentinels of ages around the urn of porphyry which contains his bones. But there is in the shade, and seated on the sepulchre, an invisible statue which tarnishes and blights all the others—the statue of a young man, torn by hired nocturnal assassins, from the arms of her he loved, from the inviolable asylum in which he confided, and slaughtered by the light of a lantern at the foot of the palace of his sires. People go to visit, with a cold curiosity, the battle-fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Wagram, of Leipsic, and of Waterloo; they walk over them with dry eyes; then they are shewn at the angle of a wall round the foundations of Vincennes, at the bottom of a trench, a place covered with nettles and marsh-mallows, and they exclaim: "It is there!" With a cry of indignation they carry from the spot an eternal pity for the victim and an implacable resentment against the assassin! This resentment is a vengeance for the past; but it is also a lesson for the future. Let the ambitious, whether soldiers, tribunes, or kings, reflect, that if there are mercenary soldiers to serve them, and flatterers to excuse them while they reign, there is the conscience of humanity

afterwards to judge them, and pity to detest them. The murderer has but his hour—the victim has eternity!"

THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

SEVERAL spirited ladies of the United States have made their appearance at the head of a movement for the reform of the female dress. A Mrs Bloomer of New York is the literary advocate of the party, and from her it seems likely to take an appellation. Other ladies have begun to act as apostles of the cause, not merely by writing and lecturing, but by exemplifying the new costume on their own persons, appearing as a sign to the people, to use the phrase of Robert Barclay of famous memory, when he walked into the streets of Aberdeen without any dress at all.

The Bloomer reformation has not been well received in this country. By association and otherwise, it excites too much merriment to be held in much respect. Accordingly, some of the apostles have been treated in a manner rather martyrly. This is all very natural. First, there is a great standing absurdity which provokes the wrath of all rational minds. Some one starts off in a crusade against it, and goes to the opposite extreme. The public, tolerant of the first error from habit, hoots the second because it is new, failing to observe the good which is at the bottom of it. So it is that our people see women every day defying common sense and good taste by the length of their skirts, and say little about it, but no sooner observe one or two examples of a dress verging a little too far in an opposite direction, than they raise the shout of a persecuting ridicule. We say there may be some little extravagance in the Bloomer idea, but it is common sense itself in comparison with the monstrous error and evil which it seeks to correct.

That some reform is wanted all the male part of creation agree. Many of the ladies, too, admit the inconvenience of the long skirts which have been for some years in fashion, though they profess to be unable to break through the rule. Why should not some compromise be entered into? In order to avoid trailing through mud and dust, it is not necessary to dock petticoats and frocks by the knee, or to assume a masculinity in other parts of the attire. Neither is it necessary to connect a rational length of skirt with certain unhappy foolish notions about equal privileges of the sexes, which seems to be one of the mistakes made by the Bloomer party in America. Let there simply be a reduction of the present nuisance, an abbreviation of those trolloping skirts by which even a man walking beside the wearer is not unfrequently defiled. When the hem of the garment is on the level of the ankle, which once was the case, it answers all the purposes of decorum, and is sufficiently cleanly. A return to that fashion would do away with all objection. Or if one or two inches more be taken off, and the void filled by such trousers as are generally worn by young girls, it might be as well, or better. Such changes might be brought about with little fracas, like any of the ordinary changes of fashion.

If the question is between the present skirts and Bloomerism, then we are Bloomerites; for we would rather consent to error in the right direction than the wrong one.

We have alluded to fashion and its slavery. It is a curious subject, not unworthy of even a philosophic attention. In the late wondrous exhibition of the industrial arts of the civilised world, how many admirable devices were presented for articles of utility and ornament! What an idea did it in its general effect give of the amount of ingenious intellect exercised on such matters! Yet we never see any of the same taste and ingenuity exercised in the fashioning of clothes. Milliners and tailors appear to be the most brainless of

all professions. We scarcely remember to have ever seen a new fashion proceed from them which accorded with true elegance, and which did not tend to deform rather than adorn the human person. At present they make a woman into a bell-shaped object, painful from the sense of its incompleteness—feet being wanting. Always some absurdity reigns conspicuous in their models of form. Each of them will tell you: We cannot help it—it is the fashion. But whence comes the fashion, if not from some of their own empty heads? And how is it that no one of them can help it, but that no one of them has the sense or spirit to devise, set forth, and promote anything better? The tailors are better than the milliners, and do not in general misdress mankind to such an extent as to call for a particular effort of resistance; but the women are treated by their dressmakers in a way which would call for and justify a rebellion. A friend of ours goes so far as to say that the one thing above all which convinces him of the inferiority of the female mind generally to the male, is the submission which women shew to every foolish fashion which is dictated to them, and that helplessness which they profess under its most torturing and tyrannical rules. We would at least say that, if there is folly in a fantastic dissent—such as that of Mrs Bloomer and her friends—there is a far greater self-condemnation of the judgment in adherence to an absurdity which involves filthiness as well as inelegance, like the present long skirts.

LOTTERIES IN NORTHERN ITALY.

In travelling through various states of Germany and Italy, it may be observed by placards on the walls that the lottery still exists as an institution recognised and regulated by public authority. Of course, one feels inclined to despise governments which countenance this species of gambling; but as we all recollect the days of state-lotteries in England, with the vociferous advertisements about 'lucky offices,' the disposition utterly to condemn these continental authorities is a good deal modified. Civilisation goes on by slow steps, and it does not do for one country to abuse another for its backwardness.

Let us, however, for the sake of a little amusement, describe the lottery-system of Piedmont. There the game of purchasing tickets and drawing numbers is rather curious. The numbers in each lottery are only from one to ninety. He who wishes to play goes to a lottery-office, and dictates any of these numbers he pleases to the office-keeper, who writes them upon a double register. You may put as many numbers as you please in one ticket, or separate them into several. This done, the office-keeper cuts off from the register the tickets demanded—of which the duplicate remains—and gives them to you in exchange for your money. The men employed in the lottery are paid no salary, but are entitled to 8 per cent. on the receipts. When the day comes for drawing, five numbers are publicly extracted from a wheel containing from one to ninety, and the winning tickets are those inscribed with either two, three, or four of these numbers, which have come out. A single number guessed gives no right to anything. The guessing of two numbers—called *ambo*—is paid 270 times the amount of money staked; three numbers guessed—a *terno*—bring 5500 times; and, finally, four entitle to 60,000 times the stake.

At first sight, to any one inexperienced in this species of gaming, winning seems very easy. It only requires to put a great many numbers in one ticket—say twenty or thirty—and with a little perseverance one is almost sure to win. But, practically, although the quantity of numbers does indubitably increase the chances of winning, it augments also in an alarming proportion the various combinations of these numbers, and conse-

quently the amount of money that must be staked. A franc staked upon each combination is the rate at which a fair sum may be realised in case of winning; but although a franc is the minimum staked on every ticket, there is likewise a minimum for the stake on each variety of combination—of ten centimes for each *ambo*, and of five for each *terno* and *quaterno*. This is the way in which generally poor people—who are the majority—play, and this is the reason why the prizes of *terno* and *quaterno*, which are not uncommon, are generally very small.

Every object in nature is represented by a number; but of course, as there are only ninety of these numbers, while things in existence are innumerable, a multiplicity of them come under the same head. In each lottery-office there hangs a table of the ninety numbers, each occupying a square, which contains, rudely coloured, the thing or things represented by their respective number. This table is daily examined and consulted by amateurs, to what profit it is vain to ask. There is also at your disposal in every lottery-office a precious book entitled 'A Key to Dreams.' Even Christian names have their corresponding numbers; and to each number from one to ninety is annexed the name of a poor woman, who receives fifty francs (a good idea this!) when the number to her assigned comes up. The names of these ninety women, followed by the names of their fathers, form a register, which any one may consult. Now suppose you have dreamed of a Rosa or a Caterina, what have you to do? Just to turn over the above-mentioned list, and the number to which is annexed the name of a Rosa or a Caterina is the one you are in search of. The same for names of men. You see that nothing has been forgotten, and that every case is foreseen and provided for.

The lottery is drawn eight-and-forty times in the year, four times each month, alternately at Turin and Genoa every Saturday at mid-day. When there chances to fall five Saturdays in one month, on the fifth there is no drawing. This ceremony is not very imposing. At Genoa it takes place in a low, dirty room in the ducal palace, in presence of a limited public, invariably composed of soldiers, sailors, street-porters, and market-women—some hundred and fifty, not counting the babies that these ladies, young or old, always carry in their arms. The remaining space, in the hall is occupied by a platform, like the stage of a theatre, at each extremity of which there is a large wheel suspended by swivels upon a stand. By the side of each of these wheels, in the attitude of two guardian-genii, stand two charity boys in blue surtouts, blue sashes, white cotton gloves, and huge skirt-collars, to make amends for an absent cravat. Each couple is possessed of a white handkerchief between them, to which, be it the effect of cold or of novelty, the two co-proprietors have frequent recourse. Precisely as twelve o'clock strikes a certain movement takes place in the hall, and three gentlemen, with not too clean linen, members of the town-council, come forward and take their places in the middle of the platform, while a dozen fifes and trumpets execute a flourish.

Now the operation begins. A little window in the wheel on the right hand of the spectator is opened, and charity-boy No. 1 is hoisted up to a level with the opening; boy No. 2 stands a little lower; and a dirty attendant proceeds to weigh, four at a time, two in each scale, the covers or sheaths, at present empty, in which shortly after are to be shut up the numbers. These sheaths are shaped like large needle-cases, and open and shut in the middle. As fast as each of these is weighed, the dirty attendant passes it to boy No. 2, who passes it in his turn to boy No. 1, who throws it into the wheel. When the ninety sheaths have been thus weighed and thrown in, the little opening is previously closed, and the wheel turned

several times upon itself. Then it is opened again, and boy No. 1 takes out of it, one by one, the little cases, which he passes on in due succession to boy No. 2, who hands them over to the dirty attendant, who presents them to the gentleman on the left, who gives them to the gentleman in the middle, in whose hands they remain a little while. During this operation another unwashed, standing behind the gentleman in the middle, exhibits to the public a little square bit of dirty paper—everything and everybody connected with the business is as dirty as possible—and calls out with a loud voice the number engraved upon it, and the name of a poor woman annexed to it, as we have said. 'No. 1, Teresa Cornaro, daughter of Paul; No. 2, Maria Bella, daughter of the late Bartholomew;' and so on. As fast as the squares of paper are shown to the public, and the numbers thereupon proclaimed, the attendant makes a little roll of each that he hands to the gentleman in the middle, who insinuates it into one of the sheaths which we have already seen remain with him. These little cases are shut one after another, and through the hands of the gentleman on the right of the charity-boy No. 2 and No. 1 of the second couple, each envelope now containing a number passes into the wheel hitherto unemployed on the right hand of the spectator. At every tenth number the wheel is shut and made to turn rapidly round and round several times.

When the ninety numbers have been transferred to the wheel on the right, the music strikes up again, the charity-boy No. 1 is blindfolded, plunges his hand into the wheel, draws from thence a sheath, which passing from hand to hand is delivered to the gentleman in the middle. He opens it, takes out the little roll, and gives it to the attendant, who unfolds it, shews it to the public, and proclaims with a loud voice the number it contains; and so on five times following, with a good fling of the wheel, and a flourish of the music between each. The numbers thus drawn are received with a murmur of approbation or with ironical cheers, according as they are expected or not, popular or not: for—where shall we not find popularity and unpopularity?—there are some numbers which are popular and some which are not. Under the former head may be ranged 5, 16, 32, 39, 48, 50, all double numbers, and the whole series from 80 to 90. Why there should be any preference in numbers it would not be easy to tell. Gamblers are usually superstitious; and what more likely than that those who habitually stake money on hazard should come to associate luck with certain numbers.

From time to time a rumour goes abroad that such or such a person has the gift of second-sight with respect to the numbers which are about to come. I remember very well that, not many years ago, public credulity had endowed a poor Capuchin friar with this precious foresight, and the unfortunate man could not appear in public without being beset by a crowd of people, who asked him for numbers. The police were obliged to interfere, and the poor prophet, I believe, was ordered to change his residence.

We have seen how many minute precautions surround the public drawing of the lottery, so as to remove even the least possibility of fraud. In spite of this a general popular notion prevails that the government does not play fair; and whenever a certain number which is expected does not come out, Caterina, my old cook, will shake her head and say: 'Such or such number is too much played—an order is come from Turin to strike it off the wheel;' or, 'Such another number wont come out; they have put a leaden weight to it, so that it must sink to the bottom of the wheel.' What can one answer to this?

Caterina's all-absorbing interest in life has been, for fifty years, and still is, the lottery, in which she may be said to live and move. Its abolition would prove her

death. She is an authority with all the maids and milk-women of the quarter, and when she has said of a number that it *wont do*, this number is condemned. Caterina has an independent way of her own, and so she rejects with scorn the commonplace doctrine which makes of dreams the great and exclusive source of divination. Dreams ought to be attended to, certainly, but at the proper time. She contends that for those who have eyes to see, the occurrences of everyday life may afford the widest, and at the same time the safest ground for cabalistic speculation. On this principle she acts, and is on the look-out from morning to night. If a mason fall from a scaffolding, if a poor fellow faint in the street, if a dog howl in a certain way, if thunder roll, if the river overflow, if two drunken soldiers set to quarrelling, if a funeral chance to pass, if the chimney be on fire, if the neighbour be brought to bed of twins—Caterina, like a new sort of bee, draws from each of these events a honey *sui generis*, which ends by crystallising into numbers. Caterina goes out betimes, for meetings in the early morning are the best. If the first person she sees is a woman or a priest, it is a bad omen; if a chimney-sweeper, a sign of luck; if a cat crosses the street, the day will be fortunate. Every day, as sure as the day comes, Caterina goes to hear mass in a church specially dedicated to the souls in purgatory, and addresses to them fervent prayers to send her good numbers. There, as it seems, is the lottery department in yonder world. After this she begins her operations. But to pick up a certain quantity of choice numbers is not all: they must, moreover, be proved. It is in this second stage of the business that the efficaciousness of dreams has been made evident. You prove your numbers by putting them under your pillow when you go to bed. Your dream, provided you know how to interpret it properly, will tell you exactly whether your note contain good numbers, and how many. Generally speaking, to dream of silver, gold, or diamonds, is unfavourable. To dream of rags or rubbish is very good, but the best of all is to dream of fire: wherever there is fire, there is sure winning. Let me tell you as to this point a short anecdote, the authenticity of which I can guarantee as an eye-witness. A lady dreams that her drawer was on fire. Search is made, and an old lottery-ticket with three numbers is found; these numbers are played, and all come up. What say you?

Saturdays of course are days of great excitement with Caterina, and the dinner had better look to itself. If she does not win, which is often the case, it is somebody's fault; her own fault sometimes, she allows it freely and passionately. 'Fool that I was! to attend to the milk-woman, and to put aside two numbers of which I was sure! The souls in purgatory sent them to me, bless them! But of what use was it? I do not deserve to win. I will never put into the lottery again!' You laugh at poor Caterina's infatuation, and so do I. And yet Caterina has twice won a terno, and with the produce thereof she has given a marriage-portion to each of her two daughters.

It is naturally amid the poor and ignorant that the lottery chiefly finds its votaries; yet there are exceptions to this rule. I have seen a young man of good family, of the best education, and, I venture to say, of superior attainments, prove in this respect as absurd as Caterina, and fall a victim to his own folly.

He had obtained through the interest of his family a situation of high trust and good pecuniary profit in a public office, of which he was named cashier. The chest was heaped full of gold, a small portion of which, as he thought, would suffice to make his fortune. Why not borrow it for a short time? The temptation proved too strong. He borrowed, and borrowed, till at the end of two years there was a deficit of £20,000 sterling, which the lottery had swallowed up. As it

may be supposed, the young man did not go to the first chance office to take his tickets for stakes of 10,000 or 20,000 francs at a time, which would have infallibly brought about the discovery of his guilty practice. It was in the hands of a friend, keeper of a lottery-office, that he placed in private, and with the utmost secrecy, the sums which he played, and this friend returned to the young man in the strictest secrecy the ticket or tickets containing the numbers taken, and setting forth the sum staked upon them. Our gambler was in despair. In a month he would be called upon for his accounts, and it would be impossible to conceal further the enormous deficit. What was to be done? Once more he takes his chance in the lottery. This happened before 1842, an epoch at which certain combinations of the game which offered most temptation were abolished. One of the combinations then subsisting was to stake upon a single number, fixing beforehand the place it would hold in the series drawn—that is, that it would come out first, second, third, and so on. This *determinate extract*, as it was called, was paid seventy times the amount staked. The young man staked upon number *seventy first drawn* 10,000 francs (L.400 sterling.) *Seventy came first drawn.* This was a prize of 700,000 francs (L.28,000 sterling.) Imagine the raptures of our cashier. Not only had he wherewith to fill up the deficit, but there remained an overplus of clear gain 200,000 francs (L.8000.) He rushes to his friend's house, but does not find him. He goes to seek him at his lottery-office; he had not been seen there. The cashier shews his winning-ticket; the head-clerk turns to the register, and finds indeed the duplicate of the winning-ticket—but, alas! instead of a stake of 10,000 francs there is one of ten francs upon it. The false friend had thus appropriated to himself almost the whole of the sums gambled by the cashier during the two past years. The tickets which he used to give to the unfortunate young man bore the whole figure meant to be staked; but in the duplicate which remained upon the register he used to mark merely some insignificant amount, and of course pocketed the difference. It is scarcely necessary to add that the faithless friend did not reappear: he had run off to France. The infatuated cashier had barely time to do the same, in order to escape the terrible consequences of his breach of trust, and died shortly afterwards in extreme poverty. The incident will serve to remind readers of various instances of defalcation in bankers' clerks which came to light in England during the late railway mania—a kind of gambling as injurious to society as anything connected with the continental lotteries.

LONDON FROM THE VIADUCTS.

RAILWAYS have opened new prospects all over the land: we no longer travel the old, familiar, hedge-fringed highways, but flit through valleys, across plains, and under hills before unvisited; and in most cases, instead of dashing boldly into a town we pass outside of it, oftentimes in a deep cutting, and never know anything of its real chronic aspect unless we stop and perambulate it for the special purpose. In some instances, were it not for the name legibly painted on the station-wall, you would not know that you were stopping at a town at all; in others, such as at Bath, you look up at the town, which rises handsomely above you as the train speeds by; or, as at Edinburgh, where, from the bottom of the deep valley which bisects the city, you get a glimpse of the huge castle and the old town on one side, and of the new town, with some of its monumental edifices, on the other. Never was a city so well prepared to receive railways as Edinburgh: the valley affords all needful entry and exit without disturbing streets or houses.

But it is not always burrowing. At times the iron road rises to a remarkable altitude, and we look down

on men and their ways and works with a glance often more comprehensive than comfortable. What a fine bird's-eye view you get of Berwick while crossing the lofty bridge over the Tweed, and of Newcastle while traversing the Tyne—full of excitement and interest. At Stockport, too, the viaduct is on a level with the tops of the tall factory chimneys; and you are half inclined, as the extraordinary spectacle presents itself, to question the possibility of ever reaching the solid earth again. There is scarcely a county that cannot shew some similar railway phenomena—stand-points for new prospects, as we said at starting, not unprofitable to contemplate: but we must confine our view for the present to the banks of the Thames.

Five of the railways which have termini in the metropolis make their approach on viaducts at several points from the north-east round to the south and south-west—precisely the directions which shew most of the characteristics of a densely-crowded city. Streets, lanes, alleys, and gardens are traversed by the arched highway; and not a few of the mysteries of London are revealed to the gaze of the inquisitive traveller as he looks down from the train coming grumbling in with slackened speed: he will see some aspects of the great capital not perceptible to those who pass along the ordinary level of the streets.

We have travelled on all these viaducts, greatly to the increase and rectification of our topographical and social knowledge. From the centre to the circumference we have found something peculiar to each point of the compass—each suburb has a character of its own. At present we can only study them piecemeal, by going from one terminus to another; but some day, perhaps, we shall have a circular railway all round London similar to that which is to enircle Paris, and then without leaving the carriage we shall be able to contrast Belgravia and Paddingtonia with Bethnal Green and Bermondsey—the sumptuous with the squalid, splendid indolence with prosy industry. A portion of the circle is already complete: from Camden-Town to Fenchurch Street, passing close to the Pentonville Prison, where 'unlovely' captives are immured, skirting Islington and classic Highbury, traversing insipid Kingsland, cutting Hackney in two, touching Bow—the whole route a strange intermingling of town and country until it joins and becomes part of the Blackwall line at Stepney. You may travel the whole nine miles for fourpence, with the comfortable assurance that the ride is well worth the money whether you have business in hand or not.

Leaving town by the South-western line you first get a view of the shabby-genteel, and altogether mean district lying between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, including a peep at the New Cut in Lambeth, a street always busiest on the Sunday. Here and there are open squares surrounded by poor tenements; and the whole space covered with broken crockery, refuse vegetables, and dirty children. Next Vauxhall Gardens are seen; and you are puzzled to know how so dreary-looking a place should have gained an Elysian reputation. Then come gasworks, foundries, kilns, stoneware and whiting factories—the entire suburb is filled with artisans of various grades—Battersea Fields are beyond, and soon you are in the green, glad country.

Go to Greenwich: immediately on leaving the terminus at London Bridge you look down or tortuous, unctuous, odorous Bermondsey. There is a powerful sidell from the tan-pits and the heaps of spent bark, and the glue-factories, and the dyers and hatters, tainting the atmosphere of an uninviting neighbourhood. There is a muddy creek led in from the river after the Dutch fashion; there is another too: and there is Jacob's Island—suggestive, besides its own especial attributes, of Oliver Twist and Bill Sykes. A long maze of masts marks the course of the Thames, and

huge warehouses seem to be ever swallowing the cargoes of ships; cranes creak, steam-engines clank, trucks rattle, wagons rumble, as sugar, treacle, timber, and other produce from the ends of the earth, are hoisted, wheeled hither and thither, sold or stored. Presently you are flying across Market-gardens: there lies Greenwich, yonder New Cross, and London is left behind.

Turn into Fenchurch Street, and qualify yourself for a ride to Blackwall: you mount a long flight of steps, take your seat in a carriage, the train moves, and Bermondsey with a difference is beneath you, not quite so noisome in appearance, but with features in common with the opposite shore. There is no mistaking the locality: you feel assured it must be near the river, for you see stores of sails, ropes, masts, booms, oars, and all sorts of ships' furniture, new, second-hand, and worn out; and occasionally a wooden midshipman squinting through the sights of a quadrant, perched on a bracket; or a flagstaff bearing a bit of bunting rigged on a house-top to indicate where nautical instruments are to be purchased. You see boats at landing-places, and in yards in all stages of efficiency and dilapidation, and are made aware of much that is going on by senses other than that of sight; for the noise of shipwrights' and calkers' hammers comes to the ear, and the scent of tar and fumes of burning pitch to the olfactory nerves, in addition to the constant odours of fish and mud. Low taverns there are in number, with groups of grim sailors and noisy coal-whippers lounging about them, and you hear sounds of boisterous merriment or noisy quarrel. Then come coal-yards and coal-docks, crammed with ships and lighters, all as black as carboniferous dust can make them; and presently the long ranges of the West India Docks, with troops of labourers waiting to be hired at the gates, and all the signs of a great and active business going on; and soon afterwards the bowsprits of tall ships appear above your head stretching far across the line—and before you have ceased to wonder at the sights which have passed like a moving panorama, the train stops at Blackwall.

Our journeyings have been most frequent on the Eastern Counties line—the view from which, though presenting much in common with the others, has yet certain distinctive characteristics. You are no sooner clear of the terminus in Shoreditch than you have proof of the assertion that to every bad there is a worse; for however wretched the fronts of the houses appear in the narrow streets, the backs are still more wretched. Forward there may be a sincere or spurious attempt to look respectable, but rearward there is no hypocrisy, and you may seek behind each dwelling for its certificate of character, and learn not a little of hole-and-corner life, domestic and otherwise. What a *plexus* of gloomy streets and alleys meets your eye, with tall old houses, each storey lighted by a small-paned casement-window, running its whole length, and many of them surmounted by a supplementary attic, seemingly built of nothing but slate and glass, scarcely less hot during the dog-days than 'under the leads' at Venice. You cannot help commiserating the poor silk-weavers who inhabit them. In some the looms are seen vibrating briskly, in others languidly; and from the alternate motions you may infer, if you will, the character of those who produce them. The railway is on a level with the roofs; hence you can see plainly into the rooms, and look down the less aspiring chimneys. It is easy to perceive that most of the apartments serve for parlour, kitchen, and sleeping-room as well as workshop; and while the husband plies the shuttle, the wife may be seen cooking, washing, mending stockings, or leaning out at the window with three or four children clinging to her side, and others crawling upon the floor. At times the weary weaver himself turns his head as the train passes, with a wish perhaps that he also were speeding away to green

fields beyond the smoke; yet he pauses not in his labour, for his struggle to live is a desperate one. The condition of too many of these households can only be expressed by the term 'hugger-mugger': a few, however, exhibit praiseworthy signs of an effort towards amelioration—flowers in pots and boxes stand outside the windows, and here and there a convolvulus or nasturtium twines round a string stretched across the panes, cheering, it may be hoped, the hearts of those who tend them. Then there are numbers of bird-cages hanging out, and you may hear the mellow notes of the blackbird, the trill of the lark, or warble of the goldfinch, and you will conclude that the people hereabouts have a keen relish for the song of birds, or are rare ornithologists. In truth they do know a good deal about the qualities and habits of winged creatures; and it is worth remembering that many of these poor weavers are excellent mathematicians, and have for many years constituted a mathematical society. Blessed be that learning which thus dignifies and lightens the humblest toil!

There is another branch of ornithology studied in this neighbourhood; you see which it is by the numerous pigeon-coops and traps constructed of sticks and wire on the house-top, with more or less of skill and neatness. Always on the Sunday, and frequently during the week, you may see the owner peeping from a trap-door in the roof, or lolling against the chimney-stack, and watching with keen though quiet eye his flock of pigeons, as they tumble and wheel in circling flight. If more than his number come home he is not averse to the increase, for, unless sadly belied, many of the owners are sharp practitioners, and cunning in the inveiglement of *columbiades*. How the wary fellows seem to enjoy themselves lounging there on the slope of the roof in the warm sunshine!

You have scarcely had time to make observations before you are past the dingy weaving district and the headquarters of pigeon-fanciers, and enter what may be called a miscellaneous neighbourhood. Rows of pert, pretentious cottages are seen trying to look genteel, though some of them are put out of countenance by having their front-walls and windows not more than three feet from the side of the viaduct: you could step easily from the parapet to the edge of their roof. Fine weather is surely lost upon their occupants, and the roar and clatter of forty or fifty trains passing between sunrise and sunset must be a continual cause of exasperation. In some instances an attempt is made to convert the annoyance into a source of profit, by enterprising publicans, who fit up the roof of their house as an open-air drinking-stage, where drouthy customers may quench their thirst on sultry afternoons, and watch the passing trains. Crowds of bibulous people, male and female, may often be seen on these elevations, zealous in smoke and sonorous in song, particularly on Sunday evenings from six to ten.

There is always a difference in the view on Sundays: tired labour lies longer abed, and blinds are kept down and shutters closed until noon. Now and then you may see a corner of a curtain raised as you dash past, and a night-capped head gaze sleepily out, owl-like, dazzled by the bright sunshine. But the curtain drops, and the head goes back to its pillow, darkened chamber, and stifling atmosphere. Tired labour does not always take the best means of restoring itself, and clings with fatal fondness to a morning of sleep and an afternoon of jollity.

The plots of ground behind the houses seem to have been parcelled out by a stingy hand, so diminutive do they appear; but many of them are turned to good account. Look at that coal-yard, scarcely twelve feet square, and yet it ingests more tons of 'best Wallsend' in a year, to export them in quantities from ten pounds to ten hundredweight, than would be credible by the uninitiated. There, too, is a timber-yard of the like

dimensions, with stacks of deals, and ranges of boards, planks, and scantling coaxed into a space that a villager would consider hardly large enough for a pigsty. Close by is a foundry, with a furnace in full blaze in alarming proximity to the adjoining houses, whose inmates have to 'put up' with the thumping of hammers, the gasping of bellows, and annoyance of flame and smoke, without hope of respite. These vanish; and next you see the gardens of two rows of 'back-to-back' houses, all as green and lively as scarlet-runners, hollyhocks, dahlias, and thickly-grown vegetables can make them. They form a little vista of verdure, as welcome as the oasis in the desert. These, however, are exceptions, for most of the plots shew nothing but neglect: in one place stands a pile of old baskets; in another brickbats, wrecks of pots and pans, a decaying crate, a dilapidated cask, or broken-down cart; and the roofs of the little pantiled penthouses behind each row of tenements are covered with similar deformities. Why they are preserved is a mystery which perhaps the owners themselves would be puzzled to explain. Except as an atmospheric area the whole of these miserable plots may be looked upon as wasted. Yet among them are slips and angles of ground from which the utmost benefit is exacted: here is just room for a cart to stand shafts uppermost; there a truck lies on its side in the smallest of nooks; yonder three cabs are accommodated, but we have never yet seen how the horses manage to squeeze by them to get to the stable. In another queer-looking hole we saw the X-shaped advertising vehicle which once went proudly through the streets exhibiting the name of DOUDNEY in all the glory of ultramarine and gold. The glory had departed: capital letters no longer made its eight surfaces eloquent, and it stood there idle and weather-stained—a melancholy example of occupation gone.

There is a skittle-ground at the rear of a tavern—a more unattractive-looking place would not be easy to imagine: a mere strip of earth surrounded by a gloomy fence; and yet you see men as earnest and intent in knocking down the pins as though there was nothing else worth living for; and as though there was no such place as Greenwich Park, whither they might travel for the cost of a quart of porter. Close by is a pigsty, where you see the owner—doubtless an Irishman—sitting astride on the fence, and talking to his neighbour on the merits of his gruntners. A little farther, and there are three or four families of costermongers, their morning's work over, smoking and eating in their gardens, and drinking healths from five or six doors off. Here and there are women washing dishes, or the clothes of the household, while with voluble tongue they strive to check the unruly propensities of their children; and ever and anon you hear cries and wailings, provoked by a hasty and angry slap. Domestic life in public is not always an agreeable subject of contemplation. Or another branch of industry appears: a cabinetmaker has brought his bench out of doors, and is working busily, while the breeze sweeps away his shavings, and perhaps imparts to him a brief, unwonted vigour, which gladdens his overworked frame; for unless those three *chiffonniers* standing there 'in carcass' are finished by Saturday he will not have wherewith to buy the Sunday dinner. Weary work: week after week, and never a penny the richer!

There is a sound of many young voices: you look and see a small play-ground, where some twenty or thirty children are playing as only children can play; as happy, apparently, in their limited territory as though it were an Arkansas prairie. How they look when summoned into school we have never yet had the opportunity of witnessing.

There are but a few of the sights that present themselves from the viaduct; the variety and contrast are scarcely to be classified or enumerated. Extremes meet—pleasure-grounds and graveyards, churches and

taverns, appear in close proximity. Then there are canals, roads, bridges, ponds, green and stagnant ditches, coke-furnaces, windmills, gardens, brickyards, meadows—where the sheep are blackened by London smoke—potato-patches; all the phenomena, in fact, of the debatable ground between *urbs* and *rus*, until, having passed Stratford, you are in the broad, flat; Dutch-looking meadows which stretch away with little interruption to the fenny levels of Lincolnshire.

THE BUSHRANGERS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

AFTER the extermination of Donoghue and his companions, the good folks in the neighbourhood of the Hunter River began to throw off together their fears and precautionary measures, no doubt hopeful that the sad end of these wretches would deter others from entering on the same hazardous course of life. On this, however, we reckoned prematurely; for in 1838 another company of bushrangers, as daring and not less sanguinary, sprang up under the command of a man named Davis, reputedly of Jewish origin; but as his visits never extended to our neighbourhood, we trusted to escape being brought into contact with him or his party. It is true we returned to our old safeguards: the doors were kept locked, and barricaded at dusk; the arms ready loaded and in good order; and there was always a tendency on our parts to make for shelter on the distant warning given us, by our dogs, of the approach of horsemen.

In 1839 I was once more obliged to visit Sydney, and, as formerly, business induced me to take a circuitous route homewards. I traversed nearly the same road that had brought me into such a disagreeable acquaintance with Donoghue; nor could I help remembering all the unpleasant suspense of that occasion, which Buka took care to improve by pointing out every now and then the localities of greatest interest, descanting on the events with a volubility which evidenced that I had guarded against any more 'belly-tighteners' in travelling. We crossed over the wild and varied Warren-warren Range towards Ravensdale; thence down Bumblo's Hill—so called after one of the aborigines with a deformed foot, who practised 'baling up' on any single or unarmed person that passed his haunt; thence on through Ravensdale Creek and the cedar seuchs past Yanamolong to the Valley of Wyong, at which place Mr Soling—a respectable Danish settler—obliged me with his hospitality. The morning after my arrival all the establishment was in busy ply at a very early hour; for on that day Mr Soling was to have his annual cattle-marking—one of the most animating employments connected with the squatter's life. As is usual on such occasions, a number of friends had congregated to assist, and a scene of much excitement prevailed. Some were in the stockyard busily throwing the lasso and branding; others were outside, on horseback, ever and anon giving chase to some fiery-tempered bullock, that perhaps, having overturned two or three sturdy stockmen, would dash through every obstacle, and scour the well-cleared open space in front of the station, his pursuers yelling, whooping, and cracking their stock-whips in deafening uproar. Such meetings were then indeed festive; the good things of this life were in abundant supply, for settlers could well afford them, such was the prosperous state of the colony. About fourteen of us were thus merrily at work, when, just as we were about to leave off for breakfast, our party very unexpectedly received an addition by the arrival of seven men, all heavily armed—pistols in their belts and double-barrelled guns in their hands—who galloped furiously up to the enclosure—the leader Davis, recognised by his Israelitish features, calling out: 'Bale up this moment, or we'll fire among you.' At the same time some of them rode to

the front of the house where Mrs Soling and female friends were busily at work preparing for our bodily wants; and a succession of screams from the inmates assured us the unfortunate ladies were also 'baled up.' The notification produced the same effects on all our party—stupid, staring fright. Mr Soling tried to stammer out something, but Davis cut him short with a blasphemous oath, letting him know, 'that if any person attempted to use force, or to leave the stockyard, not one should be spared; that by remaining quiet, *he might be content with a part of the money and arms in the house.*'

Any other course than that of passive obedience was out of the question: here we were fairly at his mercy; as never anticipating such a possibility, the arms were all inside. Those who were on horseback were ordered to dismount, and marched into the stockyard—a large enclosure made with rough branches of trees—where we had to remain, while Davis and some of his companions went into the dwelling and rummaged, taking the arms, money, and everything else disposable. They then made a hurried repast on the viands prepared for our use; and drinking long and deep draughts to our success in cattle-marking, came outside and mounted, not, however, before they had exchanged some of the best of our horses for their own, which were not so good as bushrangers usually then rode—the choice of horse-flesh being one of their many assumed privileges. On taking his departure, Davis called out to Buka to mount and follow the party; also to bring with him some of the rope and hide cuttings we had been using to throw the cattle with. My valued servant prepared to obey with a look which the bushranger not unjustly construed into unwillingness, and giving him a lash with a stock-whip, which made him jump higher than if he had been enacting the most vigorous of the wild corrobory-dances of the country, the party cantered off. It was with no little pleasure we saw them turn the corner of the wood to the left. 'Thank Heaven, they're off at last!' burst simultaneously from every one of us; such was the dread which these ruffians inspired, known as they were to be guilty of shooting their victims sometimes out of mere wantonness when excited by drinking. Our congratulations were in this case premature; for just as we were about to leave the stockyard, two of the brigands came galloping back to say that the captain had sent them for Mr F—. My feelings, as may be supposed, were not the most enviable at this moment. The excitement of the last two hours had certainly prepared me for almost any termination to the events passing around me, but could not reconcile me to being thus singled out. Bidding adieu to my friends, I mounted and followed my impatient warders, who shewed by the expert and rapid manner in which they rode through the dense forest, that they were accustomed to make hurried marches across the country. As we cantered along, I essayed in vain to learn why Davis required my company. The only reply to my anxious inquiries was, 'that the captain had found out I knew the line of country he wished to traverse, and if I conducted myself to his satisfaction it would be well for me.'

On joining the band we all struck off to the left, and instead of keeping near the main road passed through a cedar scrub, interspersed with the *bangolae*, or wavy palms, where the only marks were those of wild cattle. About seven we halted, when an abundant supply of provisions and spirituous liquors were produced, of which I was invited, in a surly tone, to partake; and, *despite my anxiety, a long fast and active exercise compelled me to do.* After the repast, *my somewhat softened into better humour,* inquired if or how far, I was acquainted with Scone or its neighbourhood—questions which I endeavoured to evade, but his evident irritability of temper, and the click of a pistol close to my breast, obliged me to confess. For all this, as I afterwards found out,

I was indebted to Master Buka, who, fearful of being separated from me, had informed the party that his master, Mr —, 'Murry strike-a-light that place.' At first the festivity was confined to deep potations; but as the excitement increased all prudential considerations were laid aside, and loud, boisterous singing followed; in which I could recognise the name of that incarnate villain, Donoghue, often mentioned, as the chorus ran such in the following strain:—

'Oh, himself was a man bold and true,
And never knuckled under—the Bold Donoghue.'

The evening was far advanced when Davis, whose authority over his drunken companions was wonderful, obliged the party to break up, by removing and fastening to his saddle (his pillow) the two remaining small kegs of spirits; after which Buka and myself were firmly pinioned and secured to trees, at a distance from each other. This done, and the watch set, the sonorous nasal breathing of all save the look-out soon shewed that Bacchus and tobacco had done their work very effectually. Nor was the man appointed to keep watch long in following the example: first a nod—then a little struggle to keep awake—then a nod; and he too was soundly in the embrace of Morpheus. The constrained position in which I had been left bound prevented entirely the possibility of sleep; although 'nature's sweet restorer' oft invited my tired-out energies, but in vain. There I lay, crippled up much after the manner of the delinquents in the old pictures of the Inquisition; gazing wistfully at the stars as they sent their mild rays peeringly through the foliage of the splendid eucalyptus which towered over the bandit party.

The squatter's life soon accustoms those who are engaged in it to all sorts of vicissitudes; and 'roughing it' in the bush, without bed or blanket, was what I should have cared little about, had I not been placed in my present painfully-constrained position. Nothing, however, now remained for me but to wait quietly for morning, listening to the shrill cry of the large night-jay, or watching the sly opossums and the more agile flying sugar-squirrels, as they performed all sorts of antics in the branches of the weeping mimosas which enclosed our little encampment.

It was indeed a relief to me when the 'settlers' clock,' or laughing jackass—a sort of large gray kingfisher—gave indications, by its loud peculiar cry, of the approach of day; and as if accustomed to its alarm, all the party jumped up simultaneously, rubbing their eyes to remove the impressions of the past night's debauch—Davis ordering them to shake the grog out of their heads. We should not omit to mention that the bird just referred to was called the 'settlers' clock' by the primitive founders of the settlement, who, probably not being encumbered with timekeepers, availed themselves of its early propensities to call their assigned convict servants to labour. Most of the precious gang in whose hands I now was had been assigned convict labourers, and had no doubt been habituated to rise at the peculiar sound of this sylvan clock.

After a very hurried breakfast, we were again on the move to the north, passing, one after another, the high rough ridges of the Blue Mountains—not by any means an easy task, as our route lay through a forest probably untrodden hitherto by the foot of the white man. As we rode cautiously along, Davis repeatedly interrogated me about Scone and its neighbourhood, also the safest way of approaching it; but as I was only acquainted with the usual road, I was obliged at length to declare I could give him no information he did not already know. It was clearly his policy to keep out of the frequented path as much as possible; so that we traversed several high points, the *locale* of which, bushman as I was, I knew nothing of. At last we reached a place so precipitous that no horse could descend, nor

was there any spot where such was practicable without making a long *detour*. The object of bringing the ropes, hide-strippings, &c. was now manifest; for one after another, the horses were led to the brink, and the saddles removed. The poor brutes were then slung and suddenly pushed off the edge by four of the party, while the others eased down the ropes, which were passed round a tree. To accomplish this they were obliged to unfasten the stirrup-irons and add the leathers, the ropes not being sufficiently long. With some difficulty, and not without many bruises from their kicking and plunging, the poor horses were all landed safely below; after which we descended, Buka being the last to do so—the captain remarking, 'that as he was a black devil, nothing would break his neck.' After this we ascended another high portion of the Blue Mountain, when I guessed the reason of our late proceedings, as I recognised by the nature of the country in the distance, over which the sun was setting, that Scone was not many leagues off, and that, regardless of the usual safe routes, Davis had adopted a plan very common with bushrangers of 'cutting across country.' Our ringleader now became more than ever inquisitive about the different establishments in the neighbourhood, to which he was obviously bent on a visit; and at every faltering reply he quietly cocked a large pistol, as much as to intimate that I should receive its contents if I hesitated to give true information.

Shortly after sunset we halted for the night; and again the scenes of drunken revelry were enacted, but with somewhat more caution, as no singing was allowed—although in this respect it required all Davis's firmness to keep his men in order. As soon as all the eatables and drinkables were consumed, Buka and myself were again secured for the night, and the party soon lay stretched around in strange confusion, forming a group which would have delighted a *Salvator Rosa*. Sleep was not long in visiting my companions—even the watchman; for he, too, after vainly attempting to keep his eyes open, soon joined the loud chorus of stertorous sleepers. Thoroughly worn out, I felt every inclination to follow their example, but, doubly pinioned, it was impossible; so I amused myself once more by watching the agile opossums chasing one another from branch to branch, or the flying squirrels gliding from tree to tree by means of their broad lateral membranes, and in longing for the morning dawn, and revolving in my mind whether escape was altogether impossible.

My chief trust had always been in Master Buka, who I knew would, if possible, concoct some scheme to liberate me. As to attempting to escape with my arms secured as they were, it was quite out of the question; for I could neither mount a horse, nor direct his movements if mounted. Of all the singular beings I have met in my travels—and they are not few—certainly the aborigines of New Holland are the most remarkable—remarkable, I should say, for all want of moral characteristics: even their sagacity—the highest feature—partakes of the instinct of the lower animals more than the reasoning of the human species. Indolent to a degree scarcely to be credited, they despise any sort of continuous labour, and prefer the uncertain subsistence of an occasional hunt; and so improvident are they in regard to food, thus or in any other way acquired, that they will throw away what remains after their immediate wants are supplied, rather than be at the trouble of carrying it with them. As a proof of their general improvidence, we may state that on one occasion we saw several of a tribe clothed in European attire by some kind people, and within a week scarcely a rag was to be found among them: some articles having been disposed of for frog, and others—brown away because the weather was hot, or because it was too troublesome to wear them. They seem to have scarcely

any idea of a future state, and they regard death with aversion, chiefly because it removes them from the gratification of the animal passions. But with all their stupid indifference they possess much strategy, and scarcely any emergency can arise in which they will not devise some method of escape. Gratitude or any other exalted feeling they cannot be said to have, for they receive with apathy anything that is given to or done for them; yet if once attached to a European, they will not readily desert him: on the contrary, they will sometimes, when least expected, shew a desire to serve him, especially if in any dilemma connected with bush-life, and in which they are quite at home.

I was not disappointed on this occasion; for after passing two very miserable hours, I thought I could discern a figure hovering about for a second or two, like an evil spirit, over each of my companions, and approaching me, whispered: 'Bale, you get jerrand; me mill-mill all them warragals asleep;' in other words—'Don't be afraid; I find all around us asleep.' He then asked for a knife, which I remembered was in my waistcoat-pocket; but how was it to be got at, firmly pinioned as we both were with our hands behind? The wily native, however, knelt down and applied his mouth in such a way as to work it out, and then opened it; which done, he contrived to cut the cords that secured my wrists, now much swollen and almost devoid of feeling. As soon as his own hands were free we moved off stealthily to where the horses were tethered. It was too dark to distinguish one from another, nor was it at the moment a matter of much consideration. Fortunately the bridles had been knotted and thrown over the necks of the animals, so we were not long in getting two moved away. It is very probable we might have gone back without much risk to look for saddles; so completely were all the party under the influence of the evening's debauch, that even the trampling of the horses as we led them off did not awake them. Buka took the lead, and we pushed along as fast as the dim light and the nature of the woods permitted, every step which we took increasing our distance from our late companions, and adding to our thankfulness.

As soon as daylight broke upon us Buka recognised that we were not far from Invermein, although quite out of the proper road. The last two days' ride, however, had shewn us that with determination almost any part of the country might be travelled; so making our way over the intervening irregular ridges, we reached Invermein by nine o'clock. No time was lost in communicating to the good folks the probability that their township might be visited by the party we had escaped from, and instant preparation was made; but as to going on with me to Scone to assist, that was declined on all sides. We were reluctantly furnished with saddles and fresh horses, and immediately set out for Scone, hoping, by giving timely notice, to avert the attack of the bushrangers. On reaching the little township I found all the houses shut up; and on knocking at the door of an acquaintance, was surprised to hear loud shrieks, but on making myself known, was admitted. The first question was: 'Oh, Mr —, did you meet them? They have been here, and murdered young Graham at Mr Dangar's store.' As soon as the confidence of a few was restored, we went down to the scene of the late murderous robbery, and found poor Graham lying in the enclosure behind the house quite dead, in a pool of his own blood. From a youth who had been secreted in the store we learned the particulars, that when the bushrangers came to the house and ordered the inmates to 'bale up,' Graham presented a pistol, which missed fire, and a second one went off; but without taking effect, on which he attempted to escape by the back-door to alarm the neighbours; but Davis followed and killed him, by discharging a double-barrelled gun, while the victim was on his knees

implored mercy. Information of the occurrence was soon transmitted to Maitland; and Mr Day, a most energetic magistrate, lost no time in calling out a strong body of assigned servants, to whom a promise was given, that if they used proper exertions to capture this band of ruffians, they would be recommended for pardon—a measure which was often found of importance at that time, as with such stimulus before them they were more reckless of consequences than volunteer free persons, who had little but the honour or excitement to set off against the almost certainty of being wounded or killed in an encounter with the bushrangers. Mr Day tracked them from place to place, and at last came upon them encamped in Doboy's Hollow, between Scone and the Hunter's River; and so unprepared were they, that after a few ineffectual shots, all surrendered—Davis observing, as they were seizing him in Mr Day's presence: 'Ah, Mr Day, if there were but a few more magistrates as active as you are, there would be no bushrangers.' All this detestable gang were soon after executed at Sydney, and since that people have been able to traverse the colony in all directions without danger of being robbed or murdered—a state of security which we believe will continue even should transportation to New South Wales be renewed; for we cannot but hope, that if our government does resume it in that colony, they will see the propriety of following out the ticket-of-leave system, by which the unfortunate exile has an interest in his labour, and a stimulus to use his best endeavours to regain his lost position in society.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL EMIGRANTS.

Since the autumn of 1848 upwards of three hundred youths have emigrated from the London Ragged Schools to Australia and America. We take a low estimate when we suppose that two hundred and fifty of those youths are doing well, and have proved themselves worthy of the confidence of their teachers and the assistance of their friends. Now, if such is the case, we maintain that the reclamation of that number—even if the remainder had fallen away, which we are by no means disposed to admit—is more than a compensation for all the money expended on emigration purposes, and the education of those who have shared its benefits. The average age of the emigrants is sixteen. Let us suppose they had been left another sixteen years, the subjects of ignorance and neglect. Doubtless fifty, at least, would have been transported; and several convictions, imprisonments, and ultimate transportation, would be economically managed in each case at L.200. Here we have an expense to the country of L.10,000, and our colonists again visited with the terrible infliction of another fifty ignorant and brutified miscreants, of whom the mother country had become wearied. Nor is this all; for, at a low estimate, twenty-five of these convicts would have become fathers prior to their expulsion; and thus we should not only have had twenty-five destitute mothers, paupers in the workhouse or systematic beggars in the streets, but also, at the least another fifty hungry, ragged, destitute children in a condition even worse than were their fathers, and obliged to follow in their very footsteps. Add to this the amount of moral evil—that no human gauge can measure—which these fifty victims of ignorance and neglect must for several years have been propagating.—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

MANNERS OF THE COAL DISTRICTS.

In the northern coal-fields, near Newcastle-on-Tyne especially, we have noticed that when the miner ascends from the pit in the evening, his first care is to wash himself from head to foot, and then to put on a clean suit of white flannel. As you pass along the one street of a pitman's village you will see the father reading a 'Chambers's Journal,' or a cheap religious magazine, at the door of his cottage, while smoking a pipe, and nursing a child or two on his knee; and through the open door a neat four-poster bed, and an oak or mahogany chest of drawers, bear witness

to his frugality. In Wednesbury, Bilston, and all that district, when work is over, you find the men drinking in their dirty clothes and with grimy faces at the beer-shop of the 'Buttley'—that is to say, the contractor or middle-man under whom they work—according to the system of the country, and the women hanging about the doors of their dingy dwellings gossiping or quarrelling—the old furies and the young slatterns.—*Sidney's Rides on Railways.*

HEALTHFULNESS OF HOPS.

The following observations, in a work by Dr Wardrop on 'Diseases of the Heart,' are exceedingly worthy of attention:—'Animals as well as man are instinctively impelled to eat substances when they are out of health, in order to assist the digestion of the food; and no cattle will thrive upon grasses which do not contain a portion of bitter extractive. Even the inhalation of the odour from the flowers of the hop has an extraordinary beneficial effect upon the sick; and in Kent, where it is extensively cultivated, those employed in collecting the flowers are so greatly improved in their health, that many persons who are enfeebled quit the metropolis to 'pick hops,' and return to their homes with their appetite and strength materially improved.' If such really be the case, as this respectable authority reports, cottagers and others might be recommended to grow a few hop-plants outside their doors and windows, with a view to improving health. The hop is a beautiful climbing plant, and on that account alone it forms an agreeable shrub for the window.

THE HEROINE MARTYR OF MONTEREY.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

When the American forces under General Taylor stormed Monterey, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of September 1846, a Mexican woman was seen going about among the disabled of both armies, binding up their wounds, and supplying them with food and water. While thus employed she fell. She was on the following day buried by the Americans, who had even then to bear an incessant discharge of shot from the Mexican batteries.

THE strife was stern at Monterey,
When those high towers were lost and won;
And, pealing through that mortal fray,
Flash'd the strong battery's vengeful gun:
Yet, heedless of its deadly rain,
She stood in toil and danger first,
To bind the bleeding soldier's vein,
And slake the dying soldier's thirst.

She found a pale and stricken foe
Sinking in nature's last eclipse,
And on the red earth kneeling low,
She wet his parched and fevered lips:
When, thick as winter's driving sleet,
The booming shot and flapping shell
Swept with wild rage that gory street,
And she—the good and gentle—fell!

They laid her in a narrow bed—
The foemen of her land and race;
And sighs were breathed, and tears were shed,
Above that lowly resting-place.
Ay! glory's crimson worshippers
Wept over her untimely fall,
For deeds of mercy such as hers
Subdue the hearts and eyes of all.

To sound her worth were guilt and shame
In us, who love but gold and ease:
They heed alike our praise or blame,
Who live and die in works like these.
Far greater than the wise or brave,
Far happier than the fair and gay,
Was she, who found a martyr's grave
On that red field of Monterey!

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CONFESSIONS OF A SAFE PERSON.

It is a generally received opinion that the greater part of the minor miseries of human life usually arise, either nearly or remotely, from our own faults, follies, or misdemeanours. Now, without having any intention of attempting to controvert this impression as a general rule, I cannot help thinking that it admits of many and great qualifications in its various bearings. I know not how it may fare with others, but I think I may venture to affirm, on my own behalf, that all my delinquencies put together have not entailed upon me so plentiful a harvest of bitter fruit as the possession of one inconvenient characteristic that may almost be regarded as a virtue—namely, that of being a *thoroughly safe person*.

How this peculiarity of temperament evinces itself I am rather at a loss to describe; I fancy, however, that it must lie rather conspicuously on the surface, or I should not so frequently have to lament its possession.

If this very inconvenient endowment were known only to the friends of my youth, or even those of long-standing, who had watched the gradual growth of my character and mind, it would be of little consequence, but it appears equally obvious to the casual acquaintance of yesterday; and no individual of them all, as it seems to me, ever becomes the recipient of a disagreeable of any kind, but he or she hastens without remorse to deposit the unwelcome burden upon me, as though I were a feminine Atlas of old, strong enough to bear the woes of the world, instead of a fragile widow lady, needing support for myself. Perhaps it may be that, as I am well known to have graduated in the school of sorrow without having made any violent demands on the sympathy of others, I may be supposed to possess some unknown and specific consolation which might be equally efficacious with all who have sufficient confidence to seek it at my hands. Whether I am quite correct in this surmise I know not; but I do know that it is very disheartening to one willing to bear unshrinkingly her own share of the cares of humanity, to be called upon to sustain all the troubles, real and imaginary, of a rather extensive circle of acquaintance.

Thus it is, however; and so numerous have my clients of this kind become, that I could divide them into almost as many classes as those of the Swedish naturalist himself. For the present I pass entirely over claimants for consolation under those real evils of life in which we are in a manner bound to sympathise with each other. To bear each other's burdens is a great duty, and I trust I am not unwilling to take my share in exemplifying it. But what I deprecate and protest against is the wearisome detail of those

mean and petty cares which people too often create for themselves, and which to them

'Make up in number what they want in weight.'

My claimants for consolation under this head are, I regret to say, neither few nor unimportant; nay, many of them are accustomed, as a matter of course, on the occurrence of the slightest untoward event, to bring their budget of grievances and unlade them at my door. It is vain to look, if not to say, that nothing of the kind is wanted; they persist in unpacking and spreading out their wares before me, obtruding them for inspection *en gros et en detail*, until finding escape impossible, I proceed to examine as the best means of getting rid of them. I separate the real from the imaginary, and finally suggest such expedients and alleviations as may occur to me at the time. Having done all this, I naturally congratulate myself on my approaching release from their importunities; but the result too often proves my joy to have been premature. These dealers in distress are by no means disposed to part with their stock in trade without some better equivalent than an exhortation to patience, or an assurance that others are as highly taxed and as heavily laden as themselves.

Another variety of my visitants are in the habit of endowing me with a vast amount of important secrets, which I neither desire nor deserve; but escape is of no easy attainment, for in all probability I meet them the next day in the public thoroughfare as facts well known to every one but myself. I am entirely at a loss to understand how such important nothings could have transpired, until I recollect that some persons covet secrets as a spendthrift does money—for the express purpose of circulation.

But it is time to descend from generalities to particulars. One old friend of mine fulfils for me the office of a legal almanac, acquainting me, by the length and frequency of his visits, when term-time commences and terminates. He has for some years been in the habit of requiring me to accompany him through all the windings of an intricate and protracted Chancery suit; from the first 'cruel injustice' which necessitated the litigation through the first filing of the bill, the cross-bill by which it was met, the answer, the interlocutory hearing, reference to the master, judgment, appeal, and *du capo* before the lord chancellor—not a single phase of its tediousness will he abate me. He even offered to send me the pleadings home, to satisfy me of the justice of his claim—a fact which I had never for one moment doubted. I did not, however, avail myself of his offer, particularly as I had travelled over the ground again and again; nay, arrived, as I flattered myself, within

sight of the decision—extinction, I was going to say; but who ever witnessed the actual death of a suit in Chancery? No; it is the very phoenix of litigation, and in its apparent demise leaves behind it the elements of a new and more vigorous successor to supply its place—

‘Even in its ashes live its wonted fires.’

Such being the case, should the antiquated cause in question ever give up the ghost, I should speedily be called upon to sympathise in another troubled joy of the same nature; my worthy friend being of a constitution that is never quite at ease except when under the influence of a blister of one description or another.

Another old friend, of ancient lineage and somewhat Puritanical views, took advantage of a morning-call to pour into my sympathising ear his fears that his eldest son Augustus must have been getting over head-and-ears in debt, for he had, by mistake, opened a letter from which the word *junior* had been inadvertently omitted, which proved to be a bill for cigars of L.18, 3s. 6d.; and as vexations never come singly, another letter had arrived by the same post to himself, from the young gentleman's tailor, enclosing a little account of L.48, 17s. 10d., and soliciting his intervention with a view to its early settlement, having a large remittance to make up, &c. As the anxious father made this communication, he drew forth the missive in question, as though ill-news ever needed confirmation, or I were a person to require vouchers! I can truly say that I fully shared in the vexation of my friend, for the young man had always been rather a favourite of my own. I had often thought how much credit he reflected on his tailor, and was therefore proportionably disappointed to learn that the ‘credit’ appeared rather to lie on the other side. However, I fully concurred in the propriety of a strong remonstrance being despatched forthwith; to do which, before he cooled, my old friend shortly retired to his study, leaving his wife and myself to talk the matter over, and consult on the best means of arresting the evil. After a sufficient time had been devoted to lamentations, &c. I ventured to suggest that the strong remonstrance should be followed, at a convenient distance, by a cheque; hinting that I had known a free pardon of a first offence very effective in preventing the recurrence of a second—nipping, in fact, the evil in the bud.

No sooner had we settled this difficulty—so far as agreement on our own parts could do so—than the good lady hastened to inform me that she was not without her own peculiar trial as it regarded her youngest son Horace (whom she was educating at home under her own eye), although she had not at present communicated the circumstance to his father. Though I am by no means an advocate, in general, for conjugal concealments, I thought in the present case a degree of reserve might be commendable, even before I was aware that the cause for anxiety arose from no more important fact than that she had, on several occasions, latterly, detected the young gentleman in the perusal of the ‘Adventures of Robinson Crusoe,’ on church festivals, although she had expressly provided the ‘Life of Henry Milner,’ by Mrs Sherwood, for such recreation! At this announcement she looked steadily into my face for some answering sign of surprise and sympathy. But as the offence in question did not appear to me to be of so very deep a dye, I thought myself justified in reminding her, in extenuation of the delinquency of my young friend, that the work in question was by no means an objectionable one, in its nature and place, and that it might have been a much worse book that had seduced the lad from his duty. To this suggestion she returned rather

a reluctant assent, but was evidently too little informed of the mental food most attractive to boys of twelve years old to derive all the consolation which this view of the subject was calculated to present.

In common honesty, I must admit that all the confidences by which I am honoured are not of so serious a class as those above mentioned. For instance, love-affairs, to which I am far less averse, are on the whole very endurable; for though they may be rather voluminous, there is something not actually disagreeable in finding yourself the depository of hopes bright as sunshine and transparent as truth itself: I must own, however, I like the revelations to be direct and from the principals in the affair, and utterly repudiate all second-hand communications. It is true I have often to bear witness to the verity of Shakspeare's opinion about ‘true love never,’ &c.; but then, as Juliet says, ‘Tis such sweet sorrow,’ that I can hardly help prophesying smooth things, and cherishing the hope that all will come right in the end. And then how pleasant is it to hear that the hero or heroine, as the case may be, ‘always admired us so much as a Safe Person,’ and ‘had so high an opinion of our influence and powers of persuasion.’ One young gentleman, in the fervour of his gratitude for a successful negotiation with a rather refractory grandmother, went so far as to say, that he thought, ‘when I was young!’ I must have borne a striking likeness to dear Gertrude in person and character. Was not this ample reward for the sour looks and short answers that I had encountered on his behalf? I must, however, admit that one or two of my confidences of this description have not been without their cares and anxieties. One desperate case, I remember, caused me two or three sleepless nights, for the parties seemed rather too familiar with the exact point at which England ends and Scotland begins; and even the lady dropped some hints that the penalty of exclusion from Her Majesty's drawing-room might be endured. I confess I did not like all this; but happily papa's blessing and the bishop's licence relieved me of all trouble in the event. I cannot deny that I have witnessed the death as well as the birth of more than one eternal attachment; but such events have not shaken my faith in constancy, or led me to concur with Dr Johnson in his opinion, that marriages would be as happy if made by the lord chancellor.

I do not profess to be equally tolerant of the communications from the heads of houses; such persons being usually less ethereal in their requirements, and by no means equally refined in their general views. One lady, the wife of a military man, for instance, walked two miles to inform me that she fully believed her daughter Georgiana would sacrifice herself to young Sylvester, who had not ‘joined’ more than a twelve-month, and who did not possess a guinea to buy himself up; and she fully believed the silly girl was even prepared for his sake to ‘throw over’ their old friend Colonel Cannon, who was about to retire on full-pay, with the ‘good-service pension’ in prospect. I certainly did not much wonder that Ensign Lackland, with his handsome face and gallant bearing, should present greater attractions to the eyes of nineteen than the gallant colonel, with double the amount of years and of wisdom; but the idea of ‘throwing over’ a gentleman of such weight and magnitude presented so ludicrous an image to my mind, that I could not resist a smile, which, unfortunately, did not pass unnoticed, and being misinterpreted, was resented accordingly. I was reminded that, however improbable such events might appear to some persons, more unlikely unions were of frequent occurrence; and she had reason for believing that the colonel only awaited a little encouragement to declare his sentiments. In confirmation of this view she instanced the fact that, at the commandant's ball only a week before, he had been heard

to remark that 'Georgiana was almost as pretty as her mother had been at her age;' which led some persons to think that old wounds might be scarred over. However that might be, she had determined to probe the affair as regarded Mr Sylvester to the bottom. As she was so determined, I had no alternative but to defer at once to her superior judgment and experience. I had, besides, a special repugnance to any conversation reminding me of surgical operations, ever since I had accompanied the said Georgiana to have a tooth extracted; to spare the poor girl a lecture from mamma, by the way, on the ease with which such operations were performed in the present day, and the courage which she herself had always manifested on similar occasions.

Of the general history of servants, as well as of their individual errors and omissions, I think I may venture to say that I am an animated encyclopædia, although I made for a long time a steady and vigorous resistance; but what can a single defender do against a host of assailants? I was obliged finally to capitulate, and abandon my position with as good a grace as possible.

The venerable Archdeacon Paley, if I mistake not, observes in one of his admirable works, 'that the general lot of humanity, however dark it may appear, will on examination be usually found to contain its own peculiar compensations.' And I have learned to be of the same opinion; for no sooner did I look this infliction steadily in the face than I discerned many alleviations in its unpromising physiognomy that had not presented themselves before, in the opportunities it afforded me of offering suggestions of a palliative character for those who are seldom permitted an opportunity of saying much for themselves.

My general acquaintance with human nature has led me to believe that a certain peculiarity of temperament is very likely to be accompanied by a certain style of error and misdemeanour; hence when any general complaints are made of the shortcomings of Jane or Susan, I have only to put a few leading queries, with the view of ascertaining to which class—the sanguine or lymphatic—the offender belongs, and I am forthwith prepared to offer some suggestions of a consolatory character. If, for instance, the delinquent be of the sanguine temperament—rather given to short answers to her lady and long questions to the policeman; though I am fully prepared to believe that she may be a little too coquettish in her attire as well as in her temper; rather addicted to followers perhaps; with a certain familiarity of smile when she is pleased, and toss of the head, by way of defiance, when she is affronted: still, in such cases I have usually found it safe to suggest how swift-footed she is in general—how ready and intelligent on emergencies—how willing, with a little bribe of praise, to take upon herself duties not exactly her own—with a concluding remark on the credit a house derives from having a trim damsel to open the door in the absence of the footman.

If, on the contrary, the subject be of the lymphatic class—given to late hours in the morning and drowsiness throughout the day—such unpromising representations by no means discourage me; for even inertness may have its compensation. In such cases your correspondence is pretty sure of remaining intact; china and glass pass scathless through her hands; and thus, as Dr Kitchener profoundly remarks, 'fragile wares may be made to last as long as iron.' The baker seldom receives encouragement to linger long with his basket; she does not seek to rival her young lady by clumsy imitations of her Parisian bonnet or Polish Kesiewick; nor is she apt to strike your piano dumb in your absence by any practisings of her own.

Now, although these qualities are of rather a negative character, they are very important in their way, and I have seldom found my observations without effect. Once, indeed, I confess myself to have been completely

at fault; for the delinquent brought to the bar of justice was said to unite in her own proper person all the faults common to both classes. In vain I taxed both memory and imagination to meet the exigencies of the case, but without effect. At length, wearied of the subject, I proceeded to dismiss it by what I thought an unanswerable proposition—namely, 'that we must not expect perfection for twelve pounds a year;' but my antagonist was 'too cunning at fence' for me, and even foiled me with my own weapons, by triumphantly exclaiming: 'True, my dear; but I give guineas!' I need hardly say that after this I never attempted to lead a forlorn-hope again.

Though the history I have given, for obvious reasons, can hardly be considered a complete specimen of the confidences with which I am honoured, as regards the more exclusive class of my visitors, it may perhaps be received as a sample of the more general and commonplace description of revelations that come before me.

'Give sorrow words,' said the poet who best knew human nature in all its phases. To thousands of persons verbal sympathy does seem to possess an incalculable charm; and although we may question the intensity of the grief that can be so easily meliorated, it is equally certain that that is trouble which is felt as such, whether it be the loss of a kingdom or the loss of a pencil-case.

I once inquired of a friend who was habitually reserved what could have induced her to make a confidante of myself in a matter of some delicacy: she was silent for a moment, as though revolving the subject in her mind, and then replied that she thought it arose from the entire absence of curiosity on my own part—a sort of indifference, not to say repugnance, to the gossip of common life, which she found irresistibly attractive of confidence. How far this solution of the matter may be generally correct I know not, but with it I must be satisfied *faute d'une meilleure*. One consolation, however, I think I may now take to myself—that having by these revelations fairly forfeited all claim to be any longer regarded as a *safe person*, I may now hope to remain unburdened with more than my own proper share of disquietude for the rest of my life.

THE BATHURST DIGGINGS.

THE discovery of gold in the Bathurst District in New South Wales has taken the world by surprise—a new California in one of our own colonies! The whole of Australia, however, has long been known to be particularly rich in metallic minerals. Copper is begun to be wrought in various places with a success that has already made several fortunes; lead has also been discovered; and an iron mine was recently opened in the neighbourhood of Berrima, where an abundant supply of ore is found almost on the surface, said to yield 65 to 70 per cent. of metal of the finest quality. Coal is found in abundance. In short, skill, capital, and hands are alone required to excavate immense mineral riches; and that these requisites will in due time be provided, nobody can entertain any doubt. In the language of the day, there is a 'great future' for Australia; and that not only on account of what is beneath, but what is on the surface of the ground. Its wool is destined to be the main resource of one of our most important manufactures, if it is not so already.

In certain papers relative to crown-lands, presented to parliament at the opening of the session of 1851, there is a dispatch from the governor of New South Wales to the secretary for the colonies, in which it is stated that gold had been found in various parts not only of this colony but in that of Port Philip. The

following passages occur in this dispatch:—‘In some parts of the colony I am informed that auriferous ore have been discovered. A specimen, weighing about three ounces and a half, was lately exhibited to me. I have not been able to learn the precise locality where it was found, except that it is on the western side of the great dividing-range in Sydney or Middle District. An extensive gold-field is also said to have been recently discovered at the Pyrenees, in the Port-Philip District; but I have been unable as yet to obtain any authentic information on the subject.’ Here the statement is explicit. Gold had been found on the western side of the great range of mountains that separate the inner country from the extreme belt of land on which Sydney is situated. This exactly agrees with Bathurst, which is a high-lying district beyond the mountains, in a direction almost due west from Sydney. It is evident, therefore, that the lately-arrived account of gold-finding is no new thing to the home government. From the nature and extent of the investigations now going on in Australia, it is indeed pretty evident that we shall soon hear of other important discoveries which have assumed a practical shape. Although prepared by a previous knowledge of the fact, that gold existed in the Bathurst Plains, the governor of New South Wales appears to have been startled, as everybody else has been, with the intelligence that diggings had actually commenced, and were successfully carried on. It is somewhat remarkable, in this as in most other instances of the kind, that the full discovery was not made by pioneers of science, specially employed for the purpose, but by persons moving in the rank of shepherds or commercial adventurers. It is mentioned that an old Scotch shepherd had for some time known of the Bathurst gold, and secretly profited by it. Probably this very sly individual had not any adequate idea of the extent of the deposits, and merely pocketed some stray morsels of the precious metal. The discoverer, so far as general publicity was concerned, is a Mr Hargraves, who had been in California, and was led to conjecture the presence of gold from the similarity of the rocks. These rocks, we believe, are chiefly quartz—a hard, brittle material, of which the white candy-stone of Scotch rivers presents an example. It requires to be understood that gold is not found in the character of a sulphate—that is, mixed with a stony and gaseous substance, which must be expelled by smelting, as in the case of lead, copper, and most other metals. It may be said to come pure and ductile from the hand of nature. When found, therefore, it requires only to be mechanically separated from the rocks or rubbish in which it is embedded. Usually, it is in the form of grains and small lumps, varying from the size of a pea to that of a walnut, carried down by streams, and rolling amidst sand and gravel: these particles, large and small, are best secured by washing with water—the loose and lighter materials being floated off, and the gold afterwards picked out from the heavier substances that sink to the bottom of the vessel. Gold-finding is, in truth, fully as much a matter of jumbling and washing as it is of digging; and as these jumbings take place in the beds of rivers, it will easily be imagined how severe and hazardous is the labour.

The gold-diggings of Bathurst became generally known in the colony about the beginning of May; and no sooner did the news spread than a kind of madness seized on the community. In the town of Bathurst, as we learn from the following local account, the excitement was extreme:—‘People of all trades, callings, and pursuits were quickly transformed into miners;

and many a hand which had been trained to kid-gloves, or accustomed to wield nothing heavier than the gray goose-quill, became nervous to clutch the pick and crowbar, or “rock the cradle” at our infant mines. The blacksmiths of the town could not turn off the picks fast enough, and the manufacture of cradles was the second-briskest business of the place. A few left town on Monday equipped for the diggings; but on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday the roads to Summer Hill Creek became literally alive with new-made miners from every quarter; some armed with picks, others shouldering crowbars or shovels, and not a few strung round with wash-hand basins, tin-pots, and culenders. Garden and agricultural implements of every variety, either hung from the saddle-bow or dangled about the persons of the pilgrims to Ophir. Now and then a respectable tradesman, who had just left his bench or counter, would heave into sight with a huge something in front of his horse, which he called a cradle, and with which he was about to rock himself into fortune. Scores have rushed from their homes provided with a blanket, a “damper,” and a pick or grubbing-hoe, full of hopes that one or two days’ labour will fill their pockets with the precious metal; and we have heard of a great number who have started without any provision but a blanket and some rude implement to dig with. Such is the intensity of the excitement, that people appear almost regardless of their present comfort, and think of nothing but gold.’

This authority goes on to say, that ‘what assisted very materially to fan the excitement into a flame was the arrival of a son of Mr Neal, the brewer, with a piece of pure metal weighing eleven ounces, which was purchased by Mr Austin for L.30, who started to Sydney by the following day’s mail with the gold and the news. Since that an old man arrived in town with several pieces in mass, weighing in all from two to three pounds. He also started for Sydney with his prize. Mr Kennedy, the manager of the Bathurst branch of the Union Bank of Australia, visited the diggings on Saturday last in company with Messrs Hawkins and Green. Each of these gentlemen picked up a small piece of the pure metal; and a few handfuls of the loose earth from the bed of the creek, which were brought home by Mr Kennedy, and from motives of curiosity have since been assayed by Mr Corfe from Sydney, and a piece of gold extracted therefrom of the size of a small pea. On Wednesday morning last Mr Hargraves accompanied Mr Stutchbury, the government geologist, to the diggings, and with his own hands washed a pan of earth in his presence, from which twenty grains of fine gold were produced. He afterwards washed several buckets of earth and produced gold therefrom. Mr Stutchbury hereupon expressed his satisfaction, and immediately furnished him with credentials, which have since been forwarded to government. The fact of the existence of gold is therefore clearly established; and whatever credit or emolument may arise therefrom, Mr Hargraves is certainly the individual to whom it properly belongs. We have very much more to say, but we have not space to say it in. A Mr Rudder, an experienced California gold-digger, is now at work at the diggings. There are also several magistrates plying their picks and cradles most laboriously, but we have not heard with what success. In fact, there appears every probability of a complete social revolution in the course of time. Those who are not already departed are making preparations. Servants of every description are leaving their various employments, and the employers are, *per necessitatem*, preparing to follow. But notwithstanding all this, we feel confident that a reaction will speedily take place. The approach of winter and wet weather will do something towards cooling the ardour of the excited multitude.’

In other Australian papers we have similar accounts of the frenzy. In the new and unforeseen position in

which it was placed, the colonial government seems to have acted with much prudence. A proclamation was issued to the effect that the gold found at the diggings was the property of the crown, and that it could be taken only by procuring a licence, and according to certain regulations. The licence, as is since made known, is for a month, and costs each individual 30s. All persons are licensed on these easy terms who can shew a discharge from former employers—an arrangement designed to check the sudden absconding of servants, but which, it is almost needless to say, will fail in that effect. To preserve order, a government-commissioner as head-magistrate was also despatched to the scene of operations; this onerous appointment being given to Mr J. R. Hardy. A police force under Captain Battye was at the same time sent off to preserve the peace on the road between Sydney and Bathurst. It may be hoped that by these means, as well as by the due admixture of a respectable class of persons at the diggings, something like order will be maintained, and society saved from the evils that have afflicted the Californian community.

The following letter in the 'Sydney Morning Herald,' purporting to be written by G. Lacy, and dated Bathurst, May 18, conveys an account of the diggings and their locality, which will be perused with interest by our readers:—

'Having made a hurried visit to the gold-fields of this district, for the purpose of satisfying myself as to the reality of the reports which were daily arriving in Bathurst during last week, causing the greatest excitement amongst all classes, I have forwarded a slight account of the diggings, thinking it would not be unacceptable to many of your readers. The locality is about thirty-five miles hence; eight miles from Cornish Town, and twelve from Orange. There is a tolerable bridle-road, and even loaded drays are brought down to the spot by taking the road through Blackman's Swamp. It is at the junction of Summer Hill and Lewis' Ponds Creeks, where the diggers are now at work. There is nothing peculiar in the appearance of the country, broken ridges and continuous hills of quartz being the principal features. On arriving at the diggings, which lie in the narrow bed of the creek, where there is not level standing-room for fifty people, a singular and exciting scene presented itself. About two hundred individuals were congregated (though large parties were hourly arriving), forming as motley a group as could possibly be brought together, and attired in every conceivable style of costume, the fierce and brigandish seeming to be the one most in vogue. From the magistrate down to the shirtless vagabond, the features of every one bore an expression of bewildered anxiety. It was evident that by far the greater portion of the people went there with the expectation of picking up lumps of gold among the rocks and stones of the creek, many arriving with nothing but a pick or a spade, and not provision even for a single meal, or a covering for night. The ridges all around were covered with hundreds of horses, though there is not sufficient grass to feed a dozen. I did not see more than three camps erected, the majority of the diggers seeming to imagine that a covering overhead is totally unnecessary in this auriferous region; and bitterly must they have repented for their want of forethought, as towards evening a pelting shower came down, continuing at intervals during the whole night, and next day, no doubt considerably cooling the ardour of the gold-seekers. With respect to the quantity of gold to be found, no one with the slightest knowledge of geology can doubt that it exists in great abundance somewhere near the spot. A spadeful of earth taken from any part of the banks of the creek, and carefully washed, will produce gold more or less. But nothing can be done without proper machines for separating the gold from the earth, sand, and particles of iron which are

found with it. I did not see more than three of these rockers or cradles at work, the greater part of the diggers contenting themselves with whirling the earth and water round in a tin basin, the lid of a saucepan, or even their hats, and letting it gradually wash over the sides, leaving the grains of gold at the bottom; and most amusing was it to observe their anxious features while peering most intensely into the dish for the coveted metal, the bystanders, who had perhaps only just arrived, appearing equally as anxious, doubtless judging what their own chance of success would be. I heard many say they had found considerable pieces that morning, but I did not see them. One gentleman, with a cradle, shewed me his produce of three or four hours' labour out of seven buckets of earth: as nearly as I could judge, I imagine it would fill a good-sized thimble, the largest piece being the size and shape of a flattened pea. The greatest good-humour, badinage, and a disposition to oblige, seemed to prevail; but whether this will last when the worthless characters arrive from all parts of the colony it is difficult to say. It is expected that thousands will soon be on the road from Sydney, many of whom will most certainly be egregiously disappointed, and rue the day they gave up their ordinary avocations for gold-hunting. Let no one come who cannot stand up to his knees in the cold water for hours; who cannot lie down in wet clothes, and sleep under the greenwood-tree; who does not know how to make a damper or a fire when every bit of timber round is soaking wet. The only possible chance of doing any good is for six or eight to form a company, provide themselves with a tent, plenty of provisions, necessary machines and tools; and by incessant labour and co-operation it is not improbable a profit may be realised. The good folks of Bathurst, however, seem to be determined to keep people from coming into the district, by raising their prices to a most unjust and extravagant pitch. Flour is £40 per ton; 8s. are asked for shoeing a horse, 10s. for a small pick, &c. This absurd overreaching will compel many industrious men—determined to stick to their work notwithstanding the temptation to go gold-hunting—to find employment elsewhere. The flock-masters are in great consternation; already have flocks of sheep been deserted by their shepherds, and left in the bush. I was greatly amused on returning from the bustling scene, when meeting a magistrate, a sheep-owner, attired in his mining-frock, who, accompanied by his brothers and two heavily-laden carts for the diggings, deplored the consequences that would fall upon those who are seized with the gold mania.'

That the very success that attends these explorations affords matter for regret is a saddening consideration. By the universal flight of servants, more particularly shepherds and sheep-shearers, prodigious loss will be incurred, and the ordinary wool export-trade seriously damaged. All the Australian colonies will thus suffer more or less from the discovery; and even New Zealand will come in for a share of the disaster—though, it must be admitted, likewise for a share of the benefit, for a market will be opened for its grain which it never anticipated. To take the worst view of the affair: the evils can only be temporary, for a vast wave of emigration will speedily roll like a flood towards the antipodes, and fill up all the vacancies that can be made. And as each emigrant becomes a large consumer of British manufactures, it is evident that the home country, in parting with its redundant labour, will largely profit by these marvellous Australian diggings.

NOTE.—Since the above was in type, additional information has reached us from New South Wales, confirming all previous reports respecting the Bathurst Diggings, and an earnest appeal is made to this country for supplies of emigrants, able and willing to fill the

places which have been vacated by shepherds, and almost all other classes of assistants. Never, as it appears to us, has there been such a favourable opening for persons intending to emigrate to Australia.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

FROM THE LITERATURE LATTER OF A GERMAN PH. D.

Pardon I am to be the countryman of the many-sided Goethe, and the impassioned Schiller, and Jean Paul the Only One, and Kant and Fichte, Tieck and Fouqué, Klopstock and Herder, Wieland and Körner. And I contend that there are characteristics in which Germany towers pre-eminently above all other peoples and tongues—intellectual traits wherein no other nation under heaven approximates to her likeness. But, as a literature, the English, I confess, seems to me superior to ours—in effect at least, if not in essence. It is vastly our master in style; in the art of saying things to the purpose, and not going to sleep—to sleep? perchance to dream—by the way. If we have authors who stand all alone in their glory, so have they—and more of them. We have no current specimen of the man I am going to write about—we have no Christopher North.

When I visited in May the exhibition of the English Royal Academy,* much as I was interested in Landseer's 'Titania and Bottom,' and MacIise's homage to Caxton, and other kindred paintings, on no canvas did I gaze so long and so lovingly as on that whereon the art of a Watson Gordon had depicted the form and features of Professor Wilson. One thing saddened me—to see him an old man, and leaning on his staff. The ideal Christopher North of the 'Noctes,' and yet more of the 'Dies Boreales,' is indeed preternaturally aged—old as the hills, the gray hills he loves so well. But I was not prepared to find so many traces of eld on the face of one whom Scott, it seems but the other day, was chiding with merry enjoyment the while for his tricky young-mannishness.

Would that my countrymen were better acquainted with this 'old man eloquent'! He deserves their pains. The Scotch assure me I cannot appreciate him, not being Scotch myself; and in principle they are right—doubtless I lose many a recondite beauty, many a rare allusion, many a *curiosa felicitas* in his fascinating pages, through my comparative ignorance of the niceties of a language, for the elucidation of which he himself employs a recurring series of the marginal note—'See Dr Jamieson.' But there is many a cognate idiom and phrase which the German recognises in the Doric, and appreciates better probably than does the denizen of Cockaigne. However this may be, I exult with all my heart and mind and soul and strength in the effusions of Christopher North. Sure I am that every German who at my instigation studies the writings of Wilson will feel grateful for the hint. One will admire him as the gentle and pathetic tale-teller, as in 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' 'The Foresters,' and 'The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay.' Another, as the refined, reflective, tender, and true poet, who has sung in sweetest verse, 'The Isle of Palms,' 'Unimore,' and 'The City of the Plague.' A third, as the accomplished metaphysician and professor of moral philosophy, who can make his abstruse themes as rich with graceful drapery and jewelled front as with our ontologists they are withered and dry as dust. A fourth, as the imaginative commentator on the world's classics—Homer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth—

around whose immortal lines he throws a new halo, so that their old glory seems as nothing by reason of the glory that excelleth. A fifth, as the ardent politician, dashing, like an eagle on a dovecot, among Whigs, Radicals—*et hoc genus omne*. A sixth, as the shrewd, satirical, caustic reviewer, dealing out retribution wholesale on a herd of poetasters. And as there are eclectics who will thus admire him in some one or other of his aspects; so there are syncretists (myself among the number) who admire him in all.

Six summers have now come and gone since I learned to know and love Christopher North. In 1845 I was lecturing to a drowsy class on certain obscure developments of transcendental philosophy, when I had to call to order a red-haired foreign student, who, in violation of lecture-room decorum, was intent on the perusal of some work of fiction, and whose eyes, as I saw when he raised them at my protest, were suffused with tears. After lecture I summoned him to my rooms. He was a Caledonian to the backbone—from the wilds of Ross-shire—as primitive a specimen in dialect, though not in intellect, as that memorable stripling who told Dr Chalmers* before his class at St Andrews that Julius Caesar was the father of the correct theory of population. The book he had been crying over—and his eyes were still red—was Andersen's 'Dichters Bazaar;' and the passage that affected the poor fellow was that descriptive of Andersen's *rencontre* at Innsbruck with a young Scotchman, on a sentimental journey, who manifested so much emotion at the resemblance of the scenery to his own native hills, and broke into a torrent of tears when Andersen, to intensify the association, began to sing a well-known Scottish air. Sentimental myself, I could not for the life of me scold one so susceptible to *Heimweh*; so instead of abusing I began to pump him, catechising him about the literature and national characteristics of his 'land of the mountain and the flood.' Of all living authors he panegyrised chiefly Professor Wilson, whom hitherto I had known by repute only as the editor of *Blackwood*. He dwelt enthusiastically on the critic, the poet, the novelist, and last, not least, the man; telling me many a tradition, apocryphal or otherwise, of his blithe boyhood, his Oxford career, and his doings at Ellersay; how he threw himself into the roistering companionship of gipsies and tinkers, potters and strolling-players; how he served as waiter, and won all hearts—Boniface's included—at a Welsh inn;† how at Oxford he repeatedly fought a pugnacious shoemaker; and how, in all such encounters, he magnanimously recorded himself beaten when beaten he was.‡ I returned to my rooms that day with a pile of Wilson's writings under my arm.

The critics *en masse* will support me, I apprehend, in preferring Wilson's prose to his poetry. The latter is apt to pall upon the taste; it is too dainty, too elevated, too ornamental a thing for the uses of this 'working-day world.' It is delicious when seen in an extract; but, read *in extenso*, it is almost suggestive of a yawn. Moods of mind there are when it pleases almost beyond compare; but they are exceptional, transient. If you exult in it at soft twilight, and find that it then laps your senses in elysium, the probability is that at mid-day you will wonder what has come to it or to yourself that the spell is broken, the rapture diluted into satiety, the surge and swell of inspiration smoothened to a dead calm. According to Dr Moir, its grand characteristics are delicacy of sentiment, and ethereal elegance of description—refining and elevating whatever it touches.§ It avoids the stern and the rugged

* The Herr Professor whose notes are here 'gone into English,' spent the spring and early summer of the present year in England. To mention his name would, as he modestly says, interest a very few; and might, to the many, give occasion only to witticisms at the expense of Teutonic cacophony.—Translator.

* Life, by Hanna, vol. III.

† Recorded also in Howitt's Homes and Haunts, vol. II.

‡ This is mentioned, too, in De Quincey's Autobiography.

§ See 'Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century,' by D. M. Moir: Blackwood & Sons, 1851. These

at the expense of the sublime; preferring whatever is gentle, placid, and tender. The result of this, however, is—as Lord Jeffrey pointed out—along with a tranquillising and most touching sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which ordinary readers of poetry will be apt to call dulness. As Wilson's friend, Macnisch—the modern Pythagorean—characterises it:

'His strain like holy hymn upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubim, in mountain vale remote.'

It is not of the earth, earthy. But so much the more it fails in human interest, and seems to soar above human sympathies—as though, like the Ettrick Shepherd's 'Kilmeny,' or our own Fouqué's 'Undine,' the link were broken which 'bound it in the bundle of life' with common clay. 'I should like,' said Allan Cunningham, 'to live in a world of John Wilson's making: how lovely would be the hills, how romantic the mountains; how clear the skies, how beautiful the light of the half-risen sun; how full of paradise the vales, and of music the streams! The song of the birds would be for ever heard, the bound of the deer for ever seen; thistles would refuse to grow, and hail-showers to descend; while amid the whole woman would walk a pure, unspotted creature, clothed with loveliness as with a garment, the flowers seeking the pressure of her white feet, the wind feeling enriched by her breath, while the eagle would hesitate to pounce upon the lambs, charmed into a dove by the presence of beauty and innocence.' This applies rather to the 'Isle of Palms' and to 'Unimore' than to the 'City of the Plague,' the very title of which is sufficiently discordant with the above description, and the subject of which was declared monstrous by Southey.* 'It is,' says he, 'out-Germanising the Germans; it is like bringing rack, wheels, and pincers upon the stage to excite pathos.' Perhaps the *tu quoque* might be here retorted upon the author of 'Thalaba' with considerable unctious; and at any rate he must include in his censure the genius of Dante, of Boccaccio, of Defoe, of Manzoni, of Shelley, of Brockden Brown, and many another greater or lesser star. One cannot help wondering, however, that even with this theme Wilson should write so little that is powerful and so much that is pathetic; that he should raise so few spirits of terror from the vasty deep of his imagination; and that, at his warm touch, the freezing horrors of such a topic should melt, thaw, and dissolve themselves almost into a gentle dew. Descriptions 'beautiful exceedingly' abound in this work; and of his minor poems, 'gems of purest ray serene' are 'Edith and Nora,' the 'Address to a Wild Deer,' and the 'Lines Written in a Highland Glen.'

To his novels and tales, with all their peculiar charm, the same objection of 'anguor and monotony' is also applicable. He is too apt to cancel from his pictures whatever would offend a too fastidious ideal; to eliminate every negative quantity; to give us the rose without the thorn, poetry without prose, man without original sin. His shepherds and shepherdesses, his swains and cottars, are nearly as unreal, though far more interesting, than the pastoral creatures dear to Shenstone and Dresden china. They flit before us like figures in bas-relief, which want more background and less statuesque uniformity. Jeffrey, in his review of 'Margaret Lindsay,' 'Lights and Shadows,' &c. objected to them as lamentably deficient in that bold and

free vein of invention, that thorough knowledge of the world, and rectifying spirit of good sense which redeem all Scott's flights from the imputation either of extravagance or affectation. But all must acknowledge the exquisite pathos and the generous enthusiasm consecrated everywhere by a pervading purity of sentiment, which make them justly dear to youth and innocence.

Come we now to his connection with periodical literature. Putting on the anonymous, he forthwith became broader in girth, higher in stature, greater in strength. Like the cap of Fortunatus, it seemed to endow him with new faculties. Addison says there are few works of genius that come out at first with the author's name; and adds: 'For my own part, I must declare, the papers I present the public are like fairy favours, which shall last no longer than while the author is concealed.' No sooner had Christopher North shouldered his crutch than he shewed how fields are won—handling it like a sceptre that made him monarch of all he surveyed. He did not indeed use his liberty as a cloak for licentiousness, but he was laughingly and laughably reckless in his doings and darings. Coleridge in one of his monologues, as De Staël called them, blamed his lawless expenditure of talent and genius in his protracted management of 'Blackwood,' but at the same time exclaimed: 'How can I wish that Wilson should cease to write what so often soothes and suspends my bodily miseries, and my mental conflicts!' How indeed? With such cordiality in his chuckle, such glee in his eccentricities, such genius in his vagaries, such method in his madness, who could frown on the extravaganzas of North any more than utter grave strictures on the 'All Fools' Day' of Charles Lamb? It was all so genial that you forgave everything and forgot nothing.† And then his eloquence was truly as 'the rush of mighty waters'—

'How the exulting thoughts,
Like children on a holiday, rush forth
And shout, and call to every humming bee,
And bless the birds for angels!' ‡

One of his 'Cockney' victims, upon whose shoulders he had laid the crutch with more bone-crushing (*beinbrechend*) emphasis than any other man's, eulogises his prose as a rich territory of exuberance congenial with Keats's poetry—a forest tempest-tossed indeed, compared with those still valleys and enchanted gardens, but set in the same region of the remote, the luxuriant, the mythological—governed by a more wilful and scornful spirit, but such as hates only from an inverted spirit of loving, impatient of want of sympathy.§ Well might poor Hartley Coleridge call Christopher North the happiest speaking mask since Father Shandy and Uncle Toby were silent; 'for Elia,' he adds, 'is Charles himself.' The unique style of Wilson's criticisms is hardly conceivable by those amongst us who are ignorant of his mother-tongue: we have nothing I can point to by way of parallel, hardly even of resemblance. He has the wit and searching intellect of Lessing; the facile analysis of Brockhaus; the philosophic tendency of the

* Table-Talk, vol. ii.

† How characteristic these writings were of the man may be illustrated by a letter of Mrs Grant of Laggan, who, after calling Wilson 'the most provoking creature imaginable,' proceeds to say: 'He is young, handsome, wealthy, witty; has great learning, exuberant spirits, a wife and children that he dotes on, and no vice that I know, but, on the contrary, virtuous principles and feelings. Yet his wonderful eccentricity would put anybody but his wife wild. She, I am convinced, was actually made on purpose for her husband, and has that kind of indescribable controlling influence over him that Catherine is said to have had over that wonderful savage the *Czar Peter*.'—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs Grant of Laggan*.

‡ Sydney Kendys: 'The Roman.' Scene vi.

§ Leigh Hunt: 'Beau.'

|| In his introduction to *Massinger*. Elsewhere Hartley Coleridge writes:—'Wilson is the best critic that Scotland has produced; nay, that is saying too little. When at his best, he is almost the best that Britain has produced.'—*Essays*, ii.

sketches were lectures delivered to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh in the winter of 1850-1. The volume is a faithful and generous estimate of the great poets of the age just past or still current. We do not, indeed, know any book which may be more confidently recommended to the young of the present day who may be anxious to know what is best worth their attention in one important branch of recent literature. Most sad it is to reflect that the amiable and accomplished author—the *Darwin* of 'Blackwood's Magazine'—was suddenly cut off in the vigour of his days in July last.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

* In a letter to C. W. W. Wynne, 1816.

younger Schlegel; the discriminative faculty of the elder; Herder's catholic sympathies; Tieck's lively enthusiasm; much of Heine's withering sarcasm; and the dashing vigour of Menzel: together with a *nécessité* which harmonises their discords; a something that separates him from their conventionalisms, and makes him like 'a star that dwells apart': a comet if you will—but glorious in its vagrancy—brilliant with a light that never was on sea or shore of the *orbis veteribus notus*. Him nature endowed with what Tennyson ascribes to the dead friend he memorialises so fondly:

'Heart-affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye
That saw through all the Muses' walk.'*

With all his partisanship and consummate irony, he is justly praised for tolerance, and for the fine spirit of frankness and generous good-will which animates many of his reviews of political and literary foes; for, as Justice Talfourd observes,† notwithstanding his own decided opinions, he has a compass of mind large enough to embrace all others which have noble alliances within its range. Seldom, if ever in fact, was so sound and warm a heart allied to so clear a head. If our Gutzkow is not more trenchant in his satire and scorn, neither is our Jean Paul more gentle, more meltingly tender, more winning and womanly in his gushing pathos. 'The Recreations of Christopher North' collect some of his choicest miscellanies; but why does he not make a selection also from that glorious repository of eccentric, self-willed, ebullient genius, the 'Nights at Ambrose's'? Nowhere else does he appear to such advantage. He there riots in prodigality of intellectual and imaginative wealth. He deluges you with good things, and swells the flood with your own tears, now of sorrow and now of mirth. He hurries you from sublimity to burlesque; from homily to *jeu d'esprit*; from grave disquisition to obstreperous fun: feasting you alternately with the items in Polonius's bill of fare—tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-conical, historical-pastoral: Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light. The 'Noctes' shew a dramatic power one could not have surmised from the conduct of his poetry. An intelligent English critic remarks, that, barring an occasional irregularity of plot, they are perfect specimens of comedy.‡ If any fellow-countryman among my readers (*ex hypothesi*) are strangers to the English language, let him for once believe the assurance of an Anglo-maniac, that the language is worth learning if only to read the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.' Robert Hall, aged and agonised by disease, betook himself—prostrate on the sofa—to the study of Italian, that he might read Dante. Youthful Germans, hale, hearty, and aspiring, take example by the Baptist preacher. O the aurora borealis of those 'Noctes,' dark with excessive bright! May their shadow never be less!

NOTE.—Since this paper was written, the merits of Professor Wilson have been recognised by his country, in the form of a handsome pension conferred by the government; but we deeply lament to add that still more recently the 'old man eloquent' has been stricken by severe illness, and is for the present confined to his

* 'In Memoriam.'

† 'Life and Letters of Charles Lamb.' Lamb and Wilson met once only. Talfourd tells us they walked out from Enfield (Lamb's residence) together, and strolled happily a long summer day; not omitting, however, a call for a refreshing draught. Lamb called for a pot of the porter—half of which would have been his own usual allowance—and was delighted to hear the professor, on the subject of the flaming tankard, say reproachfully to the waiter, 'Bring me one for me!'

‡ I know not any comedy in which actual conversation is so naturally imitated, without ever slipping into debate or oratory, or slipping into morning-call twaddle.—*Hartley*

chamber, and the care of his attached family. In Scotland, as the one event was a matter of universal gratification—for Wilson has long been regarded with pride as the chief and representative of his country's literature—so will the other event be everywhere felt as a grievous, though we would hope temporary, misfortune.—Ed.

THE FOOL OF LABOUDIE.

SOME people are all hand and some all heart. The first do and the others feel. The one is always at work—labouring, creating, producing; the other spends his life in deploring the miseries of humanity, its sufferings, its wrongs; but there he stops. The same in private life: A man of hand supports his family, gives them good beef and mutton, dresses them well, and proves that he loves them by making them happy; the man of heart feels intensely if they are sick, has tears for the slightest ill that happens, deploras their want of luxuries and necessities, sits by his chimney-corner and talks, but does nothing; proving, after all, that he loves but himself. He is the most amiable man in the world, a general favourite in society, an outwardly affectionate father and husband; but his children are half-starved, and his wife goes about in an old gown, which the man of hand's wife would give away to some beggar to whom it would be useful and welcome. Not that we object to heart; far from it. A man cannot have too much feeling if he allies with it the head to coöperate and the hand to execute. A man wholly without heart is a monster; and the great defect of Napoleon's character was, that with a mighty head and stupendous hand he had scarcely any heart. It is the union of hand and heart, with a head to guide both, which makes a man a useful member of society.

Ernest Delavigne was the only child of a widow. His father had been a superior farmer of considerable property, and had died leaving the land to his wife and son. But Ernest, though fond of the country, aspired to be something better than the peasantry around him. He lived in a part of France where ignorance prevailed over knowledge; where bad roads and impenetrable bogs retarded the progress of civilisation; and where the people were in that happy state of ignorance which prevailed over most parts of Europe some two hundred years ago: where agriculture caused twice the labour and gave half the returns which it afforded to the more enlightened; and where no one had ever yet attempted to penetrate the crust of barbarism which generally prevailed. Ernest had been educated at a town-school, and when a young man completed his education at a provincial college. Though acquiring all the general knowledge which was conveyed by the professors, he devoted himself particularly to chemistry as applied to agriculture, and to the formation of new aratorial instruments. He returned home at twenty-one full of magnificent projects. He would effect a revolution in the land; he would open a course of lectures; he would teach them the advantages of all the new instruments of draining, of manuring; and, above all, he would effect a complete alteration in the dwellings—close, dirty, unwholesome, and comfortless now. Admirable and praiseworthy notion was that of Ernest Delavigne. We shall see how he carried it out.

Ernest had, as he thought, a very plain way before him. He set up as a lecturer, with the honest design of instructing his less intelligent neighbours. Unfortunately, however, nobody went to his lectures; and all his solicitations met with a polite but peremptory rebuff. The people, in fact, liked their own way best, and would believe nothing to the contrary on mere hearsay. He was generally spoken of as a fool for his pretensions—the 'Fool of Laboudie.'

The manner in which Ernest was treated at length

induced him to abandon all attempts at reformation, and he betook himself to Paris a somewhat wiser man. Experience had cooled his ardour for improving mankind. Arrived in Paris, he took up his lodging in the *quartier Latin*, and went to see M. Benoit, a notary in high repute with the old aristocracy, who confided to him the management of their pecuniary affairs with a confidence and security which spoke volumes for his honesty and honourable character. He received M. Ernest kindly, listened to what he had to say patiently, and then gave him advice. He approved of his selecting medicine as a profession, and promised, if it pleased him, to introduce him into good society, that the intervals of time between his studies might be well spent. Ernest accepted gladly, and at once began the study of his new profession. It suited his character, his feeling for suffering humanity, to be the healer of the sick; and the prospect of associating as a student with the upper classes of society was pleasant and agreeable. He went to public lectures; he read hard; and in the evenings he visited one or two *salons*, which were freely opened to him on the recommendation of M. Benoit.

He found this way of passing his time vastly agreeable. He liked the conversation of ladies; for they, as he abstained from politics, sympathised with his views, approved of his humanitarian principles, and proved always an attentive audience. One evening he was speaking of his old and favourite topic—the introduction of agricultural improvements into the country—when a young girl joined in the debate.

‘Oh, monsieur,’ she cried warmly, ‘I am happy to meet with some one of my way of thinking. I lived in a country district which is very much behind the age, and having been some years in England, which enjoys such a vast superiority in this particular over any other part of the world, I am deeply anxious to see the example of our neighbours followed.’

Ernest was delighted, and after a few minutes he addressed his whole conversation to M^{lle} Louise de Redonté. He found her to his astonishment learned in all farming details, though a year younger than himself; aware of more improvements in machinery than he had ever known of; and deeply conversant with all that was necessary to the comfort and well-being of both men and animals employed in agriculture. Before the end of the evening Ernest was in love. A French novelist would tell us that he had met his destiny. At all events, he considered himself fortunate to have fallen in with so charming a person, who joined to great beauty and accomplishment a taste for his favourite subjects of thought and talk.

Ernest and Louise met continually, and each day they renewed their intimacy. They talked together, they danced together, and before the end of three months the young man scarcely missed an evening at the house of M^{me} de Lastange, where she resided when in town. People at last began to insinuate to the old lady, that the friendship of the young people was rather warmer than should properly exist between a student in medicine and a rich heiress. A few days after this Ernest missed M^{lle} Louise de Redonté from the evenings of M^{me} de Lastange, who, without the least change in her manner towards him, informed him that she was gone to the country to her uncle, where indeed she spent the greater part of the year. She was a kind-hearted woman, and by this separation simply wished to spare both the pain which she thought must ensue if their affections became engaged. Ernest felt very dull: the charm of the soirees was gone. He did not cease to go, however, because it was probable that he might again see her there, but his visits became less frequent, and thus the season ended.

During the long summer months that ensued Ernest continued the study of his profession. He wrote to his mother that he should not come that year to the country, because his disgust at his neighbours was

so great, he could not bear to meet with them. Besides, he wished to continue his studies, which would suffer by interruption. But he did not now devote himself to his books with half the same zest with which he had begun. His thoughts were far away in that country region, wherever it was, where Louise resided, and he thought the summer never would end. To distract his attention he varied his reading, added novels, poetry, and history to his scientific books; and thus with many a yawn, and many a longing, and many a weary hour, the time passed, and when the salon of M^{me} de Lastange again opened, Ernest presented himself the very first evening.

Louise de Redonté was there, more lovely than ever; and she welcomed the young man, as he eagerly advanced to greet her, with a smile which filled him with rapture. M^{me} de Lastange looked on in some alarm. Louise was in mourning: she had lost her uncle nearly six months, and she was rich in the extreme. She was surrounded at once by a perfect host of suitors, but she gave encouragement to none. Ernest still continued her favourite companion, to the great annoyance of the mass of young men about town, who would have been delighted to have given her their name, and to have spent her hundred thousand francs of annual income. Still no one looked upon the intimacy of Louise and Ernest as anything likely to end seriously. The crowds of suitors who filled the salons of M^{me} de Lastange supposed that the young lady was a clever person, and shewed a preference for the conversation of the medical student—an individual she could not marry—simply that she might look round unobserved and unsuspected, and choose for herself.

‘My dear Louise,’ said her friend one day to her, ‘how much longer do you mean to keep the men in suspense? There are more than a dozen dying for love.’

‘Of my château and cash,’ replied Louise laughing; ‘but I am quite sure I shall see them all as rosy as ever next season.’

‘Do you not, then, mean to select your future husband before you again bury yourself in your gloomy castle?’ said M^{me} de Lastange in an alarmed tone.

‘My dear madame, I am rich, I am young, I have time and independence. I shall not choose a husband until I have found a lover whose affection is real, and whom I myself can like.’

M^{me} de Lastange mentioned several of her suitors with high praise, but Louise shook her head, and found fault with all.

‘I have no patience with you,’ cried the good lady. ‘You encourage that young student so much, that you have no time to judge the merits of others. I have a great mind to close my door against him.’

‘My dear De Lastange,’ replied Louise gravely, ‘if you cease to receive my *protégé*, you will make my evenings very dull. I shall run to the country a month sooner.’

M^{me} de Lastange sighed, and turned away, but she studiously avoided letting Ernest notice her annoyance; still, when the friends were together, she looked annoyed, and almost began to agree with those who supposed Louise to have some secret object in encouraging the medical student.

‘Where do you intend settling on the completion of your studies?’ said Louise one evening.

‘In Paris, or some other large town,’ replied Ernest.

‘In town! I thought you preferred country life,’ continued she, as if somewhat disappointed.

‘I did once, but I have changed my mind. I originally intended devoting myself to agriculture; but now I have a profession, I prefer living in cities.’

‘But why?’

‘In the first place, to live in the country I should require a wife; but I despair of finding one suited to me,’ replied Ernest unaffectedly.

'But what kind of a wife would you like?' asked Louise, looking at him curiously.

'May I tell you?' said he timidly, looking up at her like a child looking at his mother when asking a favour. Of course he was allowed to speak his mind; and, need we add, there was in almost no time a thorough mutual understanding. Mademoiselle was a Frenchwoman, and, as such, was not burdened with diffidence.

Next evening it was generally known that Ernest Delavigne and Louise de Redonté were affianced, to the great consternation of all fortune-hunters, and the great joy of all those who sympathised with truthful, feeling, and sincere affection. But the salons of M^{me} de Lastange were no longer crowded: the host of interested suitors vanished.

'Do you know,' said Louise one evening as they were talking of the future, 'that I mean to make a regular patriarch of you? I have determined to introduce among all my farmers and their neighbours the latest improvements, and to give them the benefit of all the agricultural discoveries of England and France.'

'It is useless making such attempts,' replied Ernest gravely; 'you will but lose your temper and your time.'

'Monsieur! Why you are as bad as the fool of Laboudie.'

'Hah!' said Ernest, turning very pale.

'Why,' continued the merry girl, without noticing his uneasiness, 'you must know that my castle is close to Laboudie. My uncle was the Count de Plouviers.'

'Oh!' replied Ernest.

'Well, there came from a neighbouring town, some two years back, a young man belonging to our place, who had studied agriculture, and who desired, it appears, to reform the neighbourhood. Instead of introducing the change himself, however, he tried to persuade others to do so; told the ignorant farmers of what they might do, but did not attempt to demonstrate his theories. People naturally enough laughed at his lectures—his disquisitions especially; as I am told he had land himself, and never thought of trying the sensible experiment of shewing his neighbours by practice the advantages he believed, but did not know to exist. Such well-meaning men are worse than useless: they stand more in the way of real progress than the most obstinate devotee of antiquity; they are mere sentimental, and not practical reformers. But why so gloomy, Ernest? Surely I have not offended you? I see you are a little unwell. Good-night. Go home to bed, and tell your old *concierge* to make you some *tisane*. It will soon be my office to take care of monsieur when he thinks proper to be ill.'

Ernest took her proffered hand, shook it even more heartily than usual, and went away. It was early: just before midnight, and as the other guests were about to depart, the *bonne* of M^{me} de Lastange gave a letter to Louise, who alone, in a little boudoir where she had retired, since none but card-players remained, at once opened and read it.

'I write not in anger but with deep sorrow. I love you too much to expose you to a life of misery. You have expressed too much contempt for persons of my character not to be very unhappy when you know me better. You will doubtless find, however, one worthy of you. I shall seek, after that severe but just lesson which I have now received, to win your esteem now that your love is impossible. Remember me kindly, if it be only because I have sufficient sense left to save you in time from everlasting unhappiness. This night, at eleven, I start for home.'

'What has become of him?' cried Louise. 'Poor Ernest! how good, how noble, how good! Poor fellow! how thoughtful, how thoughtful, bitter words must have gone to his heart. I must stop him. But no: he is gone. What must wait until to-morrow. What a night he has been travelling! How cruel he must think

me!' And away she hurried to bed, as if by so doing the morrow would sooner come.

Meanwhile Ernest, whose mind had been enlarged and elevated by more extended studies, went away on his road home, subdued, dejected, and yet not wholly cast down. He saw distinctly the truth of all that Louise had said; he perceived where his own errors lay, and determined to profit by the lesson. He arrived at home after a long journey, calm, serious, and full of strong conviction of his own former pride, which made his present humility all the more pleasing. His mother was delighted to see him; and when he declared his intention of devoting himself in future to the farm, she was doubly pleased. He took up his former quarters, and then, after a day's rest, started for a long walk to recruit his body, somewhat enervated by study and town life. He followed the high road which led to the Château de Plouviers, along which were several small farms, and one or two very extensive ones. He walked along, his eyes fixed on the ground, in deep meditation, until he was suddenly aroused by a loud voice.

'Hollo there! Monsieur Ernest, I want to speak with you,' said the very old farmer whom he had first made an attempt upon nearly two years before.

'What is it?' replied young Delavigne, raising his head a little haughtily; 'what can you have to say to the Fool of Laboudie?'

'Sir!' cried the other, as they approached each other; 'I beg your pardon, and we all beg your pardon. But do you not see we did not understand your fine talk? and we could not believe what we didn't see. But then M^{lle} Louise, our guardian angel, had just finished her model-farm, and there she had all the improvements of which you told us. Well, when we saw that really there were better ways than we knew of, you see we agreed to try, and I've bought a new plough—here it is—and it's a little out of order, and it's just to ask your advice about mending it that I called you.'

'With pleasure,' said Ernest, who had listened to the other's words with deep interest. 'Oh, it's nothing: a couple of nails and a screw is all that's wanted.'

Half an hour later the defect was remedied, and the two were at breakfast together. The old man said that if Ernest would now open his lectures they would be well attended of an evening; and if confined to descriptions referring to things the farmers began to understand, would continue so. The young man replied that he would make himself acquainted with what had been done, and would deliver his first lecture on the following Sunday—the only day when a rural population in France could be collected together for such a purpose. Next day Ernest visited the model-farm of the Château de Plouviers. He found a considerable tract of land under cultivation. The head was an Englishman, who had resided some years in Normandy, and his assistants were French. He had, moreover, fourteen pupils, sons of neighbouring farmers. Mr Wilson informed Ernest that it was only the powerful influence of the Count de Plouviers, and the affection of the people for Louise his niece, which had enabled him to obtain their youth to bring up in improved notions. But now, he said, all went along easily. The farmers and their families felt and saw the great benefits which lay within their grasp, and, as their patrons gave them facilities for paying for all new instruments by instalments, few refused to avail themselves of the opportunity. On fête days and holidays the whole neighbourhood came to the model-farm, to amuse themselves by looking around; and a change, he said, was already perceptible. One house which had been burnt down close by had been rebuilt upon new principles with regard to comfort and cleanliness, and all were anxious to follow the example.

Ernest was more than ever convinced of the wisdom of the practical course adopted by the Count de Plouviers and Louise de Redonté. He saw clearly that if

we would induce men to believe in our precepts, we must practise them ourselves; and that one example is worth a hundred expositions. He went away filled with admiration at the nobility of character, the sound sense and wisdom, of the young reformer, and with his heart doubly imbued with love for the beautiful girl. He prepared his lecture in his mind during the whole three days which intervened, and when the hour came, entered the barn amid loud applause. The place was full. The whole neighbourhood, male and female, was there, with Mr Wilson, his assistants, and pupils. Everybody understood now that the object of Ernest Delavigne had been good; and all blamed themselves for not comprehending him, though in reality the fault was with him, who had not understood the right way to proceed.

He began. In eloquent words, with deep and strong feeling, he drew a picture of Laboudie before and after the return of Louise from England: he compared in a humorous way the different line pursued by the young lady and the Fool of Laboudie (*great laughter and applause*): he acknowledged her means to be greater, but also allowed that he might have made his own land the model-farm by industriously devoting himself to the very course of improvement which he recommended: he called down the blessings of Heaven on the lovely patroness of the locality, hardly able to restrain tears as he spoke, and then opened with his subject. He used simple and plain language: he spoke of things which all began to understand, and was listened to with deep interest and respectful attention. When he sat down the barn almost seemed about to fall, so violently did they shake it with their bravos and clapping of hands. But it was late, and most had a long way to go; so the assemblage dispersed, after receiving gratefully the promise of a continuation that day-week.

But one person lingered behind, and stood within the barn when all had left it save Ernest and his mother. They had reached the door before they made the discovery.

'Mlle la Comtesse,' said Mrs Delavigne respectfully. 'Ernest!' replied she, holding out her hand.

'Louise!' exclaimed he, for he saw in the smile which accompanied the offer of her hand that she was unchanged.

'And so monsieur runs away, and I must run after him!' said Louise, taking his arm. 'What think you, madame,' she continued: 'your son a month ago asked me to marry him; I consented, and a week ago he ran away, declaring he would not have me. Am I not very good to come and fetch him?'

'Louise! Louise!' replied Ernest passionately; 'I did not think you could marry the Fool of Laboudie.'

'My dear friend, my speech of the other evening only shews how wrong people are to judge from appearances. I had only heard a description of you under that name from an old servant, whose gossips I have been sufficiently punished for retailing.'

'But, my son,' cried the amazed mother, 'what is the meaning of all this?'

'My dear madame, that we are to be married, according to previous agreement, to-morrow three weeks,' said Louise, taking her hand; 'and that my husband is about to complete the work which I have so imperfectly begun.'

The whole affair was the most off-hand thing imaginable. The marriage of these two clever people—each clever in a particular way, the very difference of character being useful—created little surprise. Previous to the old revolution, M. de Lavigne—a name Ernest resumed, now he held a social position which ceased to make the aristocratic *de* assuming—had held nearly as high a position as the Count de Plouyères. But he had not emigrated—preferring to fall into the position of a farmer to a wandering exile in a foreign land. At

the restoration his property, sold during two years he passed in prison as a *suspect*, remained in the hands of the ward purchaser. But he had still a respectable estate, if he farmed it himself, and he continued to do so; and Monsieur Delavigne, despite its plebeian look, was quite as happy as he had been when M. de Lavigne. But his son, for the sake of his wife and her relatives, resumed the name of his right, to which he modestly avoided allusion until a few days before their marriage.

And now it was difficult to say which was the hand and which was the heart. Ernest had learned that mere personal sympathy with the ignorance or misery of our fellow-creatures is of little use, if we do not raise our hands and arms to do something; and that the true friends of humanity are those who do their utmost to diffuse knowledge, to widen the circle of man's utility, and who by example and practice lead the march of civilisation. Every man may thus do his part in the great work of human progress. All that is wanted is the will to be useful. Ernest and Louise de Lavigne were a blessing to the whole country round. Smiling meadows, neat houses, productive fields, healthy peasantry, the absence of any glaring cases of poverty, considerable elevation of mind, above that which is the ordinary lot of the agricultural labourers, are the practical results of this happy disposition of mind, which makes the richest propriétaire of Laboudie consider all around him as his children, to whom he owes a fair share of his time and thoughts. They are intensely beloved, and there are many yet unborn who will yet live to bless the pleasing union in Ernest and Louise of the hand and the heart.

MODERN ISLAND OF THE BLEST.

THERE is a little island called Taboga near the eastern shore of the Pacific which realises the poetical fable of the garden of the Hesperides. It is an earthly paradise; and its inhabitants are as happy, and almost as innocent—at least to external appearance—as the first pair. But the fruit of the tree of knowledge is now ripe for the gathering; the old Serpent already raises his crest; and in a year or two more this Eden of the modern world will be turned into a highway of trade, and its village capital metamorphosed into a dirty, drunken, dishonest, unsavoury sea-port town. This is its fate, brought on by no corruption among the people, and no thirst of gain; for, in fact, being happy as they are, they would not take the trouble to be rich if they could help it. But Taboga lies in the path of that inundation of commerce which is about to sweep from one ocean to the other; its geographical position has sealed its destiny; and as soon as the Panama railway is in operation the produce of the eastern and southern world will cross in its rising harbours the manufactures of the west. It is worth while, then, to describe Taboga and its denizens as they exist in the present remarkable year—to delineate the paradise just before it is lost; and we are fortunately favoured with sufficient materials for the purpose in a file of the 'Literary World,' an intelligent journal published in New York.

Let us say, however, at the outset, that the revolution is not to take place with the suddenness of a change in a pantomime, for already some note of preparation has been sounded; already some huge black vessels have floated, panting and snorting and smoking into the quiet harbour; and already some wild and greedy eyes have stared at the gentle people through their orange-groves. These are the pilgrims of California, going or returning; adventurers from the ends of the earth in search of gold, and with few more appliances at first than a pick-axe, a shovel, a sieve, a gin-bottle, and a bowie-knife. Only think of the prospect which meets these unquiet spirits as they sail into the bay, and glide into that enchanted lake which lies at the opening of a green valley between two lofty

hills! There is no village in the ordinary sense of the word; but here and there, at the caprice of the owner, a little hut of cane, thatched with palm-leaves—in all perhaps amounting to a hundred. These, kept together, as it were, by a little white-walled church, peep through the cocoa-nut trees below, or perch upon the rocks that rise upon the beach, or overhang the bay, or cluster at the margin of the water, where the tide when at full murmurs at their door. This beach is the landing-place for the vessels in the harbour; and the heavy ship's boat, mounted on an advancing wave, plunges proudly, high and dry, upon the shore; while the native canoe, aided only by a careless turn of the paddle, leaps like a fish completely out of the water.

In the evening the natives are seen in the greatest numbers upon the beach, whither they come to lie in little groups, and breathe the cool breeze through their Tabogan cigars; while the women lounge around them, cooling their bare feet upon the moist sands; and the naked children amuse themselves with pursuing the receding wave into the sea, and flying with sportive shrieks before its return. These people are of various origin—some Spanish, some African, some Indian; but although the normal features remain, the character of all is alike—genuine Tabogan. The climate of the island subdues everything to itself. The warm, moist atmosphere rounds all corners of temper, and the repose of the still bay sinks into the most unquiet soul. All circumstances conduce to this dream-like quiet. No need of work, no competition, no strife, no anxiety for the future: not one of those causes which in other countries wrinkle the brow and embitter the heart exists in this enchanted island. Exhaustless nature provides the daily meal: in a climate of perpetual summer, to build even a bamboo-hut seems a work of supererogation; and but for fashion's sake, where would be the need of clothing when there is no such thing as cold to counteract? Still, the men do build huts that look like toys, cultivate round them patches of maize and yams, and scooping out trunks of trees, glide into the sea to add fish to their banquet of fruit. Another dainty comes uncalled: not exactly like the fowls that in a paradise situated elsewhere run about ready roasted, and with a knife and fork commodiously stuck in them, crying 'Come, eat me!'—but the land-crabs of Taboga come down from the hills at a certain season of the year, and do all but walk into the *pot-au-feu*. The name of these creatures, which form a delicious and wholesome viand, is Legion. The whole island seems to stir with them. A sound, as if of the pattering of rain-drops, fills the atmosphere; and on comes the living inundation to meet the tide of the Pacific on the sands, where myriads of eggs are deposited, and form collections for a new inundation next season. The iguana, an immense lizard, provides another treat, furnishing both sport and luxurious eating, for it is hunted in the woods with dogs.

And the people feast and fatten. They have nothing to do but to enjoy the pleasure of doing nothing.

'What a strange drowsiness possesses thee!

It is the quality of the climate. . . .

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, running,

And yet so fast asleep!

They are indolent—not lazy; for when they choose they can work, and in working employ great strength. But why trouble themselves with labour? Their drowsiness is graceful and luxurious. They seem to be enjoying the soft perfumed atmosphere, and listening to

'Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.'

The forms of the women are beautifully developed, their movements unrestrained, their looks soft and tranquil, and their eyes large, full, and slumbering. They are gaily dressed—as gaily as the enamelled frogs

and lizards of the island, whose colours of green, red, and yellow, glisten in the sun. They owe their finery to the gallantry of the men, who carry boat-loads of the fruit that rots around them to Panama, where they obtain in exchange the gaudiest produce of the looms of Manchester, and bright-coloured Chinese kerchiefs. But the women rarely flaunt their finery abroad. When they have nothing to do, which is almost all day, they swing in their hammocks, and at other times pound the maize for dinner, or plait palm-leaf baskets. The following is a portrait of one of them, to which it is impossible for the imagination to add another trait:—'The beauty of the village is Dolores, one of the full-formed beauties, ripened in the shade and repose of the island. Swinging all day in her hammock, and moving only in the early morning or cool evening, to take her bath in the Taboga stream, and living upon the nutritious maize and rice, and luscious fruit, she has become as white and smooth-skinned, and rounded and plump, as one of the Circassian women in the Turkish sultan's seraglio. Her features have a dreamy, listless expression, though the fulness of her Spanish and voluptuous mouth, and the bright sparkle of her black eyes, save them from dulness and want of interest. Her hair is a jet black, and flows in thick profusion over her rounded shoulders, which her low drapery exposes in all their glistening whiteness and full development. Her hands and feet are small and white, like those of most Spanish women, who take heed that no labour or exposure shall spoil their beauty, of which they are so proud. All fall in love with Dolores, but she is a sad coquette, and the world is warned accordingly.'

It is nonsense to warn the world. The world cannot help loving Dolores; and as for her coquetry, it is a necessary part of her charms. It is the excitement which keeps life alive at Taboga, which preserves the sweets of the island from palling on the taste, and gives its slumber the chastened energy of a dream. Here even the lower animals are sleek and slow. The pelicans standing upon the rocks, with full paunches, look tenderly down into the sea, like an alderman contemplating a tureen of turtle-soup, of which he cannot possibly eat another mouthful till by and by. The fish that furnish their meal are themselves as fat. There is not a venomous insect or reptile in the whole island; or if any of them have poison, they are too well-fed and lazily good-humoured to use it. The only noisy talkers within the enchanted precincts are the many-coloured macaw, which drowns the small still voice of the dove in the woods, and the cricket, whose shrill cry comes upon the ear like the distant whistle of a steam-engine. Among the flowers which perfume the whole atmosphere, the *santo espiritu* is distinguished for its beauty and for the religious sentiment which sanctifies it; its petals being in the form of a dove, and receiving homage almost amounting to worship from the simple inhabitants as a symbol of the Holy Ghost. It is necessary, likewise, to mention in a special manner the *juvencilla*, the soap of the island, which requires no process of manufacture beyond steeping the leaves of the plant in water, and so producing a sweet, soft, creamy lather. This is largely used by the women in their baths, and they ascribe to it their smooth skins and rich redundant hair. We have some hesitation in making this public; for the result of course will be that tons of *juvencilla*—a capital quack name—of English production will immediately make their appearance in the market. But no matter. The very notion of their possessing the Tabogan talisman of beauty will go far towards keeping our women in good-humour, and good-humour, as everybody knows, is the most magical of all cosmetics.

But the reader who has a feeling of art may tell us that our picture wants relief; that Dolores herself is but the highest beauty, the highest indolence, the highest coquetry of the island; and that the whole

piece has the level of the undulating sea. The criticism is premature, for Taboga has one landmark, one unmistakable character rising jagged and abrupt amid its tranquil population. How this comes about in the case of the individual referred to, it would puzzle philosophy to tell. The other inhabitants, no matter whence their origin, whether coming from east, west, north, or south, could offer no resistance to the spirit of the place. Down they sank at once in that soft, moist, perfumed atmosphere which washed away for ever their identity. But Donna Juana, the doctress, was an exception from the first, and is an exception at this moment. How she came to the island even the oldest inhabitant cannot tell. She was there, she is there—that is all the people know. Tall, gaunt, lean, rawboned, wrinkled, terrible in eye, shrill in voice, wrathful in temper, and with a head of fiery hair, Donna Juana laughs to scorn the influences of the place. There is in the village a Moorish pirate of the Mediterranean, whose wild fancies have subsided into dreamy aspirations, vacillating between Dolores and an iguana steak; but Donna Juana sits upon her bull, the only steed in the place, as upright as a lance, and casts a half-angry, half-disdainful glance upon the world beneath her. The bull is led by her husband, one of the gentle natives, and both these animals are fat, both obedient, both scared in their looks. Donna Juana—the name means gracious, loving!—is a Scotchwoman, and was probably known in her own country by the more familiar name of Jean. She is both dreaded and admired by the bull, the husband, and the islanders in general, and her skill in physic is considered to be the next thing to supernatural. Not an angle of her figure has been rounded, not an accent of her speech softened. She loves dirt as enthusiastically as if she had never emerged from her native wynd; and crouching in her low hut, the dirtiest in the village, surrounded by dirty bottles and dirty papers, filled with dirty drugs, she looks like a sorceress. It will be seen that in point of art she is a necessity of this pleasant land of drowsy-head and dreams.

Taboga may be reckoned the port of Panama, which has no safe anchorage, and cannot be approached within three miles by large vessels. In the former place there is a large, deep, natural harbour, with excellent anchorage, an abundant supply of pure water, and a natural dry dock. This last is a cove between two banks of rock, into which the largest ship may be hauled at full tide till her bowsprit invades the orange-trees at the further end. Here she is left high and dry by the receding water on a smooth hard beach of sand, where repairs can be made as readily as if she lay in a ship-yard. With such advantages it is needless to say that the fate of Taboga will be settled as soon as the railway between the two oceans comes into play, and that the paradise we have felt so happy in describing will be a paradise lost.

A LITTLE TOO LATE.

THERE is a class of persons who appear to be born or brought up under the sad fatality of being always a little too late. This seems to be the rule of their life, for it takes place with surprising regularity. It would almost appear that the clock by which they regulated their actions could not be made to keep pace with the common time-piece, and they were fated to abide by its tardy movement. They are not found to be occasionally late, but are invariably so many minutes behind the proper hour. After careful examination, we have discovered that the space of ten minutes is the common degree of difference between this order of men and the rest of mankind. Among them are some of the most diligent, laborious, and calculating of our species, yet they are ten minutes too late for every occupation.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, who is subject to

this mental affection, if so it may be termed, is one of the most shrewd and active persons of the neighbourhood; but nobody who knows him expects him to be in time for any engagement at home or abroad. Ten minutes are always allowed for his appearance. His friends have often rallied him on the subject, and he takes their banter with the utmost good-humour, knowing himself to be in fault, although this consciousness does nothing towards curing him of the malady. He has sometimes suffered great inconvenience in his transactions with strangers, and even sustained pecuniary loss through his tardiness; but he seems to have no moral power to step over the little chasm by which he is separated from the marching-hour of the world. He was advised by an acquaintance to rise a little earlier than usual one fine summer morning, that he might overtake Father Time, and keep beside him all the day. With considerable effort he did rise at half-past seven instead of twenty minutes to eight, but he was not at his business till ten minutes past nine. His friend did not understand the nature of the disease, but thought it originated from sloth: no such thing—he is a most industrious man. We found, however, upon very careful investigation, that there is a tincture of carelessness about his habits; yet only a tincture. In all he does one small flaw may be detected by a minute observer. He forgets to say something, though it is a mere trifle; he omits one of his engagements, but one of no importance; he narrates an incident very nicely, but leaves out one of the circumstances. He dresses in a neat style, but probably goes out without a handkerchief (it is in the pocket of his other coat), or there is a hole in one of his gloves which he has neglected to have repaired; and he sometimes comes home having done all his business, but without his umbrella or walking-stick.

We hoped that the punctuality of railways might possibly cure our neighbour, as he frequently had occasion to travel on a particular road. He used seldom to take a place in the stage-coach lest he might be too late, but trusted to there being a vacant seat inside or outside, with which he was content. But when the business was important, and he had previously secured a place in the vehicle, the guard knew his habits, and for the expected *douceur* compromised the hour of starting by finding some cause for five minutes' delay; and if this did not suffice, the coachman drove warily through the streets till the passenger overtook them in a 'Hansom's patent' at full gallop. But the 'Fair-trader' was knocked up by the railway. Many were the warnings he now received that the steam-trains, like time and tide, wait for no man, and he buckled up his courage for the next occasion. Being advised that he should be at London Bridge ten minutes before the time of starting, he made a desperate effort to be punctual. He rose before half-past seven, but was not ready for breakfast till five minutes past eight. He lost the other five minutes in opening his portmanteau to put in a small article which he had forgotten. Still, he was ready to enter the cab at ten minutes to nine, and it was not a full mile to the station. He congratulated himself upon the ease with which the distance would be cleared, and already began to bless the railway for curing him of his inveterate lateness. Mr Cab drove lustily, and reached the north end of London Bridge at precisely five minutes to nine. Two or three minutes were amply sufficient to land him in the booking-office. He had never been so early in his life, for he would have two minutes to spare. But, alas! some coal-wagons blocked up the way, and caused a stoppage on the bridge; and when the cabman had extricated his vehicle and dashed furiously into the station, our friend heard the guard's whistle while paying for his ticket. He was told to run; and as he gained the platform, he saw the train move off majestically before him, like a ship in full sail. 'Stop,

stop!' The coach had often stopped for him; but steam-engines have no ears, and the engineer is deaf to every sound but that of the whistle. So he had to wait two hours for another train. When he reached his destination, his friends who were to wait at the station with a carriage had gone home, not expecting him to come that day; so he hired a coach and drove to their residence, entering the parlour just as the servant was clearing away the dinner things. Though much mortified, he laid the whole blame of his disaster upon the thoughtless wagoners who obstructed the bridge; and next time, instead of being ten minutes earlier in starting, he went round by a different way. We have consulted several physicians, physiologists, and natural philosophers on this subject, asking them to explain the phenomena of this habitual lateness; but we cannot learn the cause of the complaint, nor obtain a remedy for our very worthy friend; so that we fear he must continue to the end of his life 'a little too late.'

THREE TRIPS IN THE AIR.

In the month of June last, three gentlemen went up in a balloon from the Hippodrome at Paris, and having made a voyage of three stages in a north-easterly direction, one of the trio, M. Ivan Matzneff, published an account of their observations and adventures in the pages of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' which possesses sufficient interest to entitle it to reappear in a brief summary. He tells us that he had long cherished a desire for a trip in the atmosphere, against which 'the importance and the charm of the ties that attached him to this lower world struggled in vain;' and at length an irresistible proposal having been made to him—to quote his own words—'on Tuesday, June 5, at seventeen minutes past five in the evening, having provided myself with all the instruments necessary to give some degree of scientific interest to my observations, I mounted the car of the *Eagle* balloon, about to ascend under the management of M. Godard. My companions were M^{me} the Countess de S—, the Count Alexis de Pomereu, and one of his friends.'

The air was calm and the sky pure, the party in high spirits, and without the least thought of danger. 'Not one of us,' says M. Matzneff, 'felt any acceleration in the beating of his heart;' and for a long time they enjoyed the panoramic view of the great city beneath, which inspired the sentiment: 'Viewing human things from such a height, one feels that life is more insignificant and nature greater; the instinct of preservation recalling to the earth, but still more powerful the attraction towards the sky.' These contemplations were interrupted by the lady, who, in sportive humour, amused herself by causing the car to 'oscillate capriciously' with sudden shocks, and 'at times leaning over the edge, defying the abyss, and seriously compromising our equilibrium. At last, yielding to the respectful injunctions of the party, she consented to relinquish her experiments.' After this they dined 'as comfortably as in one of the saloons of the Frères-Provençaux,' and drank healths, and talked of the possibility of directing balloons until it was time to descend. As they approached the earth, the guide-rope, 150 metres long, was lowered, and 'seized by some labourers, who drew us without a shock to the middle of their field near the village of Bussey-le-Long,' distant about sixty-six miles from Paris—the voyage having occupied three hours and a half.

The peasants next towed the balloon to Soissons, a league from Bussey, where they arrived at half-past eleven. The soldiers on guard at the gate were not a little surprised by a request for accommodation for the balloon, which, however, was granted by the commandant. 'I ran back,' says M. Matzneff, 'to my companions, who had remained in the car. I seized

the cord which hung in front of our machine, and the captive balloon entered triumphantly into Soissons over the fortifications. The population slept; but the noise we made in hooking some of the chimneys must have astonished the good Soissonnais, little accustomed to such visits. The balloon, once secured in the Place d'Armes, and placed in charge of M. Godard, junior, the damage to the chimneys paid for at small cost, we took up our quarters in a hotel, gladly enjoying the solidity of the earth and the liberty of our movements.'

M. Godard had determined on making another ascent, but with diminished numbers, so as to give full play to the elevating power of the balloon; and while one-half of the travellers were devising means to return to Paris, the others prepared for a night ascent, which, as M. Matzneff writes, 'was not devoid of a certain solemnity. We could not dissemble its danger. It will be understood, in fact, that in a long journey all the rigging of a frail machine, in which the weight and the substance have to be strictly economised, undergoes a notable deterioration, and requires to be carefully readjusted and strengthened before fresh service. At the same time the gas, having become rarer and diminished in volume, escapes insensibly by the distended seams and through the silk, on which the varnish is more or less damaged. . . . Nevertheless, seduced by the sole idea of accomplishing something yet unattempted, and reassured by the composure and good-humour of the two aeronauts, I shook hands with my companions, laid in some provisions, and gaily bestrode the clouds at seven minutes past three to go to meet the sun.'

'The panorama was magnificent towards the south; the north, on the contrary, was covered with haze. At times there came an insupportable heat; at others a cold from which I could scarcely defend myself under my furs, while the sun scorched our faces. In the same way, when among the ice you approach a fire the cold and the heat make themselves felt simultaneously in all their intensity. The thermometer, which at our departure stood at ten degrees (centigrade) above zero, fell to one degree below, then went up again to six degrees above, although we were continually ascending. The aneroid ceased to operate at forty minutes past three. I then examined my compass, and found it completely motionless; believing it to be broken, I handed it to M. Godard, who, however, was surprised to find it uninjured. The cause of the inaction of this instrument will probably be explained by science. I offer no conjecture, and state only, that arrived at the apogee of our second ascent—namely, 8760 metres—our two compasses were insensible; and that, on our return to the earth, they had recovered their action, without its having occurred to us to determine at what height their movement ceased.'

Although at a hundred leagues' distance, the chain of the Alps was distinctly visible, their peaks gleaming in the sunlight. M. Matzneff says that the configuration of these mountains is familiar to him, and that he clearly recognised the form of Mont Blanc—a remarkable proof of the extraordinary remoteness at which objects can be seen from a great height.

Suddenly a number of rapid detonations were heard, followed by a copious discharge of gas in the form of gray vapour from the lower part of the balloon, threatening a double danger. 'Seated,' says the author, 'in a corner of the car, I watched all M. Godard's movements, and scrutinised in anxious silence his look fixed on the valve; and reading there nothing reassuring, I comprehended that we had to contend with an unknown enemy, revealed to us by the discharge of gas, which threatened to suffocate us. The aeronaut, notwithstanding his courage and experience, hesitated alike on the nature of the peril and on the means of combating it: I then considered myself as lost. . . . At length M. Godard, overcoming his hesi-

tation, pulled the cord of the valve hastily: immediately the gas ceased to envelop us—we were saved. . . .

'The anxieties I had undergone were forgotten as soon as I saw the interior of the balloon again become transparent. The sun rose higher, the heat gradually increased, the gas dilated, and under this natural action the balloon ascended. The thermometer marked seven-degrees above zero, and then fell to the same temperature as at our departure from Soissons two and a half hours before. At length, at thirty-seven minutes after five the balloon ceased to mount, remained stationary a few moments, and began to descend of itself. We traversed a cloud; it was an odd sensation, known by those who have climbed high mountains. We were wet to the skin, although there was no rain.'

The balloon descended in a wheat-field at a quarter past six, near to the village of Cliron, and about two leagues from Mézières, and eighty-six miles from Soissons. M. Godard, desirous of gratifying the inhabitants of Mézières with a sight of the balloon, engaged a party of labourers to tow it to the town—a task of much difficulty, as the road, bordered by trees, was scarcely wide enough to admit the passage of the huge machine. It had been determined to empty the balloon and return to Paris, but on inquiry it was found that the nearest railway station was at Epernay, thirty leagues off; and the prospect of so tedious a journey led M. Godard to propose continuing the balloon voyage into Belgium, where they might more readily find prompt means of return to Paris.

No sooner said than done. Here M. Matzneff continues: 'Although the weather was beautiful, the intensity of the wind would necessarily increase with the elevation of the sun above the horizon, and M. Godard apprehended that we should have considerable difficulty in effecting our third descent; but we were still under the empire of enthusiasm. We started, after receiving a memorandum from the mayor of Cliron, certifying our visit to his commune and the hour of our departure: it was then ten minutes past eight. We rose very rapidly; the thermometer shewed seventeen degrees above zero. We again saw the Alps, less brilliant than at the rising of the sun. All at once a curtain of clouds hid the earth, and we travelled at a venture, not knowing whither the wind was carrying us. In fact, in spite of the assurances we had received from M. le Maire, whose atmospheric appreciations were somewhat defective, we were sailing direct for Prussia. While we looked down from our winged observatory on the clouds moving with the same rapidity as ourselves, we had a very curious effect of mirage. Between the azure and the clouds we saw a balloon which followed us: it had the same form and proportions as our own, of which it was the vivid and airy reflection. A blast of wind, dispersing the clouds, made the vision disappear, and bore us across the Belgian frontier.

'Our charmed sight embraced at the same time the three adjoining countries—Prussia, France, and Belgium. We gazed with avidity on a panorama without a frame, and our looks lingered on the picturesque spots which presented themselves as we passed. Along the rivers, upon the heights we remarked numerous towns, varying with their gray tints the continuous green of the landscape. Long lines, straight or broken, represent the roads and rivers, so multiplied in this rich and cultivated country. We could follow distinctly the course of the Meuse, and distinguish the city and bridge of Namur, but soon the perspective grew confused, presenting only vague lines and forms without precision. The Alps with toothed summits reappeared at our right; and at the same moment we saw the Vosges, which seemed to continue the icy mountain-chain. Still we rose. The progressive expansion of the gas produced by the diminution of atmospheric pressure and by its dilatation under the intensity of the solar rays, impelled us upwards. Far from being

disquieted at this vertical flight, we aided it as much as possible by throwing out ballast.'

Again the alarming detonations of the earlier morning were heard, causing the same painful anxiety; it was found, however, that they were produced by the sudden swelling outwards of the sides of the balloon against the net after having been pressed inwards by flaws of wind. At this time—forty minutes past nine—the greatest elevation was reached—6340 metres (20800)—and the thermometer stood at three degrees below zero.

'M. Godard told me,' resumes the narrator, 'that in none of his ascents had he ever experienced anything similar to that which we then felt: he and his brother were seized with a painful sickness. Under the weight of this oppression we became, as it were, deaf, and this condition was rendered more sensible by the absolute silence which surrounded us. I was aware of my own deafness, as I could no longer hear my voice or that of my companions, while a loud buzzing in the ears inconvenienced me greatly. We wished again to consult the compass; but, as on the former occasion, it was inactive. We saw the plains of Belgium traced with lines of railway and highway that seemed confusedly interlaced. Over this point we remained stationary for half an hour: my pulse beat ninety-eight to the minute; our throats were dry, breathing difficult, and an excessive drowsiness weighed us down, and we were obliged frequently to stand up to avoid giving way to it. M. Godard, junior, wrapped himself up, and lying down at the bottom of the car, slept as tranquilly as if he had been in his bed. The elder wished to do the same, and to leave me in charge of the balloon, with instructions to wake him only when it should begin to descend. I energetically opposed this proof of confidence, feeling myself incapable of undertaking such a responsibility, and replacing even for a moment two men, one of whom was then performing his thirty-fourth, the other his eighty-fifth aerial voyage. We therefore mutually resolved to keep each other awake.

'Towards ten o'clock the balloon began to descend rapidly, and then stopped at a height of 1000 metres—about the level of the clouds.' By an escape of gas a farther descent was effected, and preparations were made for the final stage. 'For the first time we lost our presence of mind; we forgot the benches fitted to our car: relieved of their weight the balloon would have carried us farther, and to a favourable ground. We were forced, in spite of ourselves, to yield to the falling movement, which we checked as much as possible. M. Godard the younger began to slack away the grappling-iron; but instead of uncoiling gradually, it escaped, and fell suddenly to the extent of forty metres, giving us a terrible shock. The other cord of 150 metres, which suffices generally, by its friction against the asperities of the soil, to diminish the horizontal motion and neutralise the effect of the wind, was almost useless, for the peasants who came running after us, understanding neither French nor German, were afraid to seize the cord and drag us downwards. Sometimes we neared the earth, at others we rose again, the danger augmenting at each shock, which became more and more violent. My instruments fell out one after another: we approached a narrow gorge, and I foresaw the tearing of the balloon, and its downfall with ourselves on the points of the rocks beneath us.

'M. de Matzneff descend if you will,' said M. Godard with a troubled voice—we were at a height of about thirty metres—"make yourself fast in the same way as I, and let us slide down the cord, if you can count upon your strength."

'The labourers at last had laid hold of the rope, comprehending that we wished to stop the balloon. I executed step by step the instructions of my guide, and calling to mind all my notions of gymnastics, suc-

ceeded in reaching the earth without accident. The rustics questioned us all at once in their Flemish idiom, and we tried to make them aware of the urgency of the service we required of them. The car in which M. Godard, junior, still remained was to be brought down: relieved of our weight, it was again ready for a spring; and the ascensional power of the *Eagle* was such that it lifted us from the earth. The burgomaster of the commune of Fosse and his deputy, who arrived at this moment, seized the cords of which the peasants had let go; but all our united efforts were insufficient to retain the balloon, which plunged onwards continually, dragging us after it, notwithstanding that the valve was open. To complete our misfortune, the bottom of the car partly gave way; the position of the young man became terrible; we saw him clinging to the cords, rudely tossed about, and with scarcely any support for his feet. A violent blast tore the balloon suddenly from our grasp, it followed the curve of the narrow pass in which we were entangled, and disappeared. M. Godard uttered a cry of despair: "My brother is lost!" he exclaimed, and ran blindly in pursuit. I endeavoured to follow, but lost his track in the middle of the ravine. Not knowing what direction to take, I stopped breathless at the door of a cabin, waiting with painful anxiety the result of this catastrophe. Fragments of our broken apparatus were brought to me every minute, but no news of my unlucky companions. At length, after an hour's delay, I learned from a pedler passing by that the aeronauts had gained possession of the balloon at about two miles' distance, and were engaged in emptying it. I ran in the direction indicated, and coming up soon with my friends, we exchanged congratulations on the termination of the adventure.

The total distance travelled in six hours and a half of aërostation was 130 leagues, or 340 miles. From Basse Bodeux, where the balloon descended, the party made their way to Spa, whence they found means to return to Paris. M. Matzner adds to his narrative a table of his observations on the temperature of the different strata of the atmosphere through which he passed in his several ascents. These were previously submitted to the scrutiny of M. Babinet, an eminent member of the Academy of Sciences, and compared with the readings of the instruments taken at the same time in the observatory at Paris. 'I advise you,' writes M. Babinet to the author, 'to publish all your observations, regardless of their concordance with received ideas. The circumstance of a voyage of repeated ascents with the same balloon, and without renewal of the gas, gives them a practical interest hitherto wanting.'

A SCOTTISH SHIELING.

A shieling, or shiel, is a small rude hut or cottage, constructed for the accommodation of shepherds during the summer months they reside among the mountains. It is built of turf or rough stones, and generally thatched with broom or straw. It has a door, and a small square opening closed by a board in place of a window. The interior displays the most brilliant ebony hue, and is painted by the hand of no common artist. A chimney and fireplace are luxuries unthought of; the fire is lighted on the floor, and an opening in the roof, at one end of the dwelling, is deemed quite sufficient for the egress of the smoke. If all is quiet without, it generally finds its way; but otherwise, it would be perhaps better to submit to the consequences of a heavy shower outside, than run the risk of having the eyes irritated, and the breathing embarrassed, by the smoke within. In such a place luxury in furniture is not to be looked for, the principal items usually being a heather-bed, a small wooden form, a turf-stove, by the fire, termed a *sunk*, a little meal-dish, an iron pot, a tin flagon, one or more wooden dishes, tinned cups, and several horn-spoons. The food generally used by the shepherds is what in Scotland is known by the name of *bruse*, which is made by pouring

boiling water upon oatmeal, with a little salt, then gently stirring with a spoon, and qualifying with butter or milk, as either may be obtained. The fuel used for boiling the water is either peats or *ôirns*—the withered stems of heath—and the pot is suspended over the fire by a chain from an iron spike fixed in the wall. Cheese and bread are also partaken of, but chiefly during their long and fatiguing rambles round the mountain-riggins.—*Gardiner's Flora of Forfarshire.*

TO MY CANARY IN HIS CAGE.

Sing away, ay, sing away,
Bonnie little bird!
Sing, with patient soul and gay,
Though a woodland roundelay
You have never heard;
Though your life from youth to age
Passes in a narrow cage.
Near the window wild birds fly,
Trees and flowers are round;
Fair things everywhere you spy
Through the glass-pane's mystery—
Your horizon's bound:
Nothing hinders your desire
But a little gilded wire.
Like a human soul you seem,
Shut in golden bars;
Placed amid earth's sunshine-stream,
Singing to the morning-beam,
Dreaming 'neath the stars:
Seeing all life's pleasures clear—
But they never can come near!
Never!—Sing, bird-poet mine,
As most poets do—
Guessing with an instinct fine
Of some happiness divine
Which they never knew:
Lonely in a prison bright,
Hymning for the world's delight.
Yet, my birdie, you're content
In your tiny cage;
Not a carol thence is sent
But for happiness is meant—
Wisdom sweet and sage!
Teaching, the true poet's part
Is to sing with merry heart.
So, lie down thou peevish pen!
Eyes, smile off all tears;
And, my wee bird, sing again;
I'll translate your song to men
In these coming years:
'Howae'er thy lot's assigned,
Bear it with a cheerful mind.'

HINT ABOUT INKSTANDS.

A safe inkstand, and convenient establishment for writing in each room, in which it is constantly or frequently required, will be more effectual for preventing ink-stains than any receipt will be for getting them out. It is not the natural, quiet use of ink, but its *unnatural* locomotion which is generally fatal to floors, dresses, furniture, and carpets. Writing belongs to the stationary department, and no one can run about with its appurtenances without constant risk and occasional damage. These appurtenances are likewise so cheap and commodious now-a-days, and their use so frequent, since the penny-postage, that persons who profit by this great convenience should not begrudge some attention to its requisitions.—*Home Truths.*

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SHOW-PLACES.

IN our 'working-day world' an important discovery has been made of late years—forced on perhaps by the very severity of our industrial application: it is, that the occasional holiday, spent in a rational manner, is an indispensable requisite for the preservation of a healthy tone of both body and mind. We have accordingly seen the increased facilities for locomotion for which our age is remarkable, taken advantage of to a great extent, for the means of making little day-excursions to such places as may be within reach, attractive from their natural beauty or any other cause. The show-place has thus risen greatly in importance in these times.

Now, show-places are of various kinds. Sometimes they are merely fine houses with pretty parks—sometimes a beautiful piece of lake-scenery—sometimes a quiet old hall or castle, of historic notability, but still occupied by a gentleman's family. In these cases, the liberty to wander about and see what is to be seen is all that can be desired; and where this has to be sought from a proprietor, and is readily granted, the public has only to conduct itself inoffensively and express its gratitude, and it leaves us no more to say. There are, however, some show-places of a more important character, as a royal palace like Windsor or Hampton Court, full of beautiful works of art, that are worthy of careful study, or of portraits that illustrate the pages of history—or a middle-age baronial castle, like Warwick or Raby, which in an hour will give us a far more vivid idea of how the men of those days lived, than we can get from any books whatever—or a museum full of objects of natural history, or of the implements, arms, and *bijouterie* of ancient times. In such cases the public requires to be guided from object to object, and instructed in the character and history of each, and in the bearing of the whole, in order that it may have any true enjoyment of what it sees, or come away benefited by the sight. It may be in many instances sadly ill-prepared for the information it receives; but this is nothing to the purpose. We are bound to presume that a vast proportion of our holiday excursionists are reading and reflecting people, who can appreciate the objects which they see, and understand what they hear related. It will at the very least be admitted that any exposition which is afforded to the public respecting the places in question ought to be correct so far as it goes, and not calculated to confuse or mislead.

But what is the fact? We fear it stands simply thus: that the show-places of the very highest interest, and even those which may be described as of national

importance, are, with scarcely an exception, under the care of mere domestics. If we go to Windsor, we are received by some of the Queen's servants—very civil persons, it must be admitted, but yet not at all the guides we would desire through the ancient halls of the Edwards, the Henries, and the Charleses. There is enough upon the walls to excite a deep interest in any man even acquainted to the most moderate extent with the history of England. How disappointing to have it expounded by one who, although certainly a servant of a high class, and perhaps well selected for the purpose, considering the class to which she belongs, still is by education a servant, and nothing more! If we go to see the apartments of Queen Mary at Holyrood—a curiosity quite unique, and invested with historic associations of the deepest interest—we are taken in charge by a lady-like person of the character of a housekeeper, who, having received no right instruction as to the facts connected with the place, tells us a number of tales which are only fit for the nursery, and a mockery of the intelligence of the age. So far from being a guidance or a help, this old lady only mars our enjoyment of those mouldering halls. With such knowledge as we may have got from Robertson or Tytler, we could easily make out the whole story for ourselves, even to the bloody spot where Riccio lay pierced with his fifty-six wounds for the whole of a March night—it would be a high treat merely to walk quietly through the rooms, and think over the sad history which they saw enacted. But no; we have to see a set of fictitious portraits, and examine the first fire-grate ever used in Scotland, and hear a Cromwellian trooper's breast-plate and jack-boots described as accoutrements of King Henry Darnley, to the complete discomfiture of all our meditations. A person of superior education would know that all these things were only grandam's tales, and spare us. Visitors are afterwards taken to other parts of the palace by females far less endurable than our good old friend above described. In short, the exhibition of this curious place, so full of romantic associations, is on a footing which we cannot help thinking discreditable to the conductors of public affairs. Shewn by a really intelligent person, the thousands of persons who see it every week in summer would go away not merely gratified, but instructed; whereas, under present arrangements, they must all of them retire dissatisfied, if not disgusted, and with their ideas of history, such as they are, perverted. It is, unfortunately, but a specimen of the show-places of the country generally.

While performing their function so unsatisfactorily, these exhibitors and exhibitresses often derive from the bounty of strangers a ridiculously large income.

A few years ago the housekeeper at a certain nobleman's seat in the west of England, remarkable for the numberless articles of *virtù* contained in it, was understood to receive as much as would amply remunerate a couple of dignified clergymen and three or four curates. The gatherings at Abbotsford were believed about the same time to equal the average income of a professor in the Edinburgh university, or of the editor of a first-class provincial newspaper. Such facts need no comment.

The largeness of these incomes, however, proves that there is no want of a disposition on the part of the public to remunerate the attendants at show-places liberally. This is a fact worth keeping in view.

On the continent there is a very different class of *ciceroni* established in the principal places resorted to by strangers. One often finds there a well-educated and gentleman-like man, fully competent to describe in a clear and intelligent manner everything he has to shew. Such is the *custode* of the Château Rosenberg at Copenhagen, where the antiquities of the royal family are kept; such is he of the historical museum of Dresden; such he of the celebrated Green Vaults of the same city. What these gentlemen tell is exactly what would be found in a respectable historical catalogue. You feel from the precision as to persons and dates that it may be depended upon every word of it. It is also told in a well-bred manner, and with the unction of an amateur, so as greatly to enhance your interest in the objects. The great museums of Germany and Italy are all under the care of such enlightened persons; and these men perform their duties in person as far as possible. At a second-rate town in Northern Italy—that of Brescia—the stranger going to see the museum established there amidst the ruins of a fine Roman temple, which was discovered a few years since, experiences a most delightful surprise when he finds that the venerable but unpretending old man who conducts him through the curiosities is actually the respected antiquarian scholar who was the means of discovering and disinterring the temple. It is quite a novelty to an Englishman to find so much intelligence both in these stationary *ciceroni*, as they may be called, and in many of those who undertake to conduct him from place to place in the large cities. Though it is almost invidious to indicate particular persons where so many are meritorious, we cannot help stating that Mr Schmidt, who lately conducted us through Berlin and Potsdam, and a certain youth named Alessandro, who acted as our *valet-de-place* in Venice, displayed a higher and more accurate intelligence than is found even amongst literary men conversant with such subjects in this country. We mention these things as shewing that there is a high standard amongst men of this class on the continent.

It occurs to us, as a thing desirable in our day, when resorting to show-places has become a luxury, nay a necessary to so many, that we should endeavour to put them upon a footing somewhat on a par with that which they present on the continent. Considering the liberality of the public at show-places, we do not see that there can be any obstacle of the kind which hinders so many good works—namely, in respect of funds. Why should not a place of the consequence of Holyrood Palace be put under the custodianship of an intelligent person, who would describe its various storied galleries and bloodstained chambers with a correct reference to facts, and with the feeling of a gentleman? Such a function might be not unworthy of even literary men of some degree of repute. Were the usual continental plan followed, of a certain respectable fee for each group of persons not exceeding a certain moderate number (it is 6s. 9d. at the Château Rosenberg for twelve or any smaller number of persons), the delicacy of the gentleman exhibitor would be sufficiently preserved. To many men of letters who

have failed by their pens to work out an independence for their old age such an office might be a succour much to be rejoiced in. We can imagine it a capital resource, in particular, for the whole of that large and respectable class of literary men who devote themselves to the investigation of local antiquities. Give one of this class a respectable subsistence from the performance of a public duty occupying him for three or four hours each forenoon, and he may be enabled to use the rest of his working-day in antiquarian investigation or in the treatment of historical subjects with his pen. Relieved from the primary cares of life, he would pursue his proper tasks with a spirit and freedom unknown to him who has to study how in the first place to make his pen profitable for the obtaining of bread. For show-places containing works of art, it might be most suitable to employ artists; and for many artists it would be equally suitable to have such situations. As to the dignity of the office, we would say, shew us respectable men filling it, and it can no longer be held as mean. Our ideas of *ciceroneship* can no longer be what they have been. It is a duty of more consequence than it used to be to the public. There is a need and a craving for its being performed in a superior manner. Let it be thus performed, and the public will respect those who so much gratify it, whether they have any farther claims to respect or not.

We would press these remarks on the attention of the authorities who rule such matters. Our suggestion will not, we hope, be the less acceptable that it involves a possible benefit to the literary class. It is part of the plan of the Literary Guild that the veterans receiving its patronage should do something in the way of lecturing in requital. Might they not be adapted to a more useful purpose if employed as a Band of Gentlemen *Ciceroni* in the places rendered attractive by historical and poetical association and by objects of taste? In the one case, we should have them interfering with the labours of the existing class of lecturers, and perhaps thrusting these persons out of a means of subsistence. In the other, we should have them displacing a set of domestics from situations for which they are obviously unfit, and who have more suitable functions to fall back upon.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

FLINT JACKSON.

FARNHAM hops are world-famous, or at least famous in that huge portion of the world where English ale is drunk, and whereon, I have a thousand times heard and read, the sun never sets. The name, therefore, of the pleasant Surrey village, in and about which the events I am about to relate occurred, is, I may fairly presume, known to many of my readers. I was ordered to Farnham, to investigate a case of burglary, committed in the house of a gentleman of the name of Hursley, during the temporary absence of the family, which had completely nonplussed the unpractised Dogberrys of the place, albeit it was not a riddle at all difficult to read. The premises, it was quickly plain to me, had been broken, not into, but out of; and a watch being set upon the motions of the very specious and clever person left in charge of the house and property, it was speedily discovered that the robbery had been effected by herself and a confederate of the name of Dawkins, her brother-in-law. Some of the stolen goods were found secreted at his lodgings; but the most valuable portion, consisting of plate, and a small quantity of jewellery, had disappeared: it had unquestionably been converted into money, as considerable sums, in sovereigns, were found upon both Dawkins and the woman, Sarah Purday. Now, as it had been clearly ascertained that neither of the prisoners had left Farnham since the burglary, it was manifest there was a receiver near at hand who

had purchased the missing articles. Dawkins and Purday were, however, dumb as stones upon the subject; and nothing occurred to point suspicion till early in the evening previous to the second examination of the prisoners before the magistrates, when Sarah Purday asked for pen, ink, and paper for the purpose of writing to one Mr Jackson, in whose service she had formerly lived. I happened to be at the prison, and of course took the liberty of carefully unsealing her note and reading it. It revealed nothing; and save by its extremely cautious wording, and abrupt peremptory tone, coming from a servant to her former master, suggested nothing. I had carefully reckoned the number of sheets of paper sent into the cell, and now on recounting them found that three were missing. The turnkey returned immediately, and asked for the two other letters she had written. The woman denied having written any other, and for proof pointed to the torn fragments of the missing sheets lying on the floor. These were gathered up and brought to me, but I could make nothing out of them, every word having been carefully run through with the pen, and converted into an unintelligible blot. The request contained in the actually-written letter was one simple enough in itself, merely, 'that Mr Jackson would not on any account fail to provide her, in consideration of past services, with legal assistance on the morrow.' The first nine words were strongly underlined; and I made out after a good deal of trouble that the word 'pretence' had been partially effaced, and 'account' substituted for it.

'She need not have wasted three sheets of paper upon such a nonsensical request as that,' observed the turnkey. 'Old Jackson wouldn't shell out sixpence to save her or anybody else from the gallows.'

'I am of a different opinion; but tell me, what sort of a person is this former master of hers?'

'All I know about him is that he's a cross-grained, old curmudgeon, living about a mile out of Farnham, who scrapes money together by lending small sums upon notes-of-hand at short dates, and at a thundering interest. Flint Jackson folk about here call him.'

'At all events, forward the letter at once, and to-morrow we shall see—what we shall see.' Good-evening.'

It turned out as I anticipated. A few minutes after the prisoners were brought into the justice-room, a Guilford solicitor of much local celebrity arrived, and announced that he appeared for both the inculpated parties. He was allowed a private conference with them, at the close of which he stated that his clients would reserve their defence. They were at once committed for trial, and I overheard the solicitor assure the woman that the ablest counsel on the circuit would be retained in their behalf.

I had no longer a doubt that it was my duty to know something further of this suddenly-generous Flint Jackson, though how to set about it was a matter of considerable difficulty. There was no legal pretence for a search-warrant, and I doubted the prudence of proceeding upon my own responsibility with so astute an old fox as Jackson was represented to be; for, supposing him to be a confederate with the burglars, he had by this time in all probability sent the stolen property away—to London in all likelihood; and should I find nothing, the consequences of ransacking his house merely because he had provided a former servant with legal assistance would be serious. Under these circumstances I wrote to headquarters for instructions, and by return of post received orders to prosecute the inquiry thoroughly, but cautiously, and to consider time as nothing so long as there appeared a chance of fixing Jackson with the guilt of receiving the plunder. Another suspicious circumstance that I have omitted to notice in its place was that the Guilford solicitor tendered bail for the prisoners to any reasonable amount, and named Enoch Jackson as one of the securities. Bail was, however, refused.

There was no need for over-hurrying the business, as the prisoners were committed to the Surrey Spring Assizes, and it was now the season of the hop-harvest—a delightful and hilarious period about Farnham when the weather is fine and the yield abundant. I, however, lost no time in making diligent and minute inquiry as to the character and habits of Jackson, and the result was a full conviction that nothing but the fear of being denounced as an accomplice could have induced such a miserly, iron-hearted rogue to put himself to charges in defence of the imprisoned burglars.

One afternoon, whilst pondering the matter, and at the same time enjoying the prettiest and cheerfulest of rural sights, that of hop-picking, the apothecary at whose house I was lodging—we will call him Mr Morgan; he was a Welshman—tapped me suddenly on the shoulder, and looking sharply round, I perceived he had something he deemed of importance to communicate.

'What is it?' I said quickly.

'The oddest thing in the world. There's Flint Jackson, his deaf old woman, and the young people lodging with him, all drinking and boozing away at yon alehouse.'

'Shew them to me, if you please.'

A few minutes brought us to the place of boisterous entertainment, the lower room of which was suffocatingly full of tipplers and tobacco-smoke. We nevertheless contrived to edge ourselves in; and my companion stealthily pointed out the group, who were seated together near the farther window, and then left me to myself.

The appearance of Jackson entirely answered to the popular prefix of Flint attached to his name. He was a wiry, gnarled, heavy-browed, iron-jawed fellow of about sixty, with deep-set eyes aglow with sinister and greedy instincts. His wife, older than he, and so deaf apparently as the door of a dungeon, wore a simpering, imbecile look of wonderment, it seemed to me, at the presence of such unusual and abundant cheer. The young people, who lodged with Jackson, were really a very frank, honest, good-looking couple, though not then appearing to advantage—the countenance of Henry Rogers being flushed and inflamed with drink, and that of his wife's clouded with frowns, at the situation in which she found herself, and the riotous conduct of her husband. Their brief history was this:—They had both been servants in a family living not far distant from Farnham—Sir Thomas Lethbridge's, I understood—when about three or four months previous to the present time Flint Jackson, who had once been in an attorney's office, discovered that Henry Rogers, in consequence of the death of a distant relative in London, was entitled to property worth something like L.1500. There were, however, some law-difficulties in the way, which Jackson offered, if the business was placed in his hands, to overcome for a consideration, and in the meantime to supply board and lodging and such necessary sums of money as Henry Rogers might require. With this brilliant prospect in view service became at once utterly distasteful. The fortunate legatee had for some time courted Mary Elkins, one of the ladies' maids, a pretty, bright-eyed brunette; and they were both united in the bonds of holy matrimony on the very day the 'warnings' they had given expired. Since then they had lived at Jackson's house in daily expectation of their 'fortune,' with which they proposed to start in the public line.

Finding myself unrecognised, I called boldly for a pot and a pipe, and after some manœuvring contrived to seat myself within ear-shot of Jackson and his party. They presented a strange study. Henry Rogers was boisterously excited, and not only drinking freely himself, but treating a dozen fellows round him, the cost of which he from time to time called upon 'Old Flint,' as he courteously styled his ancient friend, to discharge.

'Come, fork out, Old Flint!' he cried again and

again. 'It'll be all right, you know, in a day or two, and a few halfpence over. Shell out, old fellow! What signifies, so you're happy?'

Jackson complied with an affectation of acquiescent gaiety ludicrous to behold. It was evident that each successive pull at his purse was like wrenching a tooth out of his head, and yet while the dullest of smiles wrinkled his wolfish mouth, he kept exclaiming: 'A fine lad—a fine lad! generous as a prince—generous as a prince! Good Lord, another round! He minds money no more than as if gold was as plentiful as gravel! But a fine generous lad for all that!'

Jackson, I perceived, drank considerably, as if incited thereto by compressed savageness. The pretty young wife would not taste a drop, but tears frequently filled her eyes, and bitterness pointed her words as she vainly implored her husband to leave the place and go home with her. To all her remonstrances the maudlin drunkard replied only by foolery, varied occasionally by an attempt at a line or two of the song of 'The Thorn.'

'But you will plant thorns, Henry,' rejoined the provoked wife in a louder and angrier tone than she ought perhaps to have used—'not only in my bosom, but your own, if you go on in this sottish, disgraceful way.'

'Always quarrelling, always quarrelling!' remarked Jackson, pointedly, towards the bystanders—'always quarrelling!'

'Who is always quarrelling?' demanded the young wife sharply. 'Do you mean me and Henry?'

'I was only saying, my dear, that you don't like your husband to be so generous and free-hearted—that's all,' replied Jackson, with a confidential wink at the persons near him.

'Free-hearted and generous! Fool-hearted and crazy, you mean!' rejoined the wife, who was much excited. 'And you ought to be ashamed of yourself to give him money for such brutish purposes.'

'Always quarrelling, always quarrelling!' iterated Jackson, but this time unheard by Mrs Rogers—'always, perpetually quarrelling!'

I could not quite comprehend all this. If so large a sum as £1500 was really coming to the young man, why should Jackson wince as he did at disbursing small amounts which he could repay himself with abundant interest? If otherwise—and it was probable he should not be repaid—what meant his eternal, 'fine generous lad!' 'spirited young man!' and so on? What, above all, meant that look of diabolical hate which shot out from his cavernous eyes towards Henry Rogers when he thought himself unobserved, just after satisfying a fresh claim on his purse? Much practice in reading the faces and deportment of such men made it pretty clear to me that Jackson's course of action respecting the young man and his money was not yet decided upon in his own mind; that he was still perplexed and irresolute; and hence the apparent contradiction in his words and acts.

Henry Rogers at length dropped asleep with his head upon one of the settle-tables; Jackson sank into sullen silence; the noisy room grew quiet; and I came away.

I was impressed with a belief that Jackson entertained some sinister design against his youthful and inexperienced lodgers, and I determined to acquaint them with my suspicions. For this purpose Mr Morgan, who had a patient living near Jackson's house, undertook to invite them to tea on some early evening, on the pretence that he had heard of a tavern that might suit them when they should receive their fortune. Let me confess, too, that I had another design besides putting the young people on their guard against Jackson. I thought it very probable that it would not be difficult to glean from them some interesting and suggestive particulars concerning the ways, means, practices, outgoings and incomings, of their worthy landlord's household.

Four more days passed unprofitably away, and I was becoming weary of the business, when about five o'clock in the afternoon the apothecary galloped up to his door on a borrowed horse, jumped off with surprising celerity, and with a face as white as his own magnesia, burst out as he hurried into the room where I was sitting: 'Here's a pretty kettle of fish! Henry Rogers has been poisoned, and by his wife!'

'Poisoned!'

'Yes, poisoned; although, thanks to my being on the spot, I think he will recover. But I must instantly to Dr Edwards: I will tell you all when I return.'

The promised 'all' was this: Morgan was passing slowly by Jackson's house, in the hope of seeing either Mr or Mrs Rogers, when the servant-woman, Jane Riddet, ran out and begged him to come in, as their lodger had been taken suddenly ill. Ill indeed! The surface of his body was cold as death, and the apothecary quickly discovered that he had been poisoned with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), a quantity of which he, Morgan, had sold a few days previously to Mrs Rogers, who, when purchasing it, said Mr Jackson wanted it to apply to some warts that annoyed him. Morgan fortunately knew the proper remedy, and desired Jackson, who was in the room, and seemingly very anxious and flurried, to bring some soap instantly, a solution of which he proposed to give immediately to the seemingly dying man. The woman-servant was gone to find Mrs Rogers, who had left about ten minutes before, having first made the tea in which the poison had been taken. Jackson hurried out of the apartment, but was gone so long that Morgan, becoming impatient, scraped a quantity of plaster off the wall, and administered it with the best effect. At last Jackson came back, and said there was unfortunately not a particle of soap in the house. A few minutes afterwards the young wife, alarmed at the woman-servant's tidings, flew into the room in an agony of alarm and grief. Simulated alarm, crocodile grief, Mr Morgan said; for there could, in his opinion, be no doubt that she had attempted to destroy her husband. Mr Jackson, on being questioned, peremptorily denied that he had ever desired Mrs Rogers to procure sulphuric acid for him, or had received any from her—a statement which so confounded the young woman that she instantly fainted. The upshot was that Mrs Rogers was taken into custody and lodged in prison.

This terrible news flew through Farnham like wild-fire. In a few minutes it was upon everybody's tongue: the hints of the quarrelsome life the young couple led, artfully spread by Jackson, were recalled, and no doubt appeared to be entertained of the truth of the dreadful charge. I had no doubt either, but my conviction was not that of the Farnham folk. This, then, was the solution of the struggle I had seen going on in Jackson's mind; this the realisation of the dark thought which I had imperfectly read in the sinister glances of his restless eyes. He had intended to destroy both the husband and wife—the one by poison, and the other by the law! Doubtless, then, the £1500 had been obtained, and this was the wretched man's infernal device for retaining it! I went over with Morgan early the next morning to see the patient, and found that, thanks to the prompt antidote administered, and Dr Edwards's subsequent active treatment, he was rapidly recovering. The still-suffering young man, I was glad to find, would not believe for a moment in his wife's guilt. I watched the looks and movements of Jackson attentively—a scrutiny which he, now aware of my vocation, by no means appeared to relish.

'Pray,' said I, suddenly addressing Riddet, the woman-servant—'pray, how did it happen that you had no soap in such a house as this yesterday evening?'

'No soap!' echoed the woman with a stare of surprise. 'Why!—'

'No—no soap,' hastily broke in her master with loud and menacing emphasis. 'There was not a morsel in the house. I bought some afterwards in Farnham.'

The cowed and bewildered woman slunk away. I was more than satisfied; and judging by Jackson's countenance, which changed beneath my look to the colour of the lime-washed wall against which he stood, he surmised that I was.

My conviction, however, was not evidence, and I felt that I should need even more than my wonted good-fortune to bring the black crime home to the real perpetrator. For the present, at all events, I must keep silence—a resolve I found hard to persist in at the examination of the accused wife, an hour or two afterwards, before the county magistrates. Jackson had hardened himself to iron, and gave his lying evidence with ruthless self-possession. He had not desired Mrs Rogers to purchase sulphuric acid; had not received any from her. In addition also to his testimony that she and her husband were always quarrelling, it was proved by a respectable person that high words had passed between them on the evening previous to the day the criminal offence was committed, and that foolish, passionate expressions had escaped her about wishing to be rid of such a drunken wretch. This evidence, combined with the medical testimony, appeared so conclusive to the magistrates, that spite of the unfortunate woman's wild protestations of innocence, and the rending agony which convulsed her frame, and almost choked her utterance, she was remanded to prison till that day-week, when, the magistrates informed her, she would be again brought up for the merely formal completion of the depositions, and be then fully committed on the capital charge.

I was greatly disturbed, and walked for two or three hours about the quiet neighbourhood of Farnham, revolving a hundred fragments of schemes for bringing the truth to light, without arriving at any feasible conclusion. One only mode of procedure seemed to offer, and that but dimly, a hope of success. It was, however, the best I could hit upon, and I directed my steps towards the Farnham prison. Sarah Purday had not yet, I remembered, been removed to the county jail at Guilford.

'Is Sarah Purday,' I asked the turnkey, 'more reconciled to her position than she was?'

'She's just the same—bitter as gall, and venomous as a viper.'

This woman, I should state, was a person of fierce will and strong passions, and in early life had been respectably situated.

'Just step into her cell,' I continued, 'upon some excuse or other, and carelessly drop a hint that if she could prevail upon Jackson to get her brought by *habeas* before a judge in London, there could be no doubt of her being bailed.'

The man stared, but after a few words of pretended explanation, went off to do as I requested. He was not long gone. 'She's all in a twitteration at the thoughts of it,' he said; 'and must have pen, ink, and paper without a moment's delay, bless her consequence!'

These were supplied; and I was soon in possession of her letter, couched cautiously, but more peremptorily than the former one. I need hardly say it did not reach its destination. She passed the next day in a state of feverish impatience; and no answer returning, wrote again, her words this time conveying an evident though indistinct threat. I refrained from visiting her till two days had thus passed, and found her, as I expected, eaten up with fury. She glared at me as I entered the cell like a chained tigress.

'You appear vexed,' I said, 'no doubt because Jackson declines to get you bailed. He ought not to refuse you such a trifling service, considering all things.'

'All what things?' replied the woman, eyeing me fiercely.

'That you know best, though I have a shrewd guess.' 'What do you guess? and what are you driving at?'

'I will deal frankly with you, Sarah Purday. In the first place, you must plainly perceive that your friend Jackson has cast you off—abandoned you to your fate; and that fate will, there can be no doubt, be transportation.'

'Well,' she impatiently snarled, 'suppose so; what then?'

'This—that you can help yourself in this difficulty by helping me.'

'As how?'

'In the first place, give me the means of convicting Jackson of having received the stolen property.'

'Ha! How do you know that?'

'Oh, I know it very well—as well almost as you do. But this is not my chief object; there is another, far more important one, and I ran over the incidents relative to the attempt at poisoning. 'Now,' I resumed, 'tell me, if you will, your opinion on this matter.'

'That it was Jackson administered the poison, and certainly not the young woman,' she replied with vengeful promptness.

'My own conviction! This, then, is my proposition: you are, sharp-witted, and know this fellow's ways, habits, and propensities thoroughly—I, too, have heard something of them—and it strikes me that you could suggest some plan, some device grounded on that knowledge, whereby the truth might come to light.'

The woman looked fixedly at me for some time without speaking. As I meant fairly and honestly by her I could bear her gaze without shrinking.

'Supposing I could assist you,' she at last said, 'how would that help me?'

'It would help you greatly. You would no doubt be still convicted of the burglary, for the evidence is irresistible; but if in the meantime you should have been instrumental in saving the life of an innocent person, and of bringing a great criminal to justice, there cannot be a question that the Queen's mercy would be extended to you, and the punishment be merely a nominal one.'

'If I were sure of that!' she murmured with a burning scrutiny in her eyes, which were still fixed upon my countenance—if I were sure of that! But you are misleading me.'

'Believe me, I am not. I speak in perfect sincerity. Take time to consider the matter. I will look in again in about an hour; and pray, do not forget that it is your sole and last chance.'

I left her, and did not return till more than three hours had passed away. Sarah Purday was pacing the cell in a frenzy of inquietude.

'I thought you had forgotten me. Now,' she continued with rapid vehemence, 'tell me, on your word and honour as a man, do you truly believe that if I can effectually assist you it will avail me with Her Majesty?'

'I am as positive it will as I am of my own life.'

'Well, then, I will assist you. First, then, Jackson was a confederate with Dawkins and myself, and received the plate and jewellery, for which he paid us less than one-third of the value.'

'Rogers and his wife were not, I hope, cognizant of this?'

'Certainly not; but Jackson's wife and the woman-servant, Riddet, were. I have been turning the other business over in my mind,' she continued, speaking with increasing emotion and rapidity; 'and oh, believe me, Mr Waters, if you can, that it is not solely a selfish motive which induces me to aid in saving Mary Rogers from destruction. I was once myself—Ah God!'

Tears welled up to the fierce eyes, but they were quickly brushed away, and she continued somewhat

more calmly: 'You have heard, I daresay, that Jackson has a strange habit of talking in his sleep?'

'I have, and that he once consulted Morgan as to whether there was any cure for it. It was that which partly suggested'—

'It is, I believe, a mere fancy of his,' she interrupted; 'or at anyrate the habit is not so frequent nor what he says so intelligible, as he thoroughly believes and fears it, from some former circumstance, to be. His deaf wife cannot undeceive him, and he takes care never even to doze except in her presence only.'

'This is not, then, so promising as I hoped.'

'Have patience. It is full of promise, as we will manage. Every evening Jackson frequents a low gambling-house, where he almost invariably wins small sums at cards—by craft, no doubt, as he never drinks there. When he returns home at about ten o'clock, his constant habit is to go into the front-parlour, where his wife is sure to be sitting at that hour. He carefully locks the door, helps himself to brandy and water—plentifully of late—and falls asleep in his arm-chair; and there they both doze away, sometimes till one o'clock—always till past twelve.'

'Well; but I do not see how'—

'Hear me out, if you please. Jackson never wastes a candle to drink or sleep by, and at this time of the year there will be no fire. If he speaks to his wife he does not expect her, from her wooden deafness, to answer him. Do you begin to perceive my drift?'

'Upon my word, I do not.'

'What; if upon awaking, Jackson finds that his wife is Mr Waters, and that Mr Waters relates to him all that he has disclosed in his sleep: that Mr Hursley's plate is buried in the garden near the lilac-tree; that he, Jackson, received a thousand pounds six weeks ago of Henry Rogers's fortune, and that the money is now in the recess on the top-landing, the key of which is in his breast-pocket; that he was the receiver of the plate stolen from a house in the close at Salisbury a twelve-month ago, and sold in London for four hundred and fifty pounds. All this hurled at him,' continued the woman with wild energy and flashing eyes, 'what else might not a bold, quick-witted man make him believe he had confessed, revealed in his brief sleep?'

I had been sitting on a bench; but as these rapid disclosures burst from her lips, and I saw the use to which they might be turned, I rose slowly and in some sort involuntarily to my feet, lifted up, as it were, by the energy of her fiery words.

'God reward you!' I exclaimed, shaking both her hands in mine. 'You have, unless I blunder, rescued an innocent woman from the scaffold. I see it all. Farewell!'

'Mr Waters,' she exclaimed, in a changed, palpitating voice, as I was passing forth; 'when all is done, you will not forget me?'

'That I will not, by my own hopes of mercy in the hereafter. Adieu!'

At a quarter past nine that evening I, accompanied by two Farnham constables, knocked at the door of Jackson's house. Henry Rogers, I should state, had been removed to the village. The door was opened by the woman-servant, and we went in. 'I have a warrant for your arrest, Jane Riddet,' I said, 'as an accomplice in the plate-stealing the other day. There, don't scream, but listen to me.' I then intimated the terms upon which alone she could expect favour. She tremblingly promised compliance; and after placing the constables outside the front-parlour, secured the terrified old woman, and confined her safely in a distant out-house.

'Now, Riddet,' I said, 'quick with one of the old lady's gowns, a shawl, cap, &c. &c.' These were brought, and I returned to the parlour. It was a roomy apartment, with small, diamond-paned windows, and just then but very faintly illumined by the star-light.

There were two large high-backed easy-chairs, and I prepared to take possession of the one recently vacated by Jackson's wife. 'You must perfectly understand,' were my parting words to the trembling servant, 'that we intend standing no nonsense with either you or your master. You cannot escape; but if you let Mr Jackson in as usual, and he enters this room as usual, no harm will befall you: if otherwise, you will be unquestionably transported. Now, go.'

My toilet was not so easily accomplished as I thought it would be. The gown did not meet at the back by about a foot; that, however, was of little consequence, as the high chair concealed the deficiency; neither did the shortness of the sleeves matter much, as the ample shawl could be made to hide my too great length of arm; but the skirt was scarcely lower than a Highlander's, and how the deuce I was to crook my booted legs up out of view, even in that gloomy starlight, I could hardly imagine. The cap also was far too small; still, with an ample kerchief in my hand, my whiskers might, I thought, be concealed. I was still fidgeting with these arrangements when Jackson knocked at his door. The servant admitted him without remark, and he presently entered the room, carefully locked the door, and jolted down, so to speak, in the fellow easy-chair to mine.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he bawled out: 'She'll swing for it, they say—swing for it, d'ye hear, dame? But no, of course she don't—deaf and deaf, deaf and deaf every day. It'll be a precious good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

He then got up, and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look up—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous sleeping-draughts. He reseated himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping brain laboured with affrighting and oppressive images; but the mutterings, as before he slept, were confused and indistinct. At length—half an hour had perhaps thus passed—the troubled moanings became for a few moments clearly audible. 'Ha—ha—ha!' he burst out, 'how are you off for soap? Ho—ho! done there, my boy; ha—ha! But no—no. Wall-plaster! Who could have thought it? But for that I—I—What do you stare at me so for, your infernal blue-bottle? You—you—' Again the dream-utterance sank into indistinctness, and I comprehended nothing more.

About half-past twelve o'clock he awoke, rose, stretched himself, and said: 'Come, dame, let's to bed; it's getting chilly hefe.'

'Dame' did not answer, and he again went towards the cupboard. 'Here's a candle-end will do for us,' he muttered. A lucifer-match was drawn across the wall, he lit the candle, and stumbled towards me, for he was scarcely yet awake. 'Come, dame, come! Why, thee beest sleeping like a dead un! Wake up, will thee—Ah! murder! thieves! mur'—'

My grasp was on the wretch's throat; but there was no occasion to use force: he recognised me, and nerveless, paralysed, sank on the floor incapable of motion much less of resistance, and could only gaze in my face in dumb affright and horror.

'Give me the key of the recess up stairs, which you carry in your breast-pocket. In your sleep, unhappy man, you have revealed everything.'

An inarticulate shriek of terror replied to me. I was silent; and presently he gasped: 'Wha—at, what have I said?'

'That Mr Hursley's plate is buried in the garden by the lilac-tree; that you have received a thousand pounds belonging to the man you tried to poison; that you netted four hundred and fifty pounds by the plate stolen at Salisbury; that you dexterously contrived to slip the sulphuric acid into the tea unseen by Henry Rogers's wife.'

The shriek or scream was repeated, and he was for several moments speechless with consternation. A ray of hope gleamed suddenly in his flaming eyes. 'It is true—it is true!' he hurriedly ejaculated; 'useless—useless—useless to deny it. But you are alone, and poor, poor, no doubt. A thousand pounds!—more, more than that: two thousand pounds in gold—gold, all in gold—I will give you to spare me, to let me escape!'

'Where did you hide the soap on the day when you confess you tried to poison Henry Rogers?'

'In the recess you spoke of. But think! Two thousand pounds in gold—all in gold!—'

As he spoke, I suddenly grasped the villain's hands, pressed them together, and in another instant the snapping of a handcuff pronounced my answer. A yell of anguish burst from the miserable man, so loud and piercing, that the constables outside hurried to the outer-door, and knocked hastily for admittance. They were let in by the servant-woman; and in half an hour afterwards the three prisoners—Jackson, his wife, and Jane Riddet—were safe in Farnham prison.

A few sentences will conclude this narrative. Mary Rogers was brought up on the following day, and, on my evidence, discharged. Her husband, I have heard, has since proved a better and a wiser man. Jackson was convicted at the Guilford assize of guiltily receiving the Hursley plate, and sentenced to transportation for life. This being so, the graver charge of attempting to poison was not pressed. There was no moral doubt of his guilt; but the legal proof of it rested solely on his own hurried confession, which counsel would no doubt have contended ought not to be received. His wife and the servant were leniently dealt with.

Sarah Purday was convicted, and sentenced to transportation. I did not forget my promise; and a statement of the previously-narrated circumstances having been drawn up and forwarded to the Queen and the Home Secretary, a pardon, after some delay, was issued. There were painful circumstances in her history which, after strict inquiry, told favourably for her. Several benevolent persons interested themselves in her behalf, and she was sent out to Canada, where she had some relatives, and has, I believe, prospered there.

This affair caused considerable hubbub at the time, and much admiration was expressed by the country people at the boldness and dexterity of the London 'runner'; whereas, in fact, the successful result was entirely attributable to the opportune revelations of Sarah Purday.

THE DROLLERIES OF FALSE POLITICAL ECONOMY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

ONE of the last things which a people learn is to allow matters of trade and commerce to take their natural course. Imagining that prosperity may be insured by certain regulations as to buying and selling, importing and exporting, manufacturing this and preventing the manufacture of that—rearing up, as it were, a wholly factitious system of affairs—they make laws accordingly, and only find out, after doing a world of mischief, that they had much better have let things alone. Not, indeed, till the more thoughtful part of the community has arrived at this conviction, is the fair current of demand and supply permitted to take its course; and

even at the very last there are individuals who prophesy all sorts of disasters by withdrawing restrictions. Books could be filled with tales of impoverishment and ruin, of contests and jealousies, all caused by meddling with the ordinary desires of mankind to buy and sell, to eat and drink, or to dress as they liked. Now that this species of folly is pretty well understood and laughed at, we propose, for general amusement, to run over a few of the more remarkable instances of erroneous political economy, in other countries as well as our own. They form a strange chapter in the history of social blunders.

We may begin by mentioning that ancient Rome, amidst all her glories, had taken care, through sheer ignorance of right principle, to insure her national ruin. The plan of prosperity ingeniously contrived by the Romans consisted in making the colonies they conquered find them in food; in which respect they may be said to have acted the part of a band of robbers, who lived on the plunder of industrious neighbours. Common-sense tells us that practices of this kind cannot last for ever. Dishonesty, in its very acts, undermines what it rests on. Thinking, however, that they had laid hold of a capital plan for living in comfort without labour, they compelled the unfortunate colonists to supply Rome with a certain tribute in grain. The state, as well as the great men, thus acquired vast stores of food, which was distributed gratuitously to the people. Becoming accustomed to these doles, the humbler classes did not think of working for a subsistence, and gradually the native soil went out of cultivation. In a word, agriculture was ruined, independence of spirit was gone, and abject, corrupt, and impoverished, the empire at length sunk under the attacks of energetic invaders. Such was the political economy of the ancient Romans, a wonderfully great people in some things, but utterly ignorant of the mighty truth—that without well-directed industry the most potent system must decay and perish.

The sad history of Spain supplies us with perhaps a still more palpable instance of a great empire being ruined by unsound political economy. On the accession of Philip II. in the middle of the sixteenth century, and during most of his reign, Spain was a great nation. Her navies swept the seas till their pride was tamed in the British Channel by the rising energy of the nation which was to snatch from her the sceptre of the seas. She had vast possessions stretching over Europe; and the Indies, as North and South America were called, were treated as the property of the Spanish crown—a sort of domain full of incalculable riches to be poured into the lap of the parent state. It may be said, however, that it was particularly the possession of the gold mines of South America that dazzled the eyes of the government, and made it frantic and foolish with pride. Political economy teaches us that bullion is but a commodity like others, which may be a means of trading and creating riches, but is not in itself riches, save in so far as it may command other commodities. A Californian digger, with a lump of gold in his possession, seated on the top of a mountain, and unable to find his way to a store or any place where he can exchange it for other objects, is a very poor man in comparison with the blacksmith at his forge making a good living with his stock of iron. But the Spanish government fell into the mistake that bullion was in itself riches. They deemed it the end for which all mankind toiled and speculated, bought and sold; and

this being within the boundaries of their own territories, they deemed that there was now no need for them to toil and speculate, and buy and sell. A decree was issued prohibiting the exportation of the precious metals: they were to be kept at home for the enrichment of the country. It had just such an effect as if an act of parliament were to be passed prohibiting the exportation of cotton-manufactures and cutlery from this country. The bullion extracted from the American mines was just a commodity suitable for trade—not so profitable a commodity as cotton-manufactures and cutlery, but still it was the commodity which Spain especially possessed, and she ought to have sought and cultivated the means of following out a good trade in connection with it. Instead of encouraging, her government hampered and intercepted her legitimate trade, and the natural consequences followed. The people became idle, and, being idle, they became poor, notwithstanding the gold mines. These, it is true, sent ever their tribute. Despite of the utmost vigilance of the government, a considerable portion of it found its way abroad, much to the relief of the country, which was subject to a topical plethora of gold. Portions of this wealth were seized by Drake and the English cruisers, whose half-piratical captures did little harm to the people of Spain beyond the humiliation they inflicted. In fact, the bullion indicated the national degradation most effectually when it found its way, as the greater part of it did, to the palaces of the nobility. Such a contrast of wealth and poverty let us hope the world may never shew again. A Spanish noble would possess a sideboard with forty silver ladders, by which his slaves mounted to carry down dishes of gold and silver, which would be valued in the present day at L.40,000 or L.50,000. Yet in the midst of this grandeur there prevailed squalid misery, rags, and starvation. On golden dishes there was not a morsel to eat; the owner was without the means of buying a dinner; he was as poor in the possession of bullion which he could not dispose of as an Irish or Highland landlord with a large estate for which he receives no rent. It was noted by travellers in Spain in the seventeenth century that some of these magnificent grandees could not obtain so humble a product of foreign industry as a glass-window.

The public treasury of Spain was like the grandees' houses. Abundance of bullion was there about the court, but no money in the royal coffers to keep up the army and navy, and pay the debts of the state. It was not difficult to compel the mines to yield gold enough to make the palace glitter, but it was impossible to draw wealth from an idle people. The shifts of the kings of Spain to avoid paying their debts are almost as ludicrous as those of Beau Brummell. The electors of Brandenburg, the ancestors of the kings of Prussia, were always somewhat renowned for the keenness with which they looked after their pecuniary interests. Among a crowd of creditors who from morning to night beset the court of Charles II., the elector's representative was the most importunate, and it was desirable to get rid of him. He was told that a cargo of bullion was to arrive from America at Seville, and received an order for payment of his claim on the municipality of that city. Away went the ambassador, but in the meantime a counter-order was sent to the municipality not to give up the money, and he found himself trapped. But his master was not a man to be trifled with, so, using the order in an extended sense, he sent a parcel of privateers or pirate vessels, and setting on the next cargo of bullion proceeding from

America to Spain, paid himself. Selden mentions as a curious illustration of English law, how a London merchant got payment of a debt from the king of Spain. The merchant proceeded against him in the English courts in the ordinary form, and as the debtor did not choose to make appearance or plead, the conclusive ceremony of outlawry was performed. It appears that the preliminary step to this denunciation was an inquiry after the debtor in all neighbouring alehouses, these being presumed to be the places where those who owe money do most resort. Selden gives a ludicrous account of the inquiry at each alehouse if the king of Spain were there, and the formal return of a universal negative by the officer; whereupon, in usual form, outlawry was pronounced against him. In the end this was found to be no joke. While the sentence of outlawry stood against him, none of his subjects could recover debts in the English courts, which were closed to the whole Spanish nation, and in the end the London merchant was paid his debt. Mr Dunlop, in his 'Memoirs of Spain,' when describing the state of the national treasury in the reign of Charles II., says: 'Such was the inconceivable penury to which it was reduced, that it was found as difficult to procure fifty ducats as 50,000. Money could thus be no longer raised for the most pressing occasions, however trifling might be the cost. Couriers charged with urgent and important dispatches on affairs of state, were often unable to quit Madrid for want of the funds necessary to defray the immediate expenses of their journeys. Some officers of the royal household having waited for payment of what was due to them as long as they could without absolutely reducing themselves to beggary, peremptorily demanded their dismission, and were only retained by force and menaces. All the grooms, however, belonging to the royal stables who had not received their rations or wages for two years, contrived to escape from their service, and the horses remained for some time uncurred and unfed. A table which had been kept up at the king's cost for the gentlemen of the bedchamber was now totally unsupplied, and money was even frequently wanting to defray the daily expenses of the board of a monarch who was master of Mexico and Peru! The household of the queen-mother, which had hitherto been kept at its full establishment, now began to feel the effects of the general destitution. The rations provided for her domestics were withheld; and on lodging their complaints at court, they were told, with a sort of Cervantic humour, that the royal coffers were now all standing open, and they might come to supply themselves.'

The sources of all wealth are industry and unrestricted commercial enterprise. Could there be better evidence of this than the beggarly poverty of a state which possessed the richest gold-mines in the world?—a poverty produced by tamperings and restrictions which paralysed trade. Of course many inquiries were made as to the reason why the realm of gold and silver was thus destitute, while a small republic like Holland, seated in the mire, was growing rich. Some foreign engineers proposed to make a great navigable canal to promote internal trade, but they were answered that Providence had already provided rivers for that purpose, and they were doubtless sufficient. This view was a curious contrast to the notion of the enterprising, restless engineer Brindley, who would not admit that rivers were of any value except as feeders to navigable canals. Philip IV.'s government made inquiries into the causes of the misery and poverty of the nation, and desired counsel from the governors of provinces and others as to a suitable remedy. One man named Lernela suggested a plan founded on the view that, notwithstanding the riches of the American mines, the people were still in some degree doomed to labour, especially in the production of food. To relieve them as much as possible from the exhaustion of labour, it was proposed that

the government should pass a law to discourage agriculture and promote pasture, which provided food and clothing for the people without exhausting them by labour.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

NOVEMBER.

I CAN fancy some of my readers saying: 'What can there be to say about wild-flowers in November?—the blossoms are getting nipped in the hedgerows and meadows, and few if any new ones rise up to take their places; the trees begin to drop their leaves, and the copses are becoming touched with the tints of autumn: all vegetation seems to be decaying, and winter will soon be here.' This is all very true; yet autumn is a lovely season, and to a thinking mind one full of fruitful thoughts and poetical associations and fancies. They are not necessarily sad thoughts which attend on the decaying season, although they would be so if there were no spring-tide to which we could look forward with hope; neither are those necessarily sad thoughts which attend on the decay of life, though they would be so had we not that joyful resurrection, of which the spring is ever a type, whereon to rest our hopes.

It is a lovely season; and though we find few flowers, there are, nevertheless, other things which make our country-walks delightful, and give us ample scope for research into subjects which will well repay us for our trouble. The many-tinted leaves of the bramble, and the glowing, clustering berries of the rose, hawthorn, honeysuckle, and that most exquisitely brilliant kind, the fruit of the wild guelder-rose (*Viburnum opulus*), tempt you to overload your hands with their heavy bunches, which, mixed with wreaths of ivy and other evergreens, make bouquets for your side-tables which might vie with the gems of summer in brightness and beauty—'and scent?' some will say. No, not in scent; you must do without perfume in your autumn and winter nosegays, and be thankful that you have bright things to look at, and, not expecting every pleasure at once, wait patiently and hopefully

'Till the spring's first gale
Comes forth to tell us where the violets lie.'

But now let me invite you to walk with me to Otterton Park; and do not be alarmed by the name, and fancy that I am going to lead you to some stately mansion-house, rising in dignity amidst lofty trees, with a fine ancient park, and herds of dappled deer congregating beneath oaks of the growth of centuries: it is no such place; for though there are indeed fine old oaks, and abundant magnificent groups of forest-trees, which may once have decked the precincts of a gentleman's grounds, Otterton Park is now only the name bestowed on a beautiful tract of hill, copse, and upland pasture, which rises above the pretty river Otter near the village of Otterton, and is as lovely a wild spot as you would wish to see. I set out early in the day, because at so late a season of the year it is always wise to secure your exercise, and follow your out-door pursuit while the sun is at the highest: it was a lovely morning, the sea sparkling in the sunbeams; and as I pursued my former course down the beach-walk, and over by the limokiln-cliff and the grannery, I was amused by watching the immense flocks of larks which frequent these parts throughout the year, but especially in the winter months; and by gathering a few of the late blossoms of the pretty little bugloss (*Lycopsis arvensis*)—a rough, bristly plant about a foot high, with a funnel-shaped corolla of the

brightest sky-blue, with white valves; and here and there a sea-pink, which still lingered on its turfy bed. Everything glitters with dew, and the gossamer spider has not been idle, for on every hedge and field lie its wonderfully beautiful webs, which have ensnared myriads of little spheres of dew, into which the sun freely pours those beams which will in time dissipate their structure and dissolve them into thin air. And now, only marking these bright objects as I pass quickly on, I wend my way along by the embankment without much lingering, for my business lies farther on beyond the river, and no new flowers tempt me to turn from my course; so on I go, and cross the now brimming river (for the water, usually so low, is now raised by the tide to a level with its grassy banks) by a broken wooden bridge, and pursue the path to the left up a rough stony bit, somewhat intersected by mud-pools, and through some pleasant sloping fields to the Park; the hedges and fields being still adorned with varieties of ragworts (*senecio*), exhibiting their star-shaped yellow flowers, of the natural order *Compositæ*; and the pretty eyebright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), its gaping white corolla, streaked with purple and yellow on the palate; and here and there bright patches of the lovely pink centaury (*Erythraea centaurium*), which is never seen in beauty except when the brightest beams of the sun are full on it, and which, lovely as it is, you may try in vain to make useful in forming an ornament to your nosegay of wild-flowers, as a few minutes after you gather it you find its bright-yellow anthers covered in by its pretty pink petals, which close tightly over them, reminding one of wayward, shy children, who refuse to shew off any of those pretty ways which have delighted their admiring parents when most wished to do so, and shut themselves up in baby reserve, speechlessly hanging down their heads the moment a stranger appears. The rise had been gradual, though constant, from the edge of the river to the point I had now attained, so that when I approached a belt of underwood overhung by fine trees, which skirted the field in which I was on the left hand, I was surprised to find myself standing on the edge of a rather abrupt cliff of red sandstone, of very considerable height and great beauty. These lofty and rocky banks are characteristic of the Otter, and mark several parts of its course, especially near Ottery St Mary, where the scenery is very beautiful.

The colouring spread over this cliff in the autumnal season is such as baffles description; the rich green of the ivy being contrasted with the red sandstone, and intermixed with every varied hue, from the tinted leaves, purple, scarlet, yellow, and every shade of green, splendid trees of holly (*Ilex aquifolium*) and butcher's broom (*Ruscus aculeatus*), with shining leaves and brilliant scarlet berries, besides numerous other berries and fruits, and high tufts of ferns, presenting a wonderful variety of tints. Far below are the calm waters of the river reflecting all this woodland scenery, and gliding on as gently between their flowery banks as if they had miles of their course to run, instead of being, as they are in fact, within a few minutes of reaching that 'last bourne,' the sea, in whose great deep they would speedily be lost, not to emerge from it save in vapours—which, ascending to the clouds, would be again scattered over the face of the land in rain-drops, possibly some of them to refresh those very herbs and trees below which it is now pursuing its murmuring course.

There are fishermen below, and young children sporting in the green meadow, and enjoying the half-windy air, which, though it is November, is bright and warm with sunshine; and watching all this as the openings here and there between the trees reveal it to me, I pursue my path, occasionally diving down a little way among the thickets to secure some treasure, and then wandering over the fields to see what I can find there. But now, before I enter on the details of what I did

And, I must say a few words about a class of plants which, though little known or noticed, is of immense extent and considerable interest, including under its different families literally innumerable species, occupying every imaginable habitat, and presenting wonderful varieties in its structure. The individuals of this class of plants vary in size from objects barely distinguishable by the aid of powerful lenses, to huge masses as large as a man's head—nay, much larger. They are of every form and every hue, from sooty black to the most delicate white, ranging through ruby, orange, lilac, green, pink, yellow, and a thousand modifications of these and other colours. In some instances they are important edibles; in others, they fix themselves on the staple articles of food, and eat out their life and substance. Some of them are highly medicinal, and others deadly poison; and yet these wonderful samples of the great Creator's handiwork are, with few exceptions, passed by unknown and unnoticed by man! In England so great is this neglect, that I question whether one out of ten who may read this paper will know that I allude to the fungus tribe.

Hooker thus describes this order: 'The lowest in the scale of vegetables, yet very variable in appearance, growing on the ground, or parasitic on other vegetable substances—rarely if ever aquatic, and scarcely ever green. . . . In the larger sense of the word the whole plant may be considered fructification, since distinct from it there is no true stem. There are no branches, no leaves.' Among other habitats in which we find fungi are earth, moss, trunks of trees either dead or living, fir-cones, cow-dung, dead and living leaves, fruit, stems of mosses, and other fungi. They are also to be found on cheese, bread, and other articles of prepared food, as well as on wheat—the rust in wheat and many other blights being congregated plants of this order, so minute, indeed, as to be invisible separately, yet so numerous as to destroy the crops. All mildew is formed of fungi, from the pretty feathery tufts of snow-white fur which we see on casks and in damp cellars, to the pale-gray or brown marks which deface the paper-hangings in a room where damp prevails. In fact, this tribe of plants appears in so many places and in so many forms, that it would be impossible for me to notice a tenth part of them. Loudon tells us that in Sweden, in the small space of a square furlong, where the plants of all other kinds, including mosses and lichens, did not exceed 850 species, Fries discovered more than 2000 species of fungi. In Russia, and other northern countries, some of the different varieties of fungus form important articles of diet, and many kinds which are with us considered poisonous are there freely eaten; but in England, with the exception of mushrooms, truffles, morels, and a few others, the whole tribe is voted useless as an article of food, though a few kinds are used medicinally, and for other purposes. Galen's opinion of fungi is thus quaintly given by Gerarde:—'Galen affirms that they are all very cold and moist, and therefore do approach unto a cold and murdering facultie, and ingender a clammy, pituitous, and cold nutriment if they be eaten. To conclude, few of them be good to be eaten, and most of them do suffocate and strangle the eater; therefore I give my advice to those that love such strange, newe-fangled meates, to beware of licking honey among thornes, least the sweetness of the one do not countervail the sharpness and pricking of the other.'

'The meadow mushrooms are in kinde the best;
It is surpassing any of the rest;'

so adds our Gerarde, with more sense than harmony of metre. But now let us look about us, and see whether we cannot collect a few of the more beautiful species of a size that may be seen and handled.

A few days before the time of my walk to Otterton

I had rambled in another direction, intruding into a plantation in which, strictly speaking, I had no right; and suddenly, while looking about for flowers, *happened* on a most splendid sight: under the shade of some pines, and elevated on a grassy bank which overhung a gravel-pit, I discovered a group of the most magnificent fungi I had ever seen. Some of the younger and smaller ones were about the size of an orange, and others extended to a much larger size. They were of a rich carmine hue, and shining, spotted over with large snow-white warts, and raised on a snowy stem of about two inches in height. The elder specimens varied in colour from carmine to deep orange red, these being also warted on the surface of the cap, or *pileus*, as it is called. In the young ones, the delicate fringe which connects the stem of plants of this form with the cap was unbroken, and of snowy whiteness; but in the elder and more matured ones it was broken, and became yellowish and scaly. In some of these the cap was six or seven inches across, and the stem three or four inches in height; the veil being broken, the gills, of a pale-yellowish hue, and some of them not reaching nearly from the stem to the edge of the cap, were discovered. It was altogether quite a gorgeous display—for the ground was thickly studded with them—and one so new to me as to inflame me with a fungus mania. I collected several of the most beautiful, and on my return home covered a large china plate with some of the white Lapland moss, mixed with the pale-green bog-moss; and selecting one of my most magnificent specimens, placed it in the centre, with a few other kinds which I had discovered in the same plantation round it: my main object in going to Otterton was to endeavour to find more varieties with which to complete my singular but exquisitely lovely table-ornament. My much-prized discovery I found to be the fly-blown mushroom (*Agaricus muscarius*), a highly-poisonous species, used in northern countries to destroy flies and bugs; it is the *mocho-more* of the Russians, &c. who use it for intoxication. Loudon tells us that when they drink a liquor made with this and the *epilobium*, they are 'seized with convulsions in all their limbs, followed with that kind of raving which attends a burning fever. They personify this mushroom; and if they are urged by its effects to suicide or any dreadful crime, they pretend to obey its commands. To fit themselves for premeditated assassination they recur to the use of the *mocho-more*.'

The first fungi I discovered at Otterton I did not at once perceive to be such. They were globular, of a pure ruby hue, and as I saw them lying in clusters on the grassy bank I took them to be some fallen berries: it was by mere chance that, taking one up to see of what kind it was, I discovered that it was of the very kind of which I was in pursuit—a beautiful fungus, about the size of a cherry, named the crimson mushroom (*Agaricus puniceus*.) Taking all I could find, I proceeded triumphantly on my way, and soon found several other varieties; among which were the pretty 'parrot-coloured mushroom' (*A. psittacius*), a brilliant mixture of green and yellow, and also a lovely kind whose name I did not make out, with the centre of the cap pale-brown, shading through white into a delicate rose-tint at the edge, and about an inch and a half across the cap: only two specimens of this were to be found; but there were several varieties of the purest white, some like little cones of drifted snow; others much flatter; and some cup-like, and so delicate and fragile in texture that their snow-white caps were crushed into their black linings with a touch, leaving the fingers that had meddled with them deeply tinged with a soot-like stain. Then there were others of clear bright-yellow, and some of the tenderest lemon-tint, all elegantly formed; and most beautiful they looked—for I took home every one that was not too frail to be secured—when ranged around the central

mound of carmine and snow, and closely grouped on the pretty mossy carpet which I had provided for them.

From day to day I added to my collection. On one occasion I found on a fallen branch a cluster of a singular and beautiful kind, folded and lobed into convolutions something like the human brain, and of a rich orange colour: this I made out to be *Tremella mesenterica*. At another time I found a bunch of yellow things sticking up in the grass, and looking like short blades of grass painted a bright clear yellow: indeed it was long before I could satisfy myself that this colouring was not some insect or other deposit; nor was I quite clear on the point until I found some of the same substance only a little differently cast, and white, and on referring to authorities found that such were described under the name of the brittle mushroom (*Clavaria fragilis*). About this same time I perceived some brilliant orange balls—some larger and others smaller than a good-sized pea—floating on dead leaves in the dikes which intersected the marshy ground near the osmunda enclosure; and on fishing some out I saw that they were parasitic on the leaves that bore them, and of the fungus tribe. They were very pretty, and lasted a long time when floated in a glass of water; but I could not make sure of what kind they were. My plate of treasures was, when complete, very beautiful, and attracted much wonder and admiration. One lady to whom I shewed them conceived them to be artificial, and said: 'Yes, they are pretty. I know how you made *that*'—pointing to one of shining yellow—it is lemon-peel cut and varnished; but I do not know how you made the others.'

The kind of fungus most usually known and valued in England is the common field-mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*), which is also cultivated in gardens; the gills of this species are loose, pinky-red, changing to liver colour, and are in contact with the stem, but not united to it. The old writer whom I have before quoted, Gerarde, says of this mushroom: 'the lower side is somewhat hollow set, or decked with fine gutters drawn along from the middle centre to the circumference.' He also speaks of some sorts which 'growe upon the trunks or bodies of old trees, very much resembling *Auricule Judæ*; that is the Jewes-eare, doe in continuance of time grow unto the substance of wood which the Fowlers doe call touchwood.' There is another kind of fungus called puffe-balls, fusse-balls, bunt, puck-flst, frog-cheese, and other odd names, which is used for making a stupifying potion for bees. These grow to more than the size of a man's head; indeed it is said that they have been found measuring as much as nearly nine feet in circumference: this is, I believe, the *Bovista nigrescens*. They are white and heavy when unripe; but when ripe, very light, of a brown colour, and turning to powder. Cotton, in his Bee-book, tells us the mode of using this when it is desired to stupify bees for the purpose of removing them from one hive to another. 'When you have procured one of those pucks, put it into a large paper, pressing it down therein to two-thirds, or near half the bulk, tying it up very close. Put it in an oven some time after the household bread is drawn, letting it continue all night. When it will hold fire it is fit for your use. With a pair of scissors cut a piece off the puck as large as a hen's egg (better at first to have too much than too little), and fix it to the end of a small stick, slit for that purpose, and sharpened at the other end; which place so that it may hang near the middle of an empty hive. This hive you must set with the mouth upward near the stock you intend to take, in a pail or bucket. This done set fire to the puck with a candle, and immediately place the stock of bees over it, tying a cloth round the hives, which you must have in readiness, that no smoke may come forth. In a minute's time or little more you will with delight hear them drop like hail into the empty

hive: when the major part of them are down, and you hear very few fall, you may beat the top of the hive gently with your hand, to get as many out as you can; then loosing the cloth, lift it off to a table or broad board prepared on purpose; and knocking the hive against it several times, many more will tumble out, perhaps the queen among them, as I have often found her lodging near the crown.'

In former days, when lucifer-matches were unknown, the country-people in divers parts of England who lived far from any neighbours used to carry these puffe-balls kindled with fire, which lasts long in them. I have named the truffle and morel as edible species—the former is the *Tuber cibarium*; they are found underground in dry and light soil, both in Europe and in Japan and India. Dogs are taught to find this fungus by smell, and to dig it out of the earth; and it is on record that a man was once known to possess this power. They are much famed in cookery, and are either boiled simply or stewed in different modes before being brought to table. The Morel (*morchel la esculen'tu*) grows on the earth, and has a round or oval cap: the German name is *Morchel*. It is large and whitish, and appears in the spring, when it is much valued, being very delicious for sauce. It is chiefly found in places where trees have been burned; 'which led,' says London, 'in Germany to a practice of cutting down masses of forests for the sake of the future morels. This practice became so injurious that it was necessary to suppress it by law.' One of the prettiest and at the same time best known of the fungus tribe is that exquisite little red-cup which adorns our hedgebanks in the early spring-time—this is the *Hymenomyces coccinea*, called by children fairy-cup, or sometimes fairies' bath. It appears at first as if growing on the earth, but on closer inspection you find it to be produced by some little dead stick which has lain mouldering in, or half below the surface of the earth all the winter, on which are clustered probably two or three little cups, from three-quarters of an inch to a barleycorn in diameter, of velvet softness, and the richest hue of scarlet in the inside, while the outside is of pinkish-white. With what delight have I seen these pretty things beaming out on me from some mossy bank in the month of March, and laid them in my little basket by the side of the first violets of the season, and perhaps two or three pale primroses—the result of patient searching among the leaves—and a few of the long tassels of the hazel—all tokens of the sweet spring, and all therefore precious jewels to one who loves the country, with its sweet sights and sounds. I do not know whether Queen Mab and her suite ever really use these pretty red things as baths; but that mushrooms were an important article in their domestic economy cannot be doubted if we accept the testimony furnished us by poets of all ages and of all countries: we may cite as an instance the fairy queen's song—'Come, follow, follow me,' &c. two of the stanzas of which are as follow:—

'Upon a mushroom's head
Our tablecloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat
The manchet which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn-cups filled to the brink.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we passe,
The young and tender stalke
Ne'er bends where we do walke;
Yat in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.'

It is a pity that the lovers of romance and fairy lore can no longer wonder over those deep-green rings which mark the grass in the autumn, and amuse themselves

by fancying the elves and fairies dancing around hand in hand beneath the moonbeams: these rings, to which no doubt allusion is made in the last couplet of the song, as well as in Prospero's address—

'Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sand with printless feet
Do chase the flying Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms'—

are by late discoveries ascertained to be the result of the growth of some particular kinds of fungus, one of which is very broad and white, and called the gigantic mushroom (*Agaricus giganteus*.) But I must now close these remarks, although my subject is not half exhausted; urging my readers to examine for themselves, and assuring them that even a slight degree of study of fungi, will reveal to them wonders and beauties of which they may have been hitherto quite unconscious.

THE STRANGE BOAT.

LAST year, when engaged in an exploration of the Nile, it was my fortune to encounter a somewhat queer character. We had arrived at El-Kab, the site of the ancient Illithyas, some short time after noon. The heat was intense; and though all of us were pretty well inured to the temperature of Upper Egypt, it was judged both prudent and agreeable to defer our exploration until the evening drew nigh. We lay moored under a thick grove of palms alongside a tangled field of lupines, and could distinguish no sign of antiquities but portions of a huge wall of unburnt brick between the columnar stems of the trees. The silence peculiar to the summer-time of the day brooded over the scene; for when the sun has retreated beyond the equator all the seasons are represented within the twenty-four hours in Egypt. The northern breeze had long since flagged, and now breathed in scarcely perceptible sighs along the eddying stream; the leaves overhead occasionally trembled, but were voiceless; the crew went out upon the bank, and were soon sleeping here and there among the lupines.

About an hour had passed since our arrival when we heard in the distance, borne towards us through the glowing air, the merry voices of a boat's crew evidently pulling down the stream; and vigorously too, for in a minute or so after we first heard the indistinct and interrupted hum we could distinguish the air, and then even some of the words. Presently a small boat shot round a point into the centre of the reach, and the fast-dipping oars plied so bravely, that before we could make out the flag—no easy matter, for she came end on—there was a momentary lull in the singing; after which we heard a rasping sound, that invariable sign of an in-shore movement—and the felucca, as our felis called the fairy-like craft, came shooting to its mooring-ground.

It belonged to an English traveller, who did not at first shew himself, probably from fear of exposing himself to our greetings. Vain fear, for though not unsocial ourselves, we respected the unsociability of others. Besides, we thought we recognised the boat; and indeed there was no longer any possibility of doubt when we saw a tall, grim-looking dragoman make his appearance, and begin to operate upon some shirts. We had passed that boat fifty times on our way up, and on each occasion had beheld that identical dragoman engaged in that identical operation. It was indeed 'the enemy.' Not the evil one; but a boat which, by its odd appearance, strange manœuvres, and queer behaviour, had from the beginning puzzled, interested, and almost exasperated us. We had met it at first at Beni-Souef, where it had just arrived, seemingly with the intention

of stopping. No sooner, however, did we run up alongside, than the dragoman threw away his hot iron and began to give vociferous instructions to the captain to prepare for departure; and off they went before we had driven in our pegs. We strolled about the town for an hour or so, and set sail. Our spread of canvas was immense, and our huge boat one of the finest models on the Nile. No wonder, then, that some time before sunset we overtook the stranger, which was better calculated for rowing than for sailing. The dragoman was still erect with his iron in his hand, and glanced at us moodily as we shot by; but no sign of any travellers appeared. All the cabin-windows were jealously closed, and a curtain was drawn over the door. We began to speculate on what now seemed to be a little mysterious; but could arrive at no definite result, except that the boat contained most probably a he-body and a she-body who chose to travel *in cog*. The fag-end of the breeze took us about a mile ahead; but after dark, when we had moored, we saw the mysterious stranger creep by, and 'rounding a point a little ahead, disappear.

Next morning, as soon as the wind served, we of course again gained on 'the enemy;' and this time, by the aid of our telescopes, managed to make out a European figure slowly pacing the roof of the cabin. But as we drew nigh it made itself scarce, and only the crew remained visible, with the exception of that abominable dragoman with his hot iron. Thus day after day passed; we lying along-shore regularly at sunset, 'the enemy' working a couple of hours more, and crawling a mile or so ahead, to be repassed next morning under nearly the same circumstances. The only addition to our information was, that there was really a lady on board dressed in the Oriental style. This fact we first learned from our servants, but afterwards from our own observation; and instead of appeasing, it only served to stimulate our curiosity. However, we forbore to make inquiries, and endeavoured to escape from 'the enemy;' but whatever distance we gained in the day was sure to be compensated by his industry at night.

On one occasion we had a slight communication with the mysterious boat. Somebody on board fell ill; and a letter in a lady's hand, but with a male signature—a foreign name very like Alphonse de Penthievre—was sent to us, half in French half in English, requesting some medicine. We supplied what we could, and recommended the unknown patient to push on to Minich, where there was a Frank doctor. Our advice was taken, and 'the enemy' set sail at night; but a stiff breeze carried us ahead next day, and we had already visited the town when the little craft that had caused so much speculation came up with popping sail, and trembling under a heavy gale that began to blow as the sun went down.

This kind of work continued until we reached Thébes, where we stayed some time; whilst the stranger, after a cursory glance that lasted three-quarters of an hour, went on. We never saw any more of it during our upward journey, nor indeed at Spouan—probably it went on to Abu Sumbal—and had quite forgotten its existence when it thus fell upon us at El-Kab. As may be supposed, our curiosity—which was by no means impertinent, for we declined allowing the servants to pump the ironing dragoman—now revived; and when at length M. Alphonse de Penthievre made his appearance, evidently bent on antiquarian research, I resolved to start with the most enterprising of my companions, in the vague hope of seeing something that would interest or amuse me.

He was a strange-looking being, strangely accoutred, this M. Alphonse. Tall and thin, he appeared like a mummy just escaped from a pit; and his tight-fitting leathern breeches, long sporting-boots that reached halfway up his lank thighs, small braided jacket, and long-

peaked jockey-cap, converted into a turban by what might have been a lady's petticoat—all this, I say, gave him an original appearance quite irresistible to behold. We preferred walking, but M. Alphonse insisted on a donkey, and was presently ahead of us on the queerest little animal it is possible to conceive.

Our legs would have taken us much faster, but we paused to examine the ruins which the stranger passed by without so much as turning his head. These were an artificial lake, the infirm fragments of a temple, and two square enclosures, surrounded by walls some thirty feet thick. In the one nearest the river the peasants of the neighbourhood were hard at work removing the bricks to spread as manure over their fields. We could not but regret this destruction of antique remains; but our regrets were unavailing, and we felt confident then, as now, that no vigorous steps towards preserving the monuments of Egypt will be taken until they are scarcely worth preserving. Every year the mischief done is enormous, and seems to cause very little annoyance even to professed antiquaries. These gentlemen are generally so special in their studies, and so confined in their sympathies, that unless some particular tablet or some particular chamber in a temple that interests them be interfered with, they are perfectly content to allow hammer and pickaxe, spade and gunpowder, to work their will on the rest. Very little exertion would suffice to rescue what already remains from destruction; but, as we have said, this exertion will not be made until it is too late, and until there be nothing left in Egypt but chips and heaps of rubbish.

After strolling through these enormous enclosures we issued into the desert behind, and proceeded northward towards the solitary hill which formed the necropolis of ancient Elilthyas. Our friend 'the enemy' had not yet reached it, and we saw him at some distance from the base gesticulating most violently, and kicking his beast in the vain hope of accelerating its speed; whilst the Arab who had engaged himself as donkey-boy—he was an aged youth of some seventy-five years—was hobbling a hundred yards behind. We walked leisurely on, and arrived in time to witness M. Alphonse actually forcing his little donkey up the steep slope, and occasionally helping it by putting foot to ground on either side. Politeness induced us to resolve to wait until the operation was terminated; but when the animal came to a dead stop, in spite of the contortions of its rider, we began the ascent, and reached the entrance of the tombs, after having been favoured with a grave salute in passing from 'the enemy,' who did not appear to be aware that there was anything ludicrous in his appearance or situation.

We soon ran over the principal tombs which guide-books authorise us to pronounce interesting. They are small in themselves, but are connected by pits and rugged passages with very large unsculptured caves, which probably occupy the greater part of the space that was formerly one solid rock. The sculptures themselves are very curious and of high antiquity, but the state of their preservation is not at all satisfactory. They represent scenes of domestic and agricultural life in a very quaint and amusing manner, and throw great light on Egyptian customs. It is from them that a great portion of those valuable materials which have fed the imaginations of fervid archaeologists has been derived. We, who looked calmly on, and had no theories to support, did not see so much as our predecessors; but we had a double source of interest—the first, in the contemplation of the sculptures themselves; the second, in that of the ingenuity which has interpreted them.

M. Alphonse stalked solemnly past us several times during our examination, gazing with lack-lustre eye at the painted walls, and evidently going through his work as a mere matter of duty. We, not being in a hurry, after we had visited the numbered tombs, began

exploring the rest, and finally clambered up to the very summit of the hill, which is of an oval shape, and entirely honeycombed on all sides and to the very centre with excavations of all sizes. On the top we found the traces of various tombs, and towards the western extremity a neatly-cut staircase leading down to a platform upon which several chambers opened. Here we found M. Alphonse, with his legs hanging over a precipice, engaged in lighting a cigar, and thought it our duty to address a polite observation to him. He seemed rather shy at first, but answered in very vernacular English to the effect that Egypt was a 'very interesting country.'

There was now no mistaking the origin of 'the enemy.' Bow Bells had evidently filled his infant ears with their melody. But whence his uncouth appearance, his strange dress, and his outlandish name? Whence, above all, the Oriental lady who travelled in habara and veil, 'cabined, cribbed, confined' in a kanja, under the protection of this unmistakable Cockney? Our curiosity became keener than ever. We remembered having caught a partial glimpse of the countenance of the imprisoned lady as she returned with her lord from a sporting excursion, and that we thought it 'beautiful exceedingly'—full of poetical melancholy suggestive of a romantic story. It was impossible to resist the temptation to be a little inquisitive; so we began in a round-about manner, taking care to repeat the high-sounding name of our mysterious friend as often as possible, and observing that whenever it was pronounced he winced in a most remarkable manner. However, there was no extracting anything from him; and when, with a 'Good-morning, gents,' he leaped down the precipice and scrambled towards his little donkey, he left us as much in the dark as ever about his real condition and history.

We endeavoured philosophically to dismiss the subject from our minds, and pursued our investigations. We found, however, nothing but an interminable succession of cells, chambers, tombs, caves of various forms, but all evidently destined for sepulchral objects except one—a kind of underground chapel with round pillars. The place reminded me much of that Gebel el Monta, or Mountain of the Dead, which overhangs the city of Siwah in the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon; the plans even of many of the tombs seemed precisely similar.

In the valley below the hill was an isolated rock, with two or three excavated caves of very great antiquity. The lintels and jambs of the doorways were dimly ornamented with hieroglyphics; but very little could be made out. We returned by a path leading north of the great brick-enclosures, and noticed a curious kind of thorn, with contorted branches covered with prickles, said never to bear leaves, but producing a kind of red berry, some of which still remained, and were of an agreeable taste. On reaching the boat we found that 'the enemy' had already started, and heard the chanting of his crew in the distance. We also pushed off about dark; but although the men worked gallantly, it was impossible for our immense galley, so swift under sail, to keep up with the light boat of 'the enemy' when oars were brought into play. We never saw anything more of it.

Some months passed before we ascertained the real state of the case; and it was rather with a feeling of disappointment that we learned that M. Alphonse de Penhiévre was no other than Mr Jones, ironmonger of — Street, London; and that the Oriental lady, so jealously concealed from view, and whom we took to be some very immoral heroine, was actually Mrs Jones herself, lately extracted from a boarding-school at Clapham. It appears that this young lady, as soon as the honeymoon was over, felt disgusted both with the humdrum life of the capital and the very unpoetical

name for which she had exchanged her own musical family appellation of Higgins.* So, her lord's means permitting, she resolved to travel under a title taken out of some one of her favourite novels; and the idea was carried out to the letter. She herself had a mania for 'adopting the customs of the countries through which she passed'; went out in a grisette's cap with flying ribbons at Paris; put a tower on her head in Normandy; donned the mantilla in Spain; and, finally, hid her delightful little face under a veil in Egypt and Syria. It is true that in this latter case she missed seeing a great deal of what was curious; but her object was not to see, but to satisfy her mania. A very harmless one it was, certainly, resulting in no other inconvenience than that of awaking the intense derision of all the people amongst whom she sojourned, and of giving rise to speculations of a nature not very flattering. It were to be desired that all travellers, in the indulgence of their eccentricities, should be satisfied with making themselves ridiculous.

THE POTTER OF TOURS.

AMONG the choicest works of art contributed to the Great Industrial Exhibition by our French neighbours, were some enamelled earthenware vases of remarkably fine workmanship, and particularly worthy of attention for their grotesque yet graceful decorations. These vases had, however, a still higher claim to distinction than that arising from their own intrinsic value, for they were the workmanship of one who may truly be ranked among 'nature's nobles,' although by birth and station owning no greater title than that of 'Charles Avisseau, the potter of Tours.'

A worthy successor of Bernard Palissy,* he has, like him, achieved the highest success in his art, in spite of difficulties which would have caused most other men to yield despairingly before what they would have deemed their untoward fate. Charles Avisseau was born at Tours on Christmas-day, in the year 1796. His father was a stone-cutter, but whenever labour was slack in that department, he sought additional occupation in a neighbouring pottery. While still a child, he used frequently to accompany his father to the factory. His eager attention was quickly attracted by the delicate workmanship of the painters in enamel, and before long he attempted to imitate their designs. The master of the factory observed some flowers and butterflies which he had sketched on a coarse earthenware vase, and at once perceiving that he gave promise of being a good workman, he engaged him in the service of the factory.

The boy now began to feel himself a man, and entered with his whole soul into his work. By the dim and uncertain light of the one lamp around which the Avisseau family gathered in the long winter evenings, Charles would spend hour after hour in tracing out new designs for the earthenware he was to paint on the morrow. He was at first too poor to purchase either pencil or paper, and used to manufacture from clay the best substitute he could for the former, while he generally employed the walls of the apartment as a substitute for the latter. He applied himself indefatigably to the study of every branch of his art—the different varieties of earths, the methods of baking them, the mode of producing various enamels, &c.—until, after some years of patient labour in the humble situation he had first occupied, he was offered the post of superintendent of the manufactory of fine porcelain at Besançon-les-Hôtels. He was still, however, but a poor man; and, having married very young, was struggling with family cares and the trials of penury, when one day there fell into his hands an old enamelled earthenware vase,

which filled him with a transport of astonishment and delight. This was the *chef-d'œuvre* he had so often dreamed of, and longed to accomplish; the colours were fired on the ware without the aid of the white glaze, and the effect was exquisite.

'Whose work is this masterpiece?' inquired the young man.

'That of Bernard Palissy,' was the reply; 'a humble potter by birth. He lived at Saintes three centuries ago, and carried with him to the grave the secret of the means by which his beautiful enamels were produced.'

'Well, then,' thought Avisseau, 'I will rediscover this great secret. If he was a potter like me, why should not I become an artist like him?'

From that hour forward he devoted himself with the most unwearying perseverance to his great pursuit. He passed whole nights over the furnace; and although ignorant of chemistry, and destitute of resources, instruments, or books, he tried one experiment after another, in hopes of at length attaining the much-desired object. His neighbours called him a madman and a fool; his wife, too gentle to complain, often looked on with sad and anxious eye as she saw their scanty resources diminishing day by day—wasted, as she conceived, in vain and fruitless experiments. All his hopes seemed doomed to disappointment, and destitution stared him in the face; yet one more trial he determined to make, although that one he promised should be the last. With the utmost care he blended the materials of his recomposed enamel, and applied them to the ware, previous to placing it in the oven. But who can describe the deep anxiety of the ensuing hour, the hour on which the fondly-cherished hopes of a lifetime seemed to hang? At length with beating heart and trembling hand he opened the furnace: his ware was duly baked, and the colours of his enamel had undergone no change! This was a sufficient reward for all his labours; and even to this day Avisseau can never speak of that moment without the deepest emotion.

But his was not a mind to rest contented with what he had already achieved: he longed still further to perfect his art. He accordingly gave up his situation in the factory, and opened a shop in Tours, where he earned his livelihood by selling little earthenware figures, ornaments for churches, &c., whilst he passed his nights in study and in making renewed experiments. He borrowed treatises on chemistry, botany, and mineralogy; studied plants, insects, and reptiles; and succeeded at last in composing a series of colours which were all fusible at the same temperature. One more step remained to be achieved: he wished to introduce gold among his enamel; but, alas! he was a poor man; too poor to buy even the smallest piece of that precious metal. For many a weary day and night this thought troubled him. Let us transport ourselves for a few moments to the interior of his lowly dwelling, and see how this difficulty too was overcome. It is a winter's evening; two men—Charles Avisseau and his son—are seated at a table in the centre of the room; they have worked hard all day, but are not the less intent upon their present occupation—that of moulding a vase of graceful and classic form. Under their direction, two young sisters are engaged in tracing the veins upon some vine-leaves which had recently been modelled by the artists; while the mother of the family, seated by the chimney-corner, is employed in grinding the colours for her husband's enamels. Her countenance expresses a peaceful gravity, although every now and then she might be perceived to direct an anxious and inquiring glance towards her Goodman, who seemed to be this evening even more than usually pensive. At last he exclaimed, more as if speaking to himself than addressing his observation to others:

'Oh, what would I not give to be able to procure the smallest piece of gold!'

* For a sketch of the history of this remarkable man, see No. 225 of this Journal.

'You want gold!' quietly inquired his wife: 'here is my wedding-ring: if it can help to make you happy, what better use can I put it to? Take it, my husband! God's blessing rests upon it.' So saying, she placed the long-treasured pledge in Avisseau's hand. He gazed upon it with deep emotion: how many were the associations connected with that little circlet of gold—the pledge of his union with one who had cheered him in his sorrows, assisted him in his labours, and aided him in his struggles! And, besides, would it not be cruel to accept from her so great a sacrifice? On the other hand, however, the temptation was strong; he had so longed to perform this experiment! If it succeeded, it would add so much to the beauty of his enamel: he knew not what to do. At length, hastily rising from his seat, he left the house. He still retained the ring in his hand: a great struggle was going on in his mind; but each moment the temptation to make the long-desired experiment gained strength in his mind, until at last the desire proved irresistible. He hurried to the furnace, dropped the precious metal into the crucible, applied it to the ware, which he then placed in the oven, and, after a night of anxious watching, held in his hand a cup, such as he had so long desired to see, ornamented with gilt enamel! His wife smiled as she gazed upon it, although at the same time a tear glistened in her eye; and looking proudly upon her husband, she exclaimed: 'My wedding-ring has not been thrown away!'

Still, Avisseau, notwithstanding his genius, was destined to lead for many years a life of poverty and obscurity. It was not until the year 1845 that M. Charles Seiller, a barrister at Tours, first drew attention to the great merit of some of the pieces he had executed, and persuaded him to exhibit them at Angers, Poitiers, and Paris. The attention of the public once directed towards his works, orders began to flow in upon him apace. The President of the Republic and the Princess Matilda Bonaparte are among his patrons, and the most distinguished artists and public men of the day are frequently to be met with in his *atelier*. In the midst of all this unlooked-for success, Avisseau has ever maintained the modest dignity of his character.

M. Brongniart, the influential director of the great porcelain manufactory at Sévres, begged of him to remove thither, promising him a liberal salary if he would work for the Sévres Company, and impart to them his secrets. 'I thank you for your kindness, sir,' replied the potter of Tours, 'and I feel you are doing me a great honour; but I would rather eat my dry crust here as an artisan than live as an artist on the fat of the land at Sévres. Here I am free, and my own master: there I should be the property of another, and that would never suit me.'

When he was preparing his magnificent vase for the Exhibition, he was advised to emboss it with the royal arms of England. 'No,' he replied, 'I will not do that. If Her Majesty were then to purchase my work, people might imagine I had ornamented it with these insignia in order to obtain her favour, and I have never yet solicited the favour of any human being!' Avisseau has no ambition to become a rich man. He shrinks from the busy turmoil of life—loving his art for its own sake, and delighting in a life of meditative retirement, which enables him to mature his ideas, and to execute them with due deliberation.

In the swamps and in the meadows he studies the varied forms and habits of reptiles, insects, and fish, until he succeeds in reproducing them so truly to the life that one can almost fancy he sees them winding themselves around the rushes, or gliding beneath the shelter of the spreading water-leaves. His humble dwelling, situated in one of the faubourgs of Tours, is well worthy of a visit. Here he and his son—now twenty years of age, who promises to prove in every respect a worthy successor to his father—may be found

at all hours of the day labouring with unremitting diligence. A room on the ground-floor forms the artist's studio and museum: its walls are hung with cages, in which are contained a numerous family of frogs, snakes, lizards, caterpillars, &c., which are intended to serve as models; rough sketches, broken busts, half-finished vases, lie scattered around. The furnaces are constructed in a little shed in the garden, and one of them has been half-demolished, in order to render it capable of admitting the gigantic vase which Avisseau has sent to the Great Exhibition. There we trust the successor of Bernard Palissy will meet with the success so justly due to his unassuming merit, and to the persevering genius which carried him onwards to his goal in the midst of so much to discourage, and with so little help to speed him on his way.

'A LOST ART.'

In No. 407 of this Journal there is an article entitled 'A Lost Art,' in which is mentioned the juggling trick of swallowing water, and then vomiting it again under the semblance of wine, &c. On reading it I remembered having read an explanation of this feat somewhere, and on examination found an account of it in an intelligent little book for its time, 'Experimental Philosophy, by Henry Power, Doctor of Physick. London, 1664.' His account, after describing the changes produced in vegetable infusions by acids, &c. is as follows:—'By which ingenious commixtion of spirits and liquors did Floram Marchand, that famous water-drinker, exhibit those rare tricks and curiosities at London of vomiting all kind of liquors at his mouth. For, first, before he mounts the stage, he always drinks in his private chamber, fasting, a gill of the decoction of Brasil; then, making his appearance, he presents you with a pailful of lukewarm water, and twelve or thirteen glasses, some washed in vinegar, others with oyl of tartar and oyl of vitriol; then he drinks four-and-twenty glasses of the water, and carefully taking up the glasse which was washed with oyl of tartar, he vomits a reddish liquor into it, which presently is brightned up and tinged into perfect and lovely claret. After this first assay, he drinks six or seven glasses more (the better to provoke his vomiting), as also the more to dilute and empale the Brasil decoction within him; and then he takes a glass rinsed in vinegar, and vomits it full, which instantly, by its acidity, is transcoloured into English beer, and vomiting also at the same time into another glass—which he washes in fair water—he presents the spectators with a glass of paler claret or Burgundian wine; then drinking again as before, he picks out the glass washed with oyl of vitriol, and, vomiting a faint Brasil-water into it, it presently appears to be sack—and perchance if he washed the one half of the glass with spirit of sack, it would have a faint odour and flavour of that wine also. He then begins his carouse again, and drinking fifteen or sixteen glasses, till he has almost extinguished the strength and tincture of his Brasil-water; he then vomits into a vinegar-glass again, and that presents white wine. At the next disgorgement—when his stomach is full of nothing but clear water, indeed, which he has filled so by the exceeding quantity of water which at every interval he drinks—he then deludes the spectators by vomiting rose-water, angelica-water, and cinnamon-water, into those glasses which have been formerly washed with those spirits. And thus was that famous cheat performed, and indeed acted with such a port and flowing grace by that Italian bravado, that he did not only strike an admiration into vulgar heads and common spectators, but even into the judicious and more knowing part of men, who could not readily find out the ingenuity of his knavery.' From this it would appear that the method used was the same with that of the Wizards of the present day; with this difference—that, in accordance with the tastes of a ruder age, they formerly used their stomachs as receptacles for the liquor, whereas in the present more fastidious age

they are contented with a bottle. The art of vomiting and spouting the water would of course require considerable practice, and I should think would not be very conducive to the health of the operators.—*From a Correspondent.*

EPI TH A L A M I A.

FOR A SISTER'S WEDDING. BY W. E. L.

I.

O DAY half happiness, half mystery !
 O hour of gladness, long'd and waited for,
 When hope and love-born fancy are no more,
 But dreamland changes to reality !
 How shall I welcome thee !—the silent hours
 Are rolling upward on the orb of Time
 Into the daylight, and the morning rime
 Lies already on the orange-flowers.
 Sweet sister bride ! from true affection sprung,
 My thoughts this day to thee I dedicate ;
 Would that, so large a theme to celebrate,
 Some voice, melodious more than mine, had sung !
 Yet take the rhymes, of imperfections full :
 Like the lone blossoms of the Alpine snow,
 They speak of summer warmth hid deep below,
 And, to a cold world, preach the Beautiful.

II.

There is no thought can sweep across the mind
 With more of melting tenderness and grace,
 Than old remembrances of some lov'd place
 With memories of lov'd persons intertwined.
 Thus, sister mine, how many a summer hence
 The vision of that shelter'd southern vale
 (Let but the hint suffice to tell the tale),
 Shall beam on thee with bright pre-eminence !
 Through the dim lapse of years, as through a dream,
 Shall bloom far off a lowly garden-home,
 And fancy paint a happy pair that clomb
 Up the hillside, or wander'd by the stream ;
 Or, 'mid deep copses hidden, watched afar
 The fading landscape till the shadows fell,
 And down the steep, and through the quiet dell,
 Homeward they went, beneath the evening-star.

III.

O coming Time ! O messenger of light
 Sent from God's fathomless futurity
 To gleam upon the infinite To Be,
 And clear the tangle'd mesh of wrong and right,
 Tarry not longer ! from thy hiding-place
 Let the fresh Present and its pure day-spring,
 Lure the clogg'd pinion of thy sluggish wing ;
 O let us see and know thee face to face !
 Frail thought of vanity ! to weakly Sense
 How should eternal wisdom deign reply !
 Only the echo of my spirit's sigh
 Mocks at me with my own mad eloquence.
 And it is well : we know not what we pray.
 Nathless how transcing were the golden light
 Of coming action to this panting sight,
 Dimm'd in this dusky prison-house of clay !
 For thee, O sister lov'd and cherish'd well !
 Would I might trace for thee the unknown tale
 Whose end is hidden 'neath Time's solemn veil,
 Whose prelude is the chiming marriage-bell.
 Ah, that I cannot ! ah, that I am dust !
 But He who lives while ages roll away,
 Perfect and Present, the I AM for aye—
 He never fails to love. In Him I trust.
 So may the incense of a brother's heart
 That rises to the ear which beareth prayer,
 Not pass unfruitful into careless air,
 Fragrant and precious only to depart ;

Rather, returning from the throne above
 Fraught with choice blessing, let each prayer be
 given,
 And faith be born, and trustfulness in Heaven,
 Strong as man's friendship, warm as woman's love.

IV.

Yet do I err, denying that we know
 What shall befall us : darkness is no more
 Beyond the threshold of this mortal shore,
 And doubt but shadows things that are below.
 Night is around us ; and we cannot see
 Things that are earthly for the earthly night,
 But clear the vision of the worlds of light
 Shifting far off from earth's obscurity.
 Yea, though to-morrow's fleeting joy or pain
 Be shrouded from us in a rayless gloom,
 Bright gleams, ayont the portals of the tomb,
 The chart of that fair land we seek to gain.
 If all unwittingly I do thee wrong—
 If, rhyming freely, I have thrill'd some chords
 Of too deep feeling with my careless words,
 Pardon the folly of a true-moment song.
 Think that all error springs from warm good-will ;
 Treasure the good, despite its harsh, quaint dress ;
 Steep all the ill in deep forgetfulness ;
 Forgive the song, and love the singer still.

GOLD DISCOVERIES.

As indicative of the change caused by the gold discoveries on the aspect of affairs in the colony, we may only present the following passages from the 'Sydney Herald' of May 28 :— Compared with 1813, when the colony was at the lowest depth of its prostration, the early months of 1851 were as the light of noon compared with the blackness of midnight, or as the serenity of an Australian spring with the horrors of an arctic winter. But if we attempt to compare the first four months of the present year, when Australian gold was a thing unthought of, with the last two weeks of the current month of May, when Australian gold is the *only* thing thought of, we shall be at a loss for any metaphor that can adequately illustrate the stupendous change. If we were to say that the colony has been panic-stricken—that the whole population has gone mad, we should use a bold figure of speech, but not much too bold to indicate the fact. It is as if the Genius of Australia had suddenly rushed from the skies, and proclaimed through a trumpet, whose strains reverberate from mountain to mountain—from valley to valley—from town to town—from house to house—piercing every ear and thrilling every brow : "The destinies of the land are changed !"

THE BROOM.

There are many pleasing associations that the 'lang yellow broom' awaken in the mind ; but to the lover of Flora, perhaps one of the dearest is the remembrance that the gorgeous luxuriance of its golden blossoms so enraptured the illustrious Linnæus, when he first beheld it *in profusion*, on his visit to England, that he fell down upon his knees in an ecstasy of pleasure, to enjoy such a glorious sight. And as the mind of that eminent naturalist was endued with a deep sense of the goodness of his Creator, we cannot doubt but that he then breathed a prayer of gratitude to the benevolent Being who had furnished him with the gratifying spectacle.—*Gardiner's Flora of Forfarshire.*

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THE MEDIOCRACY.

A MAN of genius was once sitting in a theatre looking with wonder at the happy faces around him, and listening in perplexity to the shouts of laughter that echoed on all sides. The piece was a poor mediocrity, the language tame, the epigram pointless; and at length his surprise merging in disgust, and that in testiness and ill-humour, with a sweeping glance of angry superiority he left the house. Our man of genius was not sorry for himself: he did not regret that he could not be diverted like other people, but was indignant with them for finding amusement in what was weariness to him.

He would now pass the evening with a book. It should be a book of recreation, for his mind wanted unbending: a clever novel would be better than a dull play. But how to choose? He was but little acquainted with that department of literature, and he determined to take extensive popularity as the test of merit. Casting his eye, therefore, along the shelves of the circulating library, he fixed upon a spot where the volumes were frailer and dingier in appearance than elsewhere, and selected the frailest and dingiest of them all. At home with his prize, he sat down to be happy. But he was not happy. The book was commonplace. It had no interest, no story, no fancy, no character. He confounded the *personae* one with another. They seemed to be always drinking tea, and arguing about something or other—he did not know what. They soon began to mingle and flit before his heavy eyes; their voices sank into a drowsy monotone; his head drooped lower and lower; and at length as his brow rapped the table, he started up in renewed indignation. But this time his anger was 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' He looked curiously at the torn and stained leaves, the folded corners—tokens of the patient interest which would take the next opportunity of returning to a labour of love—the half-obliterated traces of some critical pencil, expressive of dissent or admiration. He calculated in imagination the number of perusals it had taken to change permanently the very colour of the paper. Then a vision rose before him of the theatre he had left, with its merry faces and applauding voices; and his disdain began to give way before an oppressive sense of magnitude and multitude.

But he must spend his evening somehow, for he had resolved against work; and taking his crush-hat out of its box, and elongating it to the orthodox figure, he set forth for one of the drawing-rooms to which he had the *entrée*. Here the lights, the colours, the motion, the fair faces, the graceful forms, reassured him; and he

drew near to group after group, that the buzz of voices might resolve for his gratification into articulate dialogue. But what dialogue! Without thought, without spirit, without substance—more pointless than the play, tamer than the novel, and minus the grace of manner which pleaded for the one, and the elegance of language which concealed the poverty of the other, it seemed the very quintessence of commonplace. In one or two corners a question of literary or social interest was discussed; but these corners were avoided by the throng, who listened with the most animated attention to platitudes which, if turned into print, could hardly have amused even the most devoted novel-reader. The philosophical observer, however, was no longer indignant; his disdain was lost in a kind of awe, as the audience at the play, the countless readers of the book, and the brilliant assembly before him, all met and mingled in a single body, which seemed to overwhelm and crush him with its vastness. 'I was wrong,' said he, communing with himself, as he elongated his hat again to go out into the street: 'my contempt arose from ignorance—my indignation from weakness; the Mediocracy is a great power, which can neither be wounded by the one nor intimidated by the other.'

He was right. 'Mediocre' and 'commonplace,' used as terms of contempt, are meaningless when applied to the great body of the age. Beneath this body the lower intelligences indicate imperfect beings approaching gradually the standard: above it, the higher intelligences are merely a few offshoots thrown out into the future—the pioneers and forlorn-hopes of the present. It is on the main body genius depends for nourishment and reward. When genius says it speaks to the future, it means the future of the present commonplace generation; for this generation is the parent of everything that will be excellent and glorious in the coming time. Let not genius suppose itself to be anything independent or self-existing; for it derives its origin, force, and authority from the commonplace mass it affects to despise. Napoleon was literally, what he has been called in another sense, 'the man of the age;' for if the thought which governed his career had not existed, though without form and void, in the French mind, he would have been but a stunted corporal after all. Scott could not of himself have brought about a revolution in romance; for unless the public taste had been in a state of preparation, he would have written in vain. Genius, in short, must be *en rapport* with the time it addresses, or its electric force will have no effect.

This explains the reason why commonplace literature pleases commonplace readers, and why commonplace people are in their element in commonplace

company. If you desire an ignorant man to choose between a book of science and a novel, his choice will fall upon the novel, because that belongs to a species of literature he comprehends. He can feel an interest in persons and personal adventures, which does not seem to him to attach to reasonings and experiments; and, in like manner, if the novel develops some high principle, or is enriched with profound thought, he will willingly exchange it for another better adapted to the calibre of a commonplace mind. So, in company, like affects like. A commonplace man will always have the majority in his favour. We do not listen to a celebrity because we are interested in what he says. If that were written in a book, we of the mediocrity would not cut the leaves; but hearing it from the man himself *in voce*, we take it as a part of the show. When the star of the evening has disappeared, then our true pleasure begins, and that consists in exchanging commonplace sentiments with our commonplace friends on what we have seen and heard. The universal buzz that runs through the room is not the buzz of applause, but of busy self-satisfaction. We are exercising an instinct of our commonplace being, and deriving from the exercise the enjoyment which beneficent nature annexes to the fulfilment of her commands.

The mediocrity do not belong to any particular class, but they include the great body of the respectability of the people. They have little active power, but their passive force is immense. They seldom trouble themselves to attack, but they are great in resistance; and for this reason few persons dare openly to oppose them, although many open a safety-valve for their indignation in contempt and abuse. What is Bloomerism but a public acknowledgment of the might of the mediocrity—an agitation for carrying a change of measures through a committee of the whole house? The ladies of this faction are not satisfied with changing their own measures: they must have the sanction, the homologation, of the mediocrity. Without this they would consider their proceedings illegal, and enjoy no rest of conscience. It is even so in the matter of hats. Many persons are dissatisfied with the custom we have of carrying an empty oblong handbox on our heads, and go about agitating for a change of fashion. Why so?—why not please yourselves, gentlemen?—Ah! that is all very well; but what would the mediocrity say? Some time ago we received a communication from several persons, proposing an association of strong-minded brethren who were to combine for the purpose of letting the beard grow. It was supposed that the extraordinary countenance these hirsute conspirators would show to one another might make a favourable impression upon the public; but there appeared to be a timidity in their initiatory proceedings which was not encouraging: the missive came in the form of a Round Robin.

In some nations mediocrity, as a power, is stronger than in others; but China may be pointed to as its grand stronghold. This flowery land is the centre of the world of commonplace. It has no ignorant classes in one sense of the word: all are educated up to a certain point of mediocrity, and genius is kept down by main force. To surpass the standard works of the language—standard two or three thousand years ago—is an offence at law; and even if it were not so, the Celestial mediocrity would turn away with contempt from anything that appeared to be different in thought or manner from their 'classics.' An emperor desired to read a Chinese version of the New Testament; and having gratified his curiosity, he returned it with the simple remark, 'It is not classical.' This was enough. The judgment ran like wildfire through the country, and a third part of mankind wagged their tails in triumph. The poor outside barbarians! Their great book resembled neither the *Sho-king*, nor the *Ho-king*,

nor the *Sho-king*! A great part of the literature of China consists of novels and poetry. In the one, they represent their own manners to the life, and are never weary of contemplating the commonplace image; in the other, they illustrate their own mind in all its happy destitution of thoughts and ideas. The schoolmaster publishes his verses by pasting them on the door-post; the cook glorifies his kitchen-walls in the same manner; all China writes verses; and a conventional edict constitutes all verses poetry.

Among the western nations, the mediocrity of England may be reckoned the strongest. Genius is more afraid of it than elsewhere; and eccentricity does not shew itself in public lest it should be mobbed. It was not her middle-classes, but her mediocrity, that saved England in the late revolutionary year. The mediocrity could not make out the genius of Red Republicanism; and it is to the present moment a standing puzzle with this commonplace body, how ignorance and crime are to be enlightened and reformed by having the government of the country and the fortunes of the age intrusted to their discretion. Loyalty, liberty, religion—these are the three great thoughts of the English mediocrity, who are as abundantly satisfied as the Chinese can be with their own *Sho-king*.

It is a pity that there should exist any misconception as to the power and vastness of the mediocrity. The struggles of genius are vain, its anger unphilosophical, its scorn ridiculous; and the fact is now so well known, that in good society a man of genius is rarely recognisable. Why should it be otherwise? Would a visitor rush with an Indian warwhoop into a roomful of Quakers, or get upon the table and stand on his head to amuse the company? But the presence of genius, though not recognised, is felt; enlivening commonplace and elevating mediocrity, unconsciously alike to itself and its neighbours. It is just so as regards literature. A book to be prosperous must be *en rapport* with the circle it addresses; and it needs not be the less really talented for assuming such a garb as will let it pass freely in the crowd. Tranquillity and modesty are not inconsistent with dignity, and they are essential to permanent success. Extravagance and pretension may make people stare for a time; but not having the sympathy of the mediocrity, they pass quickly into oblivion. This is the end of many works that to the few appear to deserve a better fate; and, on the other hand, it points to the reason why numerous productions, of no value whatever in critical eyes, maintain a popular place for a whole generation. Such is the power of the Mediocrity; and we humbly trust that in these few remarks there will be found satisfactory evidence of the homage we render it ourselves.

THE BOURGEOIS WEDDING.

A TALE.

A WEDDING in the middle and humbler classes of society in France is a very different thing from a wedding in England. The double ceremony before the *maire* and in church takes place early in the morning or in the afternoon. This over, in most cases the whole wedding-party adjourn to some celebrated house outside the barrier, where they sit down to dinner about six, to rise about eleven. Then dancing begins, continuing in most cases until six o'clock in the morning. The visitors then go away to take a little rest, meeting again at dinner-time, and dancing once more all night. Sometimes there is a third night; but in general reasonable people are contented with two; while those who aim at something a little above the ordinary run of middle-class society, actually stop at one.

Hector Rubinet was an ironmonger in a large way of business in the Rue St Denis, an elector, and, he was proud to say, very nearly eligible to the deputation. Young, rich, and tolerably good-looking, he was the admiration of all the papas and mammas, with marriageable daughters, in the quarter. But, like most of his class, Hector was for some time not at all inclined to yield up his liberty too readily. Not that a French husband enjoys much less liberty when married than before; but the class which has grown rich and powerful since 1789—the citizen or *bourgeois* class—appears far more under the influence of their wives than the humbler or more elevated classes. I think this may be easily explained. The middle-classes are in general, though great grumblers, rich, contented, and happy. They naturally, then, like ease and tranquillity, and married men in general seem to agree that submission to the gentle influence of the female head of the family is the surest mode of obtaining this desirable state of affairs. I have often remarked myself, in this great city, called in France the capital of Europe, that if you want a specimen of the genus familiarly known as ‘a brute of a husband,’ you must look for him among the speculative, reckless traders, who, with little credit and less capital, try to fight the battle of life. He it is that rules his home with an iron rod, and has a meek, trembling, submissive wife, who never differs from him in opinion until the day when a reasonable chance of separation offers. To my ideas, this speaks volumes in favour of that phase of matrimony where at all events the wife enters heartily into the counsels of the family, and has at least her proportionate share of influence in its government.

Hector Rubinet was, however, of a different opinion. His idea of matrimony was severe. He wanted a wife who would yield to him in all things, have no will of her own, and never even venture to differ from him in opinion. From twenty to thirty he vainly sought the object of his wishes. He found plenty of young ladies who were as gentle as lambs—who looked models of excellence—whose very tone seemed to promise all he could desire; but Hector was a physiognomist, and ever found some alarming symptoms in the fair and youthful aspirants to matrimonial honours around him. One had an eye which spoke volumes of energy; another had a mouth with an authoritative curl; another had a determined chin; while a fourth had an independent wave about her hair which looked serious. In their way of sitting, walking, dancing, Hector could find some sign of incipient rebellion against the sovereignty of man; and at last it was agreed in the neighbourhood that he would settle down into an old bachelor, and leave all his disposable cash in some eccentric English way.

One day, however, at a small party given by a sedate married couple of the Rue Rambuteau, the eye of Hector fell upon a damsel, quite a stranger to him, who drew his attention at once. She was about five-and-twenty, fair, with a white, clear complexion, and a tendency to *emboîpoint*, which of itself was promising. *Mathie Poussinque* had, moreover, a soft, sleepy eye, a full mouth, a slow, methodical step, a plain way of wearing her hair. He made inquiries. She had no fortune; she was a poor relation, placed under the protection of *Mme Dubois*, at whose house he met her, and appeared, in fact, the most likely person in the world to be a submissive and obedient wife.

The wedding was fixed the very next day. Dire was the consternation in several families, who had made up their minds to Hector not marrying, and looked upon him as a future generous old bachelor, who would make presents to the children, be useful and liberal at weddings, be constant in his distribution of ‘gifts on New Year’s Day’—in fact, who would spend his money in a way satisfactory to the feelings of his friends in general. But now this hope was gone. Hector was going to marry, would have children of his own, a wife to dress, &c.; and their visions vanished. Still all who were invited went to the wedding. It was a splendid affair. Hector had spared no expense with the *trousseau* of his future wife: he had been liberal, even generous; and she looked so quickly beautiful and happy in her white satin dress, wreath of roses, and rich blonde veil, that all gave an involuntary meed of praise to his good taste. She had near her a beauty of another kind. This one was about seventeen—a very child in form and expression, and yet exquisitely lovely. Her hair waved, however, in alarming ringlets over her shoulders; her eye, though mild, was full of latent fire; and her beautiful mouth laughingly exposed white and pearly teeth, which made Hector shudder with terror at the bare idea of his having selected such a wife. She came with Hector’s cousin, *Mme St Clair*, a schoolmistress, who had brought her up from childhood, and who treated her as a visitor rather than a boarder, the young lady being an orphan under the guardianship of an only brother.

The marriage took place at the parish church, and then the whole party adjourned to a celebrated restaurant outside the *Barrière de l’Etoile*, in the *Avenue de Neuilly*. Dinner had been ordered for six o’clock, and in the meantime the party wandered in the fields behind the house, each lady taking the arm of a gentleman. Hector proposed a walk as far as the *Bois de Boulogne*.

‘No,’ said his wife very quietly; ‘it is too far, and will fatigue us before we begin to dance. I am going to sit down upon the grass.’

Hector gave a look of wild astonishment at his meek and submissive partner, but she appeared not to notice it, sitting down on the grass amid a regular titter from the whole company. Hector Rubinet said nothing: he recollected that it was his wedding-day, and that at all events he could not venture upon shewing authority on such an occasion. Nothing further occurred to mar the happiness of the hour, and six o’clock soon came round, with its splendid dinner, its abundant wine, its laughter and merriment. As usual, the banquet was kept up until a late hour, and it was eleven o’clock when the tables were cleared away for the first quadrille.

About an hour later, while the music was sounding merrily, and Hector Rubinet was resting after a polka, breathing the fresh air with his wife at the open window, an elegant cab drew up at the door. It contained a young man, and a little groom stood behind. The young man did not get out: he appeared simply listening to the music. Hector Rubinet at once recognised him, as one of the habitual visitors at *Neuilly Palace*—*Charles de Monsigny*—a favourite companion of the Duke of Orleans. He was a dissipated young man, who had already almost grown weary of life, or rather who had ceased to find the least zest or excitement in a continual round of pleasures. He had that evening played whist with the royal circle, and was returning to Paris to sup at the *Café de Paris* with some of his own set.

Hector Rubinet darted across the room, down the stairs, and into the street. *Charles de Monsigny* was the son of the landlord on whose estate Hector had been born; they had been playmates together, and *Charles* had never forgotten their early friendship.

‘*M. le Comte*,’ he said, almost out of breath, ‘I

had the honour to recognise you. I did not venture to send you a formal invitation; but as you are here, I hope you will favour'—

'And so, my poor Hector,' replied the young man, leaping out of his cabriolet, 'we are getting married! What can have driven us to so desperate a resolve?'

'Ah, monsieur, you are always satirical! But I have found a model of a wife. I shall have the honour to introduce you to her. She is,' added he in a whisper, 'everything I could wish—knows no will but mine, and will scarcely speak unless I give her tacit leave.'

'You are very happy, my dear Hector,' continued Charles in a tone of half-affection, half-sarcasm; 'that is to say, if one can ever call a married man happy.'

'Ah, M. le Count, your turn will come!'

'Mine? Never! I could not take the trouble. I congratulate you on your courage, but must beg to decline following in your footsteps.'

At this moment they entered the ball-room, and Hector, in a loud voice, introduced Count Charles de Monsigny to his wife, who received him most graciously.

'I am very proud of the honour you do us,' she said bowing, 'and I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at our country-house.'

'Our country-house!' stammered Hector, avoiding the eyes of his aristocratic friend.

'My dear,' replied Athalie in a firm and resolute tone, 'I assure you we must have a country-house. I have been brought up in the country, and could not habitually sleep in the dense air of the Rue St Denis.'

'I highly approve madame's taste,' said Charles gravely, 'and shall be most happy to visit you in your rural retreat. I like to see conjugal happiness, though not a marrying-man myself.'

Hector made no reply; he was completely overcome. He secretly yielded to despair. There was in his heart no power of resisting the quiet, positive way of his young wife. The dancing at this moment ceased, and Athalie, taking the count's arm, moved to walk round the room. As she did so she caught a meaning look exchanged between the friends.

'M. Hector is a happy man,' said the count politely, as they advanced round the *salon*.

'Do you think so?' replied Athalie slyly.

'Certainly. He evidently thought he had married a fool, and he finds that he has married his master,' said Charles, who had all the cool impudence of his class—that of Frenchmen of the world.

Athalie made no reply, quite convinced that it was lucky for her she had not taken the count for her husband: he would not have been so easily deceived in her character; or, if he had, would not have yielded. The music again struck up, and Mme Rubinet being engaged, introduced her young friend to De Monsigny as a partner. The count readily acquiesced, determined to join in the spirit of the affair. He was certainly a little amused at the coolness with which Athalie gave him a mere child to dance with; but he accepted her with a good grace. He was puzzled, however, what to say to so young a girl of the bourgeois class. It was his first attempt, and it made him feel far more hesitation than he would at meeting with one of his own rank under similar circumstances.

'Are you fond of dancing?' said the count in a patronising tone.

'Yes, monsieur, very fond: all girls at my age are; but I never dance with pleasure at a wedding. I know not why—it seems too serious an affair to be treated so lightly.'

'I admire your taste,' replied the count; who was, however, absolutely petrified at such an observation from a young girl.

'You seem surprised, however,' she continued. 'But I am not in the habit of consulting my own wishes. Mme St Clair wished me to come, and I came.'

Charles now unhesitatingly opened a serious conver-

sation with his young companion. He spoke of music, the fine arts, poetry, even of politics, and found that on all these topics he had met his master. The young girl had evidently been wholly devoted to study from her infancy, and had profited largely by her reading and thinking. The young man was equally surprised and pleased; so much so, that for the rest of the evening he devoted himself exclusively to her, and towards morning became so fascinated that in low, whispered tones he made a solemn declaration of love, and said, that could he be found worthy of such a wife, he would be happy to set aside all his prejudices, and marry. The young girl made him some jocular reply, and then rose, just as the party broke up, to join Mme St Clair.

Next day Charles had not forgotten the passion of the previous evening; but he no longer felt under the influence of the feelings which had made him speak so plainly. He certainly recollected all her many perfections of person and character, and thought that had she been one of his own class he would certainly have been tempted to follow up the acquaintance so auspiciously commenced. But she was a little *bourgeoise*, and he did not even know her name. He therefore resolved to think no more of her, but to make up his mind to the fact, that he had spent a very pleasant evening, quite sure that he would be as easily forgotten as he himself would forget. He pursued his usual pleasures—went to the Opera, played billiards, lounged away his existence, and tried to persuade himself that he was far happier than if he had created a happy home, and sought a good and affectionate wife.

About a month later he was driving up the Champs Elysées with a pair of horses and a phaeton, when his eye caught sight of the young girl walking amid the fashionable crowd on the boulevard arm-in-arm with Mme St Clair. She was very pale and thoughtful, he perceived, and his heart smote him. It might be through his inconsiderate conduct the other evening. He pulled in his horses, threw the reins to a servant, and hurried towards them. His quick glance caught that of the young girl, who coloured violently, and seemed about to pass.

'Ah, mademoiselle!' he cried, in a tone of genuine delight, 'I am so happy to have had this chance of meeting with you. I did not catch your name the other evening, or I should have called and thanked you for the pleasure I enjoyed in your society.'

The young girl smiled, and looked at Mme St Clair.

'We shall be happy to see you,' said she, handing her card to the count, 'any Thursday evening when you are disengaged.'

'I shall avail myself with delight of your kind offer,' replied the count. 'And now, will you allow me to offer you both a seat in my carriage? I was about to drive to St Cloud before dinner.'

Mme St Clair bowed acquiescence, and next minute Charles de Monsigny had the young girl by his side, her eyes sparkling—her whole face beaming with satisfaction. Away they drove, hundreds of fair ladies and numerous horsemen bowing to the count as he went, and casting curious eyes on his companions, especially on Mme St Clair, who, unfortunately, was a little over-dressed—an unpardonable sin in the eyes of French refinement. Once or twice he coloured violently as impertinent eye-glasses from well-known fashionables were levelled at her; but the fascinating conversation, sensible remarks, and singular power of observation manifested by his younger companion, soon made him forget everything else but the pleasure of being in her society.

About six o'clock he left them at their door—they lived in the Rue du Faubourg St Honoré—with a promise to visit them on the following Thursday. But next Thursday came, and he went not, though his heart told him

that he was eagerly expected; that the young girl would be arrayed in her best to greet him, and would suffer disappointment at his failure. But some of his friends had satirised the appearance of his new acquaintance, and he was not proof against the power of sarcasm. He indeed felt that on the occasion of his second interview he had been far more seriously influenced by her charms than before, but still he could not reconcile his mind to the fact of marrying into a class which was not his own. Yet he both felt that his affections were engaged, and that he had behaved badly to the poor girl. His attention had been so marked, and had been received with such evident pleasure, that this was quite plain. He plunged once more into the turmoil of the world—played, danced, joined champagne suppers, and did everything which could banish thought and deaden feeling. All was in vain; but though he could not resist, he had no intention of surrendering. He thought of travel, and one morning rose early with a view to making the necessary preparations. He sat at breakfast in deep thought; at length he took up his pen, and hastily dashed off a letter, which he sent to be put in the post by one of his servants.

This done, he seemed easier in his mind. But still there was an air of restless impatience about him, as if he expected some one or something. At last he took a book, called for a Turkish hookah, and sat down to try and calm himself with reading and smoking. Again it proved a vain attempt; when, just as his patience was at an end, a servant entered and announced a visitor—Captain Edgar Senincourt-Warville, a young noble who had sought distinction in Africa in the service of the new dynasty.

'Ah, Edgar, my good friend,' said he rising; 'you come in the very nick of time. I was as dull as a mummy. But what is the matter? You look more like an angry lion than a good-natured friend who has called in to pass a friendly hour.'

'Monsieur, I come here on grave and solemn business. I come to ask an account of the life and honour of my only sister Adela de Senincourt-Warville.'

'My dear fellow, what mean you? Your sister!—I never saw her.'

'When you met my sister at the wedding of M. Hector Rubinet, where she had very improperly been taken by M^{me} St Clair, you amused yourself all the evening by paying attention to her, and before morning you made a declaration which the poor child took in earnest.'

'Ha! and she was your sister?' cried Charles, looking the picture of blank surprise.

'She was; but had she been the veriest *petite bourgeoisie* of the Rue Friedmanteau, she merited more honourable treatment at your hands. Quite inexperienced in the world's ways, she went home to think over your words, and to repeat them to M^{me} St Clair, who, supposing you knew her rank, encouraged her to think of you as one who might become her suitor in earnest. But you came not'—

'I knew neither her name nor address'—

'You could have obtained both from M. Rubinet,' continued the captain severely; 'but I pass that. You met them: you ran to meet them; made excuses for your apparent neglect; took them a drive; talked for three hours to my sister, and at parting said: "I shall ask you next Thursday to decide the happiness of my life."'

'She told you that?' said Charles musing.

'She told me nothing. When the evening passed without your coming, the poor child, overcome by disappointment, wounded pride, and grief, told it in a passionate burst of tears to M^{me} St Clair, who repeated it all to me, when I asked for an explanation of her pallor and lowness of spirits. And now, monsieur, that I have told you of my sister's weakness,

there remains but for me to put it out of your power for ever to boast of your facile conquest.'

'I boast!' cried Charles indignantly.

'You allowed others to talk to you in a way to justify the supposition.'

'I will allow, Edgar, that I have been very wrong,' began the count calmly; 'but if you will listen to me'—

'No, I will not listen! I might be influenced by your forked tongue. I daresay, now you find that she is Adela de Senincourt-Warville, you are quite willing to apologise and offer your hand'—

'Nay, listen to me I beg,' cried Charles, whose anger was rising. 'You are mistaken—grossly mistaken.'

'Must I call you coward?' said Edgar, stamping his feet on the floor of the room.

'This passes the bounds,' exclaimed the count in reply. 'To-morrow morning at break of day: our seconds will arrange the details. Good-afternoon.'

'Good-afternoon until we say good-morning,' replied the angry captain, and he left the room.

Charles de Monsigny was now in a violent passion. The word coward had roused him to madness, and he thought only of avenging the insult by committing one of the greatest crimes of which a reasoning being can be guilty. He, however, soon grew calm, went out to dinner, looked in at the Opera, and then, requesting his second to be with him at dawn of day, returned home, and retired to bed.

It was a bright, clear morning, the sun had just risen, the birds sang amid the trees of the Bois de Boulogne, as Charles and his second drove up to the rendezvous. A few minutes elapsed, and their adversaries appeared in sight. A few minutes more, and four men were concealed in an open glade in the wood, where they had met for the express purpose of committing one or more murders, as the case might be. Edgar and Charles spoke not a word: their brows were knit angrily, and while their seconds measured the ground and loaded the pistols, they stood apart. Presently all was ready, and they were about to advance to their places, when, by a great effort, Charles forced himself to speak. 'Gentlemen,' said he gravely, 'I beg you to bear witness to the fact, that I fight this duel with M. Warville entirely against my own feelings and wishes. He is acting under a wrong impression, relative to which I can now offer no explanation.'

'Sir, to your place!' replied Edgar furiously; 'your life or mine!'

'And mine!' cried Adela, advancing from the cover of the wood, and laying her hand upon her brother's arm, 'if I have not come in time to prevent an assassination.'

'Leave us, I command you!' said Edgar.

'No, I will not, until you have pledged yourself not to take the life of my future husband.'

'Your future husband!' said Edgar wildly.

'Yes, monsieur, you force me, by your fierce and savage humour, to accept him thus hurriedly,' replied Adela blushing, but still looking him calmly in the face; 'that is to say, if you, my natural guardian, approve of this request made for the hand of the *petite bourgeoisie*.'

'O Adela, how generous, how kind!' cried Charles, advancing and casting his pistol to the ground.

'Will you read this letter,' continued Adela, handing him a paper, 'which we received about ten minutes after you left us yesterday in a towering passion?'

The captain took the letter. It was as follows:—

'MADAME—I have to apologise very humbly for my unpolite behaviour towards yourself and your charming ward. On two occasions, when I had the honour of seeing you, I expressed a wish that we should meet again, and, after receiving permission, did not avail myself of it. It is not possible now for me to seek to renew the acquaintance without some explanation. I

frankly own, that having been very much struck on the first occasion by your ward, and on the second having conceived for her a warm and sincere affection, I have from mere pride contended against the feeling as long as I could. To marry into the bourgeoisie is in my family considered an unpardonable crime, and it is on account of this prejudice that I have acted with such want of delicacy. But I am sure your young ward is as good and generous as she is beautiful, and I rely fully on her forgiving one who seeks his pardon in a penitent spirit, and who frankly owns his folly. I daresay the young lady has scarcely noticed my conduct, it being naturally enough matter of little importance to her. But her forgiveness is necessary to the relief of my mind. I pray you, therefore, both to excuse my brutality and to allow me to visit your house as the suitor of your ward. I beg to address to you at once a formal suit for her hand, hoping you will do your utmost to induce her to receive my advances favourably. I have the honour to be, with the most distinguished consideration, your very devoted

CHARLES DE MONSIGNY.

'But the duel?' asked Edgar.

'That project I betrayed,' said Mme St Clair, who had reached the side of Adela while Edgar was reading the letter. 'When this letter came, I at once owed that you were gone to challenge him: but we feared to fall in our attempt if we came not hither. We did not go to bed, but watched all night near the count's house in a carriage—you had not given your address—and we drove here after you all.'

'Charles, my friend,' said Edgar offering his hand, 'will you forgive my hastiness? I now understand the explanations you had to give.'

'If you had not roused my anger I should have told you of the letter'—

'And so, because your temper was roused, you were going to kill my brother, were you, monsieur?'

'My dear Adela,' said the count, taking both her hand and that of her brother, 'we have been very wrong, but you must forgive us. Gentlemen, I am of opinion that we should all adjourn without farther delay to the best restaurant at hand, and sign the treaty of peace over a solemn breakfast—one of our old ones, Edgar, of the Rue Lafitte.'

'With pleasure,' replied Edgar laughing; 'and the sooner I see the wedding-breakfast the better. I find taking care of young ladies troublesome work, and shall be very willing to transfer the responsibility to other hands.'

'My dear brother-in-law,' cried Charles in the same tone, though with a look of deep feeling, 'I accept the responsibility with delight, and only wish it could be assumed to-morrow.'

'M. le Count is in as great a hurry as he was to come to our Thursdays,' said the little Adela maliciously.

The count defended himself as best he could, and thus the conversation continued during the whole morning.

The marriage took place within a day of the delay required by the legal formalities. M. and Mme Hector Rubinet were among the guests invited to the wedding-breakfast. Both then and ever after the contrast between the couples was marked. Hector sank from the day of his marriage into a complete nonentity. His wife ruled him without his ever venturing a murmur, and he found his advantage in it. Having everything in her hands, she took care of his fortune, and spent money freely, but wasted nothing. Hector tried once or twice to launch into speculations, but his wife stopped him, and his children reaped the benefit. With all his assumed knowledge of mankind, Hector was the most easily gulled man in the world. Before his marriage he had lost several large sums by putting faith in plausible knaves. Charles, on the other hand, always enjoyed the proud satisfaction of being looked up to by his

young wife with love and respect; but then he deserved to be so, and every day of his life he blesses the night when he dropped in to see THE BOURGEOIS WEDDING.

WHY THE WINDS BLOW.

THE ancient Greeks, in their endeavours to account for the winds, fancied them to be the breath of invisible deities, who, living in different parts of the atmosphere, blew gentle airs or furious blasts according to their temper and disposition. There is something so pleasing and poetical in this fancy that we cannot wonder at finding it more or less prevalent among other nations besides the Greeks; and to some minds the substitution of reason for imagination in the study of the winds is as unwelcome as the awakening from a rapturous dream. In later times we find Charlemagne giving names to the winds, and a host of natural philosophers following, with their peculiar speculations, involving extraordinary mechanical and chemical causes, down to our own day, in which we see 'wind reports' every morning in the newspapers, and have meteorological societies established, to investigate all aerial mysteries. Readers in the present day need scarcely be told that the generally-received theory regarding the causes of winds is differences of temperature. Faraday's discovery of the magnetic condition of oxygen has, however, opened a new view of the interesting subject, which promises important results, and has already enlisted numerous explorers. Among the latter, Lieutenant Maury, of the observatory at Washington, whose discussions of the phenomena of the winds have attracted much attention, has arrived at certain conclusions, worthy of a little wider notice than they are likely to meet with in the pages of the scientific journals in which they are published. By means of wind-charts, projected by himself, he has been enabled, to quote his own words, 'to trace from the belt of calms, which extends entirely across the seas, near the tropic of Cancer, an efflux of air, both to the north and to the south. From the south side of this belt the air flows in a never-ceasing breeze, called the north-east trade-winds, towards the equator. On the north side of it, the prevailing winds come from it also, but they go towards the north-east. They are the well-known south-west winds, which prevail along the route from this country to England in the ratio of two to one.' The question then arises, seeing that these winds, passing from a warm to a cold climate, produce more precipitation than evaporation—'Where does the vapour which these winds carry along come from?' To estimate the answer rightly, there must be borne in mind the existence of a zone of calms, known as the Horse latitudes, where the aerial currents descend and become surface-winds, and the difficulty of explaining in what way the vapours borne by the winds traverse this zone, since, if there were a mingling of currents, the effect would be to superinduce alternate seasons of drought and calm, extending over many years, instead of the present ceaseless fluctuations. On this point Lieutenant Maury observes: 'Seeing reasons why the two currents should cross each other in the calms of Cancer, and seeing no reasons why they should not, I was led to the inference that here probably is a node in the circulation of the atmosphere, where the wind from the north meets the wind from the south, and that each, after a pause, continues on in its course, and returns again to complete the circuit,' pursuing its way towards the pole as though it had not been interrupted. It appears, moreover, that 'at the seasons of the year when the sun is evaporating most rapidly in the southern hemisphere, the most rain is falling in the northern; whence the further inference, 'that the extra-tropical regions of the northern hemisphere stand in the relation of a condenser to a grand steam-machine,

the boiler of which is in the region of the south-east trade-winds, and that the trade-winds of this hemisphere perform the like office for the regions beyond Capricorn.

Proceeding on these conclusions, Lieutenant Maury finds, in the trade-wind region of the northern hemisphere, the source of the rain-fall in Patagonia, which has been known to exceed 150 inches in forty-one days; and in that of the southern he finds the supply for the Valley of the Mississippi. These facts serve to explain the transport of volatile matters to great distances in the atmosphere. Ehrenberg has reported that he found South American Infusoria in the blood-rains and sea-dust of the Cape Verde Islands, and at Lyons, Geneva, and other places; thereby shewing that the trade-winds of the southern hemisphere, after arriving at the belt of equatorial calms, ascend and continue in their course towards the calms of Cancer; after passing which they proceed 'towards the north pole from the south-west, and enter the arctic regions in a spiral curve, continually lessening the gyrations, until, whirling about in a direction contrary to the hands of a watch, this air ascends and commences its return as an upper current towards the calms of Cancer.' In the other hemisphere the current 'approaches the antarctic regions in a spiral, gyrating with the hands of a watch, and contracting its convolutions as it draws nearer and nearer the pole.'

At this point Lieutenant Maury, arguing from Faraday's discovery referred to above, concludes that the magnetism of the atmosphere is the cause of the passage of these currents. It has been already explained in the Journal, that the magnetic condition of oxygen differs in proportion to its temperature, and in the general effect resulting therefrom is shewn 'why the air which has completed its circuit to the whirl about the antarctic regions should then, according to the laws of magnetism, be repelled from the south, and attracted by the opposite pole towards the north.'

If we bring forward the phenomena of experimental magnetism in illustration, it will be seen that their evidence is most important. 'Taking up, for instance, the theory of Ampere with regard to the magnetic polarity induced by an electrical current according as it passes through wire coiled *with* or coiled *against* the sun, and expanding it in conformity with the discoveries of Faraday, we perceive a series of facts and principles which, being applied to the circulation of the atmosphere, make very significant the conclusions to which the charts have led touching the continual whirl of the wind in the arctic regions *against*, and in the antarctic *with*, the hands of a watch.'

The view here thrown out has been further strengthened by the magnetic experiments of Professor von Feilitzsch, who had been struck by the different quality of the 'disengaged magnetism' of a bar placed in a certain position. To exemplify it he constructed spirals with the wire peculiarly arranged, in which, 'if the windings of the spiral took place in the direction of the hand of a watch, then the end of it where the current enters will become a south pole. If the current is more feeble in every winding the nearer it is to the centre of the spiral, then that half in which the current enters, except the first winding, is attracted by a south pole; but if the current is stronger in every winding the nearer it is to the centre of the spiral, then that half is repulsed by a south pole.'

Lieutenant Maury considers that an analogy may be traced 'between these spirals and the spirals which the currents of the wind in "his circuits" describe about the earth. At the south polar calms, the atmospherical spiral is with the hand of the watch, and, as in the case of a spiral so wound about its helix, the magnetism is south polar; and so *mutatis mutandis* for the regions of north polar calms.

'May we not look, therefore, to find about the north

and south magnetic poles the atmospherical nodes or calm regions? In other words, are not the magnetic poles of the earth in those atmospherical nodes, the two standing to each other in the relation of cause and effect?

'And have we not a clue already placed in our hands by which the motion of the circular storms of the northern hemisphere which travel *against*, and those of the southern which travel *with*, the hands of a watch, seems to be connected with the like motion of the wind of each hemisphere in its circuit about its pole? And will not this clue, when followed up, lead us into the labyrinths of atmospherical magnetism for the solution of the mystery?

'Indeed, so wide for speculation is the field presented by these discoveries, that we may in some respects regard this great globe itself, with its "cups" and spiral wires of air, earth, and water, as an immense "pile" and helix, which, being excited by the natural batteries in the sea and atmosphere of the tropics, excites in turn its oxygen, and imparts to atmospherical matter the properties of magnetism.

'Thus, though it be not proved as a mathematical truth that magnetism is the power which guides the storm from right to left, and from left to right—which conducts the moist and the dry air each in its appointed paths, and which regulates the "wind in his circuits," yet that it is such a power is rendered so very probable, that the *onus* is now shifted, and it remains not to prove but to disprove that such is its agency.'

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

It is presumed that the name of Hartley Coleridge is sufficiently well known to render some account of his personal life and writings acceptable to the readers of this Journal. There is, besides, an important lesson to be derived from the contemplation of such a history—a lesson of melancholy interest and of warning; for here was a man endowed with noble gifts, and favoured with many opportunities, but who has nevertheless left in a great measure unfulfilled the brilliant promises of his genius. What he might have been had he duly disciplined his faculties, and been possessed of strength enough to overcome the infirmities which he appears to have inherited, it would now be futile to attempt to ascertain; but that he was really capable of far higher things than any which he accomplished is, we believe, the testimony of all who knew him, and is even evident from what he actually performed. The literary productions which he has left have, notwithstanding, high claims to consideration, and are likely to survive and be admired when many a noisier reputation is forgotten.

Hartley, the son of the celebrated S. T. Coleridge, was born at Clevedon, a Severnside village in Somersetshire, a few miles from Bristol, on the 19th of September 1796. His childhood, like the rest of his life, was distinguished by many singularities. His mother used to relate that 'when he was first taken to London, being then a child in arms, and saw the lamps, he exclaimed: "O now I know what the stars are: they are lamps that have been good upon earth, and have gone up to heaven!"' His father designed, as he said, 'to make him nature's playmate.' In one of his most beautiful poems he says—

— 'I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars;
But thou, my babe, shall wander like a breeze,
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags

* Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain-crags.*

A prophecy at least partially fulfilled, as Hartley himself acknowledged afterwards in a fine sonnet prefixed to his first volume of poetry—

'Thy prayer was heard: I "wander'd like a breeze."'

No fitter simile could be employed by way of describing his entire outgoings and existence. From early infancy he is described as one 'whose fancies from afar were brought;' and there seems to have been a general impression in his family and among his friends that he would grow up into a poet.

'The child,' as anybody can tell you out of Wordsworth, 'is father to the man.' The dreamy, wayward, and unsettled character by which Hartley was all his life distinguished was no doubt in a large degree determined by his early imaginative roamings; or perhaps, more properly, it was determined by a too predominant development of the mental qualities which predisposed him to such vagaries. A judicious education—that is to say, a course of discipline and culture calculated to preserve a proper balance of the faculties—and which in his case would have developed the understanding more, and kept the fancy under reasonable restraint, was evidently a needful thing for him. But Hartley does not appear to have received anything like a judicious education. His father, though a man of the finest intellect, and of an affectionate and loving nature, seems to have troubled himself very little about the actual training of his children. He was always more or less occupied with some colossal undertaking, which he rarely had the steadiness to complete; or he was roaming from place to place in an unsettled state of health and prospects; and thus the little visionary, of whom Wordsworth said—

'I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years'—

was left to 'wander like a breeze' whithersoever his humour listed, gathering 'shapes and fantasies which, mixed with passions of his sadder years,' made up the substance of his life.

From about seven years of age, and during a large portion of his boyhood, Hartley resided with his uncle Southey at Keswick. In 1808 he and his brother were sent together to school at Ambleside, where, however, it does not appear that Hartley distinguished himself greatly by his scholarship. One of the chief advantages which he seems to have derived from his school life was the opportunity it afforded him of being a good deal in the society of Wordsworth. Professor Wilson, then residing at Elleray, also took notice of him; as did Sir George Beaumont and Mr Basil Montague. His biographer remarks: 'It was so, rather than by a regular course of study, that he was educated—by desultory reading, by the living voice of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, Lloyd, Wilson, and De Quincey; and again by homely familiarity with town-folk and country-folk of every degree; lastly, by daily recurring hours of solitude—by lonely wanderings with the murmur of the Brathay in his ear.*' He was under little restraint at school, and spent much time in loitering in the woods. His bodily feebleness hindered him from joining in the active sports and pastimes of his school-fellows; but he was a general favourite on account of the interminable stories with which he amused them on rainy days and winter nights. In the meantime, as his brother observes, 'a certain infirmity of mind, the specific evil of his life, had already shewn itself. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter

without trembling. He shrank from mental pain: he was beyond measure impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion—anger it could hardly be called—during which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were unconsciously, to slight temptations, slight in themselves and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection. A certain awkwardness of manner and behaviour likewise distinguished him. His uncle Southey used to tell him he had two left hands, and he ironically named him *Job* on account of his impatience.

In some way, however, he grew up to the age of nineteen, and was then sent to Oxford, in evident consciousness of extraordinary abilities. In due time we find him engaged upon a poem, by which he intends to gain the prize for English verse. He, a poet's son, and, according to all prophecy, called himself to be a poet, it never occurs to him that he can fail in his laudable and exciting object. But lo! now, on the day appointed, those uncritical college-dons award the prize to another candidate! Whereupon Hartley is confounded—intensely, immeasurably disappointed and astonished: where shall he hide his diminished head? To this disappointment his brother traces all the misfortunes of his afterlife; and there is, no doubt that it was the occasion and beginning of much that afterwards went wrong with him. But nothing, surely, had happened which any one could be justified in regarding as an eternal humiliation; there was nothing to found a 'great sorrow' upon: nothing, in short, which might not have been practically and even cheerfully forgotten. It was simply his first failure; and being only a failure, why might he not have left it quietly behind him, regarding it as an admonition to a higher stroke of effort?

But this, it seems, was precisely what Hartley Coleridge could not do. And here we detect the fatal weakness which was probably the cause of all his troubles: he has not the hardihood which can front and overcome a disappointment. Unhappily he must cast about for something to console his wounded self-esteem; and so he goes to get shriven of his vexations in a baptism of 'old port.' The enchanted cup once tasted, its delights grow daily more enticing, and at length the indulgence becomes a rooted and unquerable habit. Then it was his misfortune to be a 'brilliant talker;' and thus he became a sort of notability among the Oxford students, who, knowing his relish for good liquor, were constantly inviting him to wine-parties, for the sake of enjoying his conversation. In this way much of his time at the university was wasted. Still, it would appear, he must have had fits of studious diligence, for he finally obtained what is called a 'second class;' and some year or two later was elected to a fellowship at Oriel, having passed the examination with considerable distinction. The fellowship, however, was made conditional on good-behaviour, a year being fixed as the period of probation. One would have supposed that Hartley, if not strictly abstinent, might at least have managed to 'carry his drink discreetly' for one brief twelvemonth; but no: the habit is so confirmed in him that even the strong inducement of a life-competency before him is not enough to keep him temperate. At the end of the year the fellowship was accordingly pronounced forfeited; and poor Hartley, with his life-anchor thus rudely torn away, sailed forth rudderless upon that wide uncertain sea which is called the world.*

The dignitaries of Oriel, to their great honour, conducted their painful business with much delicacy and kindness, generously making the interesting scapegrace a present of £300, by way of equipment for his voyage. For two years after leaving Oxford he lived

* Memoir by his brother prefixed to his poems.

in London, passing his time in writing for various magazines, projecting graver works, cultivating friendly relations, and occasionally embodying in verse the incidents and impulses of the hour. The three sonnets 'To a Friend' with which his first volume opens are the record of the delight which he experienced on meeting with one who had sometime been the companion of his mountain wanderings. We will quote the first by way of giving a sample of his early poetry:—

'When we were idlers with the loitering rilla,
The need of human love we little noted;
Our love was nature; and the peace which floated
On the white mist, and dwelt among the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills;
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doting, asked not why it doted;
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity.'

On quitting London he returned to Ambleside, and undertook the management of the school in which he had been formerly instructed. After four unpleasant years, this mode of life was given up. He had not expected much success in such a work, and writes to his mother: 'I had a presentiment that it would never do, and therefore your commendations seemed like reproaches put out to interest. . . . How could I endure to be among unruly boys from seven in the morning till eight or nine at night, and to be responsible for actions which I could no more control than I could move a pyramid?' From Ambleside he removed to Grasmere, where he muséd, and wrote, and rambled according to inclination until 1832. In that year he removed to Leeds, having made an engagement with a publisher of that town to furnish materials for a volume of poetry and another of prose. Out of this arrangement sprang the publication of the first series of his poems, and also his work called 'Biographia Borealis,' a collection of thirteen lives of renowned northern countrymen. The latter originally came out in numbers, and extended to upwards of 600 large octavo pages. It has been described as being 'written with much vigour and eloquence, abounding in picturesque descriptions of events, as well as a dramatic delineation of character, and enriched with many acute remarks and original trains of thought.' Being completed in about a year, the work indicates on the part of its author a power of continuous application under favourable circumstances which the rest of his career does not exhibit. Unhappily for Hartley, his publisher became a bankrupt, and thus the engagement was abruptly terminated.

Returning once more to Westmoreland, he took up his abode in 'Nab Cottage,' on the banks of Rydal Water, with some worthy people of the peasant class, who, as the phrase is, 'took care of him.' Here he muséd, meditated, studied, and recorded his impressions in prose and verse as his humour prompted, his days gliding away almost without incident.

Mrs Wordsworth meanwhile kept a kindly eye upon his movements, and often ministered unobtrusively to his comfort. Without some such generous guardianship there is no knowing into what straits poor Hartley would have been precipitated. He was a perfect child in regard to all matters of domestic or pecuniary economy; and it seems doubtful whether he ever really knew where the money came from which was paid for his board and lodging. Being asked on one occasion what he paid in rent, he was quite puzzled to find an answer. 'Rent?' said he—'rent? I never thought of that!' The little income provided by some of his

friends for his support was disbursed for him by Mrs Wordsworth, who also appears to have doled out to him his pocket-money, shilling by shilling, as he required it. When his coat was getting threadbare or out at elbows, a new one was ordered for him, and substituted for the old one while he was in bed, and Hartley would put it on the next day without remark, or indeed without noticing the change. Almost the only part of his expenditure which he seems to have managed for himself were his disbursements made in the matter of strong liquor. Often enough, after the manner of the old lady who burnt her bed for the sake of a jolly fire, he would exhaust his capital in some liberal libation, and then find himself suddenly destitute of cash. To procure a little loan on a thirsty morning he would employ the most innocent and simple artifices, imposing of course upon no one but himself. A writer in 'Fraser's Magazine' relates an amusing anecdote in point:—'A friend of ours spending a summer at Ambleside became very intimate with him. One day Hartley ventured to borrow a shilling, volunteering to repay it next day. Accordingly he came, made a long call, talking, as his wont was, of dead and gone English poems, steering clear of "The Splendid Shilling." At last he rose to go, had got his hand upon the door: "By the way," he said, "I have brought you your shilling"—ransacking his pockets. Then with an air of surprise, "No; I've forgotten it." Then, hesitating and blushing: "And—and—would you lend me another?" Having got the shilling, off he went at full speed. Every successive call the scene was repeated in the self-same words.' One feels a little curious to know whether Hartley ever repaid that shilling, or any of the successive ones so borrowed. However, as the same writer observes, one would have been glad to have bought an hour's talk with him at the same price. According to all testimony, his conversation was exceedingly rich and genial. Like his father's, it was generally a sort of monologue. Few people cared to talk themselves when they had an opportunity of listening to him. He had an extensive knowledge and keen appreciation of our literature, especially of the dramatic and poetical departments; and it was exceedingly pleasant to hear him descend upon the characteristics and excellences of this and the other writer whom he admired, or to follow him through the mazes of a discursive dissertation on things in general. His tastes were very catholic and cordial, and he had the heartiest relish for all possible degrees of excellence. When he was satisfied with his company he would discourse away for hours in a strain of originality, humour, and paradoxical remark, which fully justified the Westmoreland peasant's homely saying: 'Eh, but Maister Coleridge do talk fine!'

In the spring of 1837 Hartley went for a few months to supply the place of second-master in the grammar-school at Sedburgh—a small market-town situated in one of the valleys of the wild moorlands of north-western Yorkshire. The duties of this post he is said to have discharged with becoming diligence, and to have conducted himself in other respects with great discretion. When his services were no longer needed, he went back to his old residence, and thenceforth never left it. For many years he was one of the principal notabilities of the Lake-country; and many were the summer visitors who invited him to dinner, on the understanding that he was to 'talk' for the pleasure of his entertainers. 'His especial allies,' says the writer in 'Eyasar,' before quoted, 'were the Oxonians or Cantabs who came to Ambleside by way of reading—young fellows flush of money, light of heart, and entertaining no very rooted antipathy to beer and cigars.' He was, however, nowise exclusive in his choice of friends. He mixed freely with 'statesmen, farmers, peasantry, and stood exceedingly high in their estimation. Where-soever he turned himself he met with a cordial welcome.

Many are the stories told of his singular freaks and misadventures. One relates how, on a certain night, when he was rather more than commonly confused in the faculty of eyesight, and extremely unsteady in the legs, he had the perversion to fancy a ditch by a cloth-dyer's mill to be his own feather-bed, and that, reposing himself on that conviction, he arose the next morning with 'the underside of his face dyed a rich Kendal green!' At times he would strike off somewhere, and remain away for days and even weeks, baffling all search, and then suddenly return to his old neighbourhood haggard, torn, and penniless. Then, smitten with remorse and shame, he would impose upon himself the penalty of severest abstinence; though an infliction of this sort was not uncommonly succeeded by a fit of more reckless dissipation. Yet with all his irresolution and instability of purpose, he never wholly ceased to struggle against his perilous temptation. He would enter in his diary the most touching and pathetic self-accusings. From the depths of his degradation he would arise in his right mind, but unhappily he never acquired strength to withstand the renewed solicitations of his besetment.

All this is extremely lamentable; nevertheless, far be it from us to judge poor Hartley harshly. Sympathy and compassion are ever due to human frailty. Much, too, may be said for him in the way of extenuation. We must remember his disappointments, the exceeding sensitiveness of his temperament, his acute susceptibility to excitement, and the consequent liability to its reaction—the 'congenital imperfection' which so strongly predisposed him to go astray. After all, the error to which he was prone left but little abiding stain upon his spirit. In spite of his besetting weakness, he was a truth-loving, genial, affectionate, hopeful, and cordial-hearted man. With the light of genius in his eyes, he had in his soul an authentic discernment of the true, the just, the beautiful—a conscious and inextinguishable love for whatsoever is good, and great, and worthy. If for the truth's sake we have been compelled to bring forth his errors and shortcomings somewhat nakedly into light, we will not forget the manifold seductions that fostered his infirmity, nor the frequent, if unsuccessful, contests which he inwardly waged against it. Let us tenderly regard the weakness that could not successfully resist. Has not Hartley paid the penalty?—paid it by a marred and troubled life; by energies and hopes cast down and broken; by the qualified commiseration and regret that now hangs upon his memory. Looking at the treacherous slough into which, through unguardedness and imperfection, he fell, let it be remembered in our goings as a warning to our own footsteps. For though we may be nowise subjected to his particular temptation, there is yet a lurking element of evil in our nature, the knowledge of which should ever keep us humble, and mindful of the sacred admonition—'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'

Hartley's collected writings, though excellent in their kind, must be regarded as being only fragments of his genius. His poetry is of a fine order, though not of the highest—partaking of the qualities which we find in Wordsworth, and also of some of those which distinguish the early verses of his father. It had different characteristics at different periods of his life. The poems of his youth display a rich though at times a somewhat vague imagination, analogous to the visionary sphere of feeling and existence in which so large a portion of his early life was passed. Thoughts of brilliancy and of beauty, yet often shadowy and fantastic, like coloured clouds and vapours in a summer sky, are to be found subtly and beautifully embodied in free and graceful compositions. The faculty of wonder was large within him; and, as an illustration of the touching and original forms it took, the following sonnet may be not unfitly quoted:—

'What was't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind?
Was it the glad some welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams that flow'd so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?
Did visionless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?'

A rich and cultivated fancy, which in Hartley Coleridge was more substantially developed than the broader faculty of imagination, will not fail to be noted and admired in the following:—

'Is love a fancy or a feeling? No:
It is immortal as immaculate truth.
'Tis not a blossom, shed as soon as youth
Drops from the stem of life—for it will grow
In barren regions, where no waters flow,
Nor ray of promise cheats the pensive gloom.
A darkling fire, faint hovering o'er a tomb,
That but itself and darkness nought doth shew,
Is my love's being—yet it cannot die,
Nor will it change, though all be changed beside;
Though fairest beauty be no longer fair,
Though vows be false, and faith itself deny,
Though sharp enjoyment be a suicide,
And hope a spectre in a ruin bare.'

A pleasing yet pensive personal interest is attached to many of these poems. Hartley writes out of the fulness of his heart. Though much straitened in point of space, we shall venture to quote the following on 'Music':—

'Sweet music steals along the yielding soul
Like the brisk wind that sows autumnal seeds;
And it hath tones like vernal rain that feeds
The light green vale, ordained ere long to roll
In golden waves o'er many a wealthy rood;
And tones it hath that make a lonely hour
The silent dwelling of some lovely flower,
Sweet hermitage of forest solitude.
I loved sweet music when I was a child,
For then my mother used to sing to me:
I loved it better when a youth so wild,
With thoughts of love it did so well agree;
Fain would I love it to my latest day,
If it would teach me to believe and pray.'

These quotations are confined to the sonnets, because they appear to us to be the most complete and finished portion of his works; but the rest of Hartley's poetry is all similarly genial and beautiful. A certain fulness of thought, a bright fancy, and a kindly and hearty feeling for whatever is pure, just, and gentle, is more or less manifest in everything he has written. A wise sympathy, an appreciating recognition of all that ennobles and adorns humanity, and a pervading and beneficent moral influence which flows from him in almost all his moods, render his poems not only charming but even edifying reading. We have no room to dwell critically upon his many merits; but we are altogether of opinion that his is poetry which the world will 'not willingly let die.'

In his prose-writings Hartley Coleridge is generally an intense but playful egotist. He acquaints his reader with his most intimate caprices, and invites him to the wildest and most surprising confidences. His choice of subjects is extremely whimsical: now he will discourse on the 'Character of Hamlet' or the 'Poetry of Love,' and anon descend to a dissertation on 'black cats' or 'pins,' and give you 'Thoughts on Horsemanship by a Pedestrian.' At times he writes with the

gravity and wisdom of a sage, and at others does not scruple to disport himself with the broadest buffoonery and fun. Whoever delights in smart wit, in quaint and racy humour, originality of thought and observation, sense, shrewdness, and whimsicality, will assuredly find in Hartley's two volumes of 'Essays and Marginalia' abundant matter to instruct and fascinate and amuse him.

It only remains for us to close this sketch by a brief allusion to Hartley's rather untimely death. He was living his old life at Grasmere, when a fit of bronchitis brought it suddenly to an end. 'In his last hours,' says his brother, 'he took a clear review of his past life; his words, whether addressed to me or to himself, falling distinct on my ear; his mind appearing to retain its wonted sagacity, and his tongue scarcely less than its wonted eloquence. Of this most solemn confession I can only repeat that it justified the most favourable construction that can be put upon the past, and the most consolatory hope that could be formed for the future.' He died on the 6th of January 1849. His death was lamented by the whole country-side; for his removal was felt to be a deprivation not easily to be compensated by those many 'friends to whom his visits, his conversations, his playful wit, his simple and affectionate confidence—nay, his very foibles and eccentricities, his need of guidance and protection—had become a refreshment and a stimulus,' and among whom, 'not merely the kindly affections were drawn out in a peculiar manner, but a love of goodness, purity, and truth was fostered by his society.' His venerable friend Wordsworth was much affected, and directed that he should be buried in the grave marked out for himself at Grasmere. 'Let him lie by us,' said he: 'he would have wished it.' In little more than a twelvemonth the great poet was carried to his place beside him. 'They lie in the south-east angle of the churchyard, not far from a group of trees, the little beck that feeds the lake with its clear waters murmuring by their side. Around them are the quiet mountains.' It is a fitting resting-place for Hartley Coleridge: may the peacefulness of the spot be the symbol of the kindness which is to rest henceforth on his memory!

RIDES ON RAILWAYS.

A SMART little book, profusely illustrated with engravings, has lately appeared with this title,* and will prove a useful, or at all events entertaining companion to railway travellers. The work is well done, which is almost a singularity; for no department of literature is so badly executed as the ordinary run of guide-books. To present anything like an account of the contents of so varied a production is of course out of the question. We can only point to a few specimens of the author's descriptions, which we infer to be chiefly the result of personal observation.

At the outset the writer recalls the remembrance of the first proposal of railways, and the wise prophecies, even among 'practical men,' that they could never succeed. No train would be able to go quicker than fifteen miles an hour—only three miles more than the best stage-coaches; the railway would in most places have to compete with canals for goods-traffic; few people would like to risk their lives behind fiery engines; no commercial travellers would go by railways, because they would be away from towns on the jour-

ney; not one of the nobility, the gentry, or those who travel in their own carriages, would like to be drawn at the tail of a train of wagons in which some hundreds of bars of iron were jingling; the noise and dirt would be intolerable; cattle in fields would be frightened out of their senses by the passing trains—and so on, with a hundred other prognostications, coolly stated by opponents before parliament. Not one of these precautionary terrors has proved well-founded—all the fears on the subject have been a delusion. In what a mean light does this result place the prophecies of evil! 'In 1850 upwards of 70,000,000 of souls were carried by railway, when only eleven passengers were killed and fifty-four injured, or less than one to each million of passengers conveyed.'

Looking back to old times, what a change in point of cost and comfort! 'The earl or duke, whose dignity compelled him to post in a chaise-and-four, at a cost of some five or six shillings a mile, and an immense consumption of horse-flesh, wax-lights, and landladies' courtesies on the road, now takes his place unnoticed in a first-class carriage next to a gentleman who travels for a great claret and champagne house, and opposite another going down express to report a railway meeting at Birmingham for a morning paper. If you see a lady carefully and courteously escorted to a carriage marked "engaged" on a black board, it is probably not a countess, but the wife of one of the principal officers of the company. A bishop in a greatcoat creates no sensation; but a tremendous rush of porters and superintendents towards one carriage, announces that a director or well-known engineer is about to take his seat. In fact, civility to all, gentle and simple, is the rule introduced by the English railway-system; every porter with a number on his coat is, for the time, the passenger's servant. Special attention is bestowed on those who are personally known, and no one can grumble at that. Some people who have never visited the continent, or visited it only for pleasure, travelling at their leisure, make comparisons with the railways of France and Germany unfavourable to the English system. Our railways are dearer than the foreign, so is our government—we make both ourselves; but compare the military-system of the continental railways; the quarter of an hour for admission before the starting of the train, during which, if too early or too late, you are locked out; the weighing of every piece of baggage; the lordly, commanding airs of all the officials if any relaxation of rules be required; the *insouciance* with which the few porters move about, leaving ladies and gentlemen to drag their own luggage: compare all this with the rapid manner in which the loads of half-a-dozen cabs, driving up from some other railway at the last moment, are transferred to the departing Express; compare the speed, the universal civility, attention, and *honesty*, that distinguish our railway travelling, and you cannot fail to come to the conclusion, that for a commercial people to whom time is of value, ours is the best article; and if we had not been a lawyer-ridden people, we might also have had the cheapest article.'

A curious fact has been elicited in connection with the cost of railways. It is the prodigious error committed by most companies as to furnishing accommodation for goods-traffic. The space required by the principal lines has been so great that for this item alone 'full 25 per cent. has been added to the original estimates. George Stephenson calculated the cost of getting over Chat Moss at £140,000; his opponent proved that it would cost £400,000: but it was executed at exactly the sum Stephenson set down, while the capital involved in providing station-room for merchandise at Liverpool and at Manchester has probably exceeded the original estimate for the whole line.' Much of the unforeseen increase in the goods-department is due to the development of traffic in

* *Rides on Railways* leading to the Lake and Mountain Districts of Cumberland, North Wales, and the Dales of Derbyshire; with a Glance at Oxford, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other Manufacturing Towns. By Samu'l Sidney, Author of 'Railways and Agriculture,' 'Australian Handbook,' &c. &c. Illustrated by Twenty-four Engravings on Steel, with a Correct Map of the North Western Railway and its Branches. London: W. & A. Orr & Co. Amen Corner. 1851.

rural produce—corn, cattle, sheep, milk, &c.—vastly to the benefit of the agricultural interests. 'A regular trade is now carried on between London and the most remote parts of the kingdom in every conceivable thing that will bear moving. Sheep have been sent from Perth to London, and Covent-Garden has supplied tons of the finer description of vegetables to the citizens of Glasgow: every Saturday five tons of the best fish in season are despatched from Billingsgate to Birmingham, and milk is conveyed in padlocked tins from and beyond Harrow at the rate of about one penny per gallon. In articles which are imported into Liverpool and London there is a constant interchange, according to the state of the market; thus a penny per pound difference may bring a hundred chests of congo up, or send as many of hyson down the line. All graziers within a day of the rail are able to compete in the London market; the probability of any extraordinary demand increases the number of beasts arriving weekly at Camden Station from the average of 500 to 2000, and the sheep from 2000 to 6000; and these animals can be brought from the farthest grazing-grounds in the kingdom without any loss of weight, and in much better condition than the fat oxen were formerly driven to Smithfield from the rich pastures round Aylesbury or the Valley of the Thames.' The time has absolutely come when it may be said that a farmer is to be pitied who is out of reach of a railway. He is left, as it were, out of the world.

The rides commence of course at Euston Square, the metropolis of railways, and down goes the traveller by the train to Birmingham. A few words are spared for the principal places on the route and its adjuncts. Thus of Bedford, of which something is said worth noticing. Drolly enough, this is an example of a town killed with kindness. 'Bedford has been pauperised by the number and wealth of its charities. A mechanic or small tradesman can send his child if it be sick to a free hospital; when older, to a free school, where even books are provided; when the boy is apprenticed, a fee may be obtained from a charity; at half the time of apprenticeship, a second fee; on the expiration of the term, a third; on going to service, a fourth; if he marries, he expects to obtain from a charity-fund "a portion" with his wife, also educated at a charity; and if he has not sufficient industry or prudence to lay by for old age—and those are virtues which he is not likely to practise he looks forward with confidence to being boarded and lodged at one of Bedford's fifty-nine almshouses.' The chief source of the charities of Bedford is a large endowment by a wealthy alderman of London, who would have done much better to have spent his money upon himself than to leave it to derisorially succeeding generations.

Speaking of Banbury: 'the Buckinghamshire Railway has reduced the price of coal to the inhabitants from 22s. to 15s. per ton on 150,000 tons per annum'—a saving of upwards of £50,000 a year to a single town on one article! Opponents of railways, if there be any left, can ponder this fact.

Next, as to Oxford, after some amusing matter comes an observation on New College—new once, but old now, for it was built by William of Wykeham in 1380—a very respectable antiquity. Winchester School, founded by the same worthy, is a sort of step preliminary to the New College. Here is the way things are managed:—'Winchester School still retains its ancient character for scholarship. (It is said to be almost impossible to "pluck" a Wykehamist); but the foundation has been grossly abused, the elected being not poor boys, but the sons of wealthy clergymen and gentlemen, as indeed they had need be, for, by another abuse, the parents of boys on the foundation have to pay about £40 a year for their board. But when a boy, distinguished for diligence and ability among his fellows, has been, at eighteen or nineteen

years, elected to a fellowship of New College, his work for life is done—no more need for exertion—every incentive to Epicurean rest. Fine rooms; a fine garden; a dinner daily the best in Oxford, served in a style of profusion and elegance that leaves nothing to be desired; wine the choicest; New College also most famous; a retiring-room where, in obsequious dignity, a butler waits on his commands, with fresh bottles of the strong New College port, or ready to compound a variety of delicious drinks, amid which the New College cider-cup and mint-julep can be specially recommended. Newspapers, magazines, and novels on the tables of both the junior and senior common rooms; a stable for his horse and a kennel for his dog, form part of this grand club of learned ignorance. And so, in idle uselessness, he spends life, unless by good fortune he falls in love and marries: even then, we pity his wife and his cook for the first twelve months—or, by reaction, flies into asceticism and becomes a father of St Philip Neri or a follower of Saint Puseycat. But, after all this virtuous remonstrance on the misdirection of William of Wykeham's noble endowment, we must own that, of our Oxford acquaintance, none are more agreeable than those New College fellows of the old school, "who wore shocking bad hats and asked you to dinner." Much better than the cold-blooded "monks without mass" who are fast superseding them, just as idle and more ill-natured.'

As to the productions of Oxford: 'the only local manufactures of Oxford, except gentlemen, are boots, leather-breeches, and boats; these fast in great perfection. The regatas and rowing-matches on the Isis are very exciting affairs. From the narrowness of the stream, they are rather chases than races; the winners cannot pass, but must pursue and bump their competitors. The many silent, solitary wherries, urged by vigorous, skilful arms, give, on a summer evening, a pleasing life to river side walks, although that graceful flower, the pretty pink bonnet and parasol, peculiar to the waters of Richmond and Hampton, is not often found growing in the Oxford wherry. Comedies, in the shape of glancing matches with the barges, are less frequent than formerly, and melodramatic fistic-combats still less frequent. But old boatmen still love to relate to their peaceable and admiring pupils how that pocket Hercules, the Honourable S—C—, now a pious clergyman, had a single combat with a saucy six-foot bargee, "all alone by they two selves," hanged up both his eyes, and left him all but dead to time, ignorant then, and for months after, of the name of his victor.'

Returning to the main line, the traveller reaches Wolverton, a great eating-station, associated in our minds with bad attendance, worse tea, worst barley-broth, and an immense struggle to get at any. Wolverton is exclusively a railway town, for manufacturing railway articles, and is under railway government. It is inhabited by a respectable and intelligent body of mechanics. 'And what are the results of this colony, in which there are none idle, none poor, and few uneducated? Why, in many respects gratifying, in some respects disappointing. The practical reformer will learn more than one useful lesson from a patient investigation of the social state of this great village. Those who have not been in the habit of mixing with the superior class of English skilled mechanics will be agreeably surprised by the intelligence, information, and educational acquirements of a great number of the workmen here. They will find men labouring for daily wages capable of taking a creditable part in political, literary, and scientific discussion; but at the same time the followers of George Sand and the French preachers of proletarian perfection will not find their notions of the ennobling effects of manual labour realised. There are exceptions, but as a general rule, after a hard day's work, a man is not inclined for study of any kind, least

of all for the investigation of abstract science; and thus it is that at Wolverton library novels are much more in demand than scientific treatises. In summer, when walks in the fields are pleasant, and men can work in their gardens, the demand for books of any kind falls off. Turning from the library to the mechanics' institution, pure science is not found to have many charms for the mechanics of Wolverton. Geological and astronomical lectures are ill attended, while musical entertainments, dissolving views, and dramatic recitations are popular. It must be confessed that dullness and monotony exercise a very unfavourable influence on this comfortable colony. The people, not being Quakers, are not content without amusement. They receive their appointed wages regularly, so that they have not even the amusement of making and losing money. It would be an excellent thing for the world if the kind, charitable, cold-blooded people of middle age, or with middle-aged heads and hearts, who think that a population may be ruled into an everyday life of alternate work, study, and constitutional walks, without anything warmer than a weak simmer from year's end to year's end, would consult the residents of Wolverton and Crewe before planning their next parallelogram.

Old-fashioned people will be glad to know that railways have not quite knocked up all the snug roadside inns. One of these, at a place called Wansford in England, is thus noticed:—"If about to investigate the antiquities of Stanford or Peterborough, the traveller will do well to stop at Wansford for the sake of one of the best inns in Europe, well-known under the sign of 'The Haycock at Wansford in England.' This sign represents a man stretched on a floating haycock, and apparently in conversation with parties on a bridge. It is intended to illustrate the legend of Drunken Barnaby, who, travelling during the time of the plague from London northward, tasting and criticising the ale on the road, drank so much of the Northamptonshire brew that he fell asleep on a haycock, in one of the flat meadows. In the night-time a sudden flood arose, as is often the case in this part of the country, and our toper awoke to find himself floating on a great tide of water, which at length brought him to a bridge, upon which, hailing the passers-by, he asked, 'Where am I?' in full expectation of having floated to France or Spain; whereupon they answered: 'At Wansford.' 'What!' he exclaimed in ecstasy, 'Wansford in England!' and landing, drank the ale, and gave a new name to the inn of this village between three counties. The inn—which belongs to the Duke of Bedford—affords a sort of accommodation which the rapid travelling and short halts of railways have almost abolished. But an easy rent, a large farm, and a trade in selling and hiring hunters, enables the landlord to provide as comfortably for his guests as when, in old posting-days, five dukes made the Haycock their night-halt at one time. On entering the well-carpeted coffee-room, with its ample screen, blazing fire, and plentiful allowance of easy-chairs, while a well-appointed tempting dinner is rapidly and silently laid on the spotless table-cloth—the tired sportsman or traveller will be inclined to fancy that he is visitor to some wealthy squire rather than the guest of an innkeeper. When we add that the bedrooms match the sitting-rooms; that the charges are moderate; that the Pytchley, Earl Fitzwilliam's, and the Duke of Rutland's hounds (the Beever), meet within an easy distance; that the county abounds in antiquities, show-houses like Burleigh; that pleasant woodland rides are within a circle of ten miles; that good pike-fishing is to be had nearly all the year round; while in retirement Wansford is complete; we have said enough to show that it is well worth the notice of a large class of travellers—from young couples on their first day's journey, to old gentlemen travelling north and needing quiet and a bottle of old port."

Here we would stop, but are tempted to give one

more extract. The passage refers to Dr Arnold and the celebrated school at Rugby, to which he was appointed head-master. 'Dr Arnold, from the day on which he first took charge of the school, adopted the course which he ever after adhered to, of treating the boys like gentlemen and reasonable beings. Thus on receiving from an offender an answer to any question, he would say: "If you say so, of course I believe you;" and on this he would act. The effect of this was immediate and remarkable; the better feeling of the school was at once touched; boys declared: "It is a shame to tell Arnold a lie, because he always believes you;" and thus at one bold step the axe was put to the root of the inveterate practice of lying to the master, one of the curses of schools. In pursuance of the same views, when reprimanding a boy, he generally took him apart, and spoke to him in such a manner as to make him feel that his master was grieved and troubled at his wrong-doing; a Quaker-like simplicity of mien and language, a sternness of manner not unmingled with tenderness, and a total absence of all "donish" airs, combined to produce this effect. Nor were his personal habits without their effect. The boys saw in him no outward appearance of a solemn pedagogue or dignified ecclesiastic whom it was a temptation to dupe, or into whose ample wig javelins of paper might with impunity be darted; but a spare, active, determined man, six feet high, in duck trousers, a narrow-brimmed hat, a sailor's black handkerchief knotted round his neck, a heavy walking-stick in his hand; a strong swimmer, a noted runner; the first of all the masters in the schoolroom on the winter mornings, teaching the lowest class when it was his turn with the same energy which he would have thrown into a lecture to a critical audience, listening with interest to an intelligent answer from the smallest boy, and speaking to them more like an elder brother than the head-master. They soon perceived that they had to deal with a man thoroughly in earnest, acute, active, and not easily deceived; that he was not only a scholar but a gentleman, who expected them to behave as the sons of gentlemen themselves.' By these and other available means the 'standard of intelligence and information was incalculably raised, and the school, as a place of education in its wider sense, became infinitely more efficient.'

SAVAGE NOTIONS OF PHILANTHROPY.

THERE are few more precarious investments than spending money, time, or labour on other people's affairs, with an eye to a speculative return in gratitude. Those who have done so once will seldom knowingly venture on a second experiment. If a man from the feeling of simple benevolence feel inclined to bestow benefits on his friends or neighbours, let him do so; but if he is rash enough to imagine that his generosity is likely to yield him large returns in gratitude and good offices hereafter, he will find it a very poor speculation indeed. When I hear a man complaining of the ingratitude of some friend or relative to whose interest he had sacrificed his own, I look upon him as a disappointed speculator, not a disinterested philanthropist.

Having from the period of my earliest recollections been afflicted with an impulsive tendency to give away, and to thrust kindnesses upon other people, I used to feel very much puzzled to account for the fact, that when I ventured to solicit a favour from those to whom I had in my own way been most lavish, I was much less likely to receive it than some one else who had given them nothing. My eyes were for the first time opened to the true state of the case by some incidents which occurred to me while living among the half-savage tribes who inhabit the jungly districts bordering Nepal.

There being no civil or military station within several days' journey of where I was stationed, I had, in the event of sickness or accident befalling my servants, to prescribe for them what are usually included under the name of domestic medicines. This was quite a new field to me, and I went into it *con amore*; administering pills, making poultices, and applying bandages, with a zeal and energy very edifying to myself, and, as I imagined, highly beneficial to my patients. This last impression, however, was a gross delusion, as I subsequently discovered.

One of my first patients was a tall, unwholesome-looking youth named Bheem, who had charge of the goats I kept for supplying my table with milk. Bheem in his personal appearance and predacious instincts made the nearest approach to what might be termed a human weasel I ever saw. He had the sharp nose and concave belly, and the same irrepressible tendency to hunt up and devour small vermin which characterises the weasel tribe all over the world. When Bheem departed to the Moidhau with his goats at daybreak, he was furnished, besides his *gullé* or pollat-bow, with a number of odd-looking skewers and hooks, for trapping and disinterring rats, hedgehogs, and porcupines. The pollat-bow was used for shooting parrots and squirrels; and it was seldom that Bheem returned without some half-dozen rats or squirrels stung by their tails to his girdle.

On one occasion, when in pursuit of a porcupine which had taken shelter among the tangled roots of a banian-tree, Bheem, having made up his mind that the porcupine was to be cooked with chillies, garlic, and *gol merich*, became somewhat forgetful of his personal safety, and having the animal at bay in a blind hole, he was digging away with all his might to get at it, when the porcupine rushed between his legs, tearing them with his quills as he passed, and escaped.

Bheem came limping home at eventide in a very sad plight, with his legs swathed with bandages of jungle-grass over a plaster of chewed *neem* leaves. As a matter of course, I took the legs under my care; and had the satisfaction, after washing them every morning with lukewarm water and applying poultices, to see them gradually getting well again. But the distinction of having his master to 'cook' his shins every morning was too much for Bheem's head, and he began to exhibit symptoms of self-conceit and arrogance among his fellow-servants, as if his getting his shins scraped by a porcupine had been something highly meritorious! After all pretence for looking at his shins was over, he discovered a multitude of petty ailments in his back, his sides, and his belly, for which I gave him pills and powders without number. But although he always professed to derive great benefit from my *dhookeys* (medicines), he never got well; and in all likelihood never would, if he had not picked a quarrel with the cook, when it came out that Bheem was in the habit of milking the goats on his own account every evening before bringing them home. This was the more provoking that, under the pretence of feeding the young kids, I had frequently been obliged to put up with short allowance of milk to my coffee. On my taxing Bheem with his dishonesty, he got on his knees, and in such terms of abject supplication as no language but Hindostanee can express, besought me to forgive him; calling me 'gureeb-purwar' ('provider for the poor'), 'mai-bab' ('father and mother'), 'malekgullam kei' ('owner of the slave'), &c. All this I was prepared for and listened to as a matter of course. But when the wretch proceeded to urge as a farther reason for forgiveness, that he had brought his legs to me to dress every day for a fortnight, that he had taken all the medicines I gave him, and would continue to take them as long as I liked, I was completely taken aback. As to being angry, that was out of the question—indeed I felt quite as much ashamed

as angry. Under the pretence of acting the 'good Samaritan,' I had been simply gratifying my therapeutical tendencies at Bheem's expense. That this was the true philosophy of the matter was proved by the fact, that in spite of the lesson which Bheem had given me, I was led into taking as much interest in the next case which occurred as if no such personage had ever existed.

A little Hindoo boy of about ten years of age, who had been assisting his father in mending the roof of a brick-kiln, was, by the accidental giving way of the side-walls, thrown among the hot bricks. His father brought him to me literally half-roasted: his fingers and toes, from his attempts to clamber out of the kiln, had been burnt to cinders. His father cried, prayed, howled, and wailed until he was hoarse. The poor sufferer himself was only able to utter a low moaning cry, which, although drowned for the instant in the frantic vehemence of the father's grief, yet came out with terrible distinctness whenever the old man ceased, as he was sometimes obliged to do, from sheer exhaustion. The remembrance of it makes me shudder even now, although it is many years since.

As my slight knowledge of surgery had never before been put to so severe a test, I felt correspondingly embarrassed. Without pausing to consider the responsibility I was incurring, I had the boy laid upon a bed in the veranda and proceeded to apply such palliatives as I could think of. Linseed-oil and lime-water were procured and applied as fast as they could be mixed. The poor little fellow seemed much relieved by the cooling effect of this unguent, and sometimes intermitted his sad cry to gasp 'Utchal utchal' ('Good! good!') I had been occupied, I imagine, about two hours with my patient, dressing his wounds and padding him all round with loose cotton, to keep the air from irritating the raw skin; having done this and got him to swallow an anodyne, I looked about for his father, intending to give him some directions concerning the medicines I wished him to give his son. He, however, was nowhere to be found! After sending people in all directions in search of him, he was at last discovered in his own house tranquilly kneading some flour and water to make *chepties* for his dinner, and presented himself to me with his hands and arms still covered with the flour he had been using. I gave him a small punkah, and told him to sit down and drive away the flies from his son's face; and in order that he might not have occasion to leave the house again, I paid another man to cook his *chepties* for him and bring them to him when ready. On going out to the veranda half an hour after, I found the old man was again absent. I began to feel rather angry; and when he made his appearance some time afterwards, I began to scold him for his carelessness, when he held up the coconut shell and appendages which formed his pipe, to intimate that he had been taking a smoke. I told him he was at liberty to smoke as much as he pleased in the veranda, but threatened, if I found him absent again, to give him a sound thrashing. He promised not to stir from his son's bedside, but on one pretext or another he was constantly absenting himself. Sometimes he had been to the bazaar to buy *booja* (parched rice); sometimes he had gone to take a bath; sometimes he had gone to consult a neighbouring Brahmin. In short, there was no end to his excuses. What made this conduct appear more hideous was, that the flies came in clouds about the bed; and unless driven away, covered the poor boy's face and every other part of his body exposed to them.

Now it was that the imprudence of my conduct began to make itself felt. Here was my patient fast sinking, while his father, whose natural duty it was to attend to him, seemed to think that he had thrown the whole responsibility on my shoulders; and in the event of his son dying, he would certainly blame me for

having occasioned it. As neither threats, bribes, nor entreaties could induce the old man to remain beside his son, I had the poor boy placed in a palanquin and carried to his own house, in the hope that when his father had him under his own roof he would perhaps be more disposed to attend to him. I went two or three times daily to see him and dress his wounds. If the old man was inattentive before, he was certainly no better now, for whenever I called, I either found him asleep or smoking at the door of his hut.

In all cases of severe injury from burning, after the first excitement is over, there ensues an utter prostration of the whole system, and unless active measures are taken to support the strength of the patient, he ultimately sinks from exhaustion. After the second day the poor boy ceased to complain, and lay apparently unconscious of all that was passing around him. During the few days he lived I was in a constant fever; wherever I went I was haunted with the appearance of the dying boy, and wondering whether the father was keeping the flies away. I was positively relieved when a servant one morning informed me that the brickmaker's boy was dead. I found the old man seated by the embers of a fire at the foot of the bed, his two hands grasping the cocoa-nut shell of his hookah, from a hole in the side of which he was sucking the smoke with a slow, solemn *glug-glugger*, in which it would have been very difficult to detect the accents of either grief or despair. Grief, however, there was, deep and sincere of its kind; for although the ear could not detect the slightest halt or wavering in the steady march of the hookah's music, the tears were raining from the old man's eyes and falling in big drops at his feet. The indifference and carelessness he had exhibited while his son was alive had not prepared me for this; so feeling that I had done him an injustice, I gave a few rupees to assist him in fulfilling the funeral-rites.

In the next case which occurred I took care to avoid the responsibility I had incurred in my last experiment; and as I imagined successfully.

A poor woman, while employed with some others in weeding a rice-field, left her child—an infant about twelve months old—in a clump of long grass near the skirt of the jungle. After she had been some time at work her attention was directed to the spot where she had left her child by hearing its screams. On running towards it, she observed a large wolf dragging the child in his teeth towards the jungle. The whole band of weeders instantly started in pursuit, shouting and screaming as they went. The wolf, finding he was pursued, dropped the child, and made off. When brought to me, beyond a few flesh-wounds from the animal's teeth, the child was not so much injured as might have been expected from the treatment it had received.

The mother, in a frantic state of excitement, threw herself at my feet, and promised to be my slave for life if I would make her child well. This she seemed to think I could do off-hand and by a single operation. The natives, in common with the inhabitants of more enlightened countries than Hindostan, have a notion that unless *something* is applied to a wound or bruise it will never heal. Accordingly pounded charcoal, lime, cow-dung, tumeric, garlic, &c. are applied in all cases of wounds and bruises. Although but a short time had elapsed since the accident had taken place, it was sufficient to allow a liberal supply of these materials to have been applied. My first care as a matter of course was to wash them all off; and after drawing the edges of the wounds together, to apply a few strips of adhesive plaster. From what I had before seen of flesh-wounds among the natives, I felt convinced that if I could only prevail upon the mother to keep the child clean, it would get well in a few days. To get her to do this I promised her three pice every morning that she brought the child to me clean washed. For

ten days she came very willingly, when I renewed the dressings, and gave her the three pice agreed on. At the end of that time, finding the wounds were almost all healed, I told her that she would not require to bring the child to me any more. She looked rather blank at this announcement, salaamed, and thanked me in a very ceremonious manner. She was going on with a long panegyric on my wisdom and generosity when I interrupted her with: 'Well, well, that will do now—go away, and mind to keep the child clean.' Still she lingered, and kept swaying herself half round with the child riding on her left hip. She had evidently something more to say, which she was mustering courage to express. She commenced drawing circles among the gravel with the toes of her left foot, and began with 'Khoddawund' ('Master.')

'Well,' I answered, 'what have you to say?'

'Ap hakeni hy' ('You are a wise man.') I am a poor woman: I have come to your honour every morning, as you desired me. I brought you my child, and gave it to you to put your medicines on it. I washed it as often as you desired me: surely you will not send me away?'

'Why,' I exclaimed, 'what could I do with you?'

But without heeding my interruption she went on: 'Surely you would not send me away—without some *but sheeth*!'

I thought Bhoom had been very ungrateful, but surely this woman was something more.

A PRACTICAL COMMISSIONER OF SEWERS.

Or all places in the world, the London police-courts afford the most curious revelations of civilised ethnology. Hardly a week passes but some extraordinary stratum of crime or misfortune, wherein human creatures are found imbedded, and human nature petrified or transformed, is brought to light.

The London newspapers lately chronicled the manner of life of a man who, while we cannot call him criminal, and have no right to deem him unfortunate, since he appears to enjoy his own mode of existence as much as anybody else—would seem to have chosen a career embracing a quiescence of violence, misery, and wretchedness. In a recent assault-case heard before the magistrates at the Clerkenwell Court, this individual appeared as a witness. His real name is said to be Smith, but he has gained notoriety in the parlous of Field Lane, Saffron Hill, and other kindred localities, under the *sobriquet* of 'The Jumper.' He is a rat-catcher by profession, but follows his calling in a style which places him apart from all his *confères* in that elegant avocation, and induces us to believe that, his manner of carrying on business considered, there can hardly be 'two of a trade.' The man catches rats for those who keep sporting-dogs, and the field of his labours embraces all subterranean London. One-half of Jumper's life is spent in quest of prey from the metropolitan sewerage. Furnished with a bull's-eye lantern, a capacious and strongly-made folding-trap, and a short rake, he enters the main sewers at the foot of Blackfriars' Bridge, and tracing his dark and labyrinthine way beneath the busy thoroughfares of the metropolis, waist-deep in mud and filth of every description, he pursues his dangerous and revolting occupation. The sewers literally swarm with rats. Holding lantern and trap in his left hand, he thrusts his rake hither and thither. The disturbed vermin rush from their hiding-places, and, dazzled by the light, fall an easy prey to Jumper, who, gifted with a peculiar knack, catches them by hand, and places them in his cage as easily and indifferently as if they were

young kittens. His under-ground journeys extend for miles. He has been under Newgate and along Cheap-side to the Mansion-House, the roaring traffic above him sounding like the dull rumbling of distant thunder. He has traversed from Holborn to Islington, closely inspecting all the divergent passages and odoriferous tributaries which fall into the *cloaca maxima* of the mighty metropolis. It is declared, indeed, that he knows more about the sewerage of London and its condition than any other living man, and that upon the strength of such qualification he would make an excellent chairman to the Board of Commissioners sitting in Greek Street, under whose promises he has so often rambled in pursuit of game.

It is recorded that on one occasion an obstruction occurred to a drain at the foot of Holborn Hill, and Jumper being known in the neighbourhood, was applied to. Terms were speedily agreed upon. Jumper started off to the foot of Blackfriars' Bridge, and in half an hour his voice was heard down the gully-hole. He quickly cleared away the obstruction, and received his reward, which was well deserved, as he had saved the public the expense and inconvenience of breaking up the thoroughfare.

It is not, however, to the rats alone that Jumper devotes his attention and industry. He frequently falls in with rich windfalls—or, to improve the metaphor, waterfalls—especially in the City. On one occasion he found a silk purse containing gold and silver; on another a gold watch and seals; and he is constantly rooting up silver spoons, rings, and other articles of value.

Some time ago Jumper took on an apprentice, or rather a pupil, for the profession—a man named Harris—one bred to the horse-slaughtering business, and who, after such a course of preparation, might be supposed to have lost the sensitiveness of olfactory and stomachic nerves to a sufficient degree to enable him to enter on the new occupation. After a month's trial, however, he gave it up as a bad job. 'I can stand a tidy lot,' said he, somewhat crestfallen; 'but I can't stand that 'ere!' So Jumper remains alone in his glory, 'monarch of all he surveys.' There is no man, however, who has not his trials: envy, jealousy, contempt, interference, are the common lot. Jumper's right has been disputed by a lord mayor, who threatened him with imprisonment on the ground of trespass; Jumper, however, still pursues his delectable calling. He has been three times attacked with typhus fever, but rapidly recovered on each occasion, apparently too tough, tried, and tanned for the grim assailant.

Jumper may be seen on Sundays well dressed, and generally with a watch in his pocket—presenting, indeed, a comfortable and well-to-do appearance. It may be added, that the rats bring him in from one shilling to eighteenpence a dozen; and so conversant is he with their haunts or burrows, that he requires but a couple of hours' notice to produce any given quantity, from a dozen to a hundred. This most extraordinary character is, we believe, at present in good health, and follows his calling with the greatest assiduity among the foundations of the London streets.

DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.

A most interesting discovery has been made in Egypt. It is known that there exists in Mount Zabarah, situated on an island in the Red Sea, a mine of emeralds, which was formerly worked by the pashas of Egypt, but abandoned in the last years of the reign of Mehemet Ali. An English company have solicited and recently obtained authority to resume the working of this mine, which is believed to be still rich in precious stones. Mr Allan, the engineer of the company, while directing some important excavations in this place, has discovered at a great depth traces of an ancient gallery, which must, evidently be referred to the most remote antiquity.

Upon removing the rubbish, he found tools and ancient utensils, and a stone upon which is engraved a hieroglyphic inscription, now partially defaced. This circumstance proves the truth of the opinion expressed by Belzoni, on the strength of other indications, that this mine was worked in ancient times. The nature and form of the implements discovered, and the configuration of the gallery, the plan of which has been readily traced, prove most conclusively that the ancient Egyptians were skilful engineers. It seems, from examination of the stone which has been discovered, that the first labours in the mine of Zabarah were commenced in the reign of Sesostris the Great, or Rameses Sesostris, who, according to the most generally-received opinion, lived about the year 1650 before Christ, and who is celebrated by his immense conquests, as well as for the innumerable monuments with which he covered Egypt.—*American Literary Journal*.

THE LETTER FROM HOME.

BY THE REV. JAMES GIBBORNE LYONS, D.D.

A lonely stranger walk'd alone
In a great city's busiest place;
He heard not one familiar tone,
He saw not one familiar face:
He trod that long and weary street
Till day's last beam wax'd faint and dim,
But none were nigh to cheer or greet
Not one was there to smile on him.

He saw before him thickly press
The rude, the beautiful, the proud,
And felt that strange deep loneliness
Which chills us in the selfish crowd:
Ay! though his heart was stern and strong,
And scorn'd each soft and wailing mood,
He felt a sore and saddening throng
Of doubts and wasting cares intrude.

While yet he mused in bitter thought,
A messenger appear'd at hand,
Who to that mourning pilgrim brought
A letter from his own fair land:
Eager as if it search'd a mine,
His eye the welcome page explor'd,
And, as he read each glowing line,
Hope, gladness, life, were all restor'd.

Yet mightier than the voice from home,
Which nerv'd that drooping exile's breast,
Those words of Thine, Redeemer! come
To calm our fears and give us rest.
When, in some sad and sunless hour,
We pine for smiles and tones of love,
They bid us look, through storm and shower,
To Thee our Light and Life above.

GRAND ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.

Before quitting the subject of manuscripts, let me earnestly recommend to all who handle the pen—whether in writing plays for managers, prescriptions for patients, articles for editors of periodicals, or petitions and memorials to the powers that be—to study calligraphy. Many plays have been thrown aside, many articles have been returned, many prescriptions misinterpreted, and many petitions neglected, because it was either impossible or difficult to decipher them. Next to the possession of a good hereditary estate and a good temper, a good handwriting will be found the best auxiliary to push through life with.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

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VISIT TO AN ENGLISH MONASTERY.

I HAVE always felt a deep interest in monks and monkery, and an interest that did not commence with my historical period, but may be traced far back in the fabulous Radelphian era. I knew of course that there were monks in England, but could never believe them to be anything more than imitation monks. An Italian or a Spanish monk I could understand, and, spite of the chronic revolution now going on, I had not altogether withdrawn my faith from a French monk. But an English monk seemed highly improbable. I was once invited to visit the Benedictine convent at Hammersmith; but that was quite too much. *Hammersmith!* As if a name like that was compatible with a genuine convent! Besides, I myself knew the sister of the Abbess; and a nice, kind, frank little lady she was, who drank tea and spoke prose as like other people as possible. Such considerations set the Benedictines completely out of the question; but my curiosity, after a hard struggle with my unbelief, was at length aroused by the reports that reached me from time to time concerning another religious establishment. This was the monastery of Mount St Bernard in Leicestershire—a sufficiently probable name, it must be confessed, notwithstanding its associations with fat cattle and improved breeds. Perhaps the considerable distance of the county from my usual place of abode formed an element in the feasibility of the thing; but at any rate I did send a missive to the Fathers, to acquaint them, in what I was told was the prescribed form, with my intention to pay them a visit; and half-interested, half-pool-poolish, I actually set out for an English monastery. My letter was forwarded through the penny-post; I travelled myself by rail.

On arriving at the nearest station, which is six miles from the abbey, I found that the good Fathers had provided a conveyance for me, drawn by a pony, and driven by an Irishman. The pony was sedate and slow, as became a conventual horse; and the Irishman was in a hurry neither with his words nor actions, but sat quietly on his box like a monumental figure of Resignation. The consequence was that the shades of evening fell thickly around us before our arrival, and that seen through them the adventure began to look respectable. I was on my way to a monastery—to the monastery of St Bernard. I was to eat in its refectory, to pray at its vespers, to sleep in its dormitory. In England, it is true, where the people would mob a Capuchin as they would a Bloomerite; and in a county where short horns are the chief local celebrities: but no matter. The evening was dark and preternaturally silent; and when at length we stopped at a large,

gloomy, unfinished portal, dimly lighted by a lantern suspended from the roof, and containing a single candle, it was with something very like a thrill I descended from the conveyance, and prepared to allow myself to be swallowed up by these deep black gates.

I was received by a venerable-looking monk, in a light drab habit reaching to his ankles, who with much kindness of manner bade me welcome. He conducted me to an inner room of the Gate-house, where I wrote my name in the visitors' book; and we then crossed a quadrangular court to the Guest-Hall, where tea and other refreshments had been prepared. While gazing round me like a man in a strange country, a swell of music rose suddenly upon my ear.

'It is the brethren in the choir,' said the guest-master, observing me start, 'who are finishing their evening devotion. That is the "Salvo Regina," or hymn to the Virgin; and when I hear its last cadence, my day is at an end, and my lips must no more open except in prayer.' When the solemn chant died away, a bell rang, called the angels, and the guest-master and his assistant, a lay-brother, immediately facing about, sank on their knees before a fine picture of the Crucifixion. Here they said their angels; and the guest-master, who had missed the service in the choir in consequence of his attendance upon me, went through his 'office'—apparently a long ritual—before rising from his knees. During this interval—though hardly feeling that it was germane to the place and time—I was busily engaged, at the pressing instance of the lay-brother, in discussing a very interesting tea and delicious omelet.

When the monk had finished his devotions and I my refreshment, he laid a book before me, and pointing to a section, seemed to desire that I should read it. It proved to be a short lesson on monastic obedience; and when I had finished, he conducted me to the cloisters, and through them to the church, a large and gloomy edifice, lighted only by the dim but ever-burning lamp of the sanctuary. It was from this building I had heard the solemn swell of the 'Salve Regina,' given forth by the united voices of forty monks; but now our own footsteps were the only sounds that broke the awful stillness of the place. The monk, with his muffled figure, and slow, calm pace, went on before me into the choir, and knelt before the altar. This appeared to be the sole purpose for which he had entered the church, since he could hold no communication with me; and as I stood behind his motionless figure, and watched the faint play of the solitary lamp, lost in the profound darkness beyond, a feeling akin to superstitious terror took possession of me. I do not know how long the silent monk remained on his knees, but it must have

been a considerable time; and when at length he rose and glided away as before, I followed him with a sensation of relief. I followed him out of the church, across the quadrangle, and into the bedroom where I was to pass the night; when my conductor, waving his hand in adieu, left the room, and I found myself alone.

Alone, in a real monastery, inhabited by real monks—and all this in England! The idea was not easily grappled with. At first view the thing was improbable: but there I was. There was nothing unreal in the fire that blazed before me, and threw a flickering light into the room; nor in the roof, with its black rafters; nor in the small tent-bedstead, with its drab moreen curtains—the livery of the monks themselves; nor in the *pic-thet*, with the prayer-desk by its side, standing on the uncarpeted floor; nor in the dressing-table, looking-glass, and stone fender; nor in the pictures of the saints, that moved and nodded in the fitful light upon the walls: but somehow the real was mingled with the unreal; and as I sat staring into the fire, I saw distinctly the shadows of the Confessional of the Black Penitents; and once I turned fairly round to look for that mysterious monk who had appointed to meet with the young Montorio in a similar place. Perhaps the reader remembers that as the hour of tryst approached, Montorio became impatient, and looked eagerly round the empty room for his expected visitor; till, on raising his eyes again as the clock struck, he beheld the monk calmly seated at the table, with his eyes fixed on the dial.

I sat thus for a considerable time, immersed in wild but pleasing imaginations, and at length went to bed and fell asleep. Then my waking thoughts were repeated in my dreams, and I was following through some dark corridor a tall, dim, gliding figure, when suddenly my steps were arrested, and my sleep broken by the deep tones of a bell. I found it was one o'clock; and this doubtless was the round that summoned the monks to matins. I thought drowsily for a time of the heroism of their devotion; but sleep was once more descending on my eyes, when a slow and dolorous chant stole across the courtyard and through my little pointed window, and I could distinctly hear the voices of the monks sending on high their morning-hymn. The cadence had scarcely died away, when I was again in the land of dreams; but after a time—it might have been two or three hours—the deep solemn bell awoke me anew, sounding, as I was afterwards told, for *prime*; and as it continued at intervals I slept no more. At half-past six I heard a knock at my door; and on answering 'Come in,' a strange figure entered, enveloped in a dark habit, and looking not unlike one of the witches in 'Macbeth.' He carried a light, a long brush, and a coal-box; and after having kindled the fire and swept the hearth, was about to retire, when I asked him a question concerning the weather. His reply was merely to put his finger on his lips, and with an unintelligible growl he left the apartment. I may mention here, what I learned afterwards, that there were eight bedchambers, all uniform with the one I occupied.

Shortly after, the guest-master appeared with a jug of hot water, and cheerfully wished me good-morning, hoping I had slept comfortably. He informed me that breakfast would be ready at half-past eight, but that high-mass was performed in the church every morning at half-past seven, at which all the guests were expected to be present. After breakfast the abbot himself would come and bid me welcome, and he requested me to be in my room to receive him. After the guest-master had taken his departure, I got up and made my toilet, during which process the bell struck thrice—the premonitory signal, as the guest-master had told me, for mass, and intended to give the priests time to put on their vestments. After this the bells rang at two intervals,

as they did for all the other services, and I proceeded to the church. I was shown into the rood-loft, the place appropriated for the guests, and found two or three before me. The monks were all in their stalls reciting a short preliminary office, and the priests were at the altar, which was prepared with six large lighted candles and other paraphernalia, for the performance of high-mass. This, it seems, was a festival-day, and the abbot was to sing high-mass himself. The office being over, the priests went into the sacristy, from which they soon returned in procession, accompanied by the abbot in his pontificals, including the mitre and crozier, and preceded by his cross-bearer and acolytes, or boys bearing lights and incense. Shortly before the conclusion of mass a monk brought us books interlined with music, which I perceived were the *Processionale* or ritual of processions. Accordingly, at the conclusion of mass, a procession moved round the church and cloisters, which the guests, wound up to a pitch of sentimental excitement—at least I can answer for myself—did not dare to refuse joining. The chanting continued during the procession until we regained the church, when a short service was performed at the altar; and so far as we were concerned the religious service of the morning was at an end, when we hastened, cold and hungry, into the guest-hall, where a plain breakfast awaited us. The only thing worth notice in the meal was, that it included no meat, that being an article which is strictly prohibited from entering the monastery.

After breakfast, mindful of the injunctions of the guest-master, I retired to my room, to be ready to receive the visit of the abbot; and it was not without some feeling of excitement I awaited the approach of the reverend head of this singular establishment. I am happy to say he looked the conventional dignitary to the life; being a venerable old man of at least eighty years, much attenuated, as if worn away with watching and fasting, and rather decrepit. Having been informed that the ceremony was customary, I knelt before him with unfeigned respect and humility; and when he had pronounced his benediction, I rose from my knees, thinking that I should derive good and no evil from an old man's blessing. In conversation, however, I must say I found him not only simple but ignorant. He had been a member of the Church of England; but entering the service of a Roman Catholic family in early life, he had become a convert to the religion he now professed, and afterwards taking the vows, had lived to find himself the head of his order in England.

When the abbot left me, the guest-master came by appointment to take me through the establishment. First, there is the gate-house already mentioned, containing a great hall, an almonry, kitchen, porter's lodge, and two or three small rooms, besides four sleeping-apartments. From this the first quadrangle is entered, one side of which is formed by the gate-house, one by the infirmary and apartments for the infirmarian, another by the great church, and the fourth by the guest-hall, the apartments of the abbot and prior, and several guest-rooms. A passage leads from the guests' apartments to the cloisters, which form another quadrangle, whence branch the library, chapter-house, dormitory, refectory, kitchen, and sacristy. From the cloisters there are two entrances into the church; and in the centre of this quadrangle is the burial-ground, where a grave is always kept open to remind the brethren of their latter end. A passage leads from the cloister to a third quadrangle, containing the workshops, bakehouse, brewhouse, dairy, and other domestic offices.

The principal officers of the monastery are the abbot, prior, subprior, housekeeper, two masters of novices, and two guest-masters. All these, with the exception of the masters of novices, have the liberty of speech before the angelus in the evening; but the other monks,

numbering forty, and chiefly from Ireland, are condemned to a much more stringent silence. They are not permitted to speak even to each other without special leave from the superior; and they can only make known their wants by prescribed signs. Their food consists of only one meal in the day, and that is restricted to vegetables; while they are not allowed a fire even in winter. Seven services, all in Latin, are performed in the church during the day and night, and on Sunday there is a sermon delivered. All these may be attended by any one who chooses, the great west gates being always open; but the secular part of the church is divided from the regular by the rood-screen. When finished, this part of the building will consist of nave, aisles, transept, and choir; although at present only the nave is completed, with its six altars. Nine of the monks are priests.

The dress of the choir-brothers consists of a light drab habit reaching to the feet, with a black scapulary, and a cowl or hood. The scapulary consists of two bands of woollen stuff, the one crossing the shoulder, and the other the stomach. It is supposed to have been originally a heavy covering worn by the early hard-working monks for carrying loads on their shoulders, although afterwards it was considered as a sign of peculiar devotion to the Virgin Mary. The dress of the lay-brothers is brown, and they do not wear the cowl. Both classes have leathern belts round the waist. They wear no linen, and they wash and shave only once a week. Every Friday morning they perform what is called 'discipline,' which consists in lashing their backs with a whip of many thongs, while one of the brothers recites the fifty-first psalm, *Miserere mei*. During my visit one of them wore an iron chain with sharp spikes round his waist and next his skin; but this individual, I hear, has since then deserted the monastery, and taken refuge in Protestantism. Every night before *compline* or the last office, a chapter is held, at which the brethren have to confess to their superior *what they have thought* of during the day; and if their thoughts do not meet his approval, or if they inform him of any breach of rule committed either by themselves or another—such as genuflecting with the right knee instead of the left—certain penances are awarded, one of which is for the transgressor to lie down at the church-door and permit his brethren to walk over him. If a brother comes late into the refectory, he has to proceed to the head of the room and stand with his back bent until the hammer of the superior calls him to his place; or if any mistake is made in the choir by sounding a wrong note, or singing a wrong antiphon, the erring brother, as soon as he finds he has done amiss, proceeds at once to the front of the altar, where he prostrates himself till the superior's hammer recalls him to his stall. The monks are not permitted to have any will of their own; what they are required by their superior to do *must* be done. They are frequently required to pray for what the superior desires in his own mind, without being at all acquainted with what that desire is. I heard one of the brethren who was permitted to speak declare, that if he was ordered by the superior to go out to sea in an open boat without oars or sails, he should feel it his bounden duty to do so. During their novitiate they are put to the most revolting proofs of their humility. A clergyman of the Church of England visited this monastery, and became so enamoured of its holy life, that he gave up his curacy and joined the order. The first thing the abbot set him to do was to assist in removing the night-soil; and he afterwards went on his knees before the father to thank him for putting his humility to such a test. In fine, the monks wash their own clothes and do every domestic duty for themselves, besides attending to a large farm connected with the monastery, on which there are many sheep and oxen, a mill, and blacksmiths and carpenters' shops, all conducted by the industrious brethren.

One more trait of monastic life and I have done. During my visit, the whole community came pouring one day in solemn procession upon my quarters. The visit was somewhat alarming; for, immured as I had been in that strange, unworldly existence, I was by no means sure at the moment that I was not a monk myself, and in sudden terror I began to rummage my conscience for what I had done. But the procession stopped at the next room to mine, which had been tenanted by a guest like myself, an Irish priest, who had no sooner taken his leave and got out into the world, than he rushed straight into the bosom of the Protestant Church. The business of the procession was to sprinkle the desecrated room with holy-water; and I heard from those of the brethren who had the use of their tongues many expressions of mingled pity and horror at the fall of 'the unfortunate man.'

My unbelief was now removed, my curiosity satisfied, my longings at rest. I had seen the triumph of the mediæval tendency of the time, and the cravings of Young England satisfied. I had seen an English monastery; and mingling with some natural pride at the idea that we were not outdone in religious austerity by other nations, or even by the personages of the Rad-cliffian period, there came a secret feeling of satisfaction that I was one of those who were permitted to live, move, and have their being outside.

DROLLERIES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

FORESTALLING AND REGRATING.

If there were anything new under the sun, it might be supposed that Socialism is new; but it is not so, and we are about to shew that our ancestors were ardent Socialists—at least, that they adopted the essential principles of Socialism. These consist in an artificial interference with commerce and employment, and a minute regulation of all the transactions of the citizen, arising from the belief that people cannot take charge of their own affairs, and that the state, or the wise men who 'shape the whisper of the throne,' must do it for them. The same thing, it may be said, was exemplified on a later occasion during the first French Revolution, when a baker or a grocer was occasionally hanged from the lantern-rope in front of his door for selling his goods at a price higher than that fixed by the Committee of Public Safety, or for giving up business when he found that he could not continue it without ruin. But it is generally admitted that the acts of the Reign of Terror were done in spite and hatred towards the owners of property or the inheritors of respectability, rather than with a view to justice and the benefit of the public. Socialists and Communists do profess to seek the public benefit, and many of them are zealous and honest in their profession. In like manner, those who legislated for our ancestors sought the public benefit with pains and care—with deep pondering—with earnest efforts to overcome difficulties, and heavy mortification when each attempt only plunged them and the people they tried to serve into difficulties more and more inextricable. We believe that a slight sketch of the tender mercies which the people of England received at the hands of these zealous friends, a sketch derived from the most authentic sources—acts of parliament and other legal documents—will make the general reader rise somewhat astonished from the perusal.

The crimes of forestalling, regrating, and engrossing occupy a very large space in the English Statute-book and in the old treatises on criminal law. A foreigner, studying our jurisprudence, might wonder where these dreadful crimes have gone to, since of late they have disappeared from the legal nomenclature. Forestalling, in its very earliest use, had a formidable meaning. We turn to 'Chambers's Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,' the earliest English encyclopædia, and there we find—'Forestal, in Domesday wrote *forestel*, is an intercepting

in the highway, or stopping or even insulting a passenger therein.' It came afterwards, however, to have no stronger meaning than the word 'anticipate,' unless, as some maintain, its Saxon origin would always give it greater strength than a word of classical derivation; and in this sense Milton and Shakespeare often use it, as where the former says:

'Why need a man forestall his day of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?'

In trade, it meant stopping a man on his way to market, and buying his goods for the purpose of trading in them. Regrating meant the purchasing of the commodities with the same object after they had reached the market. Blackstone describes it as 'the buying of corn or other dead victual in any market, and selling it again in the same market, or within four miles of the place; for this,' says the great law-authority, 'enhances the price of provisions, as every successive seller must have a successive profit.' Engrossing included both these offences, and referred to all instances in which goods were bought on a large scale to be resold by retail. An engrosser was not always a criminal; it was lawful to engross foreign merchandise when it was not paid for in gold, and to retail it in England. The word has had a rather curious history. The term grocer, now applied to a retailer of tea and sugar, was of old used solely to designate these great foreign merchants. They were men of mark, and some of them were ennobled—such as Lionel Cranfield, who became Earl of Middlesex. Thus many scions of noble houses, when looking into their genealogies, are not a little startled, if not scandalised, to see the most distinguished of their ancestors set forth as So-and-so, 'of the city of London—grocer.'

Our readers may have occasionally seen ordinances of the Chinese authorities, especially since the commencement of our closer intercourse with the Celestial Empire. They are usually of a vague character, denouncing all aggrandising, oppressive, or selfish actions, but not specifying, as all sound laws ought to do, the exact crime that is to be punished. The following statute of the year 1306 (34 Edward I.) strikes us as being very much in the Chinese style:—

'No forestaller shall be suffered to dwell in any town who manifestly is an oppressor of the poor and a public enemy of the country—who, meeting grain, fish, herring, or other things, coming by land or by water to be sold, doth hasten to buy them before another, thirsting after wicked gain, oppressing the poor, and deceiving the rich; and by that means goeth about to sell the said things much dearer than he that brought them: who cometh about merchant-straingers that bring merchandise, offering them help in the sale of their wares, and informing them that they may sell their wares dearer than they meant to have done, and by such craft and subtlety deceiveth a whole town and a country. He that is convicted thereof the first time shall be amerced, and lose the things so bought, according to the custom of the town; he that is convicted the second time shall have judgment of the pillory; the third time, he shall be imprisoned and ransomed; the fourth time, he shall abjure the town; and this judgment shall be given upon all manner of forestallers, and likewise upon them that have given them counsel, help, or favour.' Thus we see that the seller of commodities was deemed a public enemy, whom it was every one's duty to relieve of his property at the smallest possible price. To hint to him that the market was rising, and advise him to 'hold on,' as it is termed, for a better price, rendered one liable to imprisonment and the pillory.

But such gentle punishments had not been effectual, and forty-five years afterwards, in the 27th of Edward III., a whole string of sanguinary statutes was passed to make goods cheap. By one of these it is graciously

permitted to those who import wines, wares, or merchandises in vessels, to 'sell them in gross or by retail, or by parcels at their will, to all manner of people who will buy the same.' But then follows the prohibition, 'that no merchant, privy [native] nor stranger, nor other, of what condition that he be, go by land or by water towards such wines, wares, or merchandises coming into our said realm and lands, in the sea nor elsewhere, to forestall or buy them, or in other manner to give earnest upon them before that they come to the staple, or to the port where they shall be discharged, nor enter into the ships for such cause, till the merchandises be set to land to be sold.' Against transgressors of this and other similar restrictions the punishment denounced is—demonstration or death.

Notwithstanding this and other penal acts, commodities would be dearer than statesmen thought they ought to be. There seemed, then, to be no remedy but the actual fixing of prices. This was attempted in 1533 by a statute of 25th Henry VIII. The preamble, which we give in the precise words in which it is to be found in the Statute-book, if it appear to be disconnected in composition, is rational enough in principle. 'Forasmuch as dearth, scarcity, good, cheap, and plenty of cheese, butter, capons, hens, chickens, and other victuals necessary for man's sustenance, happeneth, riseth, and chanceth of so many and divers occasions, that it is very hard and difficult to put any certain prices to any such things.' One would think this a very excellent reason for not attempting to put prices on them, yet it is precisely what the statute does attempt. Before doing so, however, the preamble leaves this reasonable tone, and waxes wrath thus:—'Yet, nevertheless, the prices of such victuals be many times enhanced and raised by the greedy covetousness and appetites of the owners of such victuals, by occasion of engrossing and regrating the same, more than upon any reasonable or just ground or cause, to the great damage and impoverishing of the king's subjects.' To remedy this, certain high officers of state—consisting of the lord-chancellor, the president of the council, the lord privy-seal, &c.—are to 'have power and authority from time to time, as the case shall require, to set and tax reasonable prices of all such kinds of victuals above specified, how they shall be sold, by gross or by retail, for the relief of the king's subjects; and after such prices set and taxed in form aforesaid, proclamation shall be made in the king's name, under the great seal, of the said prices.' And then follows a command, 'that all farmers, owners, broggers, and all other victuallers whatsoever, having or keeping any of the said victuals, to the intent to sell the same to such of the king's subjects as will buy them, at such prices as shall be set and taxed by the said proclamation, upon the pains to be expressed and limited in the said proclamation.'

We have historical evidence that such proclamations were actually made. Strype, in his 'Memorials of the Reformation,' under the year 1549, states that 'all provisions this year grew very dear, and the prices of victuals so enhanced above the accustomed value, and this without ground or reasonable cause.' The high officers of state above referred to then set about making a list of prices to be proclaimed. Strype mentions the scale fixed for cattle and sheep, of which the following is a specimen:—Steers or rants, being primed or well stricken, and large bone, 20s.; of a meaner sort, 16s.; being fat, of the largest bone, 25s.; being fat, of a meaner sort, 21s.; heifers and king, being primed and well stricken, and large of bone, 16s.

In mentioning a subsequent proclamation, the historian of the Reformation enlarges his list to the prices of butter and cheese. The pound of sweet-butter was to be three-halfpence, and barreled butter was not to be sold to any of the king's subjects under three farthings. Yet all this statesmanship did not put matters right. As Strype continues to say: 'But this

dearness still continuing in the realm, notwithstanding all former endeavours (partly by reason of conveyance of commodities beyond sea, and partly by men's buying up of corn in the market to be sold again, and also by not bringing any quantities to the market), the king issued out yet another proclamation, dated September 24th, signifying in the preface how the insatiable greediness of divers ill-natured people, neither minding the due obedience of good laws nor any preservation of natural societies within their own country, and contrary to the provision of divers good laws and statutes, by frequent unlawful exportation of victuals, and by many detestable frauds and covins, had occasioned great scarcity and unreasonable prices of victuals.

The next remedy was of the most stringent and inquisitorial character; and it would be curious to witness how the free agriculturist of the present age would feel on finding himself no longer neglected by the legislature, but subject to such intervention as the following:—Committees of justices were to be appointed who were to 'repair to all farms, barns, stacks, and garners; and there to view and try out, as well by the verdict of honest men as by good and lawful means, what kind and quantity of grain every person had within their respective divisions; and after the certainty thereof known, or as near as could be, they were to allot and appoint to the owners of the corn and grain sufficient and competent for the finding and maintenance of their houses and payment of their rent-corns, and performance of any bargains for supply of the king's majesty's house, or to any nobleman, gentleman, or others, for the only maintenance of his or their household, until the 20th September then next coming, and also for necessary seed-corn. And the overplus of such grain the justices shall have authority to charge and command them, in the king's name, to bring to the markets next adjoining, and that in such portions as the justices shall think fit. And then the justices were to signify unto the chief officer or officers of the respective markets what quantity of grain is appointed to every man within their limits to bring to market. And if the owner of such corn should refuse to bring to market his corn, he should forfeit for every such default L.10, and suffer imprisonment for three months.'

Strype's commentary on this proclamation is in the following few but emphatic words: 'But notwithstanding there came but little corn to markets.' It was to remedy this that the statutes against intercepting goods in the way to market, or purchasing growing corn 'or other dead victual' with the intention of selling it again, were passed. The penalties were, for the first offence, two months' imprisonment and forfeiture, and obstinate offenders were pilloried.

Let us now give a casual glance at the way in which these laws were put in force. The national misgiving against bad laws is often curiously shewn in a sort of general conspiracy by judges, jurors, and witnesses, to give them as little force as possible. The people who make it their business to help in the execution of the laws, the common informers, are received with contempt and contumely; and not only to baffle them in their attempts to support the law, but to inflict on them heavy costs, appears to give infinite satisfaction to the sworn guardians of the law. Ever parliament itself, in passing its stringent statutes, sometimes gave a snarl at those who made it a business to see that they were no dead letter; and an act of the 5th and 6th of Edward VI. proceeds on the preamble, that 'traders for butter and cheese for the city of London are continually vexed and molested by common informers, sometimes upon the one statute and sometimes upon the other.'

The old books of reports are full of actions on the statutes, generally decided on quibbles. In many of them there are long arguments on such questions as

whether apples, nuts, or plums, come under the term 'dead victuals.' The decisions were generally against the informers. But the great metaphysical difficulties arose when the forestaller changed the nature of the goods. If one bought so many quarters of barley from a farmer and sold them again, he was liable to be punished; but what if he had before the sale converted the barley into malt? or what if he had still further altered its nature by grinding it? The climax of the difficulty, however, arose where one had bought grain and converted it into starch. This great question came before the Court of Exchequer in 1611, in the case of 'Bridgman *qui tam* v. Collins.' The proceedings were at the instance of a common informer, and the pleading of 'Hitchcock of Lincoln's Inn' for the defendant is curious enough, as the following specimen will shew:—'He contended that the starch is not the same in number nor quality; but he agreed that if wheat be only ground, that this notwithstanding is within the statute; but if it be made into bread and then sold, it is not within the statute, for then it is another body, and other things added to it; and the form is also altered, and the form gives the being and the name: and if water be turned into wine, it is no water though it be by miracle. So if a person be made a bishop, he is not the same person, for honours change manners.' *

Few things escaped the legislative determination to put down trading profits. Thus in 1552 an angry statute denounces and punishes 'the covetousness of divers greedy persons regrating and engrossing all kinds of tanned leather into their hands, and selling the same again at excessive prices to saddlers, girdlers, cordwainers, and such other artificers and handicrafts.' But it would be only tedious to enumerate any more of these pertinacious and vexatious statutes. It was not until the year 1772, four years before the publication of the 'Wealth of Nations,' that reason appeared to dawn upon the legislature. In that year many of the penalties against forestalling were repealed, under the preamble: 'Whereas it hath been found by experience, that the restraints laid by several statutes upon the dealing in corn, meal, flour, cattle, and sundry other sort of victuals, by preventing a free trade in the said commodities, have a tendency to discourage the growth and to enhance the price of the same, which statutes, if put in execution, would bring great distress upon the inhabitants of many parts of this kingdom.' It was not, however, until the year 1814 that the last lingering vestiges of the statutes against forestallers and regraters were swept from the Statute-book.

THORVALDSEN'S FIRST LOVE.

SOME fifty-five years ago, a young woman of prepossessing appearance was seated in a small back-room of a house in Copenhagen, weeping bitterly. In her lap lay a few trinkets and other small articles, evidently keepsakes which she had received from time to time. She took up one after the other, and turned them over and over; but she could scarcely distinguish them through her blinding tears. Then she buried her face in her hands, and rocked to and fro in agony.

'Oh!' moaned she, 'and is it come to this? All my dreams of happiness are vanished—all my hopes are dead! He will even go without bidding me farewell. Ah, *Himlen!* that I have lived to see this bitter day! *Lovet yder Gud!*'

At this moment a hasty tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the object of her grief. He was a young man about twenty-five years of age, his person middle-sized and strongly-built, his features massive,

regular, and attractive—his long hair faxen, his eyes blue. This was Bertel Thorvaldsen—a name which has since then sounded throughout the world as that of the most illustrious sculptor of modern times. His step was firm and quick, his eyes bright, and his features glowing as he entered the room; but when he beheld the attitude of the weeping female a shade passed over his countenance as he gently walked up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, murmured: 'Amalie!'

'Bertel!' answered a smothered voice.

The young Dane drew a chair to her side, and silently took her tear-bedewed hands. 'Amalie,' said he, after a pause broken only by her quivering sobs, 'I am come to bid thee farewell. I go in the morning.'

She ceased weeping, raised her face, and releasing her hands, pushed back her dishevelled hair. Then she wiped her eyes, and gazed on him in a way that made his own droop. 'Bertel,' said she in a solemn tone, but void of all reproach—'Bertel, why did you win my young heart?—why did you lead me to hope that I should become the wife of your bosom?'

'I—I always meant it: I mean it now.'

She shook her head mournfully, and taking up the trinkets, continued: 'Do you remember what you said when you gave me this—and this?'

'What would you have, Amalie? I said I loved you: I love you still—but'—

'But you love ambition, fame, the praise of men far better!' added she bitterly.

Thorvaldsen started, and his features flushed; for he felt acutely the truth of her words.

'Yes, you will leave *gamle Danmark*—you will leave your poor, fond, old father and mother, whose only hope and only earthly joy is in you—you will leave me, and all who love the sound of your footstep, and go to the distant land, and forget us all!'

'*Min Pige!* you are cruel and unjust. I shall come back to my old father and mother—come back to thee, and we shall all be happy again.'

'Never, Bertel!—never! When once you have gone there is no more happiness for us. In heaven we may all meet again; on earth, never! O no, never more will you see in this life either your parents or your poor broken-hearted Amalie!'—and again her sobs burst forth.

Thorvaldsen abruptly rose from his chair, and paced the room in agitation. He was much distressed, and once or twice he glanced at Amalie with evident hesitation. His past life, the pleasures of his youth, the endeared scenes and friends of his childhood, the affection of Amalie, the anguish of his parents at the approaching separation, all vividly passed in review, and whispered him to stay and be happy in the city of his birth. But a vision of Rome rose also, and beckoned him thither to earn renown, wealth, and earthly immortality. The pride of conscious genius swelled his soul, and he felt that the die was cast for ever.

He reseated himself by the side of Amalie, and once more took her hand. She looked up, and in one glance read his inmost thoughts. 'Go,' said she, 'go and fulfil your destiny. God's will be done! You will become a great man—you will be the companion of princes and of kings, and your name will extend the fame of your country to the uttermost parts of the earth. I see it all; and let my selfish love perish!

Only promise this: when you are hereafter in the full blaze of your triumph, sometimes turn aside from the high-born, lovely dames who are thronging around, and drop one tear to the memory of the lowly Danish girl who loved you better than herself. Bertel, *farewell!*'

The next day Thorvaldsen quitted Copenhagen for Rome, where he resided nearly the whole remainder of his long life, and more than realised his own wildest aspirations of fame. But the prophecy of poor Amalie was literally fulfilled—he never more beheld his parents, nor her, his first true love!

Nearly half a century had elapsed, and again the scene was Copenhagen. The streets were densely crowded with eager, sorrowing spectators, and every window of every house was filled with sadly-expectant faces. At length the cry, 'They come!' was echoed from group to group, and the crowds swayed to and fro under the sympathetic swell of one common emotion.

A withered old woman was seated at the upper window of a house, and when the cry was taken up, she raised her wrinkled countenance, and passed her hands over her eyes, as though to clear away the mist of more than seventy winters. An immense procession drew nigh. Appropriate military music preceded a corpse being conveyed to its last earthly abiding-place. The king of the land, the royal family, the nobility, the clergy, the learned, the brave, the gifted, the renowned, walked after it. The banners of mourning were waved, the trumpets wailed, and ten thousand sobs broke alike from stern and gentle breasts, and tears from the eyes of warriors as well as lovely women showered like rain. It was the funeral of Bertel Thorvaldsen, with the Danish nation for mourners! And she, the old woman who gazed at it as it slowly wound by—she was Amalie, his first love! Thorvaldsen had never married, neither had she.

'Ah, *Himlen!*' murmured the old woman, wiping away tears from a source which for many long years had been dry, 'how marvellous is the will of God! To think that I should live to behold this sight! Poor, poor Bertel! All that I predicted came to pass; but, ah me! who knows whether you might not have enjoyed a happier life after all had you stayed with your old father and mother, and married me. Ah, *Himlen*, there's only One can tell! Poor Bertel!'

Four years more sped, and one fine Sabbath morning an aged and decrepit female painfully dragged her weary limbs through the crowded lower rooms of that wondrous building known as Thorvaldsen's Museum. She paused not to glance at the matchless works of the sculptor, but crept onward until she reached an open doorway leading into the inner quadrangle, in the centre of which a low tomb of gray marble encloses the mortal remains of him whose hand created the works which fill the edifice. Step by step she drew close to the tomb, and sank on the pavement by its side. Then she laid down her crutch, and pressed her bony hands tightly over her skinny brow. '*Ja, ja!*' murmured she; 'they told me he lay here, and I prayed to God to grant me strength to crawl to the spot—and He has heard me. Ah, *Himlen*, I can die happy now!'

She withdrew her hands, and peered at the simple but all-comprehensive inscription of 'BERTEL THORVALDSEN,' deeply cut on the side of the tomb. Then she raised her fore-finger, and earnestly traced with it every letter to the end. Smiling feebly, she let fall her hand, and complacently sighed, while an evanescent gleam of subtle emotion lighted up her lineaments. 'Tis true: he moulders here. Poor Bertel, we shall meet again—in heaven!'

Her eyes closed and her head slowly sank on her breast, in which attitude she remained until one of the officers of the museum, who had noticed her singular behaviour, came up. 'Gammel kone' (old wife), said he, 'what are you doing?'

She answered not; and he slightly touched her shoulder, thinking she was asleep. Her body gently slid to the ground at the touch, and he then saw that she slept the sleep of death!

THE SNAKE-PLANT OF SOUTH AMERICA.

VENOMOUS serpents abound in all the *tierras calientes* (hot lands) of America. The frequent fatality following their bite—particularly among the Indians, who roam barefoot through the tangled woods—renders the knowledge of any counteracting remedy a matter of great importance to these people. In consequence, much diligence has at all times been used in seeking for such remedies; and many, more or less efficacious, have from time to time been discovered.

That of sweetest virtues yet known is a plant called the *guaco*—the sap of whose leaves is a complete antidote against the bite of the most poisonous reptiles. The *guaco* is a species of willow. Its root is fibrous, the stem straight and cylindrical when young; but as it approaches maturity, it assumes a pentagonal form, having five salient angles. The leaves grow lengthwise from the stem, opposite, and coriaceous. They are of a dark-green colour mixed with violet, smooth on the under surface, but on the upper rough with a slight down. The flowers are of a yellow colour, and grow in clusters—each calyx holding four. The corolla is monopetalous infundibuliform, and contains five stamens uniting at their anthers into a cylinder which embraces the style with its stigma much broken.

The *guaco* is a strong healthy plant, but grows only in the hot regions, and flourishes best in the shade of other trees, along the banks of the streams. It is not found in the colder uplands (*tierras frías*); and in this disposal nature again beautifully exhibits her design, as here exist not the venomous creatures against whose persons the *guaco* seems intended as an antidote.

That part of the plant which is used for the snake-bite is a sap or tea distilled from its leaves. It may be taken either as a preventive or cure: in the former case, enabling him who has drunk of it to handle the most dangerous serpents with impunity. For a long time the knowledge of the antidotal qualities of the *guaco* remained a great mystery, and was confined to a few among the native inhabitants of South America. Those of them who possessed the secret were interested in preserving it, as through it they obtained considerable recompences, not only from those who had been bitten by venomous snakes, but also from many who were curious to witness the feats of these snake-tamers themselves. However, the medicinal virtues of the *guaco* are now generally known in all countries where it is found; and its effects only cause astonishment to the stranger or traveller.

Being at Margarita some time ago, I heard of this singular plant, and was desirous of witnessing the test of its virtues. Among the slaves of the place there was one noted as a skilful snake-doctor; and as I enjoyed the acquaintance of his master, I was not long in obtaining a promise that my curiosity should be gratified. A few days after the negro entered my room, carrying in his hands a pair of coral-snakes, of that species known as the most beautiful and venomous. The negro's hands and arms were completely naked; and he manipulated the reptiles, turning them about, and twisting them over his wrists with the greatest apparent confidence. I was for awhile under the suspicion that their fangs had been previously drawn; but I soon found that I had been mistaken. The man convinced me of this by opening the mouths of both, and shewing me the interior. There, sure enough,

were both teeth and fangs in their perfect state; and yet the animals did not make the least attempt to use them. On the contrary, they seemed to exhibit no anger, although the negro handled them roughly. They appeared perfectly innocuous, and rather afraid of him I thought.

Determined to assure myself beyond the shadow of a doubt, I ordered a large mastiff to be brought into the room and placed so that the snakes could reach him. The dog was sufficiently frightened, but being tied he could not retreat; and after a short while one of the serpents 'struck,' and bit him on the back of the neck. The dog was now set loose, but did not at first appear to notice the wound he had received. In two or three minutes, however, he began to limp and howl most fearfully. In five minutes more he fell, and struggled over the ground in violent convulsions, similar to those occasioned by hydrophobia. Blood and viscous matter gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and at the end of a quarter of an hour by the watch he was dead.

Witnessing all this, I became extremely desirous of possessing the important secret which, by the way, was not then so generally known. I offered a good round sum; and the negro, promising to meet my wishes, took his departure.

On the following day he returned, bringing with him a handful of heart-shaped leaves, which I recognised as those of the *lapacho de guaco* or snake-plant. These he placed in a bowl, having first crushed them between two stones. He next poured a little water into the vessel. In a few minutes maceration took place, and the 'tea' was ready. I was instructed to swallow two small spoonfuls of it, which I did. The negro then made three incisions in each of my hands at the forking of my fingers, and three similar ones on each foot between the toes. Through these he inoculated me with the extract of the *guaco*. He next punctured my breast, both on the right and left side, and performed a similar inoculation. I was now ready for the snakes, several of which, both of the coral and cascabel species, the negro had brought along with him.

With all my wish to become a snake-charmer, I must confess that at sight of the hideous reptiles I felt my courage oozing through my nails. The negro, however, continued to assure me; and as I took great pains to convince him that my death would cost him his life, and I saw that he still entreated me to go ahead, I came at length to the determination to run the risk. With a somewhat shaky hand I took up one of the corals, and passed it delicately through my fingers. All right. The animal showed no disposition to bite, but twisted itself through my hands, apparently cowering and frightened. I soon grew bolder, and took up another and another, until I had three of the reptiles in my grasp at one time. I then put them down and caught a snake of the cascabel species—the rattle-snake of the north. This fellow behaved in a more lively manner, but did not shew any symptoms of irritation. After I had handled the reptile for some minutes, I was holding it near the middle, when, to my horror, I saw it suddenly elevate its head, and strike at my left arm! I felt that I was bitten, and, flinging the snake from me, I turned to my companion with a shudder of despair. The negro, who with his arms folded had stood all the while calmly looking on, now answered my quick and terrified inquiries with repeated assurances that there was no danger whatever, and that nothing serious would result from the bite. This he did with as much coolness and composure as if it had been only the sting of a mosquito. I was more comforted by the manner of my companion than by his words; but to make assurance doubly sure, I took a fresh sup of the *guaco* tea, and waited tremblingly the result. A slight inflammatory swelling soon appeared about the orifice of the wound, but at the

expiration of a few hours it had completely subsided, and I felt that I was all right again.

On many occasions afterwards I repeated the experiment of handling serpents I had myself taken in the woods, and some of them of the most poisonous species. On these occasions I adopted no farther precaution than to swallow a dose of the guaco sap, and even chewing the leaves of the plant itself was sufficient. This precaution is also taken by those—such as hunters and wood-choppers—whose calling carries them into the thick jungles of the southern forest, where dangerous reptiles abound.

The guaco has no doubt saved many a life. The tradition which the Indians relate of the discovery of its virtues is interesting. It is as follows:—In the *tierras calientes* there is a bird of the kite species—a *gavilan*, whose food consists principally of serpents. When in search of its victims, this bird utters a loud but monotonous note, which sounds like the word *gua-ro* slowly pronounced. The Indians allege that this note is for the purpose of calling to it the snakes, over whom it possesses a mysterious power, that summons them forth from their hiding-places. This of course is pure superstition, but what follows may nevertheless be true. They relate that before making its attack upon the serpent, the bird always eats the leaves of the *bejuco de guaco*. This having been observed, it was inferred that the plant possessed antidotal powers, which led to the trial and consequent discovery of its virtues.

MRS GRIMSHAW'S GARDEN.

THERE stood a few years since on a certain road leading from the village of Morton a cottage, or, more properly speaking, a small house of a most lugubrious appearance. There was nothing promising about it, at least not in my eyes; for it was a straight, narrow house, with a slated roof, common chimneys, and windows of every variety of size and shape, and no two alike. There were no climbing-plants nor bright flowers about it; and the piece of ground in front, though of tolerable size—being about sixty feet by forty-four—was surrounded on two sides by lofty walls, on the third by the dull cottage, and on the fourth by the turnpike-road, separated from it by a low wall with a crazy gate. Right in front of one end of the house stood an old stone barn, occupying a considerable part of this piece of ground, and obscuring some of its windows, as it reared itself at not more than six feet from them; and when I add that the aspect was north-east, I think it will be apparent that there was but little of an attractive character about the place. It was therefore with no small surprise that I heard of an invalid lady having fallen in love with this 'Castle Dolorous,' and purchased it after one hasty inspection; and it will be credited that the curiosity of our little country neighbourhood was soon at high tide to make out what she was going to do with it. It was understood that the interior state of the house was neither brighter nor better than its exterior; and it was soon decided on all hands that whatever else the poor invalid might do, she would soon repent of her bargain. But Mrs Grimshawe, it seems, thought otherwise: she shewed no symptoms either of repentance or disgust; on the contrary, she appeared to exult in the idea of her future home, and might be seen daily, even before she could obtain possession, standing in pensive contemplation of her new domain. The very day she received the key of her door she set to work. The barn had been already removed, for it seems

she had made that a stipulation in her contract; and now masons and carpenters, painters and paperers, were speedily sent in; and as soon as a sitting and bed room for the lady, and a bedroom and kitchen for her maid could be arranged, Mrs Grimshawe made her entry, utterly regardless of the state of everything around her. The garden was now one pool of mud, diversified by a few wells of mortar, heaps of stone, and other building-materials, and the house-door could only be reached by stepping from plank to plank and from stone to stone. Over these mud-heaps, however, the invalid lady contrived to climb, and ensconced herself among her works; and soon the wonderfully-changed appearance of those rooms which had undergone renewal gave token of the improvements which might be expected in the course of time without; and though all was done in a simple and very inexpensive style, and the furnishing and fitting-up were somewhat old-fashioned, there was an air of comfort and of home diffused through the whole which led to the idea that Mrs Grimshawe had an eye for detecting capabilities, and a mind which would not be daunted by petty difficulties.

But Mrs Grimshawe's garden is the subject we have to discuss, and not her house. Of the future state of this she seemed to have some very pleasing provisions. She appeared to have it all before her mind's eye, redolent of perfume, glowing with flowers, a place where she might walk, and sit, and meditate, and from which the greatest enjoyment and credit would accrue to her. But when I left Morton in November, such as I have described was the dismal state of this rather swamp than garden; and I confess I somewhat pitied the poor visionary, and doubted how far her hobby would carry her before it left her floundering in the mire amid which her imagination was at work. I was several months from home, and some weeks elapsed after my return before my steps were turned in the direction of Mrs Grimshawe's garden; but at last I bethought me of the shabby cottage and its adventurous tenant, and one evening in July I set out—resolved to have a peep at what was going on. It was, however, some little time before I could fairly discover what I was in search of: not because the cottage did not stand where it stood when I last saw it, but because all about and around was so changed in aspect that when I stood in front of it I really could scarcely persuade myself that it was the same spot. Never was there such an alteration. A light iron railing, raised on a wall about three feet in height, from which sloped inwards a bank of emerald turf, separated the road on which I stood from a perfect mass of verdure and brilliancy. In one part, and placed so as to shroud the entrance-gate, was a mound of rockwork crowned with flowering shrubs, and enamelled with low-growing ferns, stonecrops, hypericum; and other plants of bright hues; whilst a single small tree of elegant growth rose from the side of the gravel-walk which passed down one side of the little domain, just so as to break the line of the house, and cast a light shadow on some of the exquisitely-tinted flowers, that, shimmering in the evening sunlight, filled the nicely-cut flower-beds intersecting the smooth green turf. A light tracery of brilliant-coloured climbing-plants clothed the lower part of the house, and a pretty porch had been added; the walls were partially clothed with similar bright raiment; and, to crown all, there stood the same form which I had so often beheld contemplating the mud-pools, now apparently wrapped in admiration of the results of her labours.

And here was another wonder: Mrs Grimshawe was as much altered as her garden! Instead of the pale, broken-down invalid, who I used to fear would never live to see the fulfilment of any of her plans, I beheld a bright, comparatively healthy-looking dame, who,

for every rose she had planted in her garden, seemed to have planted two in her cheeks. I really was so struck with admiration and astonishment that I quite forgot myself, and stood gazing until, rather to my shame, I met the eyes of the owner fully turned upon me, and as it was evident that she had not forgotten me, I found myself obliged to speak and apologise for my rudeness. A cordial invitation to come within the works was speedily given and accepted.

"But how, my dear madam, did all this change take place?" said I. "You must have surely purloined Aladin's lamp, for nothing less wonderful is this than was his magic palace."

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs Grimshawe laughing, "my cot is certainly improved; and I think I have succeeded pretty well in convincing the croakers who so much lamented over me and my prospects, and who thought I showed more conceit than wisdom when I predicted that my house would be habitable and my garden pretty. But, O dear! it is nothing to what I mean it shall be in a year or two, if it please God I live, and go on with my plans!"

And here the good lady began to call my notice to this shrub and that creeper, which was hereafter to make such and such shoots, and fill such and such spaces; but as it was with the past my mind was busy, and I really wished to know how my friend had set to work, and what means she had used to effect the change so rapidly, I begged her to enlighten me on these points, telling her that I also had a dismal cottage, and should like to transform it into a paradise, if she would tell me the way: and as there may be others who would like at the same time to better their property and their health, to plant roses round their habitation and in their cheeks, I cannot do better than give good Mrs Grimshawe's account of matters as she gave them to me:—

"A very little building and mason-work done under my own eyes—for I overlooked everything myself—a diligent use of the needle, in which both I and my maid were indefatigable, together with regular ready-money payments, were the only "slaves of the lamp" which were needed to transform the dirty, dingy little house you remember into what you now see it; unless, indeed, I add a foreseeing mind, which planned and calculated beforehand both as to fitness and cost, so as to leave no deliberative measures to be entered on when workmen were waiting for directions, and activity ought to be the order of the day. But as it is my garden which forms the subject of your inquiry, I will say nothing about the house, though I could tell you wonders about that too.

"You must know then that, like Abraham Cowley, "I never had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have always had—that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and then dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of nature." I must modify the expression a little, and say, instead of "a large garden," "a small garden;" and add, "and of the God of nature," and then you have the amount of my aspirations. I was put aside from attaining any part of this for many years; but as I had often boasted how pretty my garden should be when I had one, I could not be content to fall short of my boasting; and when it pleased God to put opportunity in my way, I felt myself stirred up, as much perhaps by the desire to be as good as my word, as by that of having a really enjoyable garden. I have also a sort of natural love of overcoming difficulties, so that those which now stood in my way rather stimulated than discouraged me. But how to set to work. I had never yet made a garden, and knew little about it: the situation, so near the road and so much in the shade, was not quite what I could have wished. There was neither grass nor

flowers, neither gravel-walk nor parterre, neither mould nor manure. I had no servant but one maid and a little girl, very little strength, and but £5 to lay out; for on summing up my finances and my responsibilities, I found that this sum was the utmost I could with propriety bestow on a mere luxury. However, "Faint heart never won fair lady." I must have my garden—I must make good my boast; and so I set about it with a good heart. You know our friend Cowper says:

"He, therefore, who would see his flowers dispos'd
Sightly and in just order, ere he gives
The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,
Forecasts the future whole; that when the scene
Shall break into its preconceiv'd display,
Each for itself, and all as with one voice
Conspiring may attest his bright design."

"Hours after hours, therefore, with this design in view, I stood at my windows planning: the naked walls eight feet high became, as I gazed, clothed with draperies of climbing-plants of every hue; the mud-heaps turned into prettily-shaped flower-beds, and the waste of liquid mud which surrounded them into verdant turf; a fine, firm gravel-walk rose into existence, and a visionary tree, just of sufficient size to allow of my sitting under its shadow, loomed into sight; whilst here and there little hillocks of turf, crowned with flowering shrubs, broke the monotony of the flat: in fact, I saw things more as they are now than as they really were at that time; and after sundry musings, I took pen and ink and marked out a sort of ground-plan of my future garden, from which I have scarcely deviated. I then set wailily to work. My first step was to get my walk made, not gravelled—that I left for a finishing stroke; but a path to my house must be secured at once. This, then, was marked out. One labourer—for I could not afford gardeners—was set to break up the ground, whilst another levelled the space designed for the turf and flower beds; a child being employed to clear away the stones and staks which were turned up by the diggers; and here came in a stroke of good-luck. On picking up the ground the men came on a layer of a sort of marl, which was pronounced to be the very thing for walk-making; this, therefore, was collected and laid on the substratum of fagot-wood which had been placed; and in a day or two I saw a good, firm, five-foot wide path, well rounded off at the sides, so as that no water should be allowed to settle on it, connecting both the doors of my house with the outer world. This being done, and the ground being levelled, my maid and I pegged out the flower-beds; and the *deuts*, as they call the hard waste earth which was dug out from them, and from the foundations of my bit of building, were thrown up in certain places where I had an eye to a bank or mound, and this at the same time saved me the expense of carting away the rubbish, and secured to me the little undulations I had planned.

This done, and the stones being gathered to one place for other purposes, I set about the most expensive part of my operation—namely, tufting. I had to get turf for this from the hillside, and to pay so much a load for it, besides the expense of cutting and carrying, and I really began to fear that my £5 would never hold out; however, by sparing both men to cut and prepare the turf, and at the same time to select a few rough stones for my bit of rock-work on which I had set my mind, and then, when all was ready, hiring a cart and horse for the day, I contrived to get the matter accomplished. I could of course have sown grass-seed, and this would have been less expense at first; but by the time I had had it properly wooded and rolled, and cut sufficiently often to make it fine, it would have cost but little less than bringing the turf from the hill, and not have been in order nearly so soon; therefore, as the turf was

to be had not very far off, I indulged myself in this one matter in taking the more expensive course, and I have not regretted it. I believe I saved a great deal both of time and money by knowing my own mind, and having all my plans cut and dried, and ready for use before I set to work. You should have seen how the men stared at the decision and rapidity with which all went on! There was no shilly-shallying; but one thing succeeded another with such promptness and regularity as could not have been but for my long window-gazings and my many calculations. I daresay I made a dozen mistakes, but there was no one to find them out, and I succeeded finely on the whole, and my L.5 paid for all, and left me a few shillings to buy plants for my new garden.

Then there were some evergreens which were in the ground when I bought it—more than I needed; so I got the nurseryman to change them for about fifteen shillings' worth of shrubs and climbers for my walls; and by the middle of November my mounds, flower-beds, and rockery were all complete, and the turf and gravel laid. It all looked rather trampled and muddy, and the flower-beds bare enough, notwithstanding several baskets of plants sent me by old friends at my former home; but it was all in order to grow, and I rested from my labours with pleased anticipations of the beauty that was to follow. I put some ranunculus roots in one bed, and some nemophila in another (that, you know, if sown late in the year blows early in the spring), and I thought my work was done, but, alas! I had not been quite so clever as I had supposed. I had forgotten that when rain came it must necessarily pond in the lowest part of my ground, and I had not provided any means to prevent this; so to my dismay I saw, when I rose one morning, that a regular flood had taken up its quarters in my garden, and there were only the highest parts of the flower-beds in sight, looking like little boats floating about in the turbid waters. Now came in my heap of stones. I was obliged to have the turf carefully raised, and to intersect my ground with a series of ditches about two and a half feet deep. These were half-filled with stones loosely put in, so as to leave passage for the water between, and then filled up with earth, and the turf laid over all: these acted as land-drains; and proud I was to see that at last my turf was visible even in a stormy day.

'But, my dear madam,' said I, 'I cannot even now make out how you have contrived that your parterres should look so gay, and those acres of wall be so speedily concealed.'

'Annuals, my dear—more annuals,' replied my friend: 'by winter they will be as bare as ever. I put in stores of canariensis, sweet peas, nasturtiums, major convolvulus, &c. and very pretty they look just as a temporary covering; but I am not trusting wholly to them: there are other creepers of a more permanent character planted between—such as varieties of roses and clematis, a westaria, and a passion-flower, and these will next year begin to make some appearance; but it will be three or four years before I shall be able to make any show without my annuals. Of course the same management is in a degree necessary in my flower-beds, as whilst my roses, fuchsias, and carnations are maturing, pugonnette, convolvulus, and other bright annuals, fill up nicely. The great difficulty is to provide that your garden shall not be brilliant in one month, and dull all the rest of the year. This must be managed by a wise admixture of those plants which bloom at different seasons, so that when one goes off another near it shall be just beginning its blossoms, and also by having some odd corner where you can store away a few plants which will bear removing so as to fill up the vacant spaces left by decayed annuals, &c. Now all this is easy enough where you have a regular gardener and a greenhouse, or where you can afford to go to a

salesman and purchase plants in blossom suited to the season as it comes; but for those who have neither of these helps I can only recommend the plans I have suggested, and also to stick into the earth every but they are obliged to cut off from such plants as will grow by cuttings, or that they break off by accident. It is quite a mistake to fancy that all cuttings require warmth and shelter. It is not so; for most kinds of fuchsias, carnations, salvias, and even geraniums, will grow in the open ground, if put in early in the year; and as to pentstemons, you may get a dozen plants to grow where one will fail.'

'You have succeeded most wonderfully, dear madam,' said I; 'but there is one point on which you have not touched, which moves my astonishment more than any others, and that is the extraordinary improvement in your own appearance.'

'All traceable to the garden, my dear Miss Oliphant,' was the reply. 'First in superintending the making of my garden, and then in watching over my plants, I have been of necessity continually out of doors; and I believe nothing is more beneficial to health than a pleasant out-of-door employment, which interests the mind without overstretching it. You know I cannot bear much walking or standing, so I generally have a chair at hand, and sit whilst I direct my subordinates; and not unfrequently I sit on a low camp-stool whilst I trim a rose-bush or punk-root, or even sow a patch of seeds or pull up some weeds. I and my maid—for I have indoctrinated her deeply in the art of gardening—are always at it, and are busy together every evening training and trimming, and certainly the benefit to the health of both has been great. I am glad to hear that you too have a garden to make, for you look but a poor delicate creature. Ah, my dear, take my word for it,' continued the good lady, 'neither the gay balls and opera, nor the intellectual conversazioni and soirees, in which you have been so much of late during your travels, are half so good for body or mind as the more simple pursuits of gardening and other such country pleasures. I am satisfied that when you have once set well to work in making your garden, we shall soon see the carnation-hue on your cheek once more.'

And so we parted, for my visit had been overlong. It is now, I think, the fourth year of good Mrs Grimshawe's occupancy of the once dreary cottage, and a few days ago I spent an hour or two in the pretty garden which it has become one of my pleasures to watch. No material alterations have been made since its first formation, only some of the flower-beds enlarged or altered a little in form, and one or two new ones cut; but the growth of the shrubs and creepers has greatly altered its appearance, and the elegant neatness of all about it combines with the exquisite brilliancy of colouring, and the rich odours arising from sweetbrier, clematis, heliotrope, carnations, and a thousand other fragrant blossoms, to render Mrs Grimshawe's garden a perfect 'paradise of dainty devices.' I inquired how she managed to have her walls so closely and neatly covered, for I could perceive none of those ugly nails and pieces of lard and cloth which deface so much the beauty of such arrangements in general.

'See here, my good friend,' said she, putting aside some of the leaves which concealed it, and shewing me a wire round which the stems and tendrils of several plants were intertwined: 'look at this phalanx of wire. One of the first things I did was to provide means for my creepers to ascend without my having the endless expense and trouble of getting them nailed. I procured a quantity of large nails and some common iron wire, and set one of my handy labouring friends to work. I made him drive one row of nails at the top at about twelve inches apart, and another to correspond at the bottom of each wall; and then strain a wire from each of those above to each of those below, which wire he afterwards painted dark-green, to preserve it from

rusting, as well as for neatness of appearance: this I had done on all the walls; and at a cost of less than 10s., including nails, wire, labour, and paint, I got what, had I gone to the ironmonger and had the usual rods and wire, would have cost me about as many pounds; and as not one has as yet failed, I conclude the one plan is as good as the other. Now you see I have only to catch the end of any shoot which is getting wild, and tuck it behind the wire, and it soon takes hold, and fixes itself by means of some one or other of those wonderful provisions which God has made for the purpose of enabling plants that run high to support themselves. Now do, my dear, just look at the beautiful holdfast provided for this Virginian creeper! You see it needs no wire, but by means of this sort of claw it fixes itself to the bare wall, and draws itself up to any height. Ah, you may pull, but you will not loosen it," added she, seeing me trying to get one of the articles under discussion to examine: "the little red stem will break, but no force will loosen the beautiful sucker-like points from their hold. But there," continued my friend, "I must not begin on my favourite subject. If I ever do write anything for the public, I really think it must be a treatise on *holdfasts*—I mean the tendrils and twisting stems, and other such provisions for climbing-plants."

"I am sure I for one shall feel great interest in reading it, dear madam," said I; "but it grows late, and I must go." And so, leaving the good lady absorbed so completely in contemplating her "claw" that she could scarcely say farewell, I departed, laden, however, with such a gorgeous bunch of flowers, as few other little gardens could have furnished without being divested of half their sweets.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

November 1851.

SINCE my last there has been no lack of something to talk about, so various were and still are the current topics. For one—the closing of the Exhibition, which, following hard upon the excitement of a week that brought visitors in hundreds of thousands daily, greater numbers than ever before—left a keener sense of regret on the minds of those who heard the Hallelujah Chorus sound the grand *finale*, and who witnessed the concluding act. Simultaneously with the clearing out of the vast collection has come the conferring of decorations and titles on some of the more active members of the executive, made more acceptable in some instances by the substantial "fee" which accompanies the unsubstantial distinction—rewards which few will care to quarrel with. What shall be done with the surplus? and what with the building? still remain questions for grave consideration and satisfactory conclusion. Some of the statistics—now become historical—connected with the extraordinary undertaking make their appearance from time to time: among others it appears, with regard to the refreshments supplied, the quantity of meat consumed, including hams, tongues, German sausages, &c., and in savoury pies, was more than 140,000 lbs.; of mustard, 1120 lbs.; of sponge-cakes, 75,280; Bath-buns, 622,960; plain buns, 409,360; milk and cream, nearly 85,000 quarts, of which the greater portion was cream; coffee, 5118 lbs.; tea, 1015 lbs.; of lemonade, soda-water, and ginger-beer, 555,720 bottles; of ice, 409,920 lbs.; and of salt, 47,040 lbs. What a marvellous list! and this is but a part of it. Take down Napoleon's campaign in Russia from your shelf, and contrast it with the catalogue of his preparations.

Foremost among the results predicated of the

Exhibition is a Museum of Economic Botany, to be established in the gardens at Kew, which we may hope will become no unworthy pendant to the Museum of Economic Geology in Jernyn Street. And farther, the Americans talk of getting up an Exhibition on their own account at New York, to be opened in April next; and as an inducement to those who may have anything to exhibit, they advertise themselves as willing to convey the goods free of all charges to the other side of the Atlantic in first-class vessels. If Brother Jonathan be really in earnest in this matter, I for one wish him full success.

Another result of the closing is, that our vehicular providers, not finding passengers so plentiful as during the time that the great spectacle was open, have resolved on a reduction of fares, so as, if possible, to keep their whole number of omnibuses in work, rather than to lay them up in ordinary. Already several routes are served at the diminished charge, and the cry of "penny bus" may be heard where competition is active. You can now ride from one end of Oxford Street to the other for a penny, and at low charges from one railway-station to another: and if enterprise be energetic, we shall perhaps at last get to a properly-priced and convenient system of locomotion. London is too often apt to imagine that it has nothing to learn, yet it might pick up a useful hint now and then from other quarters—if it would. Liverpool, for instance, could have told some time ago a secret worth knowing about penny buses; and Paris has long shown that it is possible to have a uniform threepenny fare for the longest distances, even if it involved a change of vehicle. The French omnibuses, too, are larger than ours; you are not required to stoop so low on entering; while a brass-rod fixed beneath the centre of the roof affords a hold, and enables you to make your way along the vehicle without falling over the knees of the other passengers. However, "the capital of the civilised world," as it fondly calls itself, is feeling its way towards a better state of things—the New Cab Company, namely, which proposes to run cabs in all parts of London at fourpence a mile, and, what is more, with drivers who are to wear a uniform, and be uniformly civil and honest. When this reform takes place, it will be almost worth your while to come to town and make trial of its benefits.

The arrival of Kossuth, too, is talked of everywhere: he has already made one public visit to the City, and is soon to repeat it. Had you been in the Strand a few days since, you would have seen the Hungarian tricolor—green, red, and white—displayed at several windows, and the whole length of the streets lined with people anxious to get a sight of the famous Magyar. Not least remarkable on such an occasion are the effects produced on the usual street-traffic by such an occurrence: certain phenomena are then created not to be seen at other times. Talking of visits to the City reminds me that an attempt is to be made to relieve our circumambient atmosphere of the soot which now darkens it, to the annoyance of natives and horror of foreigners; for the Commissioners of Sewers of the City (mark, the City only!) of London, making use of their powers, have ordered that from and after the 1st day of January next, all the chimneys of any furnace in any building "used for the purposes of trade or manufacture within the City, shall in all cases be constructed or altered so as to consume the smoke arising from such furnace." At the same time they declare that any person using a furnace after the day specified, so "that the smoke arising therefrom shall not be effectually consumed or burnt, or shall carry on any trade or business which shall occasion any noxious or offensive effluvia, or otherwise annoy the neighbourhood or inhabitants, without using, to the satisfaction of the commissioners, the best practicable means for preventing or counteracting such annoyance, every person so

offending shall forfeit and pay a sum of not more than five pounds nor less than forty shillings for and in respect of every day during which, or any part of which, such furnace or annoyance shall be so used or continued.' At the risk of being tedious, I have preferred to give you the very words of the document, which has been extensively circulated, as the subject is one of great importance, not only to Londoners but to the inhabitants of every large town in the kingdom. We have been so many years in achieving this measure towards smoke-suppression, that we must now hope there will be no lack of vigour in enforcing its provisions.

You must now give me leave to add a few words to the account of the arctic expeditions in my last. I there told you that Captain Penny and Sir John Ross had come home; but, to the surprise of every one, and to the vexation of the Admiralty functionaries, they were followed a few days later by Captain Austin, with the four vessels under his command. It appears that, in pursuance of his intention, he went to Jones's Sound—sailed up it some forty-five miles, and not finding what he was in search of, tacked about, and returned to England. We shall shortly hear what has been resolved on by the several 'arctic councils' that have sat at the Admiralty: one fact, however, is already public—namely, that another expedition will be sent out next spring to complete the work which Austin left unfinished. Meantime, Lady Franklin's little vessel, the *Prince Albert*, is doubtless frozen up in winter-quarters, and news have been received by way of the United States, that the ice having been found impassable, Captain Collinson's ships are on their way back to England. Let me add also, that Cape Riley forms one extremity of a cove, of which Beechey Island forms the other: it was between the two, but nearest to the latter, that Franklin wintered. They lie just at the mouth of Wellington Channel, up which the American ships were drifted as far as 76 degrees north, before they were caught in the resistless drift which carried them down again, and away to Baffin's Bay. These vessels have returned to New York, and thus we are as far as ever from knowing what has become of Sir John Franklin and his companions.

Literature—that is, publishing—has not been very active of late; the most notable book that has made its appearance being Carlyle's 'Life of John Sterling.' Signs of coming activity are, however, apparent, as is usual when November's turn comes upon the calendar: Mr Grote is shortly to give us two more volumes of his 'Greece'; Dickens announces another of his stories, in twenty numbers; Sir Francis Head promises something entitled 'All my Eye'; Worsaae, the celebrated Danish antiquary, is to inform us concerning our Saxon and Scandinavian ancestors in a book soon to make its appearance. It would be easy to lengthen the list; but not having space, I may tell you that Macaulay has not forgotten that his 'History of England' is not finished; that Mrs Browning is sojourning with her poet-husband for a brief season at Paris; and that the laureate, instead of passing the winter in Italy, has come home—to work.

The Report just published by the Registrar-General excites a good deal of attention: it shews that in the quarter ending September 30, there were 38,498 marriages, 91,600 deaths, and 150,584 births—the latter being the largest number ever registered in the corresponding three months of previous years. It may be thought that we need multiplied births if our population is to be kept up; for, in addition to the decrease by the deaths above mentioned, 85,003 emigrants left the kingdom. To an observant mind there is something eminently suggestive in the social movements now taking place; there is a meaning in them only to be discovered by thoughtful observation, but which a few years will render apparent; and then we shall become aware of great phenomena having

passed before our eyes almost unnoticed, and as matters of course.

It is a sudden jump to talk about Trinity-House matters; but you must bear with it, as this is the last of my 'home-items.' It seems that notwithstanding the improvements made in lighthouses of late years, they are still defective in many essential particulars, which are, according to Mr Wells of the Admiralty—their being too high, and consequently appearing more distant than they really are; and the too great resemblance among the various lights, the deceptive optical effects produced by coloured glasses, and the general want of intensity in the light commonly exhibited. He proposes a remedy which, besides setting naval men a-talking as to its merits, combines, it is said, security with economy—namely, 'the cutting of four or more circular apertures in all the present structures, just below the lantern, and fitting the openings with glazed sashes of ground-plate-glass, painted so as to leave the initial of the particular lighthouse bold and distinct.

'The length of the letter being three times the size of the light of the lantern, would be more clearly visible, and leave no doubt as to what the lighthouse is, and where situate.

'This alteration is suggested for the existing lighthouses; but where it might be necessary to construct new ones, it would be better they should not be carried to the present altitude, as the nearer the light is to the level of the eye, the less probability would exist as to any mistake in the distance of it.'

In these days of education and scientific research, it is surprising to hear that the members of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands at Amsterdam have begged the government to disincorporate them, on the ground that the sum annually voted for them is insufficient to enable them to carry out their own statutes, and to flourish as an institute ought. It would be unfortunate were this body to be broken up, as it is one that has done good work in the cause of science and philosophy, and borne many eminent names on its roll. In a country so wealthy as Holland, it is remarkable to find a scientific institution unable to exist without assistance from the public funds: is it that the spirit of trade is too omnipotent? Our Royal Society has long prospered, and still prospers without government aid. Therein perhaps consists its vitality.

You would hardly expect to find academical life more vigorous in Turkey than in the Netherlands, yet such is the fact. The mother of the present sultan has caused an 'Academy of Sciences' to be built not far from the mausoleum which contains the body of her late husband; and at its opening a short time since, in presence of nearly the whole of the court, the grand vizier made a speech appropriate to the occasion. With recollections of the 'Arabian Nights' in one's mind, it is with mingled surprise and incredulity that one hears of a vizier doing anything of the sort. Here, however, is a report of the speech which, under the circumstances, is perhaps worth preserving:—'His Highness the Sultan, our august sovereign and benefactor, on the day of his accession to the throne of his ancestors, commenced a new era of justice and equity. That day will ever be deemed glorious in the history of the civilisation of the empire, and of the sovereign power which is exerted for its prosperity and wellbeing. The virtues which have distinguished his character have been fully developed by his noble and generous acts; and he has been desirous of opening to his subjects an easy means of acquiring that knowledge of the arts and sciences which is needed for the purpose of knowing those higher duties which lead to happiness in this life, and in that which is to come hereafter.

'To advance the cause of education, His Highness has ordered the erection of a university; and he has deigned to be present to-day at the opening of the

Academy of Sciences, erected under the patronage of his illustrious mother. We are happy, indeed, to live in so prosperous a century, and to be able thus to enjoy so many advantages of education not known to our forefathers. Our children also will be even greater participators than ourselves in the bounteous patronage of our common benefactor and sovereign. May the days of His Highness long be spared to his country! Who can tell?—perhaps by a diligent following of this new track the Turks may falsify their foreboding of being some day expelled from Europe.

Certain matters which have transcended beyond the Atlantic have added somewhat to our talk. The American Association for the Advancement of Science, which met at Albany last August, have just published a summary of their proceedings. Agassiz was president, and more than 120 papers on different subjects were presented to the meeting. Among them was one of importance to astronomers—'A new lunar formula, by Mr Longstreth, containing a correction, according to which an error hitherto disregarded is eliminated, and a perfect coincidence with observation is obtained.' Another was 'On the clouds and equatorial cloud-rings of the earth;' and another, 'On the influence of terrestrial electricity on climates.' There was a large sprinkling of physiological, ethnological, geological, and chemical subjects: one by Agassiz on 'alternate generation' among the medusæ; 'Additional facts respecting the experiments by which a person can see the arteries of his own eyes;' 'On the separation of butter from cream by catalysis.' Professor Peirce is to be president for next year, and the meeting will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, in August 1852. It appears to be the custom for the city that invites the Association to meet within its walls, to entertain the members, and also to pay for the publication of their proceedings. This is playing the host handsomely.

Dr Kirtland of Cleveland states that last winter, as the frost set in, a number of eels in a mill-pool, incommoded by the subsidence of the ice, effected their escape into some adjoining ponds, from which, by breaking through the ice, he obtained about eight or ten bushels in a half-frozen state. 'During the night they were placed in a cold and exposed room, and were literally as stiff, and almost as brittle as icicles. The next morning a tub was filled with them, into which was poured a quantity of water drawn from the well, and they were then placed in a warm stove-room for the purpose of thawing. In the course of an hour or two the family were astonished to find them resuscitated, and as active as if just taken during the summer. The experiment was repeated with a number of tubfuls during the day, and with similar results.' The effects of frost on animal life is a subject to which at the present time naturalists at home and abroad are paying much attention; and they may add this to their store of facts and data.

The Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, are about to extend and continue the valuable series of researches begun by Quetelet in Belgium, by collecting 'information with regard to the periodical phenomena of animal and vegetable life in North America.' Parties willing to co-operate are given to understand that the subjects most to be noticed 'are the first appearance of leaves and of flowers in plants; the dates of appearance and disappearance of migratory or hibernating animals—as mammalia, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, &c.; the times of nesting of birds, of moulting, and littering of mammalia, of utterance of characteristic cries among reptiles and insects.' They ask also for lists of the animals and plants from all parts of the North-American continent, with a view to construct 'a series of tables shewing the geographical distribution of the animal and vegetable kingdom in North America;' and they publish a list of plants, many of which are natives of Europe or grow there:

we shall thus obtain valuable means for comparison. The Smithsonian Institution are wisely and worthily employing the noble bequest of their founder.

BLIND WALTER.

A TALE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

You are all doubtless aware that Greenwich may be reached both by railway and steamer; and if you were there a few years ago you might have remarked, near the steamboat pier, the hero of this narrative. He was then a pale, slight youth of sixteen, good-looking, but with that peculiar expression of countenance—half-resignation, half-anxiety—which belongs to the blind. He was quite blind—stone-blind, and had been so from his birth. He had for about two years played the fiddle daily at the corner of a certain street. Every morning he was brought to his post by an old woman with whom he lodged, or sometimes by a little girl, her grandchild, who also brought his dinner at one o'clock, and fetched him home to tea at six. He never asked for money; but at his feet lay a small basket, into which halfpence poured pretty freely. There was a quiet, uncomplaining manner about him; he was so neat and clean, that in the neighbourhood he was a favourite, and all strangers admired him. But what was curious and pleasant to see was the respect shown him by all sailors, watermen, and old college-men. Though he could not see, they always touched their hats to him, and said 'Sir' when they wished him good-morning or good-evening. But then Blind Walter was the son of a captain in the royal navy, who had left him without a father at six years old. He had had a mother, but she was what is rarely found in this world, as I daresay you all know—a bad mother; and that is the worst thing that can fall to the lot of a child. She was not what the world calls wicked, but she was so really. She neglected her blind boy; she let him pick up his education how he could; and but for the kindness of an old musician, who took a fancy to him, and when his mother was out fetched him to his house, he would have known nothing.

The musician was a poor old Italian, a gentleman in habits and feelings; and he taught the boy to speak Italian, to be tidy and clean, and to play the violin. Walter became passionately fond of music, which, when his mother made the discovery, rather warmed her feelings towards her child. She had him more neatly dressed than before, and took him wherever she went as a prodigy. Walter, who was an intelligent and pleasing lad, was universally liked. He was petted and taken notice of, and soon acquired the manners of the society to which he was now introduced. The importance of early training and education, which perhaps just now may not be exactly pleasing to some of you, was demonstrated in the case of Blind Walter. When he fell into other circumstances he never lost his graceful manners, his soft tone of voice—the surest marks of good-breeding and good company; and he gained largely by it. But his fall was sudden and unexpected. His mother, the portionless daughter of poor, proud people of good family, whom Walter's father had married for her beauty, died deeply in debt; and the poor boy found himself alone in the world with nothing but his violin, saved from the creditors with much difficulty. They had been two years in Greenwich when this happened; and the father having been much liked by his crew—some of whom were now in Greenwich Hospital—these old pensioners held council. They would have liked to send the boy, now their child, to sea, but his blindness was a serious drawback; they then

advised him to try his fortune with the violin, and Walter, who had no other friends—his father having been an orphan, protected by one now dead—followed their kind advice. His first day's trial was wondrous in its result: all the college-men came by quietly without saying a word, and threw in their halfpence; and Walter Arnott thanked God in his heart, while he thought gratefully of the poor Italian musician, some time dead, who had been the instrument of Providence in giving him the means of earning his livelihood. He took a neat, clean, but cheap room in the house of an aged widow, with an orphan grandchild, a girl of thirteen years old; and after paying his way, giving little presents to Alice, and keeping himself in decent clothes and clean linen, put the rest by in the Savings' Bank in the name of a clerk in the Hospital, who regularly gave him twopence every week out of affection to the memory of his father. Scarcely any of those who had been friends of Mrs Arnott's ever noticed Walter, except to give him a sixpence, in a patronising way; but Walter wanted not their aid. He was independent—he was happy.

He seldom went out in the evening. He would get Alice to read to him books which a friend purchased for him—chiefly naval histories and tales, and lives of celebrated musicians and emperors. He did not, however, forget what was useful to her, and their education went on together with wonderful success. Alice was soon passionately fond of reading; and as no occupation is at the same time so pleasing and useful, if you avoid bad books—the worst poison on earth—their evenings were delightful. Neither did Walter neglect his Italian; he pronounced and spoke it well. He bought a grammar, dictionary, and some Italian books, and by dint of perseverance soon trained Alice to study with him. The old grandmother left them to their own course: she already looked on Walter as the future husband of her child, though he solemnly and firmly declared that he would never be a burden to any woman, if one could be found generous enough to marry the blind fiddler.

About two years had passed, and Walter was between eighteen and nineteen, while Alice was a pretty girl of fifteen. The blind youth had learned to read and to write. He had made remarkable progress too in music, and began to be asked to go to balls, and even concerts. He had a beautiful collection of violins, once the idols of the poor Italian, and this was greatly in his favour. One afternoon he was playing some exquisite piece of Italian music to a silent crowd, when a youth about his own age, in the dress of a midshipman, pushed forward, and stood with a blank and astonished air gazing at him. Presently Walter finished; and the crowd, after showering halfpence upon him, moved away. But the midshipman remained.

'Walter Arnott!' exclaimed he in tones of deep astonishment.

'Ah, Frank Prescott,' cried the blind youth with genuine satisfaction. 'Is that you? How kind to notice me now!'

'Notice you now! What! the son of the former captain of our ship! Good Heaven, this is shameful—this is dreadful!'

'Not at all: I am very happy—I could not be more so,' replied Walter gently.

'Nonsense; you could and shall. Just put your fiddle under your arm, and come and dine with me at the "Greyhound." No denial. I must tell you my story, and you must tell me yours. I wanted a friend in Greenwich: I've found one.'

Walter could not resist such hearty kindness; and after bargaining that they should call at his home, that he might use his fiddle, and have thus an excuse for explaining his departure from his post, they walked arm-in-arm up the town. A hearty greeting did the midship get from every sailor and invalid he met. Every one was

pleased to see the blind fiddler taken notice of, and Alice was quite proud when, handing her his violin, Walter told where he was going. The midship ordered a very good dinner, after which he informed the young musician that he had an uncle in Greenwich whose daughter he was very much in love with; that being poor, with very small prospects, he concealed his affection from his uncle, who wished his cousin Gertrude to marry some one her equal in point of fortune. To Gertrude he had not spoken distinctly—he was too young for that; but he was sure she responded to his affection. He was now, however, about to leave England on a three years' cruise, and he was in a state of great uneasiness of mind. He knew not what might happen in the interval. He could not write to the young lady, as he knew she would decline carrying on a clandestine correspondence—and he loved her the more for her delicacy. But still he wanted some friend to give him news of her, and her news of him. Blind Walter readily volunteered to do this by the hand of Alice, if he could at any time pick up intelligence of interest. But Frank Prescott had a better plan than that—he would get his uncle and cousin to patronise him: next evening there was to be a quiet dance, and he must come and play. And Walter did so, and the evening was twice as pleasant as it otherwise would have been. The blind musician entered into the spirit of the affair; played as long and as often as they liked; was a general favourite with the ladies, especially with Gertrude Prescott; and pleased everybody so much with his playing, that he henceforth found his engagements multiply.

From that day he abandoned his station in the street: he played at evening-parties, he gave lessons, and all without neglecting his education or that of Alice. During the stay of Frank Prescott the young people were inseparable; the midshipman was delighted with his old acquaintance, and they parted attached friends.

Blind Walter actually loved Frank, for with him kindness was irresistible. There are natures which cannot resist the influence of affection, who will love a person who gives them a flower, a word, a look; and Walter was one of those. When Frank was gone, he transferred his affection to Frank's future wife, without forgetting his dear Alice. Miss Prescott came often to see them; and when she found that the young girl was a good Italian scholar, asked her home, and took lessons of her. Proud indeed now was Alice of her having studied and read, for Walter was pleased, and she found a sincere friend in Gertrude.

Things went on in this way for nearly two years, when Gertrude reached the age of twenty. Suitors now came round in earnest, and Mr Prescott desired Gertrude to choose among the several competitors. But she could not make up her mind, she said—not daring to avow her affection for Frank. But her father insisted, and himself selected a Mr Charles Williams, a rising young barrister with brilliant prospects. One evening Gertrude was very unhappy: Alice was by her side, and Blind Walter was hourly expected. Miss Prescott was very dull and low-spirited, and nothing her humble friend could do could rouse her.

'What is the matter?' asked Alice earnestly, after vainly endeavouring to get on with her Italian lesson.

'Papa insists upon my receiving the addresses of Mr Charles Williams. He is going to ask him to dinner on Monday next. What am I to do?'

'But, my dear Miss Prescott,' said Alice earnestly, 'why not avow your affection for your cousin Frank?'

'Because my father long ago forbade me to think of him. Frank has nothing but his profession, which is not lucrative enough to please my dear papa.'

'I don't know what to advise. I wish Walter were here; he would tell us.'

At this very instant the door opened, and the servant announced in a loud voice: 'Sir Walter Arnott!'

They rose astounded, and in walked Blind Walter, leaving at the door a servant in rich livery, who had led him up. He was fashionably dressed, but his smile was as gentle and sweet as ever. He advanced to a sofa, took the hands of his two friends, and sat down between them. His story was very brief. Seven lives which had stood between his father and a baronetcy of £25,000 a year had all lapsed, save one, long ago; and about six months previously the last survivor, a descendant of his grandfather's eldest brother, had died without issue and intestate. A week before that evening the solicitor traced Blind Walter as the next of kin. He had kept his secret until all was settled, passing off the solicitor as a pupil; and this day he had been put in possession of his property, the lord-chancellor having appointed trustees for the three months he wanted of being of age.

'But you seem in trouble,' said Sir Walter when he had told his story—for he always observed the slightest difference in the intonation of voice.

Alice, who was overwhelmed at what she had heard, timidly explained.

'I see only one remedy,' observed the blind young baronet after some reflection.

'And what is that?' asked Gertrude anxiously.

'You must let me court you for the next four months. I have this day—for I am influential now—sent Frank his leave of absence for twelve months, begging him to come home. It seems I am indispensable in a certain county where ministers want to keep their supporters in, and so they can refuse me nothing.'

'Good Sir Walter!' exclaimed Gertrude and Alice.

'Blind Walter still with you! But listen: until Frank returns, I will keep off all suitors. Say nothing, only let us always be together—us three, I mean,' said the quick-eared young man as he caught the sound of a little sigh from Alice; 'and your father will give me six months at least to think of it. But, my dear friends, listen to me. I must marry now. In whom else, now that I have such heavy trusts and duties, can I confide than a wife? Twenty-five thousand a year wants somebody who can see to attend to it. Had I remained poor, no woman should ever have had such a burden imposed on her. There is but one girl in the world who ever can be my wife. While I was poor, I studiously concealed my feelings; but now, dear Alice, my riches, my rank, are vain indeed if you refuse to be mine when Frank returns.'

'I, Sir Walter!' cried the amazed girl, pale with a feeling more like alarm than anything else—'a poor girl like me! What will your rich friends say?'

'Alice, you have for five years been my devoted sister; we have studied together, thought together, learned together: let us now, if your heart can reconcile itself to a blind husband, love one another. I am not fit to be alone; but if you will not be the poor blind boy's guardian angel, I must trust myself to some hired servant.'

'Walter! Walter!' cried Alice, sobbing aloud, 'I have always loved you dearly, and, had you remained poor, had always meant to beg you to take me for your wife—your guide; and you would; for when mother dies I shall be alone: but now I dare not accept!'

'You have accepted!' exclaimed Gertrude, placing their hands one in another; and as Alice could not speak, the betrothal was over. After a few minutes' silence they discussed their plans, and were in the midst of them when Mr Prescott entered hurriedly.

'Sir Walter, I am proud to congratulate you. I am highly honoured by your making your first call here.'

'I have to apologise for taking the liberty of coming so unceremoniously. Hours suited to the musician become perhaps unsuitable now.'

'Sir Walter, pray consider my house your own,' said Mr Prescott warmly, half from genuine pleasure at the good-luck of one he liked, as all did, and half from the reflection that £25,000 a year, even with a blind baronet, was perhaps a very splendid prospect for his daughter.

From that day all suitors withdrew before the young baronet. Everybody looked upon the affair as settled. Miss Gertrude and he, with Alice for a companion, drove out together, went to parties together; and what other result could be expected? But not one word did any of the two say which could be construed into deceit. Mr Prescott allowed matters to take their course, not even sounding Gertrude on the point he had at heart.

One morning Sir Walter called formally upon Mr Prescott, and demanded the honour of an interview. That gentleman bowed his young friend into the drawing-room, and his heart beating rather more quickly than usual, he sat down after handing Walter to a chair.

'What, my dear Sir Walter,' said Mr Prescott blandly, 'can I do for you?'

'I come,' said Walter, with almost the only trace of sarcasm on his face which ever appeared there—'I come to speak to you of your daughter, Miss Gertrude.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Mr Prescott, with a very harmless attempt at playing astonishment in his tone.

'You will be very much surprised, my dear sir,' said blind Walter a little timidly, 'at what I am going to say.'

'Perhaps not,' said papa knowingly; 'I fancy'—

'You have fancied wrong, Mr Prescott,' said Walter firmly, 'if you have supposed that I have courted your daughter on her own account. Listen to me first, and be angry if you will afterwards. I have courted for another—for a young man who loves her, and whom she loves—a lieutenant in the navy, on whom I settle, the day he marries, the sum of twenty thousand pounds, which I have raised by felling timber, which was far too luxuriant on my estates.'

'But!' exclaimed Mr Prescott, quite mollified at the words 'twenty thousand pounds,' and who was, besides, a very good-hearted man at bottom—'but who is the gentleman?'

'Your nephew Frank,' said Walter, moving to the door as readily as if he could see.

Mr Prescott burst into a laugh: he saw at once the whole conspiracy; and when the next minute Frank and Gertrude entered, and he tried to scold, it was of no avail: he was obliged to laugh anew, and when Frank went over every detail of the plot from beginning to end, he laughed still more. A happy dinner-party was there that day at Mr Prescott's table. There were Frank and Sir Walter, and Gertrude and Alice. Frank demurred a little at the generosity of his friend, but Walter asked what his riches came for but to make his friends happy; and the sailor was obliged to yield, as Mr Prescott declared that his consent was given only conditionally.

And they were all four married a month later. Frank retired from the service at the request of Gertrude, and accompanied Sir Walter and Lady Arnott on a tour into Italy, where the latter wished to improve their knowledge of the language, while Sir Walter felt genuine joy on visiting the land of the poor musician, to whom he owed everything. Frank, on their return, settled near the baronet's estates, and is still as devoted a friend as man can wish for; and Alice, whose grandmother still lives in a beautiful cottage built for her in the Park, is an ornament to the class to which she has risen. Her mind, refined by education, study, and thought, she is quite equal to her station; and oh! what joy is hers now, when the oculists have declared that in time Sir Walter may be brought to see. She

has children; but her blind husband is her first child. She is ever by his side; she watches his footsteps, his very glance; and no steward ever was so careful of his master's wealth as Alice is of her husband.

AN UNFORTUNATE PIG.

In an amusing book lately translated and published, concerning the wild sports of a certain district in France, called 'Le Morvan,' the following account of the life of an unfortunate pig is given by the author:—"A curé, exiled to a deserted part of our forests—and who, the whole year, except on a few rare occasions, lived only on fruit and vegetables—hit upon a most admirable expedient for providing an animal repast to set before the curés of the neighbourhood, when one or the other, two or three times during the year, ventured into these dreadful solitudes, with a view of assuring himself with his own eyes that his unfortunate colleague had not yet died of hunger. The curé in question possessed a pig, his whole fortune: and you will see, gentle reader, the manner in which he used it. Immediately the bell announced a visitor, and that his cook had shewn his clerical friend into the parlour, the master of the house, drawing himself up majestically, said to his house-keeper: "Brigitte, let there be a good dinner for myself and my friend." Brigitte, although she knew there were only stale crusts and dried peas in herarder, seemed in no degree embarrassed by this order; she summoned to her assistance "Toby, the Carrot," so called because his hair was as red as that of a native of West Galloway, and leaving the house together, they both went in search of the pig. This, after a short skirmish, was caught by Brigitte and her caroty assistant; and, notwithstanding his cries, his grunts, his gestures of despair, and supplication, the inhuman cook, seizing his head, opened a large vein in his throat, and relieved him of two pounds of blood; this, with the addition of garlic, shallots, mint, wild thyme and parsley, was converted into a most savoury and delicious black-pudding for the curé and his friend, and being served to their reverences smoking hot on the summit of a pyramid of yellow cabbage, figured admirably as a small Vesuvius and a centre dish. The surgical operation over, Brigitte, whose qualifications as a sempstress were superior, darned up the hole in the neck of the unfortunate animal, and he was then turned loose until a fresh supply of black-puddings should be required for a similar occasion. This wretched pig was never happy: how could he be so! Like Damocles of Syracuse, he lived in a state of perpetual fever; terror seized him directly he heard the curé's bell, and seeing in imagination the uplifted knife already about to glide into his bosom, he invariably took to his heels before Brigitte was half-way to the door to answer it. If, as usual, the peal announced a dinner-out, Brigitte and Gold-button were soon on his track, calling him by the most tender epithets, and promising that he should have something nice for his supper—skim-milk, &c.—but the pig with his painful experience was not such a fool as to believe them: hidden behind an old cask, some fagots, or lying in a deep ditch, he remained silent as the grave, and kept himself close as long as possible. Discovered, however, he was sure to be at last, when he would rush into the garden, and, running up and down it like a mad creature, upset everything in his way; for several minutes it was a regular steeple-chase—across the beds, now over the turnips, then through the gooseberry-bushes—in short, he was here, there, and everywhere; but in spite of all his various stratagems to escape the fatal incision, the poor pig always finished by being seized, tied, thrown on the ground, and bled: the vein was then once more cleverly sewn up, and the inhuman operators quietly retired from the scene to make the curé's famed black-pudding. Half-dead upon the spot where he was phlebotomised, the wretched animal was left to reflect under the shade of a tulip-tree on the cruelty of man, on their barbarous appetites; cursing with all his heart the poverty of Moravian curates, their conceited hospitality, of which he was the victim, and their brutal affection for pig's blood."

THE CHILD'S TREASURE.

AROUND a throne of cloud and storm
A summer rainbow came;
No shadow veiled its perfect form,
Nor dimmed its arch of flame;
In glowing colours, rich and warm,
Shone out that brilliant frame.
Its shape reflected on the cloud
In double arch was seen;
And where each line of radiance bowed
Appeared the tints between;
While rays of light a spectro-road
Formed on the meadow's green.
In all the glee of childhood's days
An infant watched the bow;
For he had heard, in fairy lays,
That who was first to go
Might find a treasure, where the rays
Fell on the earth below.
On such a quest, with eager haste,
The youthful pilgrim strayed;
Across the forest, wild and waste,
He urged his steps—nor stayed,
But every danger boldly faced—
To where the bright beams played.
With trembling limbs he journeyed on,
To reach the horizon's bound;
And little felt the wearied one,
So might his hopes be crowned:
But yet the shining bow had gone
Long ere the place he found.
The spot was gained where lingered last
The rays before they fled;
With weariness his heart beat fast;
He sought the grassy bed—
And found the treasure—for he passed!
In sleep among the dead!

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WHAT TO DO IN THE MEANTIME?

It has been frequently remarked by a philosopher of our acquaintance, whose only fault is impracticability, that in life there is but one real difficulty: this is simply—what to do in the meantime? The thesis requires no demonstration. It comes home to the experience of every man who hears it uttered. From the chimney-pots to the cellars of society, great and small, scholars and clowns, all classes of struggling humanity are painfully alive to its truth.

The men to whom the question is pre-eminently embarrassing are those who have either pecuniary expectancies or possess talents of some particular kind, on whose recognition by others their material prosperity depends. It may be laid down as a general axiom in such cases, that the worst thing a man can do is to wait, and the best thing he can do is to work; that is to say, that in nine cases out of ten, doing something has a great advantage over doing nothing. Such an assertion would appear a mere obvious truism, and one requiring neither proof nor illustration, were it not grievously palpable to the student of the great book of life—the unwritten biographical dictionary of the world—that an opposite system is too often preferred and adopted by the unfortunate victims of this 'condition-of-everybody question,' so clearly proposed, and in countless instances so inefficiently and indefinitely answered.

To multiply dismal examples of such sad cases of people ruined, starved, and in a variety of ways fearfully embarrassed and tormented during the process of expectation, by the policy of cowardly sloth or feeble hesitation, might indeed 'point a moral,' but would scarcely 'adorn a tale.' It is doubtless an advantage to know how to avoid errors, but it is decidedly a much greater advantage to learn practical truth. We shall therefore leave the dark side of the argument with full confidence to the memories, experience, and imaginations of our readers, and dwell rather—as both a more salutary and interesting consideration—on the brighter side, in cases of successful repartee to the grand query, which our limited personal observation has enabled us to collect. Besides, there is nothing attractive or exciting about intellectual inertia. The contrast between active resistance and passive endurance is that between a machine at rest and a machine in motion. Who that has visited the Great Exhibition can have failed to remark the difference of interest aroused in the two cases? What else causes the perambulating dealers in artificial spiders suspended from threads to command so great a patronage from the juvenile population of Paris and London? What

else constitutes the superiority of an advertising van over a stationary poster? What sells Alexandre Dumas's novels, and makes a balloon ascent such a favourite spectacle? 'Work, man!' said the philosopher: 'hast thou not all eternity to rest in?' And to work, according to Mill's 'Political Economy,' is to move; therefore perpetual motion is the great ideal problem of mechanicians.

The first case in our museum is that of a German officer. He was sent to the coast of Africa on an exploring expedition, through the agency of the *parti prêtre*, or Jesuit party in France, with whose machinations against Louis-Philippe's government he had become accidentally acquainted. The Jesuits, finding him opposed to their plans, determined to remove him from the scene of action. In consequence of this determination, it so happened that the captain of the vessel in which he went out set sail one fine morning, leaving our friend on shore to the society and care of the native negro population. His black acquaintances for some time treated him with marked civility; but as the return of the ship became more and more problematical, familiarity began to breed its usual progeny, and the unhappy German found himself in a most painful position. Hitherto he had not been treated with actual disrespect; but when King Bocca-Bocca one day cut him in the most unequivocal manner, he found himself so utterly neglected, that the sensation of being a nobody—a nobody too amongst niggers!—for the moment completely overcame him. A feeble ray of hope was excited shortly afterwards in his despondent heart by a hint gathered from the signs made by the negro in whose hut he lived, that a project was entertained in high quarters of giving him a coat of lamp-black, and selling him as a slave; but this idea was abandoned by its originators, possibly for want of opportunity to carry it out. Now our adventurer had observed that so long as he had a charge of gunpowder left to give away, the black men had almost worshipped him as an incarnation of the Mumbo-Jumbo adored by their fathers. Reflecting on this, it occurred to him that if, by any possibility, he could contrive to manufacture a fresh supply of the valued commodity, his fortunes would be comparatively secure.

No sooner had this idea arisen in his brain, than, with prodigious perseverance, he proceeded to work towards its realisation. The worst of it was, that he knew the native names neither of charcoal, sulphur, nor nitre. No matter; his stern volition was proof against all difficulties. Having once conveyed his design to the negroes, he found them eager to assist him, though as difficulty after difficulty arose, it required all the confidence of courage and hopeful energy to control their

savage impatience. The first batch was a failure, and it was only by pretending that it was yet unfinished he was enabled to try a second, in which he triumphed over all obstacles. When the negroes had really loaded their muskets with his powder, and fired them off in celebration of the event, they indeed revered the stranger as a superior and marvellous being. For nearly eighteen months the German remained on the coast. It was a port rarely visited, and the negroes would not allow him to make any attempt to travel to a more frequented place. Thus he continued to make gunpowder for his barbarous friends, and to live, according to their notions, 'like a prince;' for to do King Bocca-Bocca justice, when he learned our friend's value, he treated him like a man and a brother. What might have been his fate had he awaited in idle dependency the arrival of a vessel? As it was, the negroes crowded the beach, and fired off repeated salvos at his departure. Doubtless his name will descend through many a dusky generation as the teacher of that art which they still practice, carrying on a lucrative commerce in gunpowder with the neighbouring tribes. A small square chest of gold-dust, which the escaped victim of Jesuit fraud brought back to Europe, was no inappropriate proof of the policy of doing something 'in the meantime,' while waiting, however anxiously, to do something else.

We knew another case in point, also connected with the late king of the French. M. de G—— was, on the downfall of that monarch, in possession of a very handsome pension for past services. The revolution came, and his pension was suspended. His wife was a woman of energy; she saw that the pension might be recovered by making proper representations in the right quarters; but she also saw that ruinous embarrassment and debt might accrue in the interim. Her house was handsomely furnished—she had been brought up in the lap of wealth and luxury. She did not hesitate; she turned her house into a lodging-house, sank the pride of rank, attended to all the duties of such a station, and—what was the result? When, at the end of three years, M. de G—— recovered his pension, he owed nobody a farthing, and the arrears sufficed to dower one of his daughters about to marry a gentleman of large fortune, who had become acquainted with her by lodging in their house. M^{me} de G——'s fashionable friends thought her conduct very shocking. But what might have become of the family in three years of petitioning?

Again, one of our most intimate acquaintance was an English gentleman, who, having left the army at the instance of a rich father-in-law, had the misfortune subsequently to offend the irascible old gentleman so utterly, that the latter suddenly withdrew his allowance of £1000 per annum, and left our friend to shift for himself. His own means, never very great, were entirely exhausted. He knew too well the impracticable temper of his father-in-law to waste time in attempting to soften him. He also knew that by his wife's settlement he should be rich at the death of the old man, who had already passed his seventieth year. He could not borrow money, for he had been severely wounded in Syria, and the insurance-offices refused him; but he felt a spring of life and youth within him that mocked their calculations. He took things cheerfully, and resolved to work for his living. He answered unnumbered advertisements, and made incessant applications for all sorts of situations. At length matters came to a crisis: his money was nearly gone; time pressed: his wife and child must be supported. A seat—not in parliament, but on the box of an omnibus was offered him. He accepted it. The pay was equivalent to three guineas a week. It was hard work, but he stuck to it manfully. Not unfrequently it was his lot to drive gentlemen who had dined at his table and drunk his wine in former days. He never blushed

at their recognition: he thought working easier than begging. For nearly ten years he endured all the ups and downs of omnibus life. At last the tough old father-in-law, who during the whole interval had never relented, died; and our hero came into the possession of some £1500 a year, which he enjoys at this present moment. Suppose he had borrowed and drawn bills instead of working during those ten years, as many have done who had expectancies before them, where would he have been on his exit from the Queen's Bench at the expiration of the period? In the hands of the Philistines, or of the Jews?

Our next specimen is that of a now successful author, who, owing to the peculiarity of his style, fell, notwithstanding a rather dashing *d'but*, into great difficulty and distress. His family withdrew all support, because he abandoned the more regular prospects of the legal profession for the more ambitious but less certain career of literature. He felt that he had the stuff in him to make a popular writer; but he was also compelled to admit that popularity was not in his case to be the work of a day. The *res angusta domi* grew closer and closer; and though not objecting to dispense with the supposed necessity of dining, he felt that bread and cheese, in the literal acceptance of the term, were really indispensable to existence. Hence, one day, he invested his solitary half-crown in the printing of a hundred cards, announcing that at the 'Classical and Commercial Day-school of Mr —, &c., Young Gentlemen were instructed in all the Branches, &c., for the moderate sum of Two Shillings weekly.' These cards he distributed by the agency of the milkman in the suburban and somewhat poor neighbourhood, in which he occupied a couple of rooms at the moderate rent of 7s. weekly. It was not long before a few pupils made, one by one, their appearance at the would-be pedagogue's. As they were mostly the sons of petty tradesmen round about, he raised no objection to taking out their schooling in kind, and by this means earned at least a subsistence till more prosperous times arrived, and publishers discovered his latent merits. But for this device, he might not improbably have shared the fate of Chatterton and others, less unscrupulous as to a resource for the 'meantime'—(that rock on which so many an embryo genius founders).

The misfortune of our next case was, not that he abandoned the law, but that the law abandoned him. He was a solicitor in a country town, where the people were either so little inclined to litigation, or so happy in not finding cause for it, that he failed from sheer want of clients, and, as a natural consequence, betook himself to the metropolis—that Mecca *cum Medina* of all desperate pilgrims in search of fickle Fortune. There his only available friend was a pastrycook in a large way of business. It so happened that the man of tarts and jellies was precisely at that epoch in want of a foreman and book-keeper, his last prime-minister having emigrated to America with a view to a more independent career. Our ex-lawyer, feeling the consumption of tarts to be more immediately certain than the demand for writs, proposed, to his friend's amazement, for the vacant post; and so well did he fill it, that in a few years he had saved enough of money to start again in his old profession. The pastrycook and his friends became clients, and he is at present a thriving attorney in Lincoln's Inn, none the worse a lawyer for a practical knowledge of the *pâtis* filled by those oysters whose shells are the proverbial heritage of his patrons.

A still more singular resource was that of a young gentleman, of no particular profession, who having disposed somehow or other in unprofitable speculations of a very moderate inheritance, found himself what is technically termed 'on his beam-ends;' so much so, indeed, that his condition gradually came to verge on positive destitution; and he sat disconsolately in a

little garret one morning, quite at his wit's end for the means of contriving what Goethe facetiously called 'the delightful habit of existing.' Turning over his scanty remains of clothes and other possessions, in the vain hope of lighting upon something of a marketable character, he suddenly took up a sheet of card-board which in happier days he had destined for the sketches at which he was an indifferent adept. He had evidently formed a plan, however absurd: that was plain from the odd smile which irradiated his features. He descended the stairs to borrow of his landlady—what? A shilling?—By no means. A needle and thread, and a pair of scissors. Then he took out his box of water-colours and set to work. To design a picture?—Not a bit of it: to make dancing-dolls! Yes, the man without a profession had found a trade. By the time it was dusk he had made several figures with movable legs and arms: one bore a rude resemblance to Napoleon; another, with scarcely excusable licence, represented the Pope; a third held the very devil up to ridicule; and a fourth bore a hideous resemblance to the grim King of Terrors himself! They were but rude productions as works of art; but there was a spirit and expression about them that toyshops rarely exhibit. The ingenious manufacturer then sallied forth with his merchandise. Within an hour afterwards he might have been seen driving a bargain with a vagrant dealer in 'odd notions,' as the Yankees would call them. It is unnecessary to pursue our artist through all his industrial progress. Enough that he is now one of the most successful theatrical machinists, and in the possession of a wife, a house, and a comfortable income. He, too, had prospects, and he still has them—as far off as ever. Fortunately for him, he 'prospected' on his own account, and found a 'digging.'

There is always something to be done if people will only set about finding it out, and the chances are ever in favour of activity. Whatever brings a man in contact with his fellows may lead to fortune. Every day brings new opportunities to the social worker; and no man, if he has once seriously considered the subject, need ever be at a loss as to what to do in the meantime. Volition is primitive motion, and where there is a will there is a way.

ACADEMICAL EXPENSES.

The public press has lately been putting forth some strong remarks upon the subject of the expenses of an English university education. The particular period selected for their publication has been well chosen, being the commencement of the academic year, and with regard to the topic, few could be selected of more universal interest. To a vast number of persons, ranging from the middle-classes up to the nobles of the land, Oxford and Cambridge are endeared by personal acquaintance, and by all the nameless ties which bind a student to *alma mater*; to a large section of the talented and aspiring portion of the rising generation, they are the theatre to which they look forward for distinction and fame; and what is more important than all, they are the chief nursing-places of those whose influence for good or for evil is enhanced by the prestige which belongs to an educated clergyman, whose character and opinions are looked up to by many as a standard of correctness and orthodoxy.

An able article of the *Times* comes to the conclusion, that the university and college officials stand blameless, and that the debts and difficulties into which so many fall are to be attributed solely to the folly of the student. The *Daily News* takes precisely the opposite opinion. But as neither party gives more than a general outline of the case, it has struck us that a candid statement of the real position of the student will not be altogether uninteresting; and we may add, that those into whose hands this may fall may rest assured that its infor-

mation is based upon personal knowledge, and actuated by neither partisanship nor antagonism.

The course of study at Oxford extends over a period varying from three and a half to four and a half years; at Cambridge, except under the special excuse of sickness, the examination which terminates the curriculum takes place three years and a half after entrance. The apparently longer residence required by Oxford is rendered still longer by a larger portion of the year being given to the university than is required at Cambridge, for the 'men' of the latter university go 'down' for the long vacation at or about the 1st of June, and do not return until late in October; while at Oxford almost the whole of June is spent in residence, and the colleges open earlier in October there than at Cambridge. Living is also a shade or two cheaper at Cambridge; so that comparing the cheapest college of one with the cheapest of the other, and taking into account the different length of residence required, the popular notion regarding the higher expenses of Oxford may be assumed to be a true one.

This point being settled, we come to the inquiry: What is the expense of a university education? Now it is evident that this will vary according to the varying taste, if not according to the pockets of the student. One may delight in driving tandem, in wearing extensive waistcoats and voluminous ties; another may aspire, with the aid of a few sovereigns, or the credit of them, to be the choicest spirit, and give the most 'spicy' wines of his college; while a third may satisfy himself with spending as little, living as quietly, and reading as hard as possible. Of course all these will give us different answers, and we shall be as far from a solution of our question as ever. The only way is to endeavour to gather from some authentic source the amount actually demanded by the college and university, and to add for private expenses as near an approximation to the true and necessary amount as possible. Now for the former we are happily well provided in an 'Account of Expenses' calculated on an average for a college at Cambridge, where of course we look for the minimum charge—and published in the *Cambridge Calendar* by authority. Here it is:—

Annual Expenses.

1. Tuition,	L. 10 0 0
2. Rooms, Rent,	10 0 0
3. Attendance, Taxes, &c.,	6 5 0
4. Coals,	3 10 0
5. College Payments,	5 7 4
Cost of Living—	
6. Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea—(it 16s. 6d. a week for twenty-five weeks,)	20 12 6
7. Laundress,	5 8 0
Total,	L. 61 2 10

If we examine these items in order, we shall be able to give a better and more systematic idea of the expenses than would otherwise be practicable.

1. *Tuition*.—This includes only the fees of the tutors provided by the college. But for any man who desires high honours in the classical or mathematical department, the condition of the university is such that a private tutor, or, in common parlance, a 'coach,' is absolutely necessary. We are not at present concerned with the right or the wrong of this system; we have only to do with its accompanying expenses. These are L. 7 a term* for one hour every other day; L. 14 for the same time every day. It is farther to be remarked, that if a tutor is engaged for the Lent term, it is not considered improper to form another engagement for the following 'short' or Easter term, so that the expense is necessarily incurred twice in the early part of the year.

* Three terms at Cambridge correspond to four at Oxford. Private tutors at Oxford consider Easter and Trinity term as one.

2. *Rooms*.—In some colleges this expense is much lower—in fact as low as L.6 a year; in others it reaches to L.40, but of course the inhabiting the latter kind of rooms is by no means a compulsory affair. It will often happen, however, that the college is full; in which case the student is compelled to live in lodgings, of which the rent varies from 10s. upwards—half-price being paid in vacations. It may be observed that at Oxford the same ratio of rent prevails. Very good rooms may be had—for instance, in St John's College—at L.8 a year.

Another consideration must not be forgotten; namely, that these rooms are *unfurnished*. On the arrival of a freshman at his college, the first proceeding is to conduct him round the various sets of rooms from which he may choose. Most of these have been vacated by men who have changed into other rooms; for the right of changing once belonging to every man, the good sets of rooms are generally seized as they become vacant by men already in college, and of some standing, who of course leave their own rooms for new-comers. The freshman, therefore, will most probably be introduced to a dingy apartment, from which hearth-rug, sofa, pictures, arm-chairs, &c., have been removed, and nothing remains except what may be called a room's necessities of life. There may be a carpet, but always in an awfully ragged and torn condition; there may also be the things we have mentioned as absent, though this is improbable; an empty set of book-shelves, a few chairs, a table, a bedstead, and other bedroom furniture, will generally comprise the whole amount of available effects. If he does find rooms already furnished, he may consider himself truly fortunate. For what follows? Suppose the choice made, and a certain room fixed upon—the next proceeding is the valuation of the furniture left; and the determination whether to keep or dismiss each separate article, which is entirely at the student's will. At Oxford—at least in most of the colleges with which we are acquainted—the only liberty allowed is either to take or to reject the whole. This having been done, there remains to supply the deficiencies of the establishment. Crockery, glass, bed-furniture, the aforesaid hearth-rug, and all the paraphernalia of a little house, have to be replaced. And forth'accordingly, probably under the guidance of some patronising 'man,' goes the freshman, proud of his new dignity and his independence, and, we grieve to add—as certain to be cheated in his purchases as he is to purchase. But this takes us beyond the limit of the distinct college expense, and for the present we pass on.

3. *Attendance, Taxes*.—At Oxford, with the exception, we believe, of Pembroke College, female-servants are unknown. At Cambridge, without exception, women are the attendants. At Oxford the tribe is divided into scouts and bedmakers; the former of whom attend to the man, and the latter to the man's rooms. At Cambridge the sole servant—with one exception, as we shall explain—is the woman 'bedmaker,' who 'does for' you entirely. There is also a class of men, named Gyps, who will attend upon you for a certain fee; but this is an extra luxury, and the college does not recognise them officially. As to taxes, it may be mentioned that many men keep dogs, and some horses; but the charge of taxes in the college bill is a very unusual one.

4. *Coals*.—Nothing need be said on this item, more than that each man has his private coal-cellar, which is filled weekly.

5. *College Payments*.—These being irrespective of a man's style of living, need no remark. They are included in the bills under such titles as 'Bursar,' 'Lamp on the Stairs,' &c.

6. *Food*.—We come now to a most important element of the bill. Let us see, in the first place, what is meant by this L.20, 12s. 6d., or rather 16s. 6d. a week. The

principal meal of the day is of course dinner, and this is eaten at a common table in the college hall. In fact, dinner is called simply 'hall.' The hour in most colleges at Cambridge is four o'clock—we believe there are only two exceptions to this rule; and the provision in most cases is a supply of several joints of meat to choose from, and potatoes. Bread, beer, pudding, sauce of any kind, soups, fish, &c., are extras. This, then, is the hall dinner, and this must be paid for whether eaten or not. But besides the college sends a certain quantity of butter, bread, and milk per diem to the rooms of each student. And this we take to be all that is calculated for in the average table presented above. It may possibly occur to some readers that tea, coffee, sugar, occasionally a glass of beer and a slice of cheese, would not be too great luxuries. But on this head the above bill must be considered to be silent; for at no college, so far as our information extends, can the sum of 16s. 6d. a week compass such privileges. This naturally leads to a few other remarks upon the provisions of the college for such extras.

There are two divisions of the provisioning department in a Cambridge college: one, the buttery, from whence all things that do not include meats are sent out; the other, the kitchen, to supply the deficiencies of the buttery. In both these offices the order of the student is obeyed implicitly as to sending any amount of provision, and with the exception of no cooking being allowed on Sunday, or after ten at night, or between twelve noon and six p.m., we know of no restricting regulation. Almost every edible and potable, excepting wines and spirits, is sent out from these establishments, and charged at a high rate.

7. *Laundress*.—Washing is allowed to be an inevitable expense. With the exception of one mythical man who we have heard was once caught washing his own stockings, we are not acquainted with any one who has succeeded in evading this reasonable charge. It must be remembered that sheets, towels, blankets, come into this item.

We have now examined, so far as it goes, the statement of expenses put forward as the minimum by the university of Cambridge; and the reader will be enabled to see that, by rigid economy, and by avoiding extras, the student will be able to confine himself—although with difficulty—within these bounds. But it is obvious that many things are left untouched by this scheme. Of the necessity of private tutors something has been already said. The great expense of books is left entirely unnoticed; the unhappy necessity of dressing decently is also forgotten; travelling expenses are left unrecorded and unreckoned; and when it is added to this that *not one-half* of the year is spent at college, we shall immediately see how much disparity there must be between the L.61, 2s. 10d. and the real bill of expenses for a student's year.

It is necessary, then, to enter upon the more delicate ground of extra expenditure, which may be enlarged to almost any conceivable amount. We will begin by stating our opinion, and then giving our reasons for it, that a student can live creditably and honourably at Oxford for L.130, and at Cambridge for something rather less per annum. The majority of 'men,' we shall say, range higher than this, and a common income is L.200; but so far as absolute necessity is concerned, this is decidedly an easy allowance.

A college bill, of a moderate character, swells to about L.9 more than the amount above shewn, and with many men the remaining L.30 of the L.100 will suffice for clothes if not for books. There are, then, to be considered travelling and other expenses, of which we may instance wine and grocery as considerable items—the former being one without the incurrance of which a 'man' is at once set down as a 'snob' by his more illustrious associates. We say then, again, that upon L.130 a year a student either at Oxford or Cambridge

can live quietly and respectably. Dissipation or extravagance in any way is of course out of the question. At the same time it cannot be denied that many live on less than this, although it is only by dint of a struggling economy. With regard to the other extreme—that of going too far—we can only say, with the *Times*, that the men who indulge in it will have to blame their own folly and recklessness when they find themselves at last in a maze of inextricable difficulty. To preach a sermon, or to moralise in the old trite way on youthful improvidence and rashness, is by no means our object: we have rather desired to put plainly down the statistics and the particulars of certain expenses which many a father is desirous of ascertaining, without knowing how to get at them.

THE PICNIC TO WATENDLATH.

THERE was to be a picnic to Watendlath. The good-tempered Miss Boyles—or, more properly speaking, the Misses Boyle—said they would have one next Wednesday, and of course every person in Keswick was anxious to be invited; for the Misses Boyle were great favourites, and their parties were pronounced the pleasantest of the neighbourhood, though a little out-of-fashionables have been heard to call them vulgar. And there certainly was less ceremony and a more hearty hospitality at Derwent House than the aesthetics of social formalism permit; and there was more honest fun, too, than starched cravats and white kid gloves approve of; and dancing was encouraged in the curate's very teeth; and simple nonsense-games, and other innocent follies, were not deemed so mindless as your very intellectual people would have you think them: for the Misses Boyle did not carve their world of humanity out of intellect alone. They were rational, easy-going, sensible women: neither Pompadours nor Trappists; taking the blessings of life as they came, in full enjoyment and perfect moderation, and not thinking that they had a mission to set the universe to rights, nor a divine right to question the sanctity of the gifts of God.

Too old and too ordinary to excite the most transient jealousy even with the vainest, but so youthful in feeling that they were fit companions for children; unselfish, active, and strong, therefore not curbing enterprise nor slackening exertion; attentive to the least attractive of their guests, respectful to the elder—they were the very ideals of old-maids; generally called 'nice' by people of delicacy, and allowed to be 'jolly' even by schoolboys and Cantabs. Now when three old-maids are voted capital by youthful masculines, there must be something genial at least in them; and when they are the favourites of children, there must be something lovable in them; and when they are honoured by the poor and respected by the old, there must be something good in them.

Well, the day of the picnic arrived at last, and the guests met by appointment at eleven o'clock near the Barrow Gate, which leads up to Watendlath. They came by all possible modes of civilised conveyance. Some were in 'tubs,' as they are called at Keswick—small open cars, which hold four people sitting sideways, and which are more safe than luxurious; and some came by boats, in general of a round build, something after the model of coal-barges; and one youth, of aquatic reputation, paddled himself up in a small river-canoe, the only one on the lake, which upset if you leaned an inch out of the perpendicular, and was swamped if it met a wave bigger than a snow-flake.

He was very red when he landed with the exertion of sitting so still, though he boasted of his charming row, and said it was quite easy. Some were on horseback, and some on ponyback; and a few adventurous pedestrians prepared to walk all the way, and to make a great deal of the feat at the end.

The company was of the character usual at such gatherings. There were one or two old-maids and old-bachelors of local repute, of whom the latter were generally supposed to be much desired by the former, and of whom dark rumours of youthful prepossession and unavailing attachments were afloat; and there were several young married couples, one in particular of great popularity, for the wee wifie was a laughing, happy, pretty amiability, who made her husband's home a little heaven, and was like sunshine in a drawing-room; and there were many—oh! very many—unmarried girls of all shades of personableness, and of all degrees of matrimonial expectancy; and there were a few unmarried men, of whom the most part were strangers—Cantabs and tourists, with but a fraction left for residents, and these more or less ineligible. And there were chaperons and chaperonesses, and everything else that was necessary in the way of respectability and as social drags on flirting; and so the Misses Boyle had got together the ingredients of a very happy day.

But some of the guests require a more express indication. For instance, there was a young lady fresh from London, whose only country excursions had been an occasional trip to Windsor, or Claremont, or Esher, or haply Hampton and Richmond; who had no idea of mountains beyond Primrose Hill, or of rocks beyond those of the Swiss cottage at the Colosseum, and who was very fastidious in most matters of life. Her dress, too, was as remarkable as her mind and manners; and altogether she was the most striking person of the party. She was young, but not pretty, with a beautiful complexion and fair hair; and she was wonderfully content with her corporeal condition, and quite satisfied that she was the belle of her circle. She wore a lace bonnet that might have claimed the prize at a botanical fête—it was so laden with flowers; and over this was an expensive veil, that seemed of too tender texture for anything but the safe-keeping of a glass-case. She had, moreover, a pale shot-silk gown, very Watteau-like and elegant, but sadly crushed by the narrow dimensions of her peculiar 'tub.' She carried a small *cercise* parasol covered with a deep drooping fringe; and this, together with Parisian boots very thin about the soles, with a shadow on the toes, which imaginative people believed to be leather, and superstitious ones deemed a protection against stones and mud, completed a costume which Jouvne's gloves, that are so dear on account of the Hungarian war, rendered fit for Bond Street or the Champs Elysées. This was her attire for a rugged mountain-road and a secluded mountain-tarn; and all the time a shower was peeping over the top of Skiddaw in the shape of a grim cloud, like the darkened eye of Polyphemus. The young lady in question was Miss Marian Josephine Montague.

There were others worthy of being chronicled too. There was one young lady who had heard a great deal about 'feminine softness' and 'womanly gentleness,' and who had therefore made timidity her social religion. She shrieked very much when they tried to lift her on a tired, worn-out old pony which had been up Skiddaw before sunrise that day, and was standing with its eyes closed and its head drooping, nodding in a lazy sleep. But she vowed and protested that she could not possibly mount it; and then, when she had got fairly into the saddle, all in a heap, because the pony moved its foot to get rid of a gadfly teasing it,

she screamed loudly for help, and asked, 'What it was doing, and why it was so frisky?' And when they all really started, she kept up a running commentary on the deeds of her horse, wondering why he shook his head, or why his sides quivered. But she got to Watendlath at last without any special damage. Then there was a brave young lady of high animal spirits, who put on her brother's hat and vaulted into a gentleman's saddle, and rode the spirited bay all the distance to the tarn. And there was a shy young gentleman, who lisped, and who found his hands and arms great encumbrances and painful drawbacks on his serenity of mind. There was a venturesome young gentleman, short and clumsy, who dashed at everything, and always failed, but who never allowed the possibility of a superior, from mathematics down to cricket-playing. And there was a proud young gentleman, remotely connected with a bishop, who would not make friends with anybody, and who looked very stiff and awful. And then there were some nice people, who were of rational understandings, and pleasant to talk to.

But the best of all the youths was a handsome young sailor just returned from a long voyage; and the best of all the maidens was a pretty little orphan, looking out for a governess's situation. Their names were respectively Gerald Mayne and Rose Dysart, and they had known each other about six weeks—not longer.

At the Barrow Gate a general readjustment took place. Families dispersed themselves among different tubs—voting it stupid to be always with one's brothers and sisters; and a few young ladies persisted in walking: it was shrewdly surmised by the more *passés* that they wished to have a gentleman all to themselves, and that's why they wanted to walk; and, ugh! how horrible it was to see such boldness! And at last, after a great deal of discussion, and laughter and merriment, the cavalcade proceeded—tubs, horsemen, pony-women, walkers of both sexes, and a few stray dogs. They were a very merry party, and startled the echoes of old Wallow Crag as they wound about his base with sounds as musical and glee as pure as when the Derwentwater nobles hunted and hawked over the hills of their princely earldom.

Now it chanced that Miss Marian Josephine Montague and pretty little Rose Dysart were in the same car, together with one of the Misses Boyle and the bonnie wee wife—dear Mary Hunt. Miss Boyle, for it was the eldest, sweet, motherly, bright in heart's eye; Rose Dysart, one radiant blush of happiness, one mute but eloquent song of innocence and joy speaking on her lip, glowing on her cheek, playing in the light of her eye, and resting on her brow like sunshine on the water—one spirit-word of blessedness that sounded, you knew not how nor when, in perfect harmony with the bright sunshine over head and the lovely flowers by the way; and Mary Hunt, calmer in her smiles than Rose, merrier too, as one who has passed by all fear and lived through her hour of doubt, her sweet voice thrilling through the air in snatches of song or childlike bursts of laughter: they made up a beautiful and a happy trio, different, yet all in unison, like the perfect parts of a mastery song. But the fourth—sitting in her cloud of colours and glistening wealth—how did she fare? With the gloom on her brow, and the sharp line about her lip, and the restless glance of her eye, and the studied motion of her hand and head, she looks but ill at ease! And so she was, for Gerald Mayne would talk more to Rose than to her; and she had taken a fancy to his handsome face.

The road to Watendlath is none of the most luxurious. It might have been paved by the giants before the flood, or have stood proxy for Macadamisation in the days of the sons of Anak—anyway, it is not like walking on a smooth-shaven lawn. It is composed of rocks and cart-ruts, amongst which you must guide your horse or your tub as is most convenient for the preservation of

your osteological system. But it is nothing when you are used to it; and with such wonderful scenery about you, and in the heart of a merry party, the very roughness of the transit gives an additional zest to the pleasure, or ought to do so, with all reasonable people. But Miss Montague was sadly disturbed. First one wheel of the car mounted up in the air with a sudden jerk, and the other delved deep into the earth, as if on a mining expedition; then both came to a level with a plunge that shook the occupants to the heart, that made their knees and elbows jar; then the horse got into a smooth shelf of slate, of which there were many 'cropping out,' as geologists say, on the face of the rugged road; and if it was on a steep hill, as was generally the case, he would slide down with all four legs together, the car following heavily on his quarters, according to the laws of dynamic progression; then the narrow way was still farther narrowed by a heap of stones, or the broken stump of a tree, or it might be a country cart, which had to draw up into the hedge until it was nearly at right angles with the road, or else to rush into the wood among the brushwood and brambles and decayed roots, until you marvelled if it could by any possibility ever be extricated again; then three or four shepherd-dogs would come out barking furiously, as if the whole world of sound had become one gigantic yelp; and then there would be a canine battle with all the picnic dogs—the ladies shrieking in concert.

In the midst of all this Marian Josephine Montague felt sadly out of place, with her butterfly wings fluttering through the wildness of a Cumberland mountain-path. Her flower-shaped parasol brushed off the dewdrops from the overhanging trees in sparkling showers over her lace and Watteau-like silk; her pale fawn gloves were soiled and spoiled; her beautiful veil was torn in two places by a bramble-bush; her boots had got wet through during the single moment of changing cars, for it is always wet in Keswick; and altogether she was in the most miserable condition possible. Poor Marian! her nerves were sorely tried too by the road. At every fresh jolt she screamed in her little sharp, Frenchified way, and tossed her head in utter disgust at the whole thing. 'She had never seen such a car in her life—it was perfectly shocking; and then the driver—he spoke so broadly she could not understand him. And what a road! Fancy how uncivilised and savage the people must be who could live in such a place! And how wild the hedges were—full of weeds, and not kept neat or trim at all! And how dreadful all these dogs were! And what a set of people altogether! What dressing! what gloves! what manners! *Mon Dieu!* but she had never been accustomed to such savagery, and she felt that she quite *manqued* her *métier* there! She was a person of extreme delicacy and sensibility, and she could not understand how people could be so rough and unpolished as to like such a day as this!'

Miss Boyle and Mary Hunt endeavoured to console the London lady. They laughed at her fears, and would have soothed down her temper, but the more they tried to comfort her the deeper grew her frown, the sharper her voice. She appealed to Gerald Mayne: was she not much to be pitied?—she, coming from town, and accustomed to all the *bonséances* of life, to be suddenly thrust into such society? But Gerald Mayne laughed, and said she deserved no pity, for it was all delightful—the very roughness of the road made the pleasure of the trip greater; and if it would only not rain, they would have a picnic fit for emperors and queens. But he was afraid they would be caught after all, for the sky looked so very threatening. And for the hearty sailor-way in which he spoke he was rewarded with the sweetest of smiles from dear Rose, and with sundry nods of approbation from Miss Boyle and pretty Mrs Hunt. The mention of the word rain threw Miss Montague into French hysterics, which lasted until the party arrived at the tarn.

Then came the unpacking—then poured out chickens and tongues, and *pates* and salads, and wine and ale, and cakes and cream, salt, sugar, and sauces, fore-quarters of lamb, and Brobdignagian cucumbers to match; and then came all sorts of surprises—of cream in wine-bottles, and fresh fruit in potted game dishes; and at every discovery there was a general shriek of laughter, and one universal exclamation of wonder, though every one had seen the same things done before at every picnic ever given at Keswick within the memory of man. But they were all so happy that they were easily amused: like children who, how often soever you cry 'Peep-bo,' still answer you back with a laugh, and are never tired of being astonished by the same thing.

Well, the cloaks and shawls were spread on the ground in the most convenient situations that could be found, and down they all sat, grouped in every variety of colour and action, for the most part engaged in several species of flirtation, according to the fancies of the individuals. The clumsy young man and the spirited young lady sat together; and he was obliged to undergo no little sarcasm from his fair rival, who ridiculed his horsemanship to his face, and made nothing of his cricketing or vaulting. And the timid young lady enlisted the sympathies of a very young Cantab, who with inimitable patience beat the ground for toads or ants, or other small deer, and who thought what a nice girl she was—so ladylike and feminine. But he was a very young man. Miss Montague's splendour shone by Rose Dysart's simple mourning, and the two figures looked very well together, for they were in good contrast, and both perfect in their way. Gerald Mayne was with them; and his handsome face, with fair curling hair and merry blue eyes, never looked to greater advantage than now, when it shone like a sunny landscape full of life and love between the beauty and the elegance of his two companions—for Rose was beautiful, and Miss Montague undeniably elegant.

In a short time it came on to rain: of course it did; it never does anything else at Keswick. Was there ever a picnic among those treacherous old mountains which did not receive its water-supply gratis, without rate or committee? What with Borrowdale sops, and Skiddaw nightcaps, and Basanthwaite cloud-banks, and white cravats about the throats of the mountains generally, the almost universal meteorological predictions of Keswick are—rain and rain again. If local accidents have worked all the physiological phenomena, it seems strange that Cumberland people are not born webfooted. If the black man is black because of the tropical line, why should not the Keswickian be duck-legged because of the topical cloud? Dr Prichard might make something of this question. But who cares for rain at a picnic? What though the salt disappears, changing its normal condition of crystalline particles into a liquid mass, that does not improve the currant-tart nor the custard amongst which it flows—and the sugar undergoes the same metempsychosis among the cucumbers and the chickens: what though the fire hisses sullenly under the miniature waterspout that leaps down among its embers, and tries the respective strength of the rival elements: what though the rain drips off the umbrellas in uncomfortable pools on your knees—your shoulders become large conduits for the whalebone gargoyles above: what though you gather up your feet from their places with an uncomfortable feeling about the soles, and find that they leave an aqueous deposit behind them: what though you see catarrh and rheumatism in every wet dock-leaf you sit near, and in every fresh fountain you receive from your gargoyles—who cares for such things at a picnic? The blacker the cloud the louder the laugh. If the day is not to be perfect, then let extremes meet, and have the worst you can find.

An army of umbrellas sprang up as the shower came down. They looked like large mushrooms on the hill-side—fairy canopies under the Polytechnic microscope. Beneath one—and a very large, faded, cotton, gig umbrella it was—sat Rose Dysart and Gerald Mayne. They were obliged to sit close together to be properly covered, and in doing so Rose's shawl slipped off her shoulders, and Gerald must place it round them again. He said he would pin it, but he was a long time about it; and Rose was so confused somehow that she forgot to tell him to be quicker. She took the umbrella in the meantime, and as it was large and heavy, she could not hold it very high: it sunk down in her pretty little hand till it quite concealed them both from every eye but their own.

Gerald pinned the shawl very carefully. Rose's cheeks were crimson, and her heart was beating as though it would burst. Gerald's hand was unsteady—it trembled visibly. Poor young man! his night-watches on board had evidently shattered his nerves. It is a pity, isn't it, that so young a man should be so shaken? Neither spoke. As to Rose the whole world was silent. She heard nothing, she saw nothing, she knew nothing but the face before her—the spirit which dwelt between her and that noble heart—the sweet, strange word which had not sounded yet, but which was hovering like an odorous atmosphere about them. The unruly shawl! the trembling hand! Hearts, will ye break beneath your tumult? Hush heaven and earth! Two souls that loved before they lived have met each other again, and are recognising the familiar features beneath the strange mask of flesh.

'Rose, I love you!' whispered Gerald; 'will you love me, and be my wife?'

Words short, abrupt, and hurried, but containing in them the weal or woe of two mortal beings.

The small hand lay cold as stone in his—the deep-gray eye drooped bashfully beneath the lid—the blood shot over cheek and neck, and then fled back, and left the pale, clear skin colourless as marble; but the sweet lips parted slow, and one gentle word came forth as a humming-bird from a flower, and Rose Dysart's little 'Yes' sealed on earth the compact which had been made in heaven among the angels.

Miss Marian Josephine Montague was in a pitiable state. She was wet, and cold, and hungry, and she refused everything that was offered to her with such a fastidious air that people stared and laughed among themselves; and those who did not know her, imagined her to be an earl's daughter at least. Even the cream and the currant tarts she exclaimed were execrable, and the people who provided them heard her say so. But it ended, as it generally does in such cases, by her making a wonderful dinner, and declaring that she had eaten nothing—she was so delicate.

The rain was not of long duration. It passed off as quickly as it came, and then the brave old mountains stood out all the better for the washing. The rocks were like molten silver when the sun shone on them trickling with water, while little tufts of wet moss and fern were sprinkled over them like diamonds strung with emeralds; the ravines were so sharp and clear, every stone might almost be counted; and the sheep and cattle on the hills were points of 'high light' in the landscape, which would have sent a conscientious painter hopelessly mad. The flowers and leaves by the way-side were bright with rain, and the sun-light lay entangled in them like threads of silver or locks of burnished gold. The birds sang as if it were a spring morning; and the insects buzzed out in merry myriads, humming through the air in troops that cast a shadow as they flew. Every one cried 'How beautiful!' as some new effect of cloud or light burst on them. But Miss Montague shivered, and said that it was the most wretched day she had ever passed; and what could people find to admire in

those stupid rocks and hideous mountains! And how absurd it was to make such a fuss about a few weeds and rain-drops! She did not gather a large audience, though, to attend to her; but some of the people looked reverently, and wondered who this young lady could be, for she must be so fine and clever to find such fault with everything that others liked!

After dinner was over, and the people had shaken off the wet like so many water-dogs, the shawls and cloaks were hung up to dry, and the fragments of the feast repacked. And when all this was done the gentlemen began to leap. Some leaped well, some couldn't go higher than a few feet, others shook their heads, and declined; the clumsy young gentleman made a dash with a leaping-pole, but refused when he got near, and then laid the fault on his boots; and once he did try, but he knocked down the bar, and fell into the mud; and then it came to Gerald Mayne's turn, and he beat them all hollow. He leaped like a young panther. The pole which he used was simply a small fir sapling, and the height was about ten feet. He vaulted over like a feather, not carrying his pole with him, but using it simply as a lever, then letting it fall on one side while he descended on the other. Rose Dysart felt so proud of him as he won the suffrages of all the guests! for be one's circle ever so insignificant, still, if it is all we know, it is equal to the widest audience that ever greeted a favourite actor, or laid down their reason beneath the foot of a popular minister. And that out-of-the-way nook, that commonplace assembly, were to Rose Dysart equal to the most public position and the widest-spread renown.

'Oh, we sailors are obliged to be active,' said Gerald, smiling and showing all his small white teeth when praises on praises were flung like bouquets to a singer. 'It is simply a knack: there is nothing in it.'

But his self-depreciation brought fresh applause, and Rose Dysart's heart was filled with such intense delight she dared not analyse it, lest it should escape in the knowledge. Poor, simple Rose! volumes could not express her childlike simplicity more than this little anecdote of her passionate happiness on hearing her lover's leaping praised.

They walked round by Borrowdale—at least some of the party, and Rose was of the number; and then and there was cemented that half-carved piece of love's own workmanship which they had begun to fashion under the faded cotton umbrella. Miss Montague often wondered what they could be talking about that was so interesting; but Miss Boyle, to whom she applied with a peculiar laugh, could not enlighten her, and it was not until some months after that she knew; and then the *Times* told her in an advertisement. Mary Hunt guessed—so did the dear old-maids; and Mary Hunt forced the confession from Rose next day, when she went for the express purpose. And poor orphaned Rose, how glad she was, amongst her other causes of happiness, that she was not obliged now to go out as a governess, and that she would have a home of her own, with some one to look after her and take care of her! Poor little flower, that stood trembling at the sound of the distant blast, and crouching behind its leaves, fearing that the distant would be soon near at hand; though no rare Indian gem, no priceless exotic, no rich golden treasure, thou art a fair young bud on which the heavens smiled kindly when thou wert born, and to whom nature gave the best bounties of her treasury when thou wast dowered!

How happy she wast, how innocent! how pure! Her small dresses, her faint words of love, her shy glances, her soft blushes, all spoke eloquently of the depth and the purity of the heart within. And Gerald, as he drew his wee lassie to him, thought how much he had been blessed beyond his deserts, and wondered what he had ever done that Heaven should have rewarded him so well.

Blessed, pure, and good, Rose and Gerald often speak of the happy picnic to Watendlath as they would speak of a baptism into a world of light; and though they have not formally claimed the Dunmow Flitch, it is not for want of deserving it; for from the day of their marriage they have never once regretted the Misses Boyles' happy party, nor the terrible shower which brought them close together under the big umbrella of washed-out green. The Misses Boyle too, good, innocent women, have stood godmothers to so many little Maynes they sometimes forget the count. But somehow they always remember each individual on his or her birthday, when presents and sage advice remind the youthful citizens of their dear old sponsors at Keswick.

Dear Watendlath! where fairies yet hide, and where railroads can never come: many a mountain-tarn and many a mountain-vale lie scattered like hidden gems among the hills of Cumberland; but in thy still bosom are laid such flowers of loveliness as are surpassed by none other of thy sisters. Home of the sunshine and the swallow, haunt of the fairy and the flower, the fern and the butterfly, like a violet beneath its leaves thou liest hidden behind thy hills, and they who would see thee must seek thee with patience and with love: but few have drunk in thy beauties more greedily than one whose shadow has passed over thy water for the last time. Watendlath, farewell! Betrothing-place of bonnie Rose, may all that visit thee be as pure and fond as she; and may no false lip pollute thy sacred waters, no unclean hand violate thy hallowed flowers; may none be with thee save such as the sun might shew throughout the day's wide-wandering worthy of converse with nature and her glories! Thou art too sacred and holy for the heartless or the vain to come nigh thee. Cradle of prayer alone, may the spirit which dwells in thee keep thy waves and flowers for the reverent and the loving only!

THE ASS OF LA MARCA.

I.—THE HOG-BOY.

In the year 1530, a Franciscan was travelling on foot in the papal territory of Ancona. He was proceeding to Ascoli; but at that time the roads were bad, where there were any roads at all, and after wandering in what appeared to be a wilderness, he lost his bearings altogether and came to a stand-still. A village was visible in the distance, but he was unwilling to proceed so far to ask his way, lest it might prove to be in the wrong direction. While listening intently, however, for some sound that might indicate the propinquity of human beings—for the scrubby wood of the waste, marshy land intercepted his view—he heard what appeared to be a succession of low sobs close by. Mounting a little eminence a few paces off, he saw a small company of hogs widely scattered, and searching with the avidity of famine for a dinner; and rightly conjecturing that the sounds of human grief must proceed from the swineherd, he moved on to the nearest clump of bushes, where he saw on the other side a boy about nine years of age lying upon the soft ground, and endeavouring to smother his sobs in a tuft of coarse moss, while he dug his fingers into the mud in an agony of grief and rage. The good father allowed the storm of emotion to sweep past, and then inquired what was the matter.

'Have you lost any of your hogs?' said he.

'I don't know—and I don't care,' was the answer.

'Why were you crying then?'

'Because they have been using me worse than a hog: they have been beating me—they never let me alone; always bad names, and worse blows; nothing

to eat but leavings, and nothing to lie upon but dirty straw !

'And for what offence are you used thus ?'

'They say I am unhandy at field-work ; that I am useless in the house and the barn ; that I am unfit to be a servant to the horses in the stable ; and that I can't even keep the hogs together. They ate hogs themselves—they be ! I was clever enough at home ; but my father could not keep me any longer, and so he sent me to be a farmer's drudge, and turned me out to the—the—hogs !' and the boy gave way to another passionate burst of grief. The Franciscan endeavoured to soothe him, and talked of submission to Providence ; but finding he could do no good he inquired the name of the village.

'Montalto,' replied the boy sulkily.

'Montalto ? Then in which direction lies Ascoli ?'

'Are you going to Ascoli ?' demanded the hog-boy suddenly, as he fixed a pair of blazing eyes on the Franciscan's face in a manner that made him start. 'I will show you the way,' continued he in a tone of as much decision as if he spoke of some mighty enterprise ; and leaping to his feet like a boy made of Indian-rubber, he led through the scrubby wood of the common, kicking the hogs aside with a fierceness that drew a remonstrance from the good father. This seemed to have the desired effect. His manner softened instantaneously. He spoke in a mild, low voice ; answered the questions that were addressed to him with modesty and good-sense ; and astonished the Franciscan by a display of intelligence rare enough even where natural abilities are developed by education. It was in vain, however, that he reminded his young companion that it was time for him to turn : the hog-boy seemed fascinated by the father's conversation, and always made some excuse for accompanying him a little farther.

'Come, my son,' said the Franciscan at length, 'this must have an end, and here we part. There is a little trifle which I give you with my blessing, and so God speed you !'

'I am going farther,' replied the boy quickly.

'What ! to Ascoli ?'

'Ay, to Ascoli—or to the end of the earth ! Ah, father, if you would but get me something to do—for I am sure you can if you will ; any drudgery, however humble—anything in the world but tending hogs !'

'You forget my profession, my son, and that I am powerless out of it. You would not become a monk yourself ?'

'A monk ! Oh ! wouldn't I ? Only try me !'

'To be a monk is to toil, watch, and pray ; to live meagrely, to submit to innumerable hardships—'

'And to learn, father !—to read, to think !—O what would I not submit to for the sake of knowing what there is in books !' The boy spoke with enthusiasm, and yet with nothing of the coarse impetuosity which had at first almost terrified his new acquaintance. The Franciscan thought he beheld in him the elements of a character well adapted for a religious order ; and after some farther conversation, he finally consented to take the stripling with him to Ascoli. They were now at the summit of an eminence whence they saw that town lying before them, and the village of Montalto hardly discernible in the distance behind. The father looked back for a moment at his companion in some curiosity to see how he would take leave, probably for ever, of the place of his birth. The hog-boy's hands were clenched

as if the nails were embedded in his flesh ; and one arm, trembling with agitation, was stretched forth in a fierce farewell. When he turned away, the blazing eyes again flashed upon the Franciscan's face ; but in an instant they softened, grew mild and tearful, and Felix—for that was the lad's name—followed his patron meekly into the town.

Their destination was a monastery of Cordeliers, where the ex-hog-boy was introduced to the superior, and pleased him so much by his sensible answers and modest demeanour that he at once received the habit of a lay-brother, and was set to assist the sacristan in sweeping the church and lighting the candles. But at leisure hours he was still busier with the dust of the schools, and the lamp of theology. The brethren taught him the responses and grammar ; but he never ceased to teach himself everything he could get at ; so that in the year 1584, when he was only fourteen, he was permitted to enter on his novitiate, and after the usual probation to make his profession. He was, in short, a monk ; and in ten years he had taken deacon's orders, been ordained a priest, and graduated as bachelor and doctor. Felix the hog-boy was now known as Father Montalto.

II.—THE ASS.

The world was now before the Ancona hog-boy. In his boyhood he had suffered stripes and starvation, herded unclean animals, and almost broken his heart with impotent and therefore secret rage. In his youth he had been the patient drudge of a convent, and passed his leisure hours in persevering study, and the accumulation of book-knowledge. But now he was a man, ready for his destiny, and in the midst of troublous times, when a bold, fierce, and fearless character is sure to make its way. No more secret sobs, no more cringing servility, no more studious solitude. Montalto threw himself into the vortex of the world, and struck out boldly, right and left. An impetuous and impatient temper, and haughty and dictatorial manner, were now his prominent characteristics ; and these, united as they were with natural talent and solid acquirements, soon pointed him out for congenial employment. The rising monk was seen and understood by the Cardinals Carpi and Alexandrino ; and by the latter he was appointed Inquisitor-general at Venice. Here was fortune for the poor trampled boy of Ancona ! But to rest there was not his purpose. A little of the tranquillity he knew so well how to assume, or even the mere abstinence from violence and insult, would have retained him in his post ; but instead of this he became harsh, stern, and peremptory to a degree that outraged everybody who came near him, and carried out the measures he determined on with an arbitrary vehemence that bordered on frenzy. The jealous republicans were astonished, but not terrified : the liberties of their strange tyranny were at stake ; and at length the Venetian magnates rose like one man, and Father Montalto only escaped personal violence by flight. And so he was a martyr to the cause of the church ! And so all eyes were drawn upon him, as a man ready in action and inflexible in will. He was now invited by the Cardinal Buon-Campagno to accompany him to Madrid as his chaplain and inquisitorial adviser, the cardinal being sent thither as legate from the pope to his Catholic majesty. Montalto's was an office both of power and dignity, and he acquitted himself in it so zealously, that on the legate's recall he was offered all sorts of ecclesiastical honours and preferment to induce him to settle in Spain. But the monk had other aspirations. The news of the death of Pius IV. had reached Madrid, and Montalto's patron, Cardinal Alexandrino, would doubtless succeed to the papal throne. He would want assistance, and, what is more, he could repay it ; and Father Montalto, rejecting the Spanish offers, hastened to Rome. He found his friend, now Pius V., mindful

of his former services, and perhaps flattered by the reputation which his protégé had made in the world. He was kindly received, and immediately appointed general of his order.

And now the *ci-devant* hog-boy set to sweep the church anew, but in a different way. He no longer troubled himself with theological controversies, but punished his confumacious opponents. In four years after the accession of the new pope he was made a bishop, and handsomely pensioned; and in the year 1570 our adventurer was admitted into the college of cardinals.

Montalto was now fifty years of age, when the will is at its proudest, and the intellectual nature smiles at the changing hair and its prophecies of physical decay. It might be supposed that the fierce inquisitor ripened into the stern and inflexible cardinal; but no such process of development took place. And truly it would have been somewhat inconvenient as matters stood; for his new associates—ranking with kings every man of them, hog-boy and all!—were the intellectual flower of the time, deep and sagacious statesmen, immersed in a game of policy of which the tiara was the prize, and qualified for the lofty contention not more by their talents than by the blood of the Medici, the Caraffa, the Colonna, and the Frangipani, that flowed in their veins. The wild nature of Montalto appeared to be awed by the association into which he had thus been elevated. It seemed as if a vision of his stripes, and his hogs, and his beams came back upon him, and he walked gingerly along the marble floors of the Vatican, as if alarmed at the echo. He became mild, affable, good-natured; his business was over in the world; he had nothing more to do than to enjoy. Why should he concern himself with intrigues in which he could have no possible interest? Why should he permit even his own family to disturb his dignified repose? One of his nephews, on his way to Rome to see his prodigious uncle and claim his favour, was murdered; but the cardinal, so ready in former days to punish even crimes of thought, interceded for the pardon of the assassin. The relatives who did arrive at the Mecca of their pilgrimage he lodged at an inn, and sent them home to their families the next day with a small present, telling them to trouble him no more. The only promise he made for the future was that by and by, when old age and its infirmities came on, he might perhaps send for one of them to nurse his declining years.

Time wore on, and his patron, Pope Pius V., died and was buried. This was a trouble as well as a grief to our cardinal; for, being obliged to enter the conclave like the rest, he was asked by one and another for his vote. How should he vote? He did not know whom to vote for. He was an obscure and insignificant man—he was; and the rest were all so admirably well-fitted to be pope, that he could not tell the difference. Besides, this was the first conclave he had been in, and in a path so much loftier than he was accustomed to tread, he was afraid of making a false step. He only wished he could vote for them all; but, as it was, he entreated them to manage the affair without him. And so they did; and Cardinal Buon-Campagno being elected, assumed the papal crown and the name of Gregory XIII.

As for Montalto, he grew more meek, modest, and humble every day. He lived frugally, even meanly considering his rank, and gave the residue of his income to the poor. He submitted patiently to all sorts of insults and injuries, and not only forgave his enemies, but treated them with the utmost tenderness. At this time a change appeared to take place in his health. Violent internal pains destroyed his repose; and although he consulted all the doctors in Rome, and took physic from them all, he got no better. His disease was not the less lamentable that it was nameless. He grew thin and pale. Some said he took too much medicine. He

leaned heavily on his staff. His body was bent towards the ground: he seemed like a man who was looking for his grave. Public prayers were offered up in the churches for his recovery; and sometimes with so much effect, that he appeared to be a little convalescent. At such intervals, being humble himself, he delighted to converse with humble persons—such as the domestics of cardinals and ambassadors; and, above all things, auricular confession, if it had not been the sick man's duty, would have been called his hobby. He confessed everybody he could bring to his knees: his mind became a sink through which constantly poured all the iniquities of Rome. His brother cardinals smiled at these weaknesses. The poor man was doubtless sinking into premature dotage. They gave him in ridicule a name taken from the muddy wastes of Ancona in the midst of which he had been picked up by the stray Franciscan: they called him *The Ass of La Marca*.

III.—THE POPE.

Time wore on in this way, till at length Gregory XIII. died. The event took place at a perplexing moment, for never had the college of cardinals been so completely torn asunder by conflicting interests. There were three powerful parties so singularly well-balanced that each felt sure of being able to elect the new pope, and the poor Ass of La Marca, who was once more obliged to join the conclave, was half distracted with their various claims. All they cared about was his vote; but that was important. They were compelled, however, by tradition, to go through the form of consulting him from time to time; and the cardinal, though never giving way to impatience, was pathetic in his entreaties to be let alone. According to the custom of this solemn council, each member of the holy college was shut up in a separate room; and the messengers always found Montalto's door bolted. He would reply to their eminences, he said, the moment his cough abated, the moment he felt any intermission of his excruciating pains. But why could they not proceed to business without him? The opinions of so insignificant a person could not at any time be necessary; but surely it was inhuman to disturb a man fast sinking under disease, and whose thoughts were fixed upon that world to which he was hastening. The conclave sat fourteen days, and even then the votes of the three parties were equally divided. What was to be done? The best way was to have a nominal pope for the shortest possible time, so that the struggle of the real competitors might begin anew. They accordingly elected unanimously to the papal throne—the Ass of La Marca!

On this announcement the new monarch came instantly forth from his cell, leaving behind him his staff, his cough, his stoop, his pains, his infirmities, and his humility! He advanced with an erect figure, and a firm and dignified step into the midst of the conclave, and thanked their eminences for the honour they had conferred upon him, which he would endeavour to merit by discharging its high functions conscientiously. As he passed from the sacred council the *vivas* of the people rent the air. 'Long live the pope!' they cried; 'justice, plenty, and large leaves!' 'Address yourselves to God for plenty,' was the answer; 'I will give you justice.'

And he kept his word: ready, stern, severe, inflexible, impartial justice! He was impatient to see the triple crown; and before preparations could be made for his coronation, he caused the bauble to be produced, and placed on a velvet cushion in the room where he sat. The bauble? It was no bauble to him. It was the symbol of Power, just as he was himself the personification of Will. It was the thought which had governed his whole life—which had blazed even in the unconscious eyes of his boyhood. With what memories was that long gaze filled—with what re-

solves! The room was crowded with spectres of the past and visions of the future, that met and blended in one homogeneous character; and as Pope Sixtus V. rose from his chair, he felt proudly that there rose with him—within him—throughout him—the hog-boy of Montalto.

The dissimulation which was so remarkable a trait in this remarkable character was now at an end, and only the fierceness, sternness, and indomitable will of the man remained. He felt himself to be placed on a height from which everything beneath him appeared on one level. The cardinals, with their ancient blood and accomplished statesmanship, were no more to him than the meanest drudges in his dominions; and when they first attempted remonstrance at his proceedings, he answered them with such withering disdain, that the proudest of them quailed beneath his eye. He told them distinctly that he was not only their spiritual head but their temporal king, and that in neither capacity would he brook any interference with his authority. It was the custom, on the accession of a pope, for the prisoners to be manumitted in all the jails of Rome; and the consequence of this equivocal mercy was, that these places of durance were always full at such a time—the whole villany of the city taking the opportunity of committing murders, robberies, and other great crimes that would be cheaply visited by a brief imprisonment. When Sixtus was asked, as a matter of form, for his sanction to the discharge of the prisoners, he peremptorily refused it. In vain the members of the holy college, in vain the civic authorities, implored him not to set tradition at defiance; he ordered for instant execution those legally deserving of death, and in the case of the others, did not abate a single day of their confinement. Even the respect paid to his own person by the populace became a crime, since it interfered with his designs. The perpetual *vivas* with which he was greeted made his whereabouts so public that he could not come unawares into any suspected place, and he issued an order forbidding such demonstrations. One day, however, two citizens were so enthusiastic in their loyalty that they could not repress the cry of 'Long live the Pope!' which rose to their lips; whereupon the offenders were instantly laid hold of by the orders of Sixtus, and received a hearty flogging.

This *parvenu* pope treated with other monarchs with the unbending dignity which might have been looked for in the descendant of a line of kings; and in some cases—more especially that of Spain—he exhibited the uncompromising sternness of his character. But where the interest of his policy was not involved—where the actors in the drama of life moved in circles that had no contact with his—he admired with all his impulsive soul a masculine and independent spirit. So far did he carry his admiration of our Protestant Queen Elizabeth, who was his contemporary, that one might almost fancy the solitary monk day-dreaming of those times when even popes were permitted a mortal bride. He is said to have given her secret intimation of the approaching Armada of his Catholic majesty; and when the head of the Catholic Queen of Scotland rolled under the axe of the executioner, he is described as having emitted an exclamation of fierce and exulting applause at this memorable exhibition of will and power.

And so Sixtus lived, and reigned, and died—a stern, strong spirit of his day and generation, leaving a broad trail in history, and a lasting monument in the architectural stones of Rome. In the biography of common men, who are swayed by changing currents of passion and circumstance, it would be vain to attempt to explain actions and reconcile inconsistencies, as we have done here, by viewing all their doings, and all the phases of their character, with reference to a leading principle. But Sixtus was governed from his

birth by one great thought, though fully developed only by the force of events—a thought as obvious in the hog-boy of Ancona, or the drudge of the Cordeliers, as in the monk Montalto, the inquisitor, the cardinal, and the pope.

FREAKS OF THE ENGLISH ABROAD.

JOHN BULL is certainly a strange animal. So long as he is in his own country, he is as quiet and harmless as a lamb; but no sooner does he set his foot on foreign land, than his nature undergoes a perfect change—he becomes, as it were, transformed. The lion, or perhaps more properly speaking, the bear, taking the place of the lamb in his composition, he begins to growl and look savage. Sometimes he scatters about his money with haughty liberality; sometimes he abuses everything and everybody around him; and not unfrequently he commits such outrages on persons and things as he would never for a moment think of in his native land. In all my travels I have found him the same everywhere: he is a marked character; he will not submit to the good old advice: 'When in Rome, do as Rome does,' but will have his own way after his own fashion. If, for instance, he is in a Catholic country, he enters the churches, asks to see the relics, shrines, &c., to satisfy his curiosity—for Johnny is curious enough when abroad—and when they are shewn to him, he laughs. He has also the habit of walking about and talking loud during divine service, which he thinks shews his consequence, forgetting that he is in the house of prayer. Again, if he meets a funeral or religious procession in the street, he positively refuses to take his hat off—why should he?—but it often happens that it is taken off for him, whereupon he shews fight. Then he must needs write, cut his name, or leave some mark of his pilgrimage wherever he goes, whether it be on a beautiful statue, column, ruin, or church: take, for example, plain 'William Thomson, Newcastle,' as it appears on Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria, written with a tar-brush in letters larger than the gigantic mind of Julian ever conceived. Go to the Lazaretto at Malta, examine the soft stone floors, and they will inform you in true tablet style—skull, cross-bones, and all—that sundry bodies, including those of 'John Smith and his beloved wife, both of London, have reposed there in peace during the space of ten days, looking forward to a happy release.' Come, let us mount to the top of the Great Pyramid, and find if you can a single square inch uncut: visit Jerusalem, the Holy City, walk through its streets, behold its ancient walls, even the Arch of Ecce Homo in the Via Dolorosa, and see there, in good bold English type, 'Try Holloway's Pills.' Let us leave Jerusalem, proceed towards Jaffa, but rest at the hospitable convent at Ramalie, and on one of the bedroom doors we shall see among a host of illustrious names that of 'B. D'Irsaeli, 1831,' under which some wag has inscribed 'Old clo! Old clo!'

John has another little eccentricity: he likes to pay more for everything he buys or sees than anybody else, yet he tries to appear not to like it, and constantly complains of being cheated and robbed. Go to Switzerland, or up the Rhine—John Bull's summer resorts—and you will find the scale of charges at the hotels—supposing breakfast to be the meal—something like the following:—For a German with a knapsack and a pipe, half a franc; for a Frenchman with light-cloth boots, primrose gloves, and glossy hat, one franc; for an Englishman with his wife, ten children, and a van-load of luggage, two francs each, and one franc *pour le garçon*. Now the regular fee for a guide to pass in safety from Jerusalem to Jericho—a somewhat dangerous road—is 100 piastres; but a certain John Bull, in his awkward generosity, must needs give 200, so that ever since that sum is demanded by the Arab sheik of every English traveller, and unless he has previously learned that the

customary *bucksheesh* is only 100, he is sure to be forced to pay it. But sometimes the freaks of John Bull partake of the wanton and mischievous, as the following examples will shew:—

A few years back I was travelling in a steamboat on the Rhine, when I was suddenly accosted by a rather rakish-looking young man.

'I think I have seen you before, sir,' said he. 'Ah! I recollect now it was at the Convent of Mount St Bernard. You remember what a lovely night it was when we were there, and how brightly the moon and stars shone forth! Do you know what I did while there?'

'No.'

'Well then, I'll tell you. You remember the *morgue*, the place where they keep the bodies of persons they find buried in the snow?—and the tales those old monks told us about the different skeletons?—although I don't believe half the fellows said—they can draw the long-bow so precious tight. Well, after supper, when you were sitting snugly over the fire—how cold it was!—I stole out of the convent, and went to the *morgue*, and got into it by one of the air-holes in the wall, my object being to carry away something as a *souvenir*. When I began to look around me I must say I felt somewhat queer, for the moon was shining through the various holes right into the building, and made the skeletons look so comically white! They all seemed to be on the full grin at me—one old fellow especially, up in a corner: perhaps you remember him, for the monk who shewed us the place told us some story about him. Whenever I turned, there he was with his diabolical grin. At last I could stand it no longer, and struck at the fellow with this stick, which I had with me at the time, and down he came. You should have heard his old bones rattle! But what do you think I did? Why I carried off his grinning skull as a relic, and have got it now safe in my portmanteau: that's what I call travelling to some purpose!'

At the eastern extremity of that portion of the city of Valetta (Malta) known as Florian, stands a Capuchin convent. In the crypt are preserved the bodies of the deceased monks, placed upright in niches, and dressed in the habit of the order. A party of English sea-captains were shewn this crypt, when the guide called their attention to a particular body, which he told them was that of a superior; a man who, while living, was noted for his great learning, piety, and charity, and was therefore looked upon by his brethren almost in the light of a saint. On hearing this, one of the sailors, taking the opportunity of the guide's back being turned, took out his clasp-knife, and cut off the right-hand thumb. The mutilation was not discovered at the time, and the fellow escaped punishment. I know a person to whom he afterwards shewed the thumb, glorying in the deed; but I am happy to say he met with anything but the applause he expected. The disfigured hand was pointed out to me on my visit to the convent. Ladies are now excluded except on certain days, and for this reason:—A party of English ladies and gentlemen paid a visit to the convent, and were, as usual, shewn into the crypt. One of the gentlemen, no doubt thinking it would be a good joke, pinned the gown of one of the ladies to the robe of one of the mummies, and the consequence was, that when she moved suddenly away, she pulled the body out of the niche, and dashed it to pieces on the floor.

One evening, at a dinner-party at Cairo, the conversation turned upon museums, when up started a young English traveller, and boastingly said: 'Gentlemen, I've travelled through Italy and Greece, and am making a collection, but you'll never guess what it is, so I may as well tell you. Why, it's a collection of the noses of all the heathen gods and goddesses, saints and sinners, I can lay my hands upon. I always carry with me a hammer, and whenever I see a statue, and an

opportunity presents itself, I knock the nose off, and then carefully label it. Now one of my principal objects in coming to Egypt is to get the nose of a certain statue,' which he named, but I have forgotten what it was, 'and I mean to have it too.' His intention, however, was happily foiled by a gentleman, a well-known antiquary at Cairo, sending word to the Arabs to cover over with sand the statue this modern Goth intended to mutilate, and so putting the sapient nose-collector on a false scent.

I fell in with a party of travellers in Syria who required shelter for the night; so they knocked at the door of an Arab farmer's house, and it not being opened so soon as they considered desirable, one of the party drew a pistol from his belt, and firing it, blew off the lock: they then entered, turned the family out, and coolly took possession for the night. They settled the matter the next morning by paying about ten times more than would have been necessary had they gone the proper way to work.

The following circumstance took place about three years ago. A Mr R—, an English traveller, pitched his tent for the night in one of the numerous villages on the Lebanon. While in the full enjoyment of his pipe, the children of the village kept peeping into the tent to look at the strange Frank: this, it appears, greatly annoyed our countryman, so that at last he drew his pistol, and shot one of the little boys. As may be supposed, the whole village was up in arms to avenge this wanton outrage, and Mr R— would soon have received the reward he so richly merited, had it not been for the Sheikh el Belled or village chief, who advised taking him before the British consul at Beyrout. This was accordingly done. It was proposed that he should be sent to Malta, to take his trial for murder; but the child not being dead, it was at last settled that he should pay L.300 to the parents, and L.50 for the outrage committed on the village. Placing security in the hands of the consul for the amount, he was allowed to depart, and set out for Damascus the next day—on the following day the child died. On his arrival at Damascus he railed at the decision of the consul; but on hearing of the death of his victim, and being told that he had better hold his tongue, he beat a hasty retreat from the Holy Land, never, I trust, to pollute it again with his presence.

It is now to be hoped, that as travelling and intercourse with foreign countries become more common, John Bull will mend his manners, and see the folly of his ways: perhaps the least culpable of all his acts is, when he turns his steps homeward to recount to his untravelled and wonder-stricken friends all the extravagances of which he has been guilty.

CHINESE PORCELAIN-SEALS FOUND IN IRELAND.

Of all the curious remains which have been found in the sister-country, none are enveloped in greater mystery than the porcelain-seals which have lately come to light. The first public notice of them, we believe, was in the year 1840, when Mr Huband Smith of Dublin called the attention of the Irish Academy to the fact, that about a dozen seals, bearing ancient Chinese characters, had been found within the last few years in various parts of Ireland, and in situations which precluded the supposition that they were of modern introduction; opening a wide field for conjecture as to the time when they made their way into this country. The matter was taken up by several zealous antiquaries in Ulster, whose farther researches have increased the number fourfold; and lest these remains should come to be confounded with importations consequent on our recently-established intercourse with the Celestial Empire, a complete catalogue has been made of them, the history of each has been investigated and

chronicled, and its present resting-place registered. Not only have the most eminent Chinese scholars in this country been consulted about them, but impressions of the greater part have been transmitted to China itself for explanation. The result of the whole investigation was laid before the Literary Society of Belfast on the 6th May 1850 by Edmund Getty, Esq.* and it embraces some curious and interesting particulars.

Each of these seals consists of a perfect cube, with the figure of a Chinese monkey sitting upon it by way of handle; and they are all so exactly like each other in size, shape, and general appearance, as to be undistinguishable except by the inscriptions on the under surface. The material is porcelain; and, from the great degree of heat to which they must have been subjected, and the vitrification which has in some measure taken place in consequence, they are as indestructible by corrosion or other operation of time as the glass and porcelain ornaments which are found in the mummy-cases of Egypt. The inscriptions are in the Chuentze or ancient-seal character of China, which, though as old as the days of Confucius—five or six centuries before the Christian era—is often used at the present day on the seals both of public functionaries and private individuals, in the same way that we employ the black-letter of our Gothic ancestors for fancy purposes.

These inscriptions seem to be as numerous and varied as those on our own fancy-seals and wafers; and they have often as little apparent connection with a written correspondence. Such are 'Yih tsaon ting' ('A portico of straw'), alluding to the sheds erected on the roads for the accommodation of travellers; 'Shan kaon shwuy shang' ('High mountains and long streams.') Sometimes they are sentimental mottoes, and sometimes they appear to be mere proper names, and difficult of explanation. On a comparison of five sets of translations now before us, one of which is by the late lamented Dr Gutzlaff, we select a few of the mottoes which seem to be the least ambiguous, judging from the unanimity of the translators.

'Ying fung lung yu' ('Singing in the breeze and playing under the moon'), an allusion to people amusing themselves out of doors in a cool moonlight night. 'Hoo fung' ('Sealed or shut.') Several Eastern nations despatch their letters without any kind of paste or wax; but they write a curse or ill-omen to him who shall violate their secrecy. It is said that in ancient times the Chinese secured their missives merely by stamping or writing on the outside the words—'closed,' 'sealed,' or 'shut.' In our day they generally paste down the flap of the envelope with a few grains of boiled rice, and stamp it with a red ink or thin paste, in the same way that our postmasters do—one-half of the impression being on the flap, and the other on the main part of the envelope. Hence Mr Meadows translates this inscription 'Protecting the closure.' Another motto is—'Shwuy lo shih chuh' ('When the water falls, the stones appear'); perhaps a metaphorical way of expressing that the truth of a case comes to light through the removal of obscuring circumstances; or, as some think, an adage equivalent to the Latin one—'Gutta cavat lapidem,' and intended to convey the idea of constancy or perseverance. Two of the seals bear the motto rendered a 'pure heart'; another has—'Tsun sin tsen le' ('An inch-long heart extending a thousand le'), which one translator deems equivalent to 'My little heart goes a thousand le to meet you,' while by another it is thought to allude to the thoughts of friends reaching each other at the greatest distances by means of

writing. 'Tuy ke keih jin' ('Put one's self in another's place'), refers to a Confucian aphorism which is equivalent to the Christian one—'Do as you would be done by.' 'Wei che zay' ('Men do not think of it—virtue'), is a quotation from the 'Sun yu' of Confucius. And lastly, 'Tsae shwuy yih fang' ('Must be in the neighbourhood of the water'), is a quotation from a Chinese ode, in which a man not seeing his friend conjectures where he may be.

These curious seals, amounting to about fifty, have been found at various times, and in localities very distant from each other. The one registered as No. 7 was discovered about seventy years ago by a turf-cutter in a bog in Queen's County; No. 5 was found at no great depth near the town of Carlow, on the site of an old road which led to the Roman Catholic burying-ground, but which has been closed since the year 1798; No. 12 was dug up about forty years ago in taking out the roots of an old pear-tree in an orchard in the County Down, and from the age of the tree it must have lain there a long time before its discovery; No. 26, now in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, was found in 1833 in a ploughed field near Borris-O'-Kane, County Tipperary; No. 8 in the parish of Killyleagh, County Down, in a piece of ground which was overgrown with furze, and appeared never to have been cultivated: it is in the Belfast Museum; No. 13 has been in the possession of a private family in Dublin for at least seventy or eighty years, but there is no record of its previous history; No. 45 was found about the year 1805 in a cave near the mouth of Cork Harbour; and No. 50 about ten years ago, immediately outside Cahir Castle. Some human bones were found with this seal, but they mouldered to dust on exposure to the atmosphere.

The interesting question is: How or when did these seals find their way to Ireland? The specimens themselves furnish no clue to their antiquity; for their substance is absolutely imperishable, while 'the character,' says Sir J. F. Davis, 'is sufficiently ancient for any assignable date within our reach.' When they were first introduced to public notice, a correspondent of the 'Athenæum,' said to be a Chinese scholar, irreverently declared them to be 'evidently a hoax'—modern importations purchased in London, and sown in Ireland for the benefit of the Academy. The native antiquaries, shocked at his presumption, appealed to Sir J. F. Davis, who quite agreed with them, that even were these seals like those recently brought from China—which they are not—no one 'would be so "superfluous" as to journey about the most distant localities for the purpose of hiding them in those peat-bogs, burial-grounds, and beds of rivers, where mere chance has led to their discovery; and if not of modern, it almost necessarily follows that they must have been of very ancient introduction. It has been supposed by others that they may have been introduced accidentally in tea-chests; but if so, it is strange that none but Irish packages should have contained them. Another conjecture is, that they may have been brought to this country by individuals connected with Lord Macartney's embassy in 1792; but it is to be noted that no such seals are found in his lordship's own collections of Chinese curiosities, which are still preserved by his representatives. In fact, not a single specimen of the same kind has been found in any modern collection. Seals of steatite, generally of long rectangular form—not cubical—with an animal at one end, and either with or without inscriptions, are in common use in China, and large numbers of them have been brought to England. 'But this,' says an Irish antiquary, 'can have nothing to say to our porcelain-seals, which most evidently have been cast in moulds, and are quite too hard and brittle to admit of the operation of carving, by which ornaments of agalmatolite have been generally produced—a circumstance which alone would

* Notices of Chinese Seals found in Ireland, read before the Belfast Literary Society, by Edmund Getty, M.R.S.A. Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co.

† A le is about a third of an English mile.

make it highly improbable that they would, if buried for any considerable length of time, preserve in any degree their original form.*

A diligent search has been made in the curiosity-shops of London, and in other places where sailors would be likely to dispose of articles brought from foreign lands, but only one specimen could be found similar to those under consideration; and the shopkeeper being urged to say how he had obtained it, stated that he had bought it from a person who told him that it had been found in Ireland. Subsequent information led to the belief that it had been one of four gold-out of a private collection in Dublin.

The antiquaries who have taken so much trouble on this subject, fondly cling to the persuasion, though they express it with great modesty, that these seals may be vestiges of the ancient Phœnician commerce with our western shores. There seems little doubt that there was in early times an overland trade between the Celestial Empire and the countries adjacent to Phœnicia, and in communication with it. Vases unquestionably Chinese have been discovered in the tombs of Egypt; and Pliny, with other Roman authors, mentions certain murrhine cups or vases, which appear to have been identical with Chinese porcelain. They were introduced at Rome by Pompey after the Mithridatic war, and became articles of luxury among the wealthier Roman nobles, who gave enormous prices for them, on account of their fragility, taken in connection with the immense distance of the Eastern country whence they were said to come. It is certainly strange, be it remarked, that the relics found in Ireland are seals and not cups, perfume-bottles, coins, medals, or any other usual article of commerce.

It is to be hoped that the intercourse now opened with China may throw some light on this subject. It can probably be ascertained whether such seals as we have described are now found there; and if so, whether they are considered to be of ancient or modern manufacture. Even if the latter prove to be the case, however, it would not materially weaken the presumption of the antiquity of those now brought to light, considering that the Chinese preserve the customs of the remotest periods, as well as their antiquarian remains, with a religious care and veneration unequalled among any other people.

THE 'ROMANCE' OF SEA-LIFE.

We personally know something of the sea, of sailors, and of their life both ashore and afloat, both in the fore-castle and the cabin, both abroad and at home. We know also that there is a marvellously prevalent notion among landmen that a sailor's life is the most romantic of all lives, and that he is himself a very romantic personage individually. We know that the mere name of 'sea,' 'ship,' or 'sailor' excites emotion in the breasts of novel-reading lads, and adventurous youths in general. There seems to be an inherent witchery in the very idea of the 'glad waters of the dark-blue sea;' but this has been stimulated a thousand-fold by the popular songs of Dibdin and others, portraying sailors in such colours that they cannot recognise themselves,* and also by certain modern fictions, which, however admirable as works of art, convey anything but a correct notion of the real work-a-day life of the gallant but plain, honest fellows who man England's wooden walls. In the books in question, everything which can throw a charm over the sea—

everything which tends to impress the reader with a vague idea that sailors are a separate race of mortals, with most fascinating characteristics—is skillfully dwelt upon; but the stern, homely, matter-of-fact, monotonous life they lead is carefully kept in the background, or alluded to in a very slight and deceptive manner. Can we wonder, therefore, that boys of ardent imaginations are absorbingly attracted by such an idealised profession? So enthralling is the love of the sea thus generated, that a good authority declares that he has known youths who could not hear the creaking of a block used in hoisting sugar to the upper floor of a grocer's warehouse, without their imaginations being fired with vivid dreams of ships and the ocean! Once let a stripling become impressed with a longing for the sea, no matter how generated, and the very means you adopt to check his diseased fancy will only strengthen and confirm it. Yet his case is precisely analogous to that of a youth falling passionately in love with a maiden whom he has never seen!

We can give a case in point in which we were personally concerned. About eight years ago, we ourselves were guilty of writing a sea-novel, a copy of which fell into the hands of a boy, a first-cousin of ours. He told us that he had read it over and over till he knew it by heart, and nothing would serve his turn but he must go to sea. His parents were distressed, and we had a long interview with him, and did our utmost to disabuse his mind of the romantic notions which our own book alone had created. All in vain! He would believe his own wild impression from our fiction rather than our sober, truthful *viva-voce* advice. He went a short first voyage on liking, and on his return frankly told us that had he known what a hard, harsh life a sailor's really was, he would never have quitted land. 'But,' said he, 'I shall be laughed at if I give it up now! I am a sailor for life, and all through that book of yours!' He was then regularly apprenticed to a merchantman, but the mate treated him so cruelly that he deserted to a man-o'-war, and, if living, he is probably yet in the navy.

The two great classes of boys who go to sea are those who have imbibed romantic notions concerning it, and long to realise them; and those who are sent by their friends as a means to reform them of bad habits. Of the two, the latter class generally make the best sailors; the others are too much disgusted at the reality, too heart-broken at the utter annihilation of all their fine dreams, to take kindly and well to their rough calling. There are of course numerous exceptions in both classes; and of the former, many cling to the sea, and learn to become good sailors out of sheer desperation and stubborn resolve to make the best of a bad bargain, rather than acknowledge themselves to be woefully deceived.

Let us not be misunderstood. We ourselves enthusiastically loved the sea when young, and we love it yet, but in a very different degree. It is a noble profession, that of the wild waves' mastery, but it is emphatically one of the hardest, worst paid, and most prosaic! Yes, young readers of Fenimore Cooper, we say it is right-down prosaic; and we know what it is to lay out on a yard in a hurricane. We say, moreover, that sailors themselves are, with very few exceptions, the most prosaic and matter-of-fact among mortals. You may sneer at this; but one week, one day, nay, even one hour of actual sea-service would perhaps convince you that we are speaking advisedly. Let truth be spoken above all things. A sailor's life brings him in occasional contact with sublime manifestations of the Divine power, but he little regards them. His duties absorb all his attention, and there is no time for sight-seeing and reflection, nor is sentiment of any kind allowed to be indulged in on shipboard. On the other hand, he will for weeks and months lead the dullest and most unexciting life conceivable. Day

* We may except a few of Dibdin's best songs; but the actual fact is that his songs which are really sung on shipboard are as different from Dibdin's as it is possible to conceive. The songs which sailors love to sing are doggerel, without a spark of imagination. It has been said that Dibdin's songs recruited the navy in war-time more than a dozen regiments. Yes, but the songs did not cause sailors to ship, but only landmen.

after day the same monotonous round of commonplace duties are exacted with iron discipline. Work, work, nothing but work, and not a minute spent in idleness. It is all very pleasant to you, young gentleman, to sit with your feet on a parlour fender, and gloat over picturesque and highly-wrought descriptions of nautical manœuvres, but we can tell you that not one of these is felt to be anything but ordinary *work* by those who actually perform them. There is nothing very delightful in the hourly act of running up and down ladders like a bricklayer's labourer, and hauling rough ropes till your back feels ready to break and your heart to burst; there is nothing peculiarly elevating and chivalrous in the act of picking oakum, and making spun-yarn and sinnet—and sailors are steadily kept at these and similar labours in the intervals between shifting sails; nor is there any inexpressible charm in the act of scraping and oiling masts and yards, and washing decks and tarring rigging.

Now suppose, young friend, that your parents have at length yielded to your frantic entreaties that you may be a sailor, and that you are regularly apprenticed to an East Indiaman. The dream of your life, the cherished prayer of your heart, is fulfilled. You set your foot on the snowy decks with thrilling feelings—proud and glowing aspirations and anticipations. The ship sails, and for a day or so you are too sick to do any duty, and too much a piece of mere lumber in everybody's way during the hurry of departure; so you are unceremoniously kicked below to rough it out as you may. On the morning of the second day you find yourself included in the first-mate's watch, which happens to be the morning-watch—4 A.M. to 8 A.M.—and are called on deck. You stagger up, feeling very queer, very weak, very miserable. It is a fine summer morning, with a steady breeze, and the ship is calmly gliding along on a taut-bowline. You have no heart to look much about you, but you see that every soul on deck is at work. You sit down on the booms, greatly exhausted, and the next moment a rope's end is smartly laid across your shoulders, and the mate, with an oath, asks you whether you have shipped to sit for a figure-head, and the sailors chuckle, and the ship-boys wink and grin, and put out their tongues. You rub your shoulders in amazement, and think of your poor mother at home, and burst into tears. The mate calls you a snivelling milksop, and sets you to scrape the tar off a seam of the deck recently *payed*, with a mysterious admonition that if you don't mind what you are about you will receive a liberal allowance of 'beans and bacon!' You don't know what beans and bacon means on shipboard; but you do know that your soft white hands are very sore with grasping the shaft of the rough scraper, and very pitchy in a few minutes, and you mentally think there is very little romance in the operation. Four bells strike—6 A.M.—and the word is given to rig the head-pumps, and wash down the decks. The sailors roughly call you to bear a hand; and you have to pump away, and to take off your shoes and stockings, and paddle with naked feet among the cold water surging over the docks. Then comes the holy-stoning part; and you are set to haul about the 'bibles'—as sailors profanely call the large stones—and to kneel and rub away with 'prayer-books'—small hand-stones—till you fancy it is just the sort of work your mother's kitchenmaid is used to, and you are thankful none of your friends see you engaged at it, and you are very certain there isn't a bit of romance in it. This lasts till eight bells, and you then go to breakfast with what appetite you may.

Four hours later you are summoned on deck again; and the sailors push and knock you about, and one orders you to do this, and another to do that, and all swear at you for your awkwardness and stupidity, and you are perfectly bewildered and frightened, and a picture of misery. The busy mate sees you; and—

'Hollo you, sir!' cries he, 'skulking again, are you? I'll polish you! Take that bucket of slush, and lay aloft and rub down the royal-mast. And mind what you do, for my eye is on you!'

You have a bucket of tar and grease and a bunch of oakum thrust into your clammy hands, and are hurried aloft. How you ever get to the royal-masthead you have no subsequent recollection. You are too dizzy to know what you are about; but the mate, whom you think is a demon, is nothing of the sort. He is only doing his duty. You have shipped to become a sailor, and he is beginning to make a sailor of you. He sends an experienced ship-boy aloft to look after you, and this youth digs his knuckles into your sides to make you ascend, and tells you to fix your eyes above your head instead of below your feet; and when you hesitate to dip your delicate fist in the stinking slush, he deliberately gives you a dab in the mouth with it, and asks you who you think you are? You hardly know yourself by this time who you are nor what you are; but you feel in every bone of your body and every tingling muscle that you have found no romance in a sailor's life yet.

And, my young friend, what is more, you never will! There is no romance in life at sea. You will find it nothing but hard work—hourly drudgery. Every soul on board a ship, from cabin-boy to captain, has duties which fully occupy every minute of his time—hard duties, stern duties, prosaic duties. Every private feeling, consideration, and predilection, yields to them. A sailor, no matter what his station, never indulges in romantic fancies of any kind. His life and conversation, whether afloat or ashore, are as matter-of-fact as those of a baker or tallow-chandler. He lives a life of extreme hardship, toil, and privation; and the reason he follows the sea all his days is very frequently because three or four years of sea-life totally unfit him for any other calling.

What we have thus briefly written is the unvarnished truth, and if it induces any youth to pause ere he rashly and unwittingly embraces the sea as a profession, owing to exaggerated and false notions of its presumed romantic nature, we shall be glad; but if, with his eyes open to a full consciousness and conviction that there is no romance in regular daily life at sea, although there is plenty of all kinds of hard work, he should still persist in slipping on the blue jacket, why, we heartily say to him: 'God speed you! you are the stuff to make a sailor!'

EFFECTS OF EDUCATION ON THE ROBIN.

The most remarkable instance I ever remember to have met with of a young pupil not only imitating, but far surpassing his tutor, was about nine years ago, in Jermyn Street, Haymarket. At that period I revelled in the undisturbed enjoyment of a large aviary, numbering no fewer than 366 inhabitants, all first-rate songsters; and my fame as an amateur had spread widely. Among the multitude of my visitors was a gentleman, who informed me that a friend of his was possessed of a most wonderful bird, that he should much like me to see and hear. I took the address, and went at an early day to view the prodigy. On entering the house referred to, and on presenting my card, I was at once ushered into the drawing-room. I there saw two cages—nightingale cages—suspended on the wall. One of them, with a nightingale in it, had an open front; the other had a green curtain drawn down over the front, concealing the inmate. After a little discourse on the subject of ornithology, my host asked me if I should like to hear one of his nightingales sing. Of course I was all expectation. Placing me beneath the cage, and drawing up the curtain before alluded to, the bird above, at a whistle from his master, broke out in a succession of strains that I never heard surpassed by any nightingale. They were indeed surprisingly eloquent. 'What a nightingale!'

ejaculated I. The rapid utterance of the bird, his perfect abandon to the inspiration of his muse, and his indifference to all around him, caused me to involuntarily exclaim with Coleridge:

— 'That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me.'

And so it did. I stood rivetted to the spot, knowing how seldom nightingales in a cage so deported themselves. After listening some time, and expressing my astonishment at the long-repeated efforts of the performer—so unusual, I asked to be allowed a sight of him. Permission was granted; the curtain was raised, and I saw before me—a robin! This bird had been brought up under the nightingale from his very earliest infancy, and not only equalled, but very far surpassed his master in song. Indeed he put him down and silenced him altogether. This identical bird, I should add, was sold a few weeks afterwards for nine guineas: he was worth the money. In this case the robin retained no one single note of his own whereby the finest ear could detect him; and this paves the way to still more singular discoveries hereafter.—*William Kidd in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

AN UGLY ENCOUNTER.

In a lately-published American work, entitled 'Forest Life,' by J. S. Springer, the following anecdote is given respecting an encounter in the northern woods with a ferocious animal of the tiger kind, of which the natives stand in great dread, from its uncompromising ferocity. An individual named Smith, while travelling through the forests, had the bad fortune to encounter one of these creatures. He had nearly reached an encampment of his companion lumberers, when the animal stood before him. There was no chance for retreat, neither had he any time for reflection on the best method of defence or escape. As he had no arms or other weapons of defence, the first impulse, in this truly fearful position, unfortunately perhaps, was to spring into a small tree near by; but he had scarcely ascended his length when the desperate creature, probably rendered still more fierce by the promptings of hunger, sprang upon and seized him by the heel. Smith, however, after having his foot badly bitten, disengaged it from the shoe, which was firmly clinched in the creature's teeth, and let him drop. The moment he was disengaged, Smith sprang for a more secure position, and the animal at the same time leaped to another large tree, about ten feet distant, up which he ascended to an elevation equal to that of his victim, from which he threw himself upon him, firmly fixing his teeth in the calf of his leg. Hanging suspended thus until the flesh, insufficient to sustain the weight, gave way, he dropped again to the ground, carrying a portion of flesh in his mouth. Having greedily devoured this morsel, he bounded again up the opposite tree, and from thence upon Smith, in this manner renewing his attacks, and tearing away the flesh in mouthfuls from his legs. During this agonising operation, Smith contrived to cut a limb from the tree, to which he managed to bind his jack-knife, with which he could now assail his enemy at every leap. He succeeded thus in wounding him so badly that at length his attacks were discontinued, and he finally disappeared in the dense forest. During the encounter, Smith had exerted his voice to the utmost to alarm the crew, who he hoped might be within hail. He was heard, and in a short time several of the crew reached the place, but not in time to save him from the dreadful encounter. The sight was truly appalling. His garments were not only rent from him, but the flesh literally torn from his legs, exposing even the bone and sinews. It was with the greatest difficulty he made the descent of the tree. Exhausted through loss of blood, and overcome by fright and exertion, he sank upon the ground and immediately fainted; but the application of snow restored him to consciousness. Preparing a litter from poles and boughs, they conveyed him to the camp, washed and dressed his wounds as well as circumstances would allow, and, as soon as possible, removed him to the settlement, where medical aid was secured. After a protracted period

of confinement, he gradually recovered from his wounds, though still carrying terrible scars, and sustaining irreparable injury. Such desperate encounters are, however, of rare occurrence, though collisions less sanguinary are not unfrequent.

BEATRICE TO DANTE.

'Guardami ben. Ben son, ben son!' *

* REGARD me well; I am thy love—thy love;
Thy blessing—thy delight—thy hope—thy peace:
Thy joy above all joys that break and cease
When their full waves in widest circle move:
Thy bird of comfort—thine immortal dove,
Whom thou let'st forth out of thy grieved breast
To flutter back and point a place of rest:
Thine angel who forgets her crown star-wove,
And comes to thee with folded woman-hands,
Pleading: 'Look on me well—thy love, that stands
Before thee; 'midst the Triune Light divine
Undazzled, still discerns thy human face,
And is more happy in this happy place—
That thou alone art here, and she is thine.'

DANTE TO BEATRICE.

I SEE thee, gliding towards me with slow pace
Across the azure fields of Paradise,
Where thine each footstep makes a star arise:
So, from this heart's once void but infinite space
Each angel-touch of thine, by God's dear grace,
Struck out some fiery and eternal spark
To light the world, though all my heaven lay dark.
O Beatrice! cyprusses inlaid
My laurels; none have grown save tear-bedewed—
Heart-tears, that sunk into the earth unviewed,
And sprung up green to form this crown of bays.
Take it! At thy dear feet I lay my all,
What men my honours, virtues, glories, call:
I lived, loved, suffered, sung—for thy sole praise!

* Suggested by a marble figure of Beatrice, bearing this motto on the pedestal.

BUMPER.

This name for a full glass of wine is said to be a corruption of *au bon père*, which was the first toast given when men sat down to drink in Catholic times, and was either meant as a compliment to the priest of the parish or the pope; but in some of the midland counties anything large—a pear, plum, a fish, an apple—is called 'a bumper.' A large country girl is a bumping lass—a large-limbed, coarse rustic a bumpkin. Dr Johnson deduces bumper from bump; others say it is a corruption of *bumbord-bombord*, in Latin *bombardum*—a great gun, and from thence applied to a large stoup or flagon or a full glass. Thus in *Henry VIII.*, act i. scene 7, the second chamberlain says to the porters who had been negligent in keeping out the mob:

'You are lazy knaves;
And here ye be baiting of bumbord, when
Ye should do service.'

baiting of bumbord being a court-term for sitting and drinking. Again in *The Tempest*, act ii. scene 2:

'Yond' some black cloud, yon' huge one
Looks like a foul bombord that would shed his liquor.'

and Mr Theobald explains it—'a large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance so called.'

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THE MEISSENER HOCHLAND.

'Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz ist nicht hier,' &c.
German Translation of Burns.

We had spent several days in the Hôtel de Saxe at Dresden, had seen all the galleries of that wonderful city, and heard the Opera company twice in one day—namely, once in the morning at church, and a second time in their own proper region across the way—and were beginning to moralise, in melancholy fashion, on the transitory nature of the company at a hotel, seeing that we could scarcely distinguish at Mr Gerstkamp's *table-d'hôte* a single face which had appeared there on the day of our arrival—when a new guest entered, with a lady on his arm, and I recognised an English friend whom I had last seen within the Arctic Circle, in the course of a hyperborean excursion, of which the reader of these pages has probably perused some of the details. Recognitions took place, with many mutual felicitations on the happy fortune of a second rencontre, so little to have been expected: our respective associates were introduced; and after spending an hour together, it was agreed that we should form a party to visit the celebrated Meissener Hochland, or *Saxon Switzerland*, as it is more generally, though more vulgarly called by strangers. No sooner was the plan agreed upon than we proceeded to its execution. We set off that evening by the railway for Schandau, the recognised centre of the district which we designed to examine. The arrangement was the more suitable, as we were all on our way to Bohemia, and Schandau is twenty-three miles onward in that course. The weather, too, promised remarkably well for such an excursion.

Though it was only the 11th of August, and we started on this journey at six o'clock, night overtook us before we had advanced above half way, in consequence of our being detained an hour by a break-down of our engine. The accident was little to be lamented; for when we reached the border of the Elbe and began to advance into the mountainous country, the moon shone out over the top of the opposite cliffs, and afforded us some most beautiful snatches of the scenery of that admirable river. It was not till near nine o'clock that we stopped at the Schandau station—we in full moonlight—Schandau lost in the deep shade of the opposite feathery hills, except that its few lights betrayed its presence—and the moony Elbe flowing between. We were quickly deposited with our various baggages in a boat, and found ourselves crossing the resplendent river, smooth as a pond, but nevertheless pressing on with such a force as costs the boatmen no small exertion to counteract it. It was a romantic

moment, such as occurs seldom, and remains long in the memory; and we were almost sorry when called upon to debark and choose a hotel. We were soon established in an excellent inn called the Forst Haus (Forest House), which raises its lofty bulk over the river, having a garden in that direction, while on the other side it adjoins to the street of the village. Here we found many tourists, chiefly German—for the *Sächsisch-Böhmischen Schweiz*, as they call it, is an attractive wonder to the people of Northern Germany in particular, a country remarkably deficient in romantic scenery. I was pleased to find old married couples, young married people, students, and others, thus bent on holiday-making, as it gave the idea that political fervours and fears did not entirely absorb the energies of the people; neither had the late calamitous troubles left the gloom which one would have expected. Of this fact, however, I had had stronger demonstration at Dresden, where I found an archery festival going on for the entire week, with an enormous concourse of strangers all bent on pleasure-seeking. A large field near the city was daily covered with shows and booths for the amusement and recreation of the assembled multitude; and I am almost afraid to report what I heard of the consumpt of beer upon the ground one hot Sunday; but the memorandum of it in my note-book certainly is—80,000 ems, an em being equal to seventy English quarts. My informant had probably mistaken eight for eighty; but even the lesser sum gives upwards of half a million of bottles. Undoubtedly the capacity of the Teutonic constitution for beer is something prodigious.

From the glimpse which daylight gave me next morning, and what I saw and learned afterwards, I found this celebrated Hochland to be mainly composed of a deposit of *quadersandstein*—the greensand of the English geologists—the utmost height of which above the Elbe may be about 1600 feet. Through this deposit, however, the Elbe and its tributaries have cut profound trenches or valleys; some other agent—probably the sea at an early period, before it had assumed its present limits—has made other excavations, and left other prominences; and the unequal surface thus produced has been partially clothed with wood, to the immense increase of its beauty. Now there are other elevated tracts in which such operations cannot at all be traced, or only to a small extent. What is it which has made a particular tract of sandstone in Saxony so romantic, and so attractive to holidayists? It is the *cubical fracture of the rock*. The strata are disposed almost horizontally; excavation and weathering leave in such a rock vertical faces slightly rounded at the angles. Behold, accordingly, a wonderful confusion of

abrupt cliffs and turret-like eminences scattered over the country! This history of the scenery is proved by the interspersed spaces which are occupied by granite or any other Plutonic intrusion: these are all smoothed down into the most perfect commonplace. But the moment we pass out of their range, we find ourselves amongst bold cliffs again. Hundreds pass over the ground every summer day without dreaming of cause for what they see. He who can penetrate that mystery—and it is not difficult—has one enjoyment in his holiday the more.

We started next morning in carriages along one of the side-valleys, designing to give our first day to the Kuhstall and Prebisch Thor, two of the most noted curiosities of the district. A splendid sun shone over us from a sky which one might have supposed could never again be guilty of a cloud. It was a beautiful narrow valley, with cliffs far up amongst the pine and birch woods, and a silver streamlet at the bottom. Some of the cliffs actually hang over the road, and once in thirty years or so there is a fall of rock, to the endangerment of passengers. One of the prominences bears the descriptive name of the Lion's Head, from its resemblance to the profile of that animal. Another, bearing in its front face various perforations, has obtained the name of the Death's Head. With such matters our guides amused us till we came to what we were told, with much importance of manner, was a waterfall. We were now to discover that Saxon Switzerland has no more been able to escape the intrusion of the Cockney spirit than the Isle of Wight or the Dargle. A peasant bustled out of a cottage, and passing to the top of a rock of about thirty feet high, drew up a sluice by which the water of a tiny rill had hitherto been confined. We then had a little cascade of about a minute's duration, for which we were expected to bestow a few groschen. The guides, and three or four other peasants, all looked on with an appearance of admiration most comforting to us, for we should have otherwise feared that the cataract was not worth the money. It would have been a shame, however, to have been too critical at such a time and place.

After driving four or five miles, we came to a place where we were told the carriage, serving us no longer, must leave us and return. Our jocund party then commenced a walk through rising, woody ground, and in about half an hour we came to the celebrated Kuhstall. It is one of the cliffy ridges of the district, broken by deep chasms, and perforated at one place by a lofty natural arch. The peasants having used it as a retreat for their cattle during the Thirty Years' War, is the cause of the name (Cows' Stall); but it is believed to have been also a retreat for human beings, and that for no inconsiderable time, and at another period to have afforded shelter and refuge to robbers. It had an indescribably startling effect to pass through solemn woods, till, coming to the great arch, we saw through it a brilliant sunlit scene of woody eminences and distant arable slopes. Nor was it less curious to pass by a natural stair up a narrow chink in the rock till we attained a platform over the arch, and there looked abroad upon a wider expanse of landscape. Our romantic feelings were meanwhile played upon by artificial grooves in the rock, by which doors had formerly been applied for the fortification of these eminences, and by having little caverns pointed out to us as the dormitories of the garrison, and even a hollow in the rock which had served as a baptismal font for the children. The very romance of the place is, after all, the least of it. Beneath the arch are a little tavern and a shop for the sale of curiosities; and no sooner than a party of tourists appear, than three young women, who while away the time generally in knitting and making lace, strike up a trio, accompanied by a fiddle, having no other thing to depend upon. My companions were much annoyed by this intrusion of

business into what ought to have been a scene of quiet and solitary meditation; but I must confess to having relished the songs of Fatherland with which the poor girls caused the arch to resound. Nor was the draught of Rhenish which a few groschen purchased quite to be despised on so warm a forenoon. Another intrusion into the naturalness of the scene was the crowd of nameless names which had been cut into the face of the rock overhead. I could not gaze without wonder on so broad a demonstration of a passion which, as tempting to such doings, never for a moment, so far as I am conscious, entered my own breast.

We proceeded to descend one slope and ascend another, still sunk amidst pine-woods, till we came to the edge of a lofty cliff, and had a somewhat similar view in another direction (the Lesser Winterberg.) Here also had trade come, but only to traffic in fruit and cream. Another long and toilsome sylvan walk, in the course of which we ascended several hundred feet, when suddenly, at a moment when I thought we were approaching some dismal cave 'shagged with horrid shades,' we turned an angle and found ourselves in the paved courtyard of a nice hotel, with parties of native tourists drinking beer under the shade of a few trees. It was the hotel of the Great Winterberg, a house perched on the highest ground of the district, and evidently a place of great resort. The view from its *belvédère* on the top introduced us to all the great eminences of the district, each of which has for a final syllable in its name the word *stein* (meaning stone or rock), as Circlestein, Cronstein, Pfaffenstein, &c.: we saw the Elbe pursuing its glittering way through what forms no small space in the map of Europe, extending from Prague on the one hand to Dresden on the other. While enjoying this wide range of view, we had a tolerable lunch; after which, again setting out, we had a longer walk, through woody and rocky ground. Not altogether lonely, however, for seldom did we attain any place at which a rest was likely to be desirable, without a harp or a couple of fiddles striking up for our regalement, or perhaps a rustic mendicant posted up with his silent, but scarcely less forcible appeal. I had been somewhat surprised at the complete absence of street-begging in Dresden, and was told that no such thing was there practicable. Here, as if to make the traveller pay up for the exemption in that city, it was impossible to walk a quarter of a mile without being petitioned for alms. The only consoling reflection was that the beggars appeared not to be professional, but simply the poor people of the district taking the opportunity of somewhat alleviating the hardships of their lot.

The Prebisch Thor, which we at length reached, proved to be a piece of ground of a most remarkable character—a breast-work of cliffs, which seemed to have been arrested half way towards the condition of a range of needles. Three prominences start out from the mountain, like great buttresses, and in one of these is the natural arch or door from which the name is derived. Seen from certain points, it is a wildering, natural scene, which arrests attention by its very singularity; not to speak of its rugged sublimity of peak, and the beauty of the sylvan clothing of the lower slopes. We thought ourselves at first in a perfect solitude; but on advancing along one of the prominences, we were soon undeceived. Turning an angle of rugged rock, and looking down over what had seemed a tremendous precipice—fit haunt only for the eagle and the mountain-fox—what was our surprise to see, about fifty feet down, a restaurant in full business, with dozens of little holiday parties seated at tables in the open air, making merry with tobacco, beer, and other refreshments! On further acquaintance with the place, we could not but feel amused by the strange mixture of natural beauties with the familiar matters of common life. It was the Thor itself, the august arch left

here by nature, which had become the courtyard of a hotel. Magnificent platforms of the cliff were in like manner occupied by the outbuildings of the concern. The grand clinks which seamed the front of the hill were found to have been taken advantage of for the construction of stairs, which, like the convergence of the paths of glory in Gray's Elegy, led but to the tavern. If we made our way round some apparently sterile protuberance, thinking to get a more comprehensive view of the ocean of wood rolling beneath, we were sure to light upon either an old woman engaged in the honest calling of washing dishes, or a waiter busy arranging empty bottles. Nor were little shops for the sale of curiosities and guide-books forgotten. In short, Cockneydom itself could not have more completely beset any show-place with its petty traps for mortal appetite or its zeal for turning an honest penny.

Making our way down the valley to the small town of Hirnikretschén, on the Elbe, we there, at a reasonable hour in the afternoon, obtained places in a steamer returning from Bohemia, and in a very short time were safely landed at Schandau. After dinner, tempted by the beautiful moonlight and the delightful temperature, we wandered out to the bank of the river, and there enjoyed some of those soft and romantic reveries which come upon one in a place which one does not know too familiarly—fragments of an ideal world composed solely of the picturesque, the pure, and the happy. Some one said, 'What a nice place to spend a summer in!' But we could not help fearing that a month, perhaps a week, might be enough to undeceive us out of what we now felt to be its chief charm. Affected, nevertheless, by the gentle spirit of the hour, I was induced to get out my flute, and play a few of the beautiful airs of a certain land beyond the sea, sending along the moonlit Elbe the same strains which I had once caused to float over the flocks of Lapland. Here, however, it was difficult to say whether the whimsical did not predominate over the romantic, for there certainly is something intensely quaint in addressing national music to ears so totally heteroclitite to all its ordinary associations.

From various circumstances not worthy of being particularised, I had to enter upon my second day of the Saxon Schweiz with the company of my daughter only. Furnished with a good carriage and a guide, we set out at eight in the morning, taking this time a westerly direction. The morning air was pure and brilliant as the diamond, and the narrow side-valley into which we quickly plunged—called the Teufel Grund (Deep Ground)—was even more beautiful than that which formed the porch of our yesterday's excursion. Not merely did the streamlet of the meadow and the pines and birches of the mountain-sides play well their several parts, but the very lichens, fungi, and other antiquarian vegetation, as I think it may be called, which clothed the rocks, conveyed a rich feeling of beauty. In passing a tall rock which started up by the way-side, with the date 1699 inscribed upon it, we were told by our attendant that here a dismal incident had taken place at that era. Two young men, previously friends, became enamoured of one damsel, the beauty of the district. Loving them both equally, she had failed to repress the attentions of either, and they consequently became deadly rivals. They finally met at this spot, and fought in the savage manner of their class, till both were mortally wounded. I shall not attempt to detail our visits in the course of this forenoon to the Brand, a tall cliff from which we look down upon the Teufel Grund—Honenstein, an old-fashioned village in the mountains—and Hochstein, another cliff eminence. Suffice it to say, they were all remarkable objects, well worthy of the celebrity they enjoy as the special attractions of this romantic

territory. Let me hurry on to the Bastel, which I had reserved as the *bonne bouche* of the day, being by far the finest example of that particular arrangement of scenery which constitutes the wonders of the Saxon Schweiz. After passing a considerable way along a tame plateau, we suddenly come to the verge of a sandstone cliff, of four or five hundred feet in elevation, at the base of which rolls the Elbe. The effect is so startling as for some seconds to suspend the breathing of the beholder, and send a thrill through his frame. It is not a mere breast-work of cliff. On both hands one sees a forest of pinnacles standing out as the videttes of a winding range of precipices—a surprising result of that cubical fracture peculiar to the rock. The whole looks as if composed of some Titanic masonry. Sometimes a thin wall of living rock connects the advancing turret with the great irregular curtain of precipice. Needle-eye apertures shine through some of the prominences. Giant columns are capped and feathered with shrubs which have found their way where man cannot pass—adding beauty to what would otherwise be only terrible. Man, however, has cut passages and thrown perilous-looking bridges across parts of the wilderness of natural fortification, and thus enabled himself to approach spots where, through the long stretch of time, no foot but that of the wild bird had been. Here, too—for the truth must be told—he has contrived to furnish himself with the Cockney comforts of a restaurant and a 'brass band,' while enjoying the sublimities of nature. He turns from the pleasing agony of a look down the cliff to sip his coffee or relume his cigar, and is interrupted in a scientific meditation on the processes by which these wonders of physical geography have been created, by a cap held out for his contribution to the musicians.

A conspicuous object through the whole of this day's excursion was Königstein, one of the loftiest of the isolated eminences formerly alluded to, and which has been taken advantage of as the site of a fortress, said to have hitherto resisted all efforts to reduce it. The writer of *Murray's Handbook* tells us that it is fitted to convey an excellent idea of the hill fortresses of India. To a native of my own city who has not been much from home, I would say, think of a fortress like Edinburgh Castle, only twice the size, on the top of a hill as high as Arthur's Seat, and he will have some idea of this grand stronghold of the Saxon monarchy, where the jewels of the royal family are deposited in all times of danger. The last attempt to reduce this castle was made by Napoleon, who planted a battery against it upon a hill about three miles off. The distance was found to be too great to allow of the balls or bombs having any effect. After a long detour, and ferrying across the Elbe, we drove up a long paved way which forms the approach to Königstein, and by and by reached a platform of ground under the walls of the fortress, where we had to leave our carriage at a humble gasthof. Let the reader imagine a lofty sandstone cliff, pared down to make it vertical, and surmounted by battlements and towers rising to the height of about a hundred and sixty feet.

On arriving at the gate we found it jealously guarded, and I had to send in my passport for the examination of the commander before we could obtain admission. During the long half-hour which we were kept waiting, I observed that no person, man, woman, or child, passed in or out without a scrupulous locking of the gate. At length an order came for our admission; but here a characteristic circumstance occurred. A young man, who from his dress might have been a student, had come up the sloping way beside our carriage, and pleaded for permission to join us, in order to reduce the expense of seeing the fortress—a fee of four shillings being exacted from each party. His passport was now returned to him, with a refusal of admission. I felt sorry for the young man, and was curious to learn

the reason of his rejection. There was no other than that he was an *ouvier*. The poor fellow took the matter a good deal more coolly than I—premonished, perhaps, of the jealousy of his native government. We found within a curious range of antique buildings occupied by a considerable garrison, and, what surprised me, a garden and grove of trees. The views from the battlements were superb. The well we found to be the principal curiosity; and it certainly is of no common character. It penetrates the living rock to the depth of above 600 feet, of which sixty are usually occupied by water. When our attendant poured in a tankardful of the element, its swooning noise in descending was very curious, and I found that nine seconds elapsed before we heard it strike the surface. A man then took a mirror, and ascending to an elevated point amidst the machinery over the well, held it in a particular manner with relation to the sun, which poured in its rays at one of the windows. It was some time before I understood the object: it was explained when our guide, drawing us to the brink of the well, desired us to look down. We then, to our surprise, beheld the surface of the water 600 feet below as clearly as if it had not been twenty—the reflection of the sun from the mirror having penetrated the profound depth, and given the abyss the lucidity of day. I have rarely seen so striking an effect produced by means so simple.

Having thus completed the usual round of the wonders of the Saxon Schweiz, we had nothing to do but drive home in the cool of the evening, and talk over the incidents of the day with our friends in the hotel. We next morning set out by the railway for Prague, unanimously acknowledging that the pleasant hotel of Schandau, and the beauties of the Hochland and of the noble Elbe, had rendered the two preceding days the most agreeable that had yet occurred in the course of our tour.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

ONE evening in the autumn of the year 1842, seven persons, including myself, were sitting and chatting in a state of hilarious gaiety in front of Senor Arguellas' country-house, a mile or so out of Santiago de Cuba, in the Eastern Intendencia of the Queen of the Antilles, and once its chief capital, when an incident occurred that as effectually put an extinguisher upon the noisy mirth as if a bomb-shell had suddenly exploded at our feet. But first a brief account of those seven persons, and the cause of their being so assembled, will be necessary.

Three were American merchants—Southerners and smart traders, extensively connected with the commerce of the Colombian Archipelago, and designing to sail on the morrow, wind and weather permitting, in the bark *Neptune*—Starkey, master and part owner—for Morant Bay, Jamaica; one was a lieutenant in the Spanish artillery, and nephew of our host; another was a M. Dupont, a young and rich creole, of mingled French and Spanish parentage, and the reputed suitor for the hand of Donna Antonia—the daughter and sole heiress of Senor Arguellas, and withal a graceful and charming maiden of eighteen—a ripe age in that precocious climate; the sixth guest was Captain Starkey of the *Neptune*, a gentlemanly, fine-looking English seaman of about thirty years of age; the seventh and last was myself, at that time a mere youngster, and but just recovered from a severe fit of sickness which a twelvemonth previously had necessitated my removal from Jamaica to the much more temperate and equable climate of Cuba, and the two islands are only distant about five degrees from each other. I was also one of Captain Starkey's passengers, and so was Senor Arguellas, who had

business to wind up in Kingston. He was to be accompanied by Senora Arguellas, Antonia, the young lieutenant, and M. Dupont. The *Neptune* had brought a cargo of sundries, consisting of hardware, cottons, *etcetera*, to Cuba, and was returning about half-laden with goods. Amongst these, belonging to the American merchants, was a number of barrels of gunpowder that had proved unsealeable in Cuba, and which, it was thought, might find a satisfactory market in Jamaica. There was excellent cabin-accommodation on board Captain Starkey's vessel, and as the weather was fine, and the passage promised to be a brief as well as pleasant one—the wind having shifted to the north-west, with the intention it seemed of remaining there for some time—we were all, as I have stated, in exceedingly good-humour, and discussing the intended trip, Cuban, American, and European politics, the comparative merits of French and Spanish wines, and Havannah and Alabama cigars, with infinite glee and gusto.

The evening, too, was deliciously bright and clear. The breeze, pronounced by Captain Starkey to be rising to a five or six knot one at sea, only sufficiently stirred the rich and odorous vegetation of the valleys, stretching far away beneath us, gently to fan the heated faces of the party with its grateful perfume, and slightly ripple the winding rivers, rivulets rather, which everywhere intersect and irrigate the island, and which were now glittering with the myriad splendours of the intensely-lustrous stars that diadem a Cuban night. Nearly all the guests had drunk very freely of wine, too much so, indeed; but the talk, in French, which all could speak tolerably, did not profane the calm glory of the scene, till some time after Senora Arguellas and her daughter had left us. The senior, I should state, was still detained in town by business which it was necessary he should dispose of previous to embarking for Jamaica.

'Do not go away,' said Senora Arguellas, addressing Captain Starkey, as she rose from her seat, 'till I see you again. When you are at leisure, ring the *sonnette* on the table and a servant will inform me. I wish to speak further with you relative to the cabin arrangements.'

Captain Starkey bowed. I had never, I thought, seen Antonia smile so sweetly; and the two ladies left us. I do not precisely remember how it came about, or what first led to it, but it was not very long before we were all conscious that the conversation had assumed a disagreeable tone. It struck me that possibly M. Dupont did not like the expression of Antonia's face as she courtesied to Captain Starkey. The after-unpleasantness did not however arise ostensibly from that cause. The commander of the *Neptune* had agreed to take several free-coloured families to Jamaica, where the services of the men, who were reputed to be expert at sugar-cultivation, had been engaged at much higher wages than could be obtained in Cuba. The American gentlemen had previously expressed disapprobation of this arrangement, and now began to be very liberal indeed with their taunts and sneers relative to Captain Starkey's 'negro principles,' as they pleasantly termed that gentleman's very temperate vindication of the right of coloured people to their own souls and bodies. This, however, would, I think, have passed off harmlessly, had it not been that the captain happened to mention, very imprudently, that he had once served as a midshipman on board the English slave-squadron. This fanned M. Dupont's smouldering ill-humour into a flame, and I gathered from his confused maledictions that he had suffered in property from the exertions of that force. The storm of angry words raged fiercely. The motives of the English for interfering with the slave-traffic were denounced with contemptuous bitterness on the one side, and as warmly and angrily defended on the other. Finally—the fact is, they were both flustered with wine and passion, and scarcely knew what they said or did—

M. Dupont applied an epithet to the Queen of England, which instantly brought a glass of wine full in his face from the hand of Captain Starkey. They were all in an instant on their feet, and apparently sobered, or nearly so, by the unfortunate issue of the wordy tumult.

Captain Starkey was the first to speak. His flushed and angry features paled suddenly to an almost deathly white, and he stammered out: 'I beg your pardon, M. Dupont. It was wrong—very wrong in me to do so, though not inexcusable.'

'Pardon! *Mille tonnerres!*' shouted Dupont, who was capering about in an ecstasy of rage, and wiping his face with his handkerchief. 'Yes, a bullet through your head shall pardon you—nothing less!'

Indeed, according to the then notions of Cuban society, no other alternative save the *duello* appeared possible. Lieutenant Arguellas hurried at once into the house, and speedily returned with a case of pistols. 'Let us proceed,' he said in a quick whisper, 'to the grove yonder; we shall be there free from interruption.' He took Dupont's arm, and both turned to move off. As they did so, Mr Desmond, the elder of the American gentlemen, stepped towards Captain Starkey, who with recovered calmness, and with his arms folded, was standing by the table, and said: 'I am not entirely, my good sir, a stranger to these affairs, and if I can be of service I shall'—

'Thank you, Mr Desmond,' replied the English captain; 'but I shall not require your assistance. Lieutenant Arguellas, you may as well remain. I am no duellist, and shall not fight M. Dupont.'

'What does he say?' exclaimed the lieutenant, gazing with stupid bewilderment round the circle. 'Not fight!'

The Anglo-Saxon blood, I saw, flushed as hotly in the veins of the Americans as it did in mine at this exhibition of the white feather by one of our race. 'Not fight, Captain Starkey!' said Mr Desmond with grave earnestness after a painful pause: 'you whose name is in the list of the British royal navy, say this! You must be jesting!'

'I am perfectly serious—I am opposed to duelling upon principle.'

'A coward, upon principle!' fairly screamed Dupont, with mocking fury, and at the same time shaking his clenched fist at the Englishman.

The degrading epithet stung like a serpent. A gleam of fierce passion broke out of Captain Starkey's dark eyes, and he made a step towards Dupont, but resolutely checked himself.

'Well, it must be borne! I was wrong to offer you personal violence, although your impertinence certainly deserved rebuke. Still, I repeat I will not fight with you.'

'But you *shall* give my friend satisfaction!' exclaimed Lieutenant Arguellas, who was as much excited as Dupont; 'or by Heaven I will post you as a dastard not only throughout this island but Jamaica!'

Captain Starkey for all answer to this menace coolly rang the *sonnette*, and desired the slave who answered it to inform Senora Arguellas that he was about to leave, and wished to see her.

'The brave Englishman is about to place himself under the protection of your aunt's petticoats, Alphonso!' shouted Dupont with triumphant mockery.

'I almost doubt whether Mr Starkey is an Englishman,' exclaimed Mr Desmond, who, as well as his two friends, was getting pretty much incensed; 'but, at all events, as my father and mother were born and raised in the old country, if you presume to insinuate that'—

Senora Arguellas at this moment approached, and the irate American with some difficulty restrained himself. The lady appeared surprised at the strange aspect of the company she had so lately left. She, however, at the request of the captain, instantly led the

way into the house, leaving the rest of her visitors, as the French say, *plantés là*.

Ten minutes afterwards we were informed that Captain Starkey had left the house, after impressing upon Senora Arguellas that the *Neptune* would sail the next morning precisely at nine o'clock. A renewed torrent of rage, contempt, and scorn broke forth at this announcement, and a duel at one time seemed inevitable between Lieutenant Arguellas and Mr Desmond, the last-named gentleman manifesting great anxiety to shoot somebody or other in vindication of his Anglo-Saxon lineage. This, however, was overruled, and the party broke up in angry disorder.

We were all on board by the appointed time on the following morning. Captain Starkey received us with civil indifference, and I noticed that the elaborate sneers which sat upon the countenances of Dupont and the lieutenant did not appear in the slightest degree to ruffle or affect him; but the averted eye and scornful air of Donna Antonia as she passed with Senora Arguellas towards the cabin, drawing her mantilla tightly round her as she swept by, as if—so I perhaps wrongly interpreted the action—it would be soiled by contact with a poltroon, visibly touched him—only, however, for a few brief moments. The expression of pain quickly vanished, and his countenance was as cold and stern as before. There was, albeit, it was soon found, a limit to this, it seemed, contemptuous forbearance. Dupont, approaching him, gave his thought audible expression, exclaiming, loud enough for several of the crew to hear, and looking steadily in the captain's face: '*Lâche!*' He would have turned away, but was arrested by a gripe of steel. '*Ecoutez, monsieur,*' said Captain Starkey: 'individually, I hold for nothing whatever you may say; but I am captain and king in this ship, and I will permit no one to beard me before the crew, and thereby lessen my authority over them. Do you presume again to do so, and I will put you in solitary confinement, perhaps in irons, till we arrive at Jamaica.' He then threw off his startled auditor, and walked forwards. The passengers, coloured as well as white, were all on board; the anchor, already apak, was brought home; the bows of the ship fell slowly off, and we were in a few moments running before the wind, though but a faint one, for Point Morant.

No one could be many hours on board the *Neptune* without being fully satisfied that, however deficient in duelling courage her captain might be, he was a thorough seaman, and that his crew—about a dozen of as fine fellows as I have ever seen—were under the most perfect discipline and command. The service of the vessel was carried on as noiselessly and regularly as on board a ship of war; and a sense of confidence, that should a tempest or other sea-peril overtake us, every reliance might be placed in the professional skill and energy of Captain Starkey, was soon openly or tacitly acknowledged by all on board. The weather throughout happily continued fine, but the wind was light and variable, so that for several days after we had sighted the blue mountains of Jamaica, we scarcely appeared sensibly to diminish the distance between them and us. At last the breeze again blew steadily from the north-west, and we gradually neared Point Morant. We passed it, and opened up the bay at about two o'clock in the morning, when the voyage might be said to be over. This was a great relief to the cabin-passengers—far beyond the ordinary pleasure to land-folk of escaping from the tedium of confinement on shipboard. There was a constraint in the behaviour of everybody that was exceedingly unpleasant. The captain presided at table with freezing civility; the conversation, if such it could be called, was usually restricted to monosyllables; and we were all very heartily glad that we had eaten our last dinner in the *Neptune*. When we doubled Point Morant, all the passengers except myself were in bed, and a quarter

of an hour afterwards Captain Starkey went below, and was soon busy, 'I understood, with papers in his cabin. For my part I was too excited for sleep, and I continued to pace the deck fore and aft with Hawkins, the first-mate, whose watch it was, eagerly observant of the lights on the well-known shore, that I had left so many months before with but faint hopes of ever seeing it again. As I thus gazed landward, a bright gleam, as of crimson moonlight, shot across the dark sea, and turning quickly round, I saw that it was caused by a tall jet of flame shooting up from the main hatchway, which two seamen, for some purpose or other, had at the moment partially opened. In my still weak state, the terror of the sight—for the recollection of the barrels of powder on board flashed instantly across my mind—for several moments completely stunned me, and but that I caught instinctively at the rattlings, I should have fallen prostrate on the deck. A wild outcry of 'Fire! fire!'—the most fearful cry that can be heard at sea—mingled with and heightened the dizzy ringing in my brain, and I was barely sufficiently conscious to discern, amidst the runnings to and fro, and the incoherent exclamations of the crew, the sinewy, athletic figure of the captain leap up, as it were, from the companion-ladder to the deck, and with his trumpet-voice command immediate silence, instantly followed by the order again to batten down the blazing hatchway. This, with his own assistance, was promptly effected, and then he disappeared down the fore-castle. The two or three minutes he was gone—it could scarcely have been more than that—seemed interminable; and so completely did it appear to be recognised that our fate must depend upon his judgment and vigour, that not a word was spoken, nor a finger, I think, moved, till he reappeared, already scorched and blackened with the fire, and dragging up what seemed a dead body in his arms. He threw his burden on the deck, and passing swiftly to where Hawkins stood, said in a low, hurried whisper, but audible to me: 'Run down and rouse the passengers, and bring my pistols from the cabin-locker. Quick! Eternity hangs on the loss of a moment.' Then turning to the startled but attentive seamen, he said in a rapid but firm voice: 'You well know, men, that I would not on any occasion or for any motive deceive you. Listen, then, attentively. Yon drunken brute—he is Lieutenant Arguellas' servant—has fired with his candle the spirits he was stealing, and the hold is a mass of fire which it is useless to waste one precious moment in attempting to extinguish.'

A cry of rage and terror burst from the crew, and they sprang impulsively towards the boats, but the captain's authoritative voice at once arrested their steps. 'Hear me out, will you? Hurry and confusion will destroy us all, but with courage and steadiness every soul on board may be saved before the flames can reach the powder. And remember,' he added, as he took his pistols from Hawkins and cocked one of them, 'that I will send a bullet after any man who disobeys me, and I seldom miss my aim. Now, then, to your work—steadily, and with a will!'

It was marvellous to observe the influence his bold, confident, and commanding bearing and words had upon the men. The panic-terror that had seized them gave place to energetic resolution, and in an incredibly short space of time the boats were in the water. 'Well done, my fine fellows! There is plenty of time, I again repeat. Four of you—and he named them—remain with me. Three others jump into each of the large boats, two into the small one, and bring them round on the landward side of the ship. A rush would swamp the boats, and we shall be able to keep only one gangway clear.'

The passengers were by this time rushing upon deck half-dressed, and in a state of the wildest terror, for they

all knew there was a large quantity of gunpowder on board. The instant the boats touched the starboard side of the bark, the men, white as well as coloured, forced their way with frenzied eagerness before the women and children—careless, apparently, whom they sacrificed so that they might themselves leap to the shelter of the boats from the fiery volcano raging beneath their feet. Captain Starkey, aided by the four athletic seamen he had selected for the duty, hurled them fiercely back. 'Back, back!' he shouted. 'We must have funeral order here—first the women and children, next the old men. Hand Senora Arguellas along; next the young lady her daughter: quick!'

As Donna Antonia, more dead than alive, was about to be lifted into the boat, a gush of flame burst up through the main hatchway with the roar of an explosion; a tumultuous cry burst from the frenzied passengers, and they jostled each other with frightful violence in their efforts to reach the gangway. Dupont forced his way through the lane of seamen with the energy of a madman, and pressed so suddenly upon Antonia that, but for the utmost exertion of the captain's herculean strength, she must have been precipitated into the water.

'Back, unmanly dastard! back, dog!' roared Captain Starkey, terribly excited by the lady's danger; and a moment after, seizing Dupont fiercely by the collar, he added: 'or if you will, look there but for a moment,' and he pointed with his pistol-hand to the fins of several sharks plainly visible in the glaring light at but a few yards' distance from the ship. 'Men,' he added, 'let whoever presses forward out of his turn fall into the water.'

'Ay, ay, sir!' was the prompt mechanical response.

This terrible menace instantly restored order; the coloured women and children were next embarked, and the boat appeared full.

'Pull off,' was the order: 'you are deep enough for safety.'

A cry, faint as the wail of a child, arose in the boat. It was heard and understood.

'Stay one moment; pass along Senor Arguellas. Now, then, off with you, and be smart!'

The next boat was quickly loaded; the coloured lads and men, all but one, and the three Americans, went in her.

'You are a noble fellow,' said Mr Desmond, pausing an instant, and catching at the captain's hand; 'and I was but a fool to'—

'Pass on,' was the reply: 'there is no time to bandy compliments.'

The order to shove off had passed the captain's lips when his glance chanced to light upon me, as I leaned, dumb with terror, just behind him against the vessel's bulwarks.

'Hold on a moment!' he cried. 'Here is a youngster whose weight will not hurt you;' and he fairly lifted me over, and dropped me gently into the boat, whispering as he did so: 'Remember me, Ned, to thy father and mother should I not see them again.'

There was now only the small boat, capable of safely containing but eight persons, and how, it was whispered amongst us—how, in addition to the two seamen already in her, can she take off Lieutenant Arguellas, M. Dupont, the remaining coloured man, the four seamen, and Captain Starkey? They were, however, all speedily embarked except the captain.

'Can she bear another?' he asked, and although his voice was firm as ever, his countenance, I noticed, was ashy pale, yet full as ever of unswerving resolution.

'We must, and will, sir, since it's you; but we are dangerously overcrowded now, especially with yon ugly customers swimming round us.'

'Stay one moment; I cannot quit the ship whilst there's a living soul on board.' He stepped hastily forward, and presently reappeared at the gangway with

the still senseless body of the lieutenant's servant in his arms, and dropped it over the side into the boat. There was a cry of indignation, but it was of no avail. The boat's rope the next instant was cast into the water. 'Now pull for your lives!' The oars, from the instinct of self-preservation, instantly fell into the water, and the boat sprang off. Captain Starkey, now that all except himself were clear of the burning ship, gazed eagerly with eyes shaded with his hand in the direction of the shore. Presently he hailed the headmost boat. 'We must have been seen from the shore long ago, and pilot-boats ought to be coming out, though I don't see any. If you meet one, bid him be smart: there may be a chance yet.' All this scene, this long agony, which has taken me so many words to depict very imperfectly from my own recollection, and those of others, only lasted, I was afterwards assured by Mr Desmond, eight minutes from the embarkation of Senora Arguellas till the last boat left the ill-fated *Neptune*.

Never shall I forget the frightful sublimity of the spectacle presented by that flaming ship, the sole object, save ourselves, discernible amidst the vast and heaving darkness, if I may use the term, of the night and ocean, coupled as it was with the dreadful thought that the heroic man to whose firmness and presence of mind we all owed our safety was inevitably doomed to perish. We had not rowed more than a couple of hundred yards when the flames, leaping up everywhere through the deck, reached the rigging and the few sails set, presenting a complete outline of the bark and her tracery of masts and yards drawn in lines of fire! Captain Starkey, not to throw away the chance he spoke of, had gone out to the end of the bowsprit, having first let the jib and foresail go by the run, and was for a brief space safe from the flames; but what was this but a prolongation of the bitterness of death?

The boats continued to increase the distance between them and the blazing ship, amidst a dead silence broken only by the measured dip of the oars; and many an eye was turned with intense anxiety shoreward with the hope of descriing the expected pilot. At length a distinct hail—and I felt my heart stop beating at the sound—was heard ahead, lustily responded to by the seamen's throats, and presently afterwards a swiftly-propelled pilot-boat shot out of the thick darkness ahead, almost immediately followed by another.

'What ship is that?' cried a man standing in the bows of the first boat.

'The *Neptune*, and that is Captain Starkey on the bowsprit!'

I sprang eagerly to my feet, and with all the force I could exert, shouted: 'A hundred pounds for the first boat that reaches the ship!'

'That's young Mr. Mainwaring's face and voice!' exclaimed the foremost pilot. 'Hurra, then, for the prize!' and away both sped with eager vigour, but unaware certainly of the peril of the task. In a minute or so another shore-boat came up, but after asking a few questions, and seeing how matters stood, remained, and lightened us of a portion of our living cargoes. We were all three too deep in the water, the small boat perilously so.

Great God! the terrible suspense we all felt whilst this was going forward. I can scarcely bear, even now, to think about it. I shut my eyes, and listened with breathless, palpitating excitement for the explosion that should end all. It came!—at least I thought it did, and I sprang convulsively to my feet. So sensitive was my brain, partly no doubt from recent sickness as well as fright, that I had mistaken the sudden shout of the boats' crews for the dreaded catastrophe. The bowsprit, from the end of which a rope was dangling, was empty! and both pilots, made aware doubtless of the danger, were pulling with the eagerness of fear from the ship. The cheering among us was

renewed again and again, during which I continued to gaze with arrested breath and fascinated stare at the flaming vessel and fleeing pilot-boats. Suddenly a pyramid of flame shot up from the hold of the ship, followed by a deafening roar. I fell, or was knocked down, I knew not which; the boat rocked as if caught in a fierce eddy; next came the hiss and splash of numerous heavy bodies falling from a great height into the water; and then the blinding glare and stunning uproar were succeeded by a soundless silence and a thick darkness, in which no man could discern his neighbour. The stillness was broken by a loud, cheerful hail from one of the pilot-boats: we recognised the voice, and the simultaneous and ringing shout which burst from us assured the gallant seaman of our own safety, and how exultingly we all rejoiced in his. Half an hour afterwards we were safely landed; and as the ship and cargo had been specially insured, the only ultimate evil result of this fearful passage in the lives of the passengers and crew of the *Neptune* was a heavy loss to the underwriters.

A piece of plate, at the suggestion of Mr Desmond and his friends, was subscribed for and presented to Captain Starkey at a public dinner given at Kingston in his honour—a circumstance that many there will remember. In his speech on returning thanks for the compliment paid him, he explained his motive for resolutely declining to fight a duel with M. Dupont, half-a-dozen versions of which had got into the newspapers. 'I was very early left an orphan,' he said, 'and was very tenderly reared by a maternal aunt, Mrs —.' (He mentioned a name with which hundreds of newspaper readers in England must be still familiar.) 'Her husband—as many here may be aware—fell in a duel in the second month of wedlock. My aunt continued to live dejectedly on till I had passed my nineteenth year; and so vivid an impression did the patient sorrow of her life make on me—so thoroughly did I learn to loathe and detest the barbarous practice that consigned her to a premature grave, that it scarcely required the solemn promise she obtained from me, as the last sigh trembled on her lips, to make me resolve never, under any circumstances, to fight a duel. As to my behaviour during the unfortunate conflagration of the *Neptune*, which my friend Mr Desmond has spoken of so flatteringly, I can only say that I did no more than my simple duty in the matter. Both he and I belong to a maritime race, one of whose most peremptory maxims it is that the captain must be the last man to quit or give up his ship. Besides, I must have been the veriest dastard alive to have quailed in the presence of—that is, in the presence of—circumstances which—in point of fact—that is'—Here Captain Starkey blushed and boggled sadly: he was evidently no orator; but whether it was the sly significance of Senor Arguellas' countenance, which just then happened to be turned towards him, or the glance he threw at the gallery where Senora Arguellas' grave placidity and Donna Antonia's bright eyes and blushing cheeks encountered him, that so completely put him out, I cannot say; but he continued to stammer painfully, although the company cheered and laughed with great vehemence and uncommon good-humour, in order to give him time. He could not recover himself; and after floundering about through a few more unintelligible sentences sat down, evidently very hot and uncomfortable, though amidst a little hurricane of hearty cheers and hilarious laughter.

I have but a few more words to say. Captain Starkey has been long settled at the Havannah; and Donna Antonia has been just as long Mrs Starkey. Three little Starkeys have to my knowledge already come to town, and the captain is altogether a rich and prosperous man; but though apparently permanently domiciled in a foreign country, he is, I am quite satisfied,

as true an Englishman, and as loyal a subject of Queen Victoria, as when he threw the glass of wine in the Cuban creole's face. I don't know what has become of Dupont; and, to tell the truth, I don't much care. Lieutenant Arguillas has attained the rank of major: at least I suppose he must be the Major Arguillas officially reported to be slightly wounded in the late Lopez bucaneeering affair. And I also am pretty well now, thank you!

THE MAGNETOSCOPE.

A GENTLEMAN, Mr Rutter of Black Rock, Brighton, has recently invented a magnetoscope of such extreme delicacy, that it is capable of indicating plainly to the sight the existence of magnetic currents which would appear to be constantly traversing the human frame, and the various modifications of them which are produced by circumstances apparently of a totally insignificant character—such even as contact with the dead objects and living people around us.

The invention of the instrument is undoubtedly Mr Rutter's, so far as it is an invention at all. However, many of the phenomena produced by the apparatus, and the principle of the arrangement, were introduced to the notice of the English public several months ago by Dr Mayo. No doubt many who read his work thought too contemptuously of the apparently fabulous phenomena there said to be producible, to take the trouble of putting the matter to the test of experiment, even though nothing was required, if I remember right, than to string a gold ring on a silken thread, let it hang loosely and freely from the human hand, and watch the results. In this form, however, it was a mere toy. Mr Rutter has made of it a philosophical instrument.

The following account is drawn up from notes taken at a lecture on the instrument given in London by Dr Madden of Brighton.*

1. From a stand fixed firmly to the table there rises perpendicularly a rod of wood, say eighteen or twenty inches high, having a brass knob on the top. From the knob projects at right angles with the upright a brass arm, say nine inches long, tapering to a fine end.
2. A fine silken filament is attached to one end of a small spindle-shaped piece of sealing-wax like a fisherman's float—but the shape is not material. This is hung from the extremity of the brass arm; and the line being merely a raw thread taken from the cocoon, there is no twist or tendency to turn in it, but the plumbob hangs free to vibrate or circulate, or adopt any motion in obedience to the infinitesimal influences which are to act upon it.

Immediately underneath the centre of the bob is a small circular wooden plate, say four inches in diameter, so made as to be fixed in a horizontal position, higher or lower—that is, nearer to or farther from the lower point of the bob. On this is placed a glass dish, rather less than the tablet it rests on, and about as deep as the bob is long. The tablet is then moved upwards until the lower end of the bob almost touches the centre of the glass dish. The bob, thus hanging down into the dish, is protected from the accidental movements of the surrounding air. If thought desirable, however, the whole line and bob can be surrounded with a glass shade, such as are placed over artificial flowers or small

statuary, having a hole in the top for the string to pass through.

The apparatus being thus prepared, and the sealing-wax bob hanging dead from the brass arm, and all parts at rest, the operator placed the finger and thumb of his right hand upon the brass knob, and almost without any perceptible interval the bob was evidently moved; in a few seconds it was decidedly making an effort to swing round, and in less than a minute was steadily careering in a circle parallel to the sides of the glass dish, the lower end of the bob tracing a circle of perhaps two inches in diameter, or the size of a crown-piece, from left to right, as the hands of a watch move. The lecturer said he would call this the *normal* motion, being that which was invariably produced, at least after some practice; but it was a curious fact, and as yet unaccountable, that many of the movements were different with different individuals—that they were often even different with a given individual on first experimenting and after considerable practice; but that there came a time when an operator could depend on the movement peculiar to himself occurring without exception. This left-to-right movement invariably occurred however often the experiment was made, the bob invariably beginning to swing with the sun a few seconds after the application of the finger and thumb to the knob. He stated, too, that many experiments which at first were difficult, or gave dubious results, became sure and unvarying as the operator increased in delicacy by practice.

The mode of stopping the movement is by taking a piece of bone in the left hand, when the motion gradually slackens and ceases. With Mr Rutter the bob will stop almost immediately, but with Dr Madden the time occupied is tediously long, and therefore more forcible means were on the present occasion employed when it was wished to commence a new experiment. The lecturer, however, shewed an equally satisfactory experiment. Placing the finger and thumb of the right hand to the knob, and holding a piece of bone in the left, no movement whatever could be produced: on dropping the bone from his palm, the bob was instantly *stirred*, and in a few seconds once more traced out the normal circle.

When only the *finger* was applied to the knob, the bob set up, not a circular but a to-and-fro movement, like a clock pendulum. On stopping it and applying the thumb only, a similar pendulation was produced, but in a direction directly across and perpendicular to the former. The direction of the swing for finger and thumb respectively was always the same, however often the experiment might be tried—that is, calling the direction for the finger N. and S., that for the thumb was E. and W.; and if while the finger was producing the N. and S. swing the thumb was substituted, the bob was instantly affected—staggered, so to speak—and shuffled itself into the E. and W. direction.*

While the lecturer held the knob by his finger and thumb, a person standing by touched the operator's left hand with his own right, when, instead of a circular motion, an oscillatory one was produced, but in a direction different from the other two. On this a chain was formed by the gentlemen present joining hands, and as the chain increased the arc of oscillation increased until the bob swung as far as the sides of the dish; the contribution of a few more hands, and it must have struck the glass. If the bystander touched

* The reader will understand that though we admit this paper, we do not profess to be likely to be read by many with interest, we do not profess to

effect was produced as if the experimenter touched the instrument with his finger only, and so with the thumb.

Now came an extraordinary and mysterious part of the subject. The lecturer stated that if, while the operator's finger and thumb were producing the left-to-right movement, a woman were to touch his left hand, the bob would immediately refuse to proceed in the normal direction, and be carried round in the opposite direction—right to left. No ladies were present, but the lecturer stated that anything which had been worn or carried about by a female for a length of time, or even a letter written by one, would do as well. Incredible as this may seem, it was put to the proof and succeeded. The instrument being at rest, the operator placed his right hand on the knob, and a letter written by a lady was laid in the palm of his left, when the bob immediately commenced a circular movement from right to left. This was tried with several documents, one of which was of the date of September 27th, twenty-four days previous. One of these experiments was startling, and touches on a disputed and much-vexed question; but we may venture to state what really occurred. One letter placed on the hand produced an apparent indecision on the part of the bob to such an extent that the lecturer 'gave it up.' he could not tell what sex the writer was. It proved to be a woman; but the writing had been penned while in the mesmeric sleep, on which the lecturer remarked, that Mr Rutter had already ascertained the fact of the disturbing influence exerted by a somnambulist.

The remainder of the experiments were performed with a particular object, as it was imagined that the phenomena now first exhibited had an important bearing upon the homeopathic law and practice of healing. But the interest of the experiments is not confined to those who have this in view; and the most anti-homeopath, at all events, must be indebted to the heterodox practice for the means of performing some of the most curious of all the experiments—means unattainable elsewhere, and which were provided for a purpose altogether different from the present, and therefore all the more beyond suspicion. We allude to the homeopathic globules, attainable in any quantity from the chemists. These are simply little pills of white sugar, over which has been poured a tincture of that medicine with which it is desired to saturate them. This tincture may be of any potency or dilution, and the globules are named accordingly. Thus a drop of the strong, original, or mother tincture, say of belladonna, is diluted and thoroughly mixed with ninety-nine drops of fluid. One drop of the mixture is taken out, and of course contains a 100th part of a drop of belladonna. This is diluted and thoroughly mixed with ninety-nine drops more of fluid. One drop of this mixture is taken out, and of course contains a 100th part of a 100th part of a drop of belladonna—that is, the 10,000th part of a drop. This is diluted and thoroughly mixed with ninety-nine drops more of fluid. One drop of this mixture is taken out, and of course contains the 100th part of the 10,000th part of a drop of belladonna—that is, the 1,000,000th part. Suppose this process proceeded with to the twelfth, or still more, to the thirtieth time, and it may be understood how many were impressed with the idea that a drop of such a preparation could not possibly contain any appreciable quantity of belladonna, certainly none that could act, for good or ill, on the animal economy. But these preparations are gross and material compared with the dilutions or potencies often resorted to, where thirty is left behind, and the chemist manipulates up to hundreds, and even thousands. No wonder that men pooh-poohed, and declared that in a drop of such a fluid, and still more certainly in a globule of sugar moistened with a very small portion of such drop, there could be no belladonna at all.

With globules of this character the lecturer proceeded to experiment.

First placing his right hand on the knob, a few globules of pure sugar were placed on his left palm; but no effect whatever was produced by the sugar, the direct circular movement taking place as usual. For the sugar was then substituted one globule of sulphur, 30th dilution, and the motion was at once reversed. In consequence of a question from a gentleman present, as the lecturer was about to proceed with a new substance, he made the following curious statement: that he had been trying the magnetoscope with gold, and it struck him as strange that the gold ring on his left hand appeared inert, while that which he held acted. But on putting by the ring for a short time, it was found to influence the instrument like any other specimen. He had found, too, a similar difference with newly-adopted garments and such as had been long worn—as though articles in time became saturated with an individual's electricity, and became a part of himself.

A globule of the 20,000th, and another of the 65,000th sulph. produced no effect; but one of the 7000th acted immediately.

A trituration was then tried. One grain of arsenic had been rubbed down with ninety-nine grains of sugar-of-milk. A small portion of this was placed on the left palm, and caused the plumbob to stop; but on a bone counter being also placed on the palm, the normal movement from left to right ensued, as if nothing had been there. It will be remembered that the effect of the bone is to stop the circulation of the plumbob, and that of the arsenic is also to stop it. The arsenic alone succeeds in doing so; yet when the effort of the bone, in the same direction, is added to it, they nullify instead of assisting each other, and the influence of the right hand is exerted as if the left held nothing at all. This certainly is curious, whatever we may think of its bearing on the homeopathic dogma: '*Similia similibus curantur*'—of which more anon.

A globule of arsenic of the 40,000th dilution was tried, and stopped the motion.

On placing a globule of Bryonia (20th) in the left palm, a pendulum-motion was produced in a line running N.W. Calcarea-carbonica produced a N. and S. pendulum; iodide of potassium a N.E.; muriate of ammonia, an oscillation in a long, narrow ellipse lying N. and S.; sulph. and mercury both gave a reverse circular motion.

Be it remembered, 1st, That, however the direction and character of these movements altered, yet they were invariably the same for the same substance—inasmuch that the operator, having one of the globules, taken at random from any box, placed by a bystander on his left palm, could, from the figure described by the bob and its direction, pronounce what medicinal substance the sugar contained; 2d, That the vibrations here spoken of were not mere incipient agitations of the bob, to which a wish to believe gave a positive character, but *bonâ-fide* swingings to and fro, so that the arc described by the lower end of the bob was perhaps more than two inches long.

It will be seen that this new branch of magnetology, though here shewn in more or less connection with homeopathy, and with what has hitherto been known as animal magnetism, has no necessary dependence on these proscribed subjects; neither are there the difficulties of proof and the apparent openness to fraud, and the consequent disinclination of many to experiment, which attend the latter. The opponents of these systems are apt to regard everything which succeeds as a collusion or an accident, and every failure as a damatory proof; and the repugnance even to experiment is extreme. Here the student may acquaint himself with phenomena as curious, and at first thought as incredible, as any that have aroused the indignant incredulity of the wise, jealous for the

honour of the human intellect and the dignity of the established authorities—phenomena produced by the unassisted experimenter, consisting in gross, material movements, leaving no room for delusion or illusion.

THE CLERICAL ODDITIES OF SHAKSPEARE.

DULL and prosy as he is, I have known other curates duller and prosier than SIR NATHANIEL* of Navarre. Only three days since I heard an Oxford clerk and 'afternoon lecturer' of the same pedantic class discourse to a drowsy congregation in terms most prolix, plethoric, polysyllabic, about abstract dogmas, and what I fear Mr Carlyle would impatiently call 'supervent moonshine'—the entire homily being A 1 of the kind, and disposing me (such was the only 'practical inference' I culled from it) to be more leniently disposed towards the aforesaid Navarrese curate, whom, sooth to say, I had been wont to set down in my private opinion as an unmitigated bore. Those who could toil through his classic-barbarous communings with Holofernes the schoolmaster, were welcome to their labour of love: to me it was love's labour lost. Yet, on reading again the sayings and doings of the reverend pedant, I liked him better, esteemed him more respectfully, and began to think he might fill a pulpit as meritoriously as some living divines I know, who count it an honour to be wholly unread in Shakspeare, and of course absolutely ignorant of the mere existence, ideal or actual, possible or preterite, of such a clerical brother as poor Sir Nathaniel.

This 'good master parson,' as Jaquenetta calls him, is, with all his scholasticism, a sociable, kindly-disposed, open-hearted creature. He relishes sport—such as deer-hunting—when conducted decently and in order, and approvingly criticises it as 'very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.' When Dominie Holofernes is 'to dine to-day' at the house of one of his scholars, and, in the pride of his heart, makes bold, 'on the privilege he has with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil' (the sort of privilege Abel Sampson might have exercised at Ellangowan), to invite Sir Nathaniel too—undertaking his *ben venuto*, 'if, before repast, it shall please him to gratify the table with a grace'—how benignantly Sir Nat accepts the summons to a 'spread,' and how pregnantly he moralises on the benefits of convivial relaxation! Saith Holofernes: 'I beseech your society.' Maketh answer Sir Nat: 'And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.' A very wholesome text, your reverence; even though you might not give chapter and verse for it. No bilious recluse is this pastoral worthy; no pale, pinched-up Lenten starveling; no cadaverous ascetic, whose phiz at a dinner-party would be equivalent to a death's head. He loves, does Sir Nathaniel, to move among his parishioners—to hold kindly intercourse with them, and repay with the weighty bullion of learned speech the good fare they press upon him. He has bowels, look you, and is not simply an anatomy of a man. He is warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as his fellow-Christians—fed with the same food—subject to the same diseases. If you tickle him he will laugh, though with somewhat ponderous and deliberate cackinnation, as becomes his years and office. His self-complacency as a scholar is harmlessly amusing. He loves to be called a bookman by Goodman Dull, and yearns with compassion over that worthy's 'twice-and simplicity'—apologising for his rustic ignorance with the most condescending good-will. 'Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not ate paper, as we were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect

is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

'And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be (Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.'

The curate's humility and magnanimity are beautiful; most exemplary his appreciation of his own superiority, and his readiness to suggest excuses for inferior genius. He is not effusive of the transcendent abilities of his companion and parish schoolmaster Holofernes—a still greater dominie than that renowned veteran of 'Sweet Auburn,' whose academic qualifications Goldsmith sums up by telling us that

— 'In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gaping rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.'

Sir Nathaniel unreservedly eulogises the conversational powers of the dominie, as displayed at the dinner they duly honoured with their presence:—'I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.' He has a keen zest for the dominie's choice of words, and takes out his table-book with the air of Mr Pickwick himself, to note down whatever strikes him as 'a most singular and choice epithet'; in fact, he is a little awed by the multifarious knowledge and philologic acumen of his learned friend, who is certainly the profounder scholar of the twain. They have both, as that witty juvenal, Moth, observes, 'been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps; or as Costard phrases it, 'they have lived long in the alms-basket of words.' Sir Nathaniel cannot bend the bow of Holofernes: his learning is of a baser stamp; his adjectives are of fewer syllables; his critical skill is comparatively crude and unexercised. He is but 'a foolish mild man,' as one of his parishioners describes him—'an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth, and a very good bowler.' But away from the bowling-green, and the parishioner's pudding-time, and the schoolmaster's society, this honest man is 'soon dashed.'

Of this he exhibits a melancholy instance when undertaking to enact the part of Alexander the Great in the pageant of the 'Nine Worthies.' The hedge-priest, as Biron flippantly calls him, is to come forth, armed in complete steel, as the personator of the old-world conqueror. Surely they might have given his reverence another rôle. Signal is his failure in attempting the stalwart Macedonian. He launches out boldly, and with considerable histrionic promise:

'When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering
might;

My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander'—

but here, alas! the rudeness of criticism diemays the magnifico, and makes him forget his part. They have put it out of his head; they have unravelled the thread of his discourse. He must begin again at the beginning, if he is to do it at all. He *does* begin again, with

'When in the world I lived'—

but there's no bearing up against a quizzical audience, with its interruptions, and its asides, and its personalities. So good Sir Nathaniel is fain to retreat from such a presence—scared from his senses and from the stage by naughty Costard's noisy strictures: 'A

conqueror, and afraid to speak!—run away for shame, Alisander; which Alisander incontinently does. Costard the while covering his retreat with the indulgent apology: 'He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth, and a very good bowler; but for Alisander, alas! you see how 'tis—a little o'erparted.' We hope the villagers did not giggle next Sunday when the curate, who had thus been 'a little o'erparted' during the week, stepped demurely from the vestry, in garb and mien so incompatible with those of Philip's warlike son; and we hope that, for the future, when Sir Nathaniel wanted secular recreation, he stuck to nine-pins, and abjured the 'Nine Worthies.'

We could have relished further acquaintance than is vouchsafed us with the vicar of the Forest of Arden, SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT.* The pastor of such a dreamland district—the shepherd of such sheep as Corin and Silvius, of that deliciously simple hind, William, who suffers Touchstone to bully him with such forgiving good-nature, and of those sylvan nymphs, Phebe and Audrey—must have been a man worth knowing, and worth talking to, 'patulas recubans sub tegmine fagi.' He may, like Berkeley, have had every virtue under heaven for all we know; but we only regard him as a butt for Touchstone's wit—for the archery whereof he steps forward, presents an unflinching broadside, and, having received the shaft, forthwith retires; and we lose sight of him for once and aye amid the umbrageous glades of his romantic parish. He is a good rubrician, however, and stickles for canonical order in the projected espousals of Touchstone and Audrey; and that in a staunch spirit of orthodoxy, which inclines us to resent the disrespect of Jacques, who dissuades the jester from being 'married under a bush, like a beggar'—Jacques ought to have known better than to slur the 'melancholy boughs' and ordained clergy of the Forest of Arden—and bids him 'get to church, and have a good priest that can tell what marriage is;' insolently adding, 'this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunken pancake, and, like green timber, warp, warp.' Quite exemplary, and almost touching, is the meek firmness of the good vicar under this provocation. 'Tis no matter,' quoth he; 'ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.' Jacques treats his reverence as though he were the drunken, red-nosed, disreputable Fleet parson himself. But Audrey, kind soul! has a conviction—Audrey is a bit of a low-churchwoman, we fancy—that, 'faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.' But Touchstone silences her protest by his newly-acquired scruples in matters ecclesiastical, having become quite severe in his views of spiritual functions; and assures his buxom bride that the said vicar is 'a most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text.' Perhaps 'twas as well, after all, that Sir Oliver was not again dragged forth from his bosky manse to encounter Touchstone's railery, for which, we fear, his limited experience and recluse habits had indifferently prepared him. In personal *physique* he may have been ample and substantial as Thomson's 'round, fat, oily man of God;' but we only know that, athwart the corpses of leafy Arden, he comes like a shadow, and so departs.

Turn we now to a third member of the Shakspearian clerical guild—to that notable, laughable, lovable piece of good-humour and bad grammar, SIR HUGH EVANS.† Not long since I was doomed to hear him and Shakspeare (as responsible for him) abused by—*credite posteri*—a Welsh parson! by a gentleman profound in statistics of the Court of Arches, and quite *au fait* upon the legality of synodical action, but indignant with every latitudinarian, lay or cleric, who could read, much more quote, the Bard of Avon. A divine

he, was whose discourse, in itself and its results, reminded me of our present poet-laureate's Parson Holmes 'at Francis Allen's on the Christmas eve:—

* Half-awake I heard
The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
Now harping on the church commissioners,
Now hawking at geology and schism.*

Shockingly did I scandalise my friend—a peppery Welshman withal—by suggesting that Sir Hugh Evans might deserve a place in the calendar as much as some of the worthies therein canonised. Sir Hugh, notwithstanding his 'little affair' with that choleric foreigner, Dr Caius, is radically a peacemaker, and as such has some recognition among the beatitudes. He is unequivocally a good creature—overflowing with the milk, the very cream, of human kindness; one who loves sincerity and truthfulness; with a nature as fresh, fragrant, mellow as a Windsor pear. Act the first, scene the first, sentence the first of the 'Merry Wives' introduces him in the earnest attitude of a benevolent make-peace, a kindly mediator, a persuader of one who will not be persuaded—namely, fussy Justice Shallow. He loves to see his parishioners dwelling in unity. He has fine stores of remonstrance for litigious folks—and Shallow is as litigiously disposed as Peter Peebles himself; or as that *beau idéal* of the species, old Chicaneau, in Racine's 'Plaideurs'—he bids them leave their 'pribbles and prabbles,' and discuss some practical question of parochial interest, some pleasant amalgam of utilitarianism and romance, such as a marriage-settlement between Master Abraham and sweet Anne Page—a damsel whose 'seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts:' in truth Sir Hugh is never at a loss for 'some device in his brain, which brings good discretions with it.' He loves the truth, does Parson Evans. 'Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or—mark the *naïveté* of his emphasis, itself proof positive of his simple veracity—'or, as I despise one that is not true.' What a grand climacteric is involved in the paraphrase! In the same spirit, he has no stomach for 'unveracities' in phraseology, and repudiates the bombastics of ancient Pistol; while he is charitable towards the slips of Master Abraham, because *his* meaning is good. Sir Hugh's good appetite and sound principle are simultaneously illustrated in his haste to join the steaming dinner-table of hospitable Gaffer Page, as soon as the hot venison pasty is announced: not for a good deal will he 'be absent at the grace.' And how genial his eagerness to return to the social board, when called from it by the business of a message to Dame Quickly: 'I pray you begone,' so he urges the dilatory messenger—'I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come.' We almost overhear the smack of his lips, and see the water surging on them as he utters that aspiration after pippins and cheese *in prospectu*. Shocking it would have been had so much *bonhomie* been prematurely cut off by the devouring sword of Dr Caius, whose challenge fills Sir Hugh with such 'cholers and trembling of mind' that he exclaims in the field near Frogmore: 'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry; though he vows he will 'smite the noddies' of the host of the Garter for spoiling the duel—a 'little affair,' about which his opinions seem even more latitudinarian than those broached by the English Opium-Eater in modern days. His animal spirits are decidedly elastic—too much so, perhaps, for the gown he wears; for this instance of his belligerent faculty, coupled with his repute in the brewing of sack and playing at bowls, and his mercurial enjoyment of the midnight revels at Berne's Oak, which he pronounces 'admirable pleasures

* As You Like It.
† Merry Wives of Windsor.

* Introduction to *Morte d'Arthur* (Tennyson's Poems, p. 187, Seventh Edition.)

and fery honest knaveries,' might in some dioceses have implicated him with proctors and ecclesiastical courts. The gusto with which he heads the fairies against Falstaff testifies, however, to his hearty moral sense as well as to his taste for private theatricals; and the usefulness of his rôle in this scenic conspiracy is proved by Sir John's indignation at being 'ridden with a Welsh goat too,' and at living to be taunted 'by one that makes fritters of English.' 'I am dejected,' fairly confesses the wicked old cavalier; 'I am not able to answer the Welsh fannel: use me as you will.' *Le voilà vaincu.*

Whether Sir Hugh was the copy of some actual parish priest, or merely a creature of the cunning coinage of Shakspeare's brain, he is to us a rotund and substantial reality, with blood of the liveliest coursing merrily in his veins; one who deserves to say *vivi*, and who, having said it, may add *vivam*, for live he does and will among our library Lares. Pity, indeed, had he never been brought to light—had he been what Carlyle calls 'a foiled potentiality.' We could have better spared a better—parson.

THE FRAMEWORK-KNITTING MANUFACTURES OF THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.

THERE is much of instruction to be derived from a visit to any manufacturing locality. The stir of life grows busier, and men seem more thoughtful and earnest as we enter the principal town of a populous district. We look around with exultation at the progress of civilisation, and survey with complacency and satisfaction the numerous monuments that indicate the skill and attest the industry of man. Alas! that partial suffering should so frequently accompany the advancing steps of social life. Yet, doubtless, for wise purposes is it ordered that progress in communities, as in individual life and character, cannot be secured without effort or struggle. Social life is a gigantic panorama, the stern realities of which awaken within us thoughtfulness and solemnity. A population multiplying its resources and augmenting its wealth by the arts of industry is a picture pleasant to gaze upon; but the mighty wheel revolves, and another view presents to our sight a portion of the community passing through the ordeal of poverty, or battling against adverse circumstances.

In an age of manufacturing enterprise like ours, mechanical genius waves its triumphant sceptre over the realm of industry. It bridges over seas, connects continents, brings the denizens of far-off lands into intercourse with each other, and joins the very spheres; but its wonders cease not in celerity of transit or power of locomotion: they unfold themselves in the production of the commonest fabrics and the richest textiles, in the calico that swathes the limbs of the offspring of poverty, and the costly fabrics that decorate the persons of the wealthy. It touches the loom, and multiplies its powers of production—makes it, as it were, 'a thing of life,' the embodiment of the mechanician's creative mind—obedient to his slightest impulse, and laying the produce of its never-tiring limbs submissively at his feet. Among all the marvels which mechanical genius has wrought, none are more remarkable, or suggestive of more important results, than those with which we may familiarise ourselves in the localities of manufacturing industry.

We discern parallel phases of social life, through the instrumentality of machinery, constantly presenting themselves. The handloom-weaver of cotton and woollen fabrics is associated with an era that is passing away from the memory of the living; yet the framework-knitter now takes the place of the handloom-weaver, and a new invention of machinery brings about similar results.

The weaving of stockings in this country is almost

confined to the counties of Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester—though not entirely so, as some few stocking-loom are to be found in other districts. Until recently, the stocking-loom underwent few improvements since the inventive faculty of William Lee first gave it form. It is employed in producing a variety of textile fabrics—such as stockings, gloves, shirts, pantaloons, purses, and other articles, the materials of which these are composed varying with the difference in the fringe of the loom. The finer fringe-loom are used in the production of silk manufactures; those of the medium fringe, the cotton goods; and the coarser fringe-frames, the worsted articles. These various fabrics are plain and ornamental, the latter requiring more skilful workmen than the former. The centre of the silk and cotton branches of manufacture is Nottingham; the centre of the worsted manufacture is Leicester.

It is usually arranged for the framework-knitter to have the loom in his own dwelling-house. The weaver is consequently his own master, and may play or work as suits him—a position exactly analogous to that of the handloom-weaver. In fact, the framework-knitter is a handloom-weaver of stockings, the machine which he works being more costly than the looms of the class of operatives referred to. But there are frequent exceptions to this arrangement. The manufacturer very often places a number of looms under the care of one individual, who is what is termed the 'middle-man.' He obtains material from the manufacturer, and returns it when made up into goods, receiving the amount due for labour, and distributing it amongst the workmen.

The changes in machinery which are superseding the labour of the framework-knitter are of a twofold character. Some few years ago, a Frenchman named Claussen, who had emigrated to Massachusetts, United States, invented a circular knitting-machine, on the rotary principle, so simple in its construction, and so easily managed, that any young person of ordinary capacity may work it. The web manufactured on this machine, like the lengths of web produced on the framework-knitting looms of great width, is made up into what are technically termed 'cut-ups'—a phrase which indicates the value and character of the goods, as compared with other products of the stocking-loom—namely, that they are cut out of the piece of web, and then sewed to their proper shapes; as hose, gloves, or shirts. These circular machines, on their first introduction into England, made but slow progress in the estimation of the manufacturers. The reason of this indisposition to adopt the new machine is apparent enough: it is calculated to supersede the more expensive machinery in use, and entail, therefore, a heavy loss upon those manufacturers whose capital is invested in looms. If, for instance, a stocking-loom, worked by an adult knitter of average dexterity, produced as much web in the course of a week as would cut up into six dozen pairs of stockings; and the circular machine, turned by a boy or girl, would produce only a similar quantity of web, it is clear that inasmuch as the former machine is three times as costly as the latter, the holder of stocking-loom would be a great loser by adopting the new invention. Hence the indisposition, on the part of manufacturers of large capital, to the employment of Claussen's rotary machine. But the comparison, so far as regards the quantity of web produced on the machines, does not terminate here. This newly-invented machine may be worked by steam-power, without any extra outlay, which is not the case with the stocking-loom.

As in other branches of manufacture, so in the hosiery, firms have sprung up whose capital, not being invested in looms, has been applied to the purchase of circular machines, which have been placed in factories to be worked by steam-power. Those manufacturers who

are not holders of machinery, but purchasers of goods from men who worked, or paid others for working, their own frames, naturally resort to the cheapest market for their fabrics; and as the produce of the newly-invented machines may be increased at little cost, it is probable that the cut-up goods made from web produced on the circular machines will gradually supersede that class of articles which at present manufactured on the coarser gauge stocking-loom. A vast diminution of hands employed will be the consequence; and framework-knitters hitherto engaged in the manufacture of these cut-up goods must seek some other employment.

A second improvement, which has the same tendency to cheapen production and diminish labour, is effected by widening the loom of Lee, and producing as many as three pairs of stockings on the same frame. Although, as regards what is called the 'fashioning' or shaping of the stockings thus manufactured, there is as yet much that is imperfect and defective, we may, nevertheless, regard it as matter of certainty, that in a very limited period mechanical ingenuity will triumph over these difficulties, and carry into complete effect this important improvement.

There are reflections springing out of a contemplation of these changes in an extensive branch of manufactures which it would not be wise to suppress. The philanthropic mind reverts to the condition of the framework-knitter. In this competition of improved machinery, what is the fate that awaits him? There are about 30,000 framework-knitters in the Midland Counties, four-fifths of which number are engaged in the cotton branches, and the other fifth in the production of silk-manufactures. Now the great changes which these improvements in machinery involve in the social condition of so large a body of workmen suggest the attitude which society ought to assume towards them. As they pass through the ordeal which assuredly awaits them, we should regard them with a benignant eye and a feeling heart. We may greatly ameliorate their condition by prompt advice and assistance. There are ways and means of accomplishing this without in any degree reducing them to a state of pauperism, or infringing upon that principle of self-respect which it should ever be our object to develop and cultivate amongst the working-classes. The suggestion of remedial measures I leave to wiser heads than mine. Should they fail, however, in making due provision for the emergency, the time will most likely arrive shortly when it will be necessary to come forward with some practical plan for the relief and support of an intelligent body of working-men.

CHEWING THE BUYO.

A SKETCH OF THE PHILIPPINES.

WITH a population of 3,000,000—part of which has been for centuries the colony of a European power—and producing many of the tropical products of commerce, the Philippine Isles remain almost as much a *terra incognita* as China or Japan!

These islands offer a striking illustration of the adage, that 'knowledge is power.' They illustrate the power of civilised man to subdue his savage fellow. For ages have a few thousand Spanish merchants been enabled to hold one-third of the native inhabitants in direct and absolute slavery; while more than another third has acknowledged their sway by the payment of tribute. The remaining fraction consists of wild tribes, who, too remote from the seat of commerce and power to make them an object of conquest, still retain their barbarian independence.

But it has ever been the policy of Spain to shut up her colonies from the intrusion of foreign enterprise—the policy of all nations who retrograde, or are hastening towards decay. This is the true reason why so

little has been written about the Philippines and their inhabitants, many of whose customs are both strange and interesting. Perhaps not the least singular of these is that which forms the subject of our sketch—*Comer el Buyo* (Chewing the Buyo.)

The buyo is a thing composed of three ingredients—the leaf of the buyo-palm, a sea-shell which is a species of periwinkle, and a root similar in properties to the *betel* of India. It is prepared thus: the leaves of the palm, from which it has its name, are collected at a certain season, cut into parallelograms, and spread upon a board or table with the inner cuticle removed. Upon this the powdered root and the shell, also pulverised, are spread in a somewhat thick layer. The shell of itself is a strong alkali, and forms a chief ingredient in the mixture. After having been exposed for some time to the sun, the buyo-leaf is rolled inwardly, so as to enclose the other substances, and is thus formed into a regular cartridge, somewhat resembling a cheroot. Thus prepared, the buyo is ready for use—that is, to be eaten.

In order that it may be carried conveniently in the pocket, it is packed in small cases formed out of the leaves of another species of the palm-tree. Each of these cases contains a dozen cartridges of the buyo.

Buyo-eating is a habit which must be cultivated before it becomes agreeable. To the stranger, the taste of the buyo is about as pleasant as tobacco to him who chews it for the first time; and although it is not followed by the terrible sickness that accompanies the latter operation, it is sure to excoriate the tongue of the rash tyro, and leave his mouth and throat almost skinless. Having once undergone this fearful matriculation, he feels ever afterwards a craving to return to the indulgence, and the appetite is soon confirmed.

In Manila every one smokes, every one chews buyo—man, woman, and child, Indian or Spaniard. Strangers who arrive there, though repudiating the habit for awhile, soon take to it, and become the most confirmed buyo-eaters in the place. Two acquaintances meet upon the *paseo*, and stop to exchange their salutations. One pulls out his *cigarrero*, and says: 'Quiere a fumar?' ('Will you smoke?') The other draws forth the ever-ready buyo-case, and with equal politeness offers a roll of the buyos. The commodities are exchanged, each helping himself to a cartridge and a cigarrito. A flint and steel are speedily produced, the cigars are lit, and each takes a bite of buyo, while the conversation is all the while proceeding. Thus three distinct operations are performed by the same individual at the same time—eating, smoking, and talking! The juice arising from the buyo in eating is of a strong red colour, resembling blood. This circumstance reminds us of an anecdote which is, I believe, well authenticated, but at least is universally believed by the people of Manila. Some years ago a ship from Spain arrived in the port of Manila. Among the passengers was a young doctor from Madrid, who had gone out to the Philippines with the design of settling in the colony, and pushing his fortune by means of his profession. On the morning after he had landed, our doctor sallied forth for a walk on the *paseo*. He had not proceeded far when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then the girl stooped her head towards the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood! Alarmed on the girl's account, our doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at intervals as she went. * Before he could come up with her, the girl had reached her home—a humble cottage in the suburbs—into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels; and summoning her father and mother, directed them to send immediately for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live.

The distracted parents, having learned the profession of their visitor, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest *padre* was brought, and everything was arranged to smooth the journey of her soul through the passes of purgatory. The doctor plied his skill to the utmost; but in vain. In less than twenty-four hours the girl was dead.

As up to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manila, and in a few hours the newly-arrived physician was beleaguered with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. In the midst of all this some one had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possibly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before. 'Predict it!' replied the doctor—'why, sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half a dozen times.'

'Blood! How did you know it was blood?'

'How? From the colour. How else?'

'But every one spits red in Manila!'

The doctor, who had already observed this fact, and was labouring under some uneasiness in regard to it, refused to make any further confession at the time; but he had said enough to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread throughout the city; and it became clear to every one that what the new *medico* had taken for blood, was nothing else than the red juice of the buyo, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction!

His patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, our doctor was fain to escape from Manila, and return to Spain in the same ship that had brought him out.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES IN PARIS.

THE world, since it was a world at all, has ever been fond of singing the praises of the good old times. It would seem a general rule, that so soon as we get beyond a certain age, whatever that may be, we acquire a high opinion of the past, and grumble at everything new under the sun. One cause of this may be, that distance lends enchantment to the view, and that the history of the past, like a landscape travelled over, loses in review all the rugged and wearisome annoyances that rendered it scarcely bearable in the journey. But it is hardly worth while to speculate upon the causes of an absurdity which a little candid retrospection will do more to dissipate than whole folios of philosophy. We can easily understand a man who sighs that he was not born a thousand years hence instead of twenty or thirty years ago, but that any one should encourage a regret that his lot in life was not cast a few centuries back, seems inexplicable on any rational grounds. The utter folly of praising the good old times may be illustrated by a reference to the wretched condition of most European cities; but we shall confine ourselves to the single case of Paris, now one of the most beautiful capitals in the world.

In the thirteenth century the streets of Paris were not paved; they were muddy and filthy to a very horrible degree, and swine constantly loitered about and fed in them. At night there were no public lights, and assassinations and robberies were far from infrequent. At the beginning of the fourteenth century public lighting was begun on a limited scale; and at best only a few tallow candles were put up in prominent situations. The improvement, accordingly, did little good, and the numerous bands of thieves had it still pretty much their own way. Severity of punishment seldom

compensates the want of precautionary measures. It was the general custom at this period to cut off the ears of a condemned thief after the term of his imprisonment had elapsed. This was done that offenders might be readily recognised should they dare again to enter the city, banishment from which was a part of the sentence of such as were destined to be cropped. But they often found it easier to fabricate false ears than to gain a livelihood away from the arena of their exploits; and this measure, severe and cruel as it was, was found inefficient to rid the capital of their presence.

Among the various adventures with thieves, detailed by an author contemporaneous with Louis XIII., the following affords a rich example of the organization of the domestic brigands of the time, and of the wretched security which the capital afforded to its inhabitants:—

A celebrated advocate named Poldamor had by his reputation for riches aroused the covetousness of some chiefs of a band of brigands, who flattered themselves that could they catch him they would obtain possession of an important sum. They placed upon his track three bold fellows, who, after many fruitless endeavours, encountered him one evening accompanied only by a single lackey. Seizing fast hold of himself and attendant, they rifled him in a twinkling; and as he had accidentally left his purse at home, they took his rich cloak of Spanish cloth and silk, which was quite new, and of great value. Poldamor, who at first resisted, found himself compelled to yield to force, but asked as a favour to be allowed to redeem his mantle. This was agreed to at the price of thirty pistoles; and the rogues appointed a rendezvous the next day, at six in the evening, on the same spot, for the purpose of effecting the exchange. They recommended him to come alone, assuring him that his life would be endangered should he appear accompanied with an escort. Poldamor repaired to the place at the appointed hour, and after a few moments of expectation he saw a carriage approaching in which were seated four persons in the garb of gentlemen. They descended from the vehicle, and one of them, advancing towards the advocate, asked him in a low voice if he were not in search of a cloak of Spanish cloth and silk. The victim replied in the affirmative, and declared himself prepared to redeem it at the sum at which it had been taxed. The thieves having assured themselves that he was alone, seized him, and made him get into the carriage; and one of them presenting a pistol to his breast, bade him hold his tongue under pain of instant death, while another blindfolded him. As the advocate trembled with fear, they assured him that no harm was intended, and bade the coachman drive on.

After a rapid flight, which was yet long enough to inspire the prisoner with deadly terror, the carriage stopped in front of a large mansion, the gate of which opened to receive them, and closed again as soon as they had passed the threshold. The robbers alighted with their captive, from whose eyes they now removed the bandage. He was led into an immense saloon, where were a number of tables, upon which the choicest viands were profusely spread, and seated at which was a company of gentlemanly-looking personages, who chatted familiarly together without the slightest demonstration of confusion or alarm. His guardians again enjoined him to lay aside all fear, informed him that he was in good society, and that they had brought him there solely that they might enjoy the pleasure of his company at supper. In the meanwhile water was served to the guests, that they might wash their hands before sitting at table. Every man took his place, and a seat was assigned to Poldamor at the upper and privileged end of the board. Astonished, or rather stupefied at the strange circumstances of his adventure, he would willingly have abstained from taking any part in the repast; but he was compelled to make a show

of eating, in order to dissemble his mistrust and agitation. When the supper was ended and the tables were removed, one of the gentlemen who had assisted in his capture accosted him with polite expressions of regret at his want of appetite. During the interchange of courtesies which ensued, one of the bandits took a lute, another a viol, and the party began to amuse themselves with music. The advocate was then invited to walk into a neighbouring room, where he perceived a considerable number of mantles ranged in order. He was desired to select his own, and to grant out the thirty pistoles agreed upon, together with one for coach-hire, and one more for his share of the reckoning at supper. Polidamor, who had been apprehensive that the drama of which his mantle had been the occasion might have a very different *dénouement*, was but too well pleased to be quit at such a cost, and he took leave of the assembly with unfeigned expressions of gratitude. The carriage was called, and before entering it he was again blindfolded; his former conductors returned with him to the spot where he had been seized, where, removing the bandage from his eyes, they allowed him to alight, presenting him at the same moment with a ticket sealed with green wax, and having these words inscribed in large letters, '*Free'd by the Great Band.*' This ticket was a passport securing his mantle, purse, and person against all further assaults. Hastening to regain his residence with all speed, he was assailed at a narrow turning by three other rascals, who demanded his purse or his life. The advocate drew his ticket from his pocket, though he had no great faith in it as a preservative, and presented it to the thieves. One of them, provided with a dark lantern, read it, returned it, and recommended him to make haste home, where he at last arrived in safety.

Early in the seventeenth century the Parisian rogues availed themselves of the regulations against the use of snuff to pillage the snuff-takers. As the sale of this article was forbidden by law to any but grocers and apothecaries, and as even they could only retail it to persons provided with the certificate of a medical man, the annoyance of such restrictions was loudly complained of. The rogues, ever ready to profit by circumstances, opened houses for gaming—at that period almost a universal vice—where 'snuff at discretion' was a tempting bait to those long accustomed to a gratification all the more agreeable because it was forbidden. Here the snuff-takers were diligently plied with wine, and then cheated of their money; or, if too temperate or suspicious to drink to excess, they were unceremoniously plundered in a sham quarrel. To such a length was this practice carried, that an ordinance was at length issued in 1629, strictly forbidding all snuff-takers from assembling in public places or elsewhere, '*pour satisfaire leur goût.*'

The thieves of the good old times were not only more numerous in proportion to the population than they are at present, but were also distinguished by greater audacity and cruelty. They had recourse to the most diabolical ingenuity to subdue the resistance and to prevent the outcries of their victims. Under the rule of Henry IV. a band of brigands arose, who, in the garb, and with the manners of gentlemen, introduced themselves into the best houses under the pretext of private business, and when alone with the master, demanded his money at the dagger's point. Some of them made use of a gag—a contrivance designated at the period the *poire d'angoisse*. This instrument was of a spherical shape, and pierced all over with small holes; it was forced into the mouth of the person intended to be robbed, and upon touching a spring sharp points protruded from every hole, at once inflicting the most horrible anguish, and preventing the sufferer from uttering a single cry. $\frac{1}{2}$ could not be withdrawn but by the use of the proper key, which contracted the spring. This device was adopted uni-

versally by one savage band, and occasioned immense misery not only in Paris but throughout France.

An Italian thief, an enterprising and ingenious rogue, adopted a singular expedient for robbing women at their devotions in church. He placed himself on his knees by the side of his intended prey, holding in a pair of artificial hands a book of devotion, to which he made a show of the most devout attention, while with his natural hands he cut the watch or purse-string of his unsuspecting neighbour. This stratagem, favoured by the fashion, then general, of wearing mantles, met with great success, and of course soon produced a host of clumsy imitators, and excited the vigilance of the police, who at length made so many seizures of solemn-faced devotees provided with wooden kid-gloved hands, that it fell into complete discredit, and was at last abandoned by the profession.

Cunning as were the rogues of a past age, they were liable to capture like their modern successors. A gentleman having resorted to Paris on business, was hustled one day in the precincts of the palace, and robbed of his well-filled purse. Furious at the loss of a considerable sum, he swore to be avenged. He procured a clever mechanic, who, under his directions, contrived a kind of hand-trap for the pocket, managed in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of an attempt at purse-stealing without detection. Having fixed the instrument in its place, impatient for the revenge he had promised himself, he sallied forth to promenade the public walks, mingled with every group, and stopped from time to time gazing about him with the air of a greenhorn. Several days passed before anything resulted from his plan; but one morning, while he was gazing at the portraits of the kings of France in one of the public galleries, he finds himself surrounded and pushed about, precisely as in the former instance; he feels a hand insinuating itself gently into the open snare, and hears immediately the click of the instrument, which assures him that the delinquent is safely caught. Taking no notice, he walks on as if nothing had happened, and resumes his promenade, drawing after him the thief, whom pain and shame prevented from making the least effort to disengage his hand. Occasionally the gentleman would turn round, and rebuke his unwilling follower for his importunity, and thus drew the eyes of the whole crowd upon his awkward position. At last, pretending to observe for the first time the stranger's hand in his pocket, he flies into a violent passion, accuses him of being a cut-purse, and demands the sum he had previously lost, without which he declares the villain shall be hanged. It would seem that compounding a felony was nothing in those days; for it is upon record that the thief, though caught in the act, was permitted to send a messenger to his comrades, who advanced the money, and therewith purchased his liberty.

The people were forbidden to employ particular materials in the fabrication of their clothing, to ride in a coach, to decorate their apartments as they chose, to purchase certain articles of furniture, and even to give a dinner-party when and in what style they chose. Under the Valois régime strict limits were assigned to the expenses of the table, determining the number of courses of which a banquet should consist, and that of the dishes of which each course was to be composed. Any guest who should fail to denounce an infraction of the law of which he had been a witness, was liable to a fine of forty livres; and officers of justice, who might be present, were strictly enjoined to quit the tables of their hosts, and institute immediate proceedings against them. The rigour of these regulations extended even to the kitchen, and the police had the power of entry at all hours, to enforce compliance with the statutes.

But it was during the prevalence of an epidemic that it was least agreeable to live in France in the good

old times. No sooner did a contagious malady, or one that was supposed to be so, make its appearance, than the inhabitants of Paris were all forbidden to remove from one residence to another, although their term of tenancy had expired, until the judge of police had received satisfactory evidence that the house they desired to leave had not been affected by the contagion. When a house was infected, a bundle of straw fastened to one of the windows warned the public to avoid all intercourse with the inmates. At a later period two wooden crosses were substituted for the straw, one of which was attached to the front door, and the other to one of the windows in an upper storey. In 1596 the provost of Paris having learned that the tenants of some houses infected by an epidemic which was then making great ravages, had removed these badges, issued an ordinance commanding that those who transgressed in a similar manner again should suffer the loss of the right hand—a threat which was found perfectly efficient.

By an ordinance of 1533, persons recovering from a contagious malady, together with their domestics, and all the members of their families, were forbidden to appear in the streets for a given period without a white wand in their hands, to warn the public of the danger of contact. Three years after, the authorities were yet more severe against the convalescents, who were ordered to remain shut up at home for forty days after their cure; and even when the quarantine had expired, they were not allowed to appear in the streets until they had presented to a magistrate a certificate from the commissary of their district, attested by a declaration of six householders, that the forty days had elapsed. In the preceding century (in 1498) an ordinance still more extraordinary had been issued. It was at the coronation of Louis XII., when a great number of the nobles came to Paris to take part in the ceremony. The provost, desiring to guard them from the danger of infection, published an order that all persons of both sexes, suffering under certain specified maladies, should quit the capital in twenty-four hours, *under the penalty of being thrown into the river!*

ANTIOCH AND ITS HOUSES.

Antioch is, beyond dispute, the cheapest place in the world, as well as one of the healthiest; and if it were not for the ragged little boys, who hoot at every stranger and throw stones at his door, annoying you in every possible way, I should prefer it as a place of residence to any spot I have visited in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. My house was of perfectly new construction, well planted, and well situated, and proof against water as well as wind. I had four rooms—a sitting-room, a dining-room, a bedroom, and a dressing-room. I had a walled enclosure of about eighty feet square, where roses and geraniums vied in beauty with jessamines and lilies. There was also a poultry-yard, a pigeon-house, stables for three horses, a storehouse, a kitchen, and a servant's room. I had in the garden a grape-vine (muscatel), a pomegranate-tree, a peach-tree, a plum-tree, an apricot, and a China quince; and in addition to all these, a fountain perpetually jetting up water, and a well, and a bathing-room. For all this accommodation I paid 350 piastres—about L.3 sterling; and this was a higher rent than would be paid by any native. Of course the house was unfurnished; but furniture in the East is seldom on a grand scale: a divan, half a dozen chairs, a bedstead, a mattress, a looking-glass, a table or two, and half a dozen pipes and narghilies, are all one requires. Servants cost about L.3 a head per annum. Seven and a half pounds of good mutton may be had for 1s.; fowls, and fat ones too, 2d. each. Fish is sold by the weight; thirteen rotolos for a beaklik, or about seventy pounds' weight for 1s. Eels, the very best, flavoured in the world, 1½d. each. As for vegetables, whether cabbages, lettuces, asparagus, celery, water-cresses, parsley, beans, peas, radishes, turnips,

carrots, cauliflowers, and onions, a pennyworth would last a-man a week. Fruit is sold at the same rates; and grapes cost about 5s. the horse-load. Gano is also abundant. Dried fruits and nuts can be obtained in winter. In fact, living as well as one could wish, I found it impossible—house-rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included—to exceed the expenditure of L.40 per annum. Under these circumstances, it may appear marvellous that many Europeans possessed of limited means have not made Antioch their temporary home; but every question has two sides, and everything its pros and cons. The cons in this instance are the barbarous character of the people among whom you live; the perpetual liability of becoming at one instant's warning the victim of some fanatical craze; the small hopes you have of redress for the grossest insults offered; the continual intrigues entered into by the Aynas to disturb your peace and comfort; the absence of many of the luxuries enjoyed in Europe; the want of society and books; and the total absence of all places of worship, which gradually creates in the mind a morbid indifference to religion, and which feeling frequently degenerates into absolute infidelity. It is better to choose with David in such a case, and say: 'I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of iniquity.'—*Neale's Eight Years in Syria.*

CLOUDS AT SEA.

HEAVY seasons there are when a curtain of gloom
(Fathers black o'er the mariners' glee,
And the merry sun quits for a desolate tomb,
All his revels of joy with the sea:
But courage! the bright one will soon reappear
'Like a bridegroom' devoted and fond;
Though the tempest may threaten, no danger is near,
For the blue sky is smiling beyond.

There are times when the mind is alarmed and distressed,
When the sunshine of Pleasure is gone,
When the spirit looks back upon moments of rest,
Which she fears are for ever withdrawn:
But the angel of Hope whispers comfort and gladness:
'Look upward, and never despond;
Though above thee is frowning the storm-cloud of sadness,
The blue sky is smiling beyond.'

S. C.

UNDER THE ROSE.

There has arisen much petty controversy about the common expression 'under the rose,' and two different origins have been assigned. Some people assert that it ought to be spelt under the *rows*, for that in former days almost all towns were built with the second storey projecting over the lower one—a sort of piazza or row, as they termed it, and which may still be seen at Chester and some other old English towns; and that whilst the elders of the family were sitting at their windows gravely enjoying the air, their sons and daughters were making love where they could not see them 'under the rows.' The other is much more elegant. ('upid, it is said, gave a rose to Harpocrates, the god of silence, and from this legend originated the practice that prevailed amongst northern nations of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the upper end of the table when it was intended that the conversation was to be kept secret; and this it was, according to others, which gave rise to the phrase, 'under the rose.'

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ALL FOR THE BEST.

THE famous dogma, that this world of ours—the dirty globe we trample under foot, and abuse like a pick-pocket—is the best of all possible worlds, has employed the pens and thoughts of many philosophers and theologians, from the time of the Stoics downwards. When Bayle presumed to offer some objections, founded on the evil which seems to be woven up in the constitution both of man and his abiding-place, he was at once quitted down by Leibnitz, who, in his celebrated treatise, the *Theodicea*, undertook to shew that the imperfect parts assist in forming a perfect whole, and that thus these parts themselves are perfect when considered in their relation with the whole. According to his system, physical and moral evil are good as elements in a perfect and universal order of things; and the conclusion was arrived at from what was considered this unanswerable trilemma: If the world be not the best of all possible worlds, God must either—1. Not have known how to make a better; 2. Not have been able to make a better; or 3. Not have chosen to make a better. The first of these suppositions impugns His omniscience, the second His omnipotence, and the third His benevolence.* This doctrine was illustrated by Pope in his *Essay on Man*, and laughed at by Voltaire in *Candide*; but, upon the whole, Leibnitz seemed to have taken up a pretty secure position, with which few cared to interfere.

For our own part, however, we have some doubt of the orthodoxy of the *Theodicea* itself, and are inclined to consider the badness of the world as not at all irreconcilable with the goodness, omniscience, and omnipotence of its creator. At that geological period when the earth was rich in marshes, and its most respectable inhabitants were crocodiles, it could not have been perfect, or it would not have been permitted to pass through so complete a transformation as has occurred since then; and at the present period, when nature seems to war against herself with volcanoes, earthquakes, tempests, and inundations, it would appear to be little more entitled to the praises of the optimist. In like manner, the moral nature of man—taking it as a whole, and not troubling ourselves with the parts—could not have been perfect in the savage state; neither could it have been so in the middle ages; and let our scaffolds, penal colonies, hulks, and jails answer for the present time.

That an omnipotent being could have created the world without evil or the germs of evil is obvious; but before impugning his benevolence in not having thus exercised his power, we must consider what were the

probable designs of his providence. Instead of forcibly reconciling, by means of a paradox, the actual state of this world with the character of its maker, Leibnitz should have reflected on the purpose for which it was intended in connection with its inhabitants. As a place of *probation*, a perfect world would have no meaning. Man is thrown into ours, not to submit to the evil circumstances by which he is surrounded, but to contend with and conquer them. And this he does to such purpose that he alters the face of nature herself, changes even the climate of his habitat, and eludes when he cannot defy the laws of what is improperly called destiny. If this is physically the best of all possible worlds, man is everywhere and habitually guilty of the proud impiety of the Babylonians of old; for his whole life is spent, from generation to generation, in warring against the circumstances in which he is placed. The same thing is observable in his moral nature. If that were perfect—or, in other words, if it had no germ of evil—there would be no merit in virtue. But man is constitutionally both good and bad, yet possessing within a power or principle within, superior both to mind and body, which determines his course of action.

If this curious and important subject were better investigated, we should use with more meaning than we usually do the common expression, 'submission to the decrees of Providence.' The wind, the tide, the climate, sickness, death—all are decrees of Providence; but it is our business here not to submit ourselves inconsiderately and unresistingly to every possible operation of these decrees, but to grapple with and struggle against them as long and as well as we can. The optimism of Dr Priestley, which is a very good type of that which is still common amongst us, was founded, we think, upon entirely erroneous views of Providence. He was thankful for the superstitious horrors with which he was haunted in early youth, because he thought they led to serious and devout reflection; he was thankful, likewise, for the delicate health which prevented his boyhood from being tempted into sinful and foolish pastimes; he gave thanks to God for the gift of stammering, since this preserved him from attaching value to what has no intrinsic value—eloquence; he was deeply grateful for a bad musical ear, which happy quality saved him from feelings of distress in listening to bad music; he rendered devout thanks for being disappointed in his purpose of going round the world with Captain Cook, for his belief in the doctrine of Necessity, and for his ignorance of the French language. The providential circumstance last mentioned was in his opinion eminently favourable to the growth of new ideas.

* See Brande's Dictionary of Science.

Since Dr Priestley was thankful for his deficiencies and disappointments, why did he not, in like manner, regret his possession of the ordinary faculties, and of a moderate competence in fortune, lest he might at some time or other be tempted to abuse them? The system, in our opinion, betrays a profound ignorance of the duty of man upon the earth, and the law of Work under which he lives. It is the same deification of circumstances which gives its wildness to the fatalism of Eastern fanatics. When the poor Hindoo finds his hut surrounded by an inundation of the Ganges, instead of trying to escape he gets upon the roof, and sitting down upon its apex, lights his pipe, and looks calmly on at the rise of the waters. Why so? Because Gunga is the goddess of his worship, and his religious duty is submission to the decrees of her providence! This may be excused, and even admired, in the Hindoo, whose ignorant faith is direct and sincere; but there is no excuse at all for the well-taught Christian confounding the circumstance with the providence which he knows to be beyond.

Such mistakes are mischievous, if it is only because they give a certain appearance of reason to the sarcasm of writers like Voltaire. There is a well-known story in our own jest-books much to the point: A man walking along the road is ridden over by a troop of horse, but unexpectedly escapes unhurt. 'Down on your knees, reprobate!' cries a bystander, as the fellow, after gathering himself up, looks sulkily after the enemy—'Down on your knees, and thank Providence!' 'Thank Providence!' replies he. 'For what?—For letting a troop of horse ride over me?' Here the idea of Providence is improperly suggested, because it is suggested in so direct a manner as to confound it with the circumstance. That God was remotely the author both of the accident and the escape there can be no doubt, although the proximate cause of the former was in all probability nothing more than the carelessness of the pedestrian in choosing an improper part of the road. The thankfulness was really due for the scheme of Providence granting a farther period of probation to one who had appeared to be called so abruptly to his account. The bystander saw the finger of a higher power only in the immediate circumstance, and thus gave rise, very naturally, to the profane and ludicrous repartee.

The thankfulness of Dr Priestley for his infirmities is the germ of that feeling which produces the asceticism and self-torture of devotees. To mortify the tastes we possess is merely a modification of the feeling which prompts us to be grateful for their absence. The men who walk barefoot over burning coals, who cut themselves with knives, who swing upon an iron hook inserted in the integuments of the back, who shut themselves up from the social relations, are merely improves upon the original thought. That health, freedom from pain, friendship, love, marriage, may all lead to abuses, is only too true; but it is our duty to combat actively the snares and seductions of this not best of all possible worlds, rather than to attempt to frustrate the plans of Providence for our appointed probation.

That this is a working-day world is clear enough in philosophy as well as in religion—a world where the imperfections are not perfect, as Leibnitz will have it, but substantial and intentional evils to be encountered and overcome. We are here for the express purpose of trying our strength with them; and they are here—the work of an omniscient, omnipotent, and benevolent Creator—for the express purpose of exercising our energies, developing our faculties, and purifying and elevating our moral nature. The Brahminical doctrine of the transmigration of souls is not an idle superstition, but the allegorical expression of a philosophical fact. The conduct, good or evil, of one generation does

actually condemn the next to an inferior, or elevate it to a higher existence; and the moral and intellectual nature of an individual does actually pass—though without the intervention of death—through successive stages of being. This is the condition of human life; and the highest and humblest of human beings are under the same law. All men, without exception, assist or retard in a greater or less degree the progress of civilisation; and from the philosopher in his study, who devises the means of controlling the elements and changing the aspect of the world, to the peasant who turns up the soil for his daily bread, all will be judged according to their intellectual powers and material opportunities.

Upon the whole, it will be admitted that, at least in our hemisphere, we perform with tolerable industry the work allotted to us. We have already made some progress in mastering, and rendering either harmless or beneficial, the elements which, if left without control, would act as the evil geni of nature. We have likewise made considerable advances in refinement and morality; and at this moment the mind of the race is swelling and heaving with great thoughts, which are not circumscribed by selfish considerations of place or time. Yes; even the doctrine of the *Theodicea*, if taken in a refined and mystical sense, may be accepted. The imperfections of the world, if judged according to results, shew the perfection of the scheme of which they are a part—and ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

AN OLD MAID'S FIRST LOVE.

I WENT once to the south of France for my health; and being recommended to choose the neighbourhood of Avignon, took my place, I scarcely know why, in the diligence all the way from Paris. By this proceeding I missed the steam-voyage down the Rhône, but fell in with some very pleasant people, about whom I am going to speak. I travelled in the *intérieur*, and from Lyon had no one for companion but a fussy little lady, of a certain age, who had a large basket, a parrot in a cage, a little lapdog, a handbox, a huge blue umbrella, which she could never succeed in stowing anywhere, and a moth-eaten muff. In my valetudinarian state I was not pleased with this inroad—especially as the little lady had a thin, pinched-up face, and obstinately looked out of the window, while she popped about the *intérieur* as if she had just taken lodgings and was putting them in order, throwing me every now and then some gracious apology in a not unpleasant voice. 'Mince as you please, ma'am,' thought I; 'you are a bore.' I am sorry to add that I was very unaccommodating, gave no assistance in the stowing away of the umbrella, and when Fanfreluche came and placed his silken paws upon my knees, pushed him away very rudely. The little old maid—it was evident this was her quality—apologised for her dog as she had done for herself, and went on arranging her furniture—an operation not completed before we got to St Saphorin.

For some hours a perfect silence was preserved, although my companion several times gave a short, dry cough, as if about to make an observation. At length, the digestion of a hurried dinner being probably completed, I felt all of a sudden quite bland and sociable, and began to be mightily ashamed of myself. 'Decidedly,' thought I, 'I must give this poor woman the benefit of my conversation.' So I spoke, very likely with that self-satisfied air assumed sometimes by men accustomed to be well received. To my great vexation the old maid had by this time taken offence, and answered in a very stiff and reserved manner. Now the whole absurdity of my conduct was evident to me, and I determined to make amends. Being naturally of a diplomatic turn, I kept quiet for awhile, and then began to make advances to Fanfreluche. The

poor animal bore no malice, and I won his heart by stroking his long ears. Then I gave a piece of sugar to the parrot; and having thus effected a practicable breach, took the citadel by storm by pointing out a more commodious way of arranging the great blue umbrella.

We were capital friends thenceforward; and I soon knew the history of *Mlle Nathalie Bernard* by heart. A mightily uninteresting history it was to all but herself; so I shall not repeat it: suffice to say, that she had lived long on her little income, as she called it, at Lyon, and was now on her way to Avignon, where a very important object called her. This was no other than to save her niece Marie from a distasteful marriage, which her parents, very good people, but dazzled by the wealth of the unamiable suitor, wished to bring about.

'And have you,' said I, 'any reasonable hope of succeeding in your mission?'

'*Parbleu!*' replied the old maid, 'I have composed a little speech on ill-assorted unions, which I am sure will melt the hearts of my sister and my brother-in-law; and if that does not succeed—why, I will make love to the *futur* myself, and whisper in his ear that a comfortable little income available at once, and a willing old maid, are better than a cross-grained damsel with expectations only. You see I am resolved to make any sacrifice to effect my object.'

I laughed at the old maid's disinterestedness, which was perhaps greater than at first appeared. At least she assured me that she had refused several respectable offers, simply because she liked the independence of a single life; and that if she had remained single to that age, it was a sign that marriage had nothing attractive for her in itself. We discussed the point learnedly as the diligence rolled; and what with the original turn of my companion's mind, the sportive disposition of *Fanfreluche*, and the occasional disjointed soliloquies of *Coco*, the parrot, our time passed very pleasantly. When night came, *Mlle Nathalie* ensconced herself in the corner behind her parcels and animals, and endeavoured to sleep; but the jolting of the diligence, and her own lively imagination, wakened her every five minutes; and I had each time to give her a solemn assurance, on my word of honour as a gentleman, that there was no particular danger of our being upset into the Rhône.

We were ascending a steep hill next day; both had got out to walk. I have omitted to note that it was autumn. Trees and fields were touched by the golden fingers of the season. The prospect was wide, but I forget the precise locality. On the opposite side of the Rhône, which rolled its rapid current in a deepening valley to our right, rose a range of hills, covered with fields that sloped wonderfully, and sometimes gave place to precipices or wood-lined declivities. Here and there the ruins of some old castle—reminiscences of feudal times—rose amid lofty crags, and traced their jagged outline against the deep-blue sky of Provence. *Nathalie* became almost sentimental as she gazed around on this beautiful scene.

We had climbed about half of the hill: the diligence was a little way behind: the five horses were stamping and striking fire from the pavement as they struggled up with the ponderous vehicle: the other passengers had lingered in the rear with the conductor, who had pointed out a little *auberge* among some trees. We here saw a man preceding us upon the road carrying a little bundle at the end of a stick over his shoulder: he seemed to advance painfully. Our attention was attracted—I scarcely knew why. He paused a moment—then went on with an uncertain step—paused again, staggered forward, and fell on his face just as we came up. *Mlle Nathalie*, with a presence of mind that surprised me, had her smelling-bottle out in an instant, and was soon engaged in

restoring the unfortunate traveller to consciousness. I assisted as well as I was able, and trust that my goodwill may atone for my awkwardness. *Nathalie* did everything; and, just as the diligence reached us, was gazing with delight on the languid opening of a pair of as fine eyes as I have ever seen, and supporting in her lap a head covered with beautiful curls. Even at that moment, as I afterwards remembered, she looked upon the young man as a thing over which she had acquired a right of property. 'He is going our way,' said she: 'let us lift him into the diligence.'

'A beggarly Parisian; yo, yo!' quoth the postilion as he passed, clacking his long whip.

'Who will answer for his fare?' inquired the conductor.

'I will,' replied *Nathalie*, taking the words out of my mouth.

In a few minutes the young man, who looked bewildered and could not speak, was safely stowed among *Nathalie's* other parcels; and the crest of the hill being gained, we began rolling rapidly down a steep descent. The little old maid, though in a perfect ecstacy of delight—the incident evidently appeared to her quite an adventure—behaved with remarkable prudence. While I was puzzling my head to guess by what disease this poor young man had been attacked, she was getting ready the remedies that appeared to her the most appropriate, in the shape of some excellent cakes and a bottle of good wine, which she fished out of her huge basket. Her *protégé*, made tame by hunger, allowed himself to be treated like a child. First she gave him a very small sip of Burgundy, then a diminutive fragment of cake; and then another sip and another piece of cake—insisting on his eating very slowly. Being perfectly useless, I looked quietly on, and smiled to see the submissiveness with which this fine, handsome fellow allowed himself to be fed by the fussy old maid, and how he kept his eyes fixed upon her with an expression of wondering admiration.

Before we arrived at Avignon we knew the history of the young man. He was an artist, who had spent several years studying in Paris, without friends, without resources, except a miserable pittance which his mother, a poor peasant woman living in a village not far from Aix, had managed to send him. At first he had been upheld by hope; and although he knew that his mother not only denied herself necessities, but borrowed money to support him, he was consoled by the idea that the time would come when, by the efforts of his genius, he would be able to repay everything with the accumulated interest which affection alone would calculate. But his expenses necessarily increased, and no receipts came to meet them. He was compelled to apply to his mother for further assistance. The answer was one word—'impossible.' Then he endeavoured calmly to examine his position, came to the conclusion that for several years more he must be a burden to his mother if he obstinately pursued his career, and that she must be utterly ruined to insure his success. So he gave up his art, sold everything he had to pay part of his debts, and set out on foot to return to his village and become a peasant, as his father had been before him. The little money he had taken with him was gone by the time he reached Lyon. He had passed through that city without stopping, and for more than two days, almost for two nights, had incessantly pursued his journey, without rest and without food, until he had reached the spot where, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he had fallen, perhaps to perish had he not been there to assist him.

Nathalie listened with eager attention to this narrative, told with a frankness which our sympathy excited. Now and then she gave a convulsive start, or checked a hysterical sob, and at last fairly burst into tears. I was interested as well as she, but retained more calmness to observe how moral beauty almost vainly

struggled to appear through the insignificant features of this admirable woman. Her little eyes, reddened with weeping; her pinched-up nose, blooming at the point; her thin lips, probably accustomed to spasm; her cheeks, with a leaded citron hue; her hair that forked up in unmanageable curls—all combined to obscure the exquisite expression of respect and sympathy, perhaps already of love, sparkling from her kindled soul, that could just be made out by an attentive eye. At length, however, she became for a moment perfectly beautiful, as, when the young painter had finished his story, with an expression that shewed how bitterly he regretted his abandoned art, she took both his hands in hers, and exclaimed: 'No, *mon enfant*, you shall not be thus disappointed. Your genius'—she already took for granted he had genius—'shall have an opportunity for development. Your mother cannot do what is necessary—she has played her part. I will be a—second mother to you, in return for the little affection you can bestow on me without ingratitude to her to whom you owe your life.'

'My life has to be paid for twice,' said he, kissing her hand. Nathalie could not help looking round proudly to me. It was so flattering to receive the gallant attentions of so handsome a young man, that I think she tried to forget how she had bought them.

In the exuberance of her hospitality, the little old maid invited both Claude Richer and myself to spend some time in the large farmhouse of her brother-in-law. I declined, with a promise to be a frequent visitor; but Claude, who was rather commanded than asked, could do nothing but accept. I left them at the diligence office, and saw them walk away, the little Nathalie affecting to support her feeble companion. For the honour of human nature let me add, that the conductor said nothing about the fare. 'It would have been indelicate,' he said to me, 'to remind M^{lle} Nathalie of her promise in the young man's presence. I know her well; and she will pay me at a future time. At anyrate I must shew that there is a heart under this waistcoat.' So saying, the conductor thumped his breast with simple admiration of his own humanity, and went away, after recommending me to the *Café de Paris*—indeed an excellent house.

I shall say nothing of a variety of little incidents that occurred to me at Avignon, nor about my studies on the history of the popes who resided there. I must reserve myself entirely for the development of Nathalie's romance, which I could not follow step by step, but the chief features of which I was enabled to catch during a series of visits I paid to the farmhouse. Nathalie herself was very communicative to me at first, and scarcely deigned to conceal her sentiments. By degrees, however, as the catastrophe approached, she became more and more reserved; and I had to learn from others, or to guess the part she played.

The farmhouse was situated on the other side of the river, in a small plain, fertile and well wooded. Old Cossu, the owner, was a fine jolly fellow, but evidently a little sharp in money-matters. I was surprised at first that he received the visit of Claude favourably; but when it came out that a good part of his capital belonged to Nathalie, every circumstance of deference to her was explained. Mère Cossu was not a very remarkable personage; unless it be remarkable that she entertained the most profound veneration for her husband, quoted his commonest sayings as witticisms, and was ready to laugh herself into convulsions if he sneezed louder than usual. Marie was a charming little person; perhaps a little too demure in her manners, considering her wicked black eyes. She was soon very friendly with Claude and me, but seemed to prefer passing her time in whispered conversations with Nathalie. I was let into the secret that their conversation turned principally on the means of getting rid of the husband-elect—a great lubberly fellow, who

lived some leagues off, and whose red face shone over the garden-gate, in company with a huge nosegay, regularly every Sunday morning. In spite of the complying temper of old Cossu in other respects when Nathalie gave her advice, he seemed obstinately bent on choosing his own son-in-law. Parents are oftener correct than romancers will allow in their negative opinions on this delicate subject, but I cannot say as much for them when they undertake to be affirmative.

I soon observed that Nathalie was not so entirely devoted to the accomplishment of the object for which she had undertaken her journey as she had promised; and, above all, that she spoke no more of the disinterested sacrifice of herself as a substitute for Marie. I maliciously alluded to this subject in one of our private confabulations, and Nathalie, instead of being offended, frankly answered that she could not make big Paul Boneau happy and assist Claude in his studies at the same time. 'I have now,' she said, 'an occupation for the rest of my life—namely, to develop this genius, of which France will one day be proud; and I shall devote myself to it ungrudgingly.'

'Come, Nathalie,' replied I, taking her arm in mine as we crossed the poplar-meadow, 'have you no hope of a reward?'

'I understand,' quoth she frankly; 'and I will not play at cross-purposes with you. If this young man really loves his art, and his art alone, as he pretends, could he do better than reward me—as you call it—for my assistance? The word has a cruel signification, but you did not mean it unkindly.'

I looked at her wan, sallow countenance, that had begun for some days to wear an expression of painful anxiety. At that moment I saw over a hedge—but she could not—Claude and Marie walking in a neighbouring field, and pausing now and then to bend their heads very close together in admiration of some very common flower. 'Poor old maid,' thought I, 'you will have no reward save the consciousness of your own pure intentions.'

The minute development of this drama without dramatic scenes would perhaps be more instructive than any elaborate analysis of human passions in general; but it would require a volume, and I can only here give a mere summary. Nathalie, in whom alone I felt particularly interested, soon found that she had deceived herself as to the nature of her sentiments for Claude—that instead of regarding him with almost maternal solicitude, she loved him with an intensity that is the peculiar characteristic of passions awakened late in life, when the common consolation is inadmissible—'after all, I may find better.' This was her last, her only chance of a happiness, which she had declared to me she had never dreamed of, but which in reality she had only declined because it did not present itself to her under all the conditions required by her refined and sensitive mind. Claude, who was an excellent fellow, but incapable of comprehending her or sacrificing himself, never swerved from grateful deference to her; but I could observe, that as the state of her feelings became more apparent, he took greater care to mark the character of his sentiments for her, and to insist with some affection on the depth of his filial affection. Nathalie's eyes were often red with tears—a fact which Claude did not choose perhaps to notice, for fear of an explanation. Marie, on the contrary, became more blooming every day, while her eloquent eyes were still more assiduously bent upon the ground. It was evident to me that she and Claude understood one another perfectly well.

At length the same thing became evident to Nathalie. How the revelation was made to her I do not know; but sudden it must have been, for I met her one day in the poplar-field, walking hurriedly along with an extraordinary expression of despair in her countenance. I know not why, but the thought at once occurred to me that the Rhône ran rapid and deep not far off,

and I threw myself across her path. She started like a guilty thing, but did not resist when I took her hand and led her back slowly towards the farmhouse. We had nearly reached it in silence when she suddenly stopped, and bursting into tears, turned away into a by-lane where was a little bench under an elm. Here she sat down and sobbed for a long time, while I stood by. At length she raised her head and asked me: 'Do morality and religion require self-sacrifice even to the end—even to making half a life a desert, even to heart-breaking, even unto death?'

'It scarcely belongs to a selfish mortal to counsel such virtue,' I replied; 'but it is because it is exercised here and there, now and then, once in a hundred years, that man can claim some affinity with the divine nature.'

A smile of ineffable sweetness played about the poor old girl's lips. She wiped her eyes, and began talking of the changing aspect of the season, and how the trees day by day more rapidly shed their leaves, and how the Rhône had swelled within its ample bed, and of various topics apparently unconnected with her frame of mind, but all indicating that she felt the winter was coming—a long and dreary winter for her. At this moment Fanfreluche, which had missed her, came down the lane barking with fierce joy; and she took the poor little beast in her arms, and exhaled the last bitter feeling that tormented her in these words: 'Thou at least lovest me—because I have fed thee!' In her humility she seemed now to believe that her only claim to love was her charity; and that even this claim was not recognised except by a dog!

I was not admitted to the secret of the family conclave that took place, but learned simply that Nathalie pleaded with feverish energy the love that had grown up between Marie and Claude as an insuperable bar to the proposed marriage between Paul Bonneau and her niece. Matters were arranged by means of large sacrifices on the part of the heroic maid. Paul's face ceased to beam over the garden-gate on a Sunday morning; and by degrees the news got abroad that Marie was betrothed to the young artist. One day a decent old woman in *sabots* came to the farmhouse: it was Claude's mother, who had walked from Aix to see him. It was arranged that Claude should pursue his studies a year longer, and then marry. Whether any explanation took place I do not know; but I observed that the young man sometimes looked with the same expression of wondering admiration I had observed in the diligence at the little Nathalie—more citron-hued than ever. At length she unhooked the cage of Coco, the parrot, took Fanfreluche under one arm and her blue umbrella under the other, and went away in company with the whole family, myself included, every one carrying a parcel or a basket to the diligence office. What a party that was! Every one was in tears except Nathalie. She bore up manfully, if I may use the word; laughed, and actually joked; but just as I handed Coco in, her factitious courage yielded, and she burst into an agony of grief. With officious zeal I kept at the window until the diligence gave a lurch and started; and then turning round I looked at Claude and Marie, who were already mingling their eyes in selfish forgetfulness of their benefactress, and said solemnly: 'There goes the best woman ever created for this unworthy earth.' The artist, who, for an ordinary man, did not lack sentiment, took my hand and said: 'Sir, I will quarrel with any man who says less of that angel than you have done.'

The marriage was brought about in less time than had been agreed upon. Nathalie of course did not come; but she sent some presents and a pleasant letter of congratulation, in which she called herself 'an inveterate old maid.' About a year afterwards I passed through Lyon and saw her. She was still

very yellow, and more than ever attentive to Fanfreluche and Coco. I even thought she devoted herself too much to the service of these two troublesome pets, to say nothing of a huge cat which she had added to her menagerie, as a kind of hieroglyphic of her condition. 'How fare the married couple?' cried she, tossing up her cork-screw curls. 'Still cooing and billing?'

'Mademoiselle,' said I, 'they are getting on pretty well. Claude, finding the historic pencil not lucrative, has taken to portrait-painting; and being no longer an enthusiastic artist, talks even of adopting the more expeditious method of the Daguerreotype. In the meantime, half the tradesmen of Avignon, to say nothing of Aix, have bespoken caricatures of themselves by his hand. Marie makes a tolerable wife, but has a terrible will of her own, and is feared as well as loved.'

Nathalie tried to laugh; but the memory of her old illusions coming over her, she leaned down towards the cat she was nursing, and sparkling tears fell upon its glossy fur.

THE POISON-EATERS.

A VERY interesting trial for murder took place lately in Austria. The prisoner, Anna Alexander, was acquitted by the jury, who, in the various questions put to the witnesses, in order to discover whether the murdered man, Lieutenant Mathew Wurzel, was a poison-eater or not, elicited some very curious evidence relating to this class of persons.

As it is not generally known that eating poison is actually practised in more countries than one, the following account of the custom, given by a physician, Dr T. von Tschudi, will not be without interest.

In some districts of Lower Austria and in Styria, especially in those mountainous parts bordering on Hungary, there prevails the strange habit of eating arsenic. The peasantry in particular are given to it. They obtain it under the name of *hedri* from the travelling hucksters and gatherers of herbs, who, on their side, get it from the glass-blowers, or purchase it from the cow-doctors, quacks, or mountebanks.

The poison-eaters have a twofold aim in their dangerous enjoyment: one of which is to obtain a fresh, healthy appearance, and acquire a certain degree of *embonpoint*. On this account, therefore, gay village lads and lasses employ the dangerous agent, that they may become more attractive to each other; and it is really astonishing with what favourable results their endeavours are attended, for it is just the youthful poison-eaters that are, generally speaking, distinguished by a blooming complexion, and an appearance of exuberant health. Out of many examples I select the following:—

A farm-servant who worked in the cow-house belonging to — was thin and pale, but nevertheless well and healthy. This girl had a lover whom she wished to enchain still more firmly; and in order to obtain a more pleasing exterior she had recourse to the well-known means, and swallowed every week several doses of arsenic. The desired result was obtained; and in a few months she was much fuller in the figure, rosy-checked, and, in short, quite according to her lover's taste. In order to increase the effect, she was so rash as to increase the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity: she was poisoned, and died an agonising death.

The number of deaths in consequence of the immoderate enjoyment of arsenic is not inconsiderable, especially among the young. Every priest who has the cure of souls in those districts where the abuse

prevails could tell of such tragedies; and the inquiries I have myself made on the subject have opened out very singular details. Whether it arise from fear of the law, which forbids the unauthorised possession of arsenic, or whether it be that an inner voice proclaims to him his sin, the arsenic-eater always conceals as much as possible the employment of these dangerous means. Generally speaking, it is only the confessional or the deathbed that raises the veil from the terrible secret.

The second object the poison-eaters have in view is to make them, as they express it, 'better winded!'—that is, to make their respiration easier when ascending the mountains. Whenever they have far to go and to mount a considerable height, they take a minute morsel of arsenic and allow it gradually to dissolve. The effect is surprising; and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with distress to the chest.

The dose of arsenic with which the poison-eaters begin, consists, according to the confession of some of them, of a piece the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity, which they take fasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time; and then gradually, and very carefully, they increase the dose according to the effect produced. The peasant R—, living in the parish of A—g, a strong, hale man of upwards of sixty, takes at present at every dose a piece of about the weight of four grains. For more than forty years he has practised this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn will bequeath to his children.

It is well to observe, that neither in these nor in other poison-eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible; that the symptoms of a chronic arsenical poisoning never shew themselves in individuals who adapt the dose to their constitution, even although that dose should be considerable. It is not less worthy of remark, however, that when, either from inability to obtain the acid, or from any other cause, the perilous indulgence is stopped, symptoms of illness are sure to appear, which have the closest resemblance to those produced by poisoning from arsenic. These symptoms consist principally in a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety, and various distressing sensations arising from the digestive organs, want of appetite, a constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning, an unusual degree of salivation, a burning from the pylorus to the throat, a cramp-like movement in the pharynx, pains in the stomach, and especially difficulty of breathing. For all these symptoms there is but one remedy—a return to the enjoyment of arsenic.

According to inquiries made on the subject, it would seem that the habit of eating poison among the inhabitants of Lower Austria has not grown into a passion, as is the case with the opium-eaters in the East, the chewers of the betel nut in India and Polynesia, and of the cocoa-tree among the natives of Peru. When once commenced, however, it becomes a necessity.

In some districts sublimate of quicksilver is used in the same way. One case in particular is mentioned by Dr von Tschudi, a case authenticated by the English ambassador at Constantinople, of a great opium-eater at Brussa, who daily consumed the enormous quantity of forty grains of corrosive sublimate with his opium. In the mountainous parts of Peru the doctor met very frequently with eaters of corrosive sublimate; and in Bolivia the practice is still more frequent, where this poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians.

In China the use of arsenic is of every-day occurrence among horse-dealers, and especially with the concubines of the nobility. They either shake it in a

pulverised state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining appearance of the carriage-horses, and especially the much-admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of this arsenic-feeding.* It is a common practice with the farm-servants in the mountainous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavourable result; but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic, he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance.

The above particulars, communicated by a contributor residing in Germany, are curious only inasmuch as they refer to poisons of a peculiarly quick and deadly nature. Our ordinary 'indulgences' in this country are the same in kind, though not in degree, for we are all poison-eaters. To say nothing of our opium and alcohol consumers, our teetotallers are delighted with the briskness and sparkle of spring-water, although these qualities indicate the presence of carbonic acid or fixed air. In like manner, few persons will object to a drop or two of the frightful corrosive, sulphuric acid (vitriol), in a glass of water, to which it communicates an agreeably acid taste; and most of us have, at some period or other of our lives, imbibed prussic acid, arsenic, and other deadly poisons under the orders of the physician, or the first of these in the more pleasing form of confectionary. Arsenic is said by Dr Pearson to be as harmless as a glass of wine in the quantity of one-sixteenth part of a grain; and in the cure of agues it is so certain in its effects, that the French Directory once issued an edict ordering the surgeons of the Italian army, under pain of military punishment, to banish that complaint, at two or three days' notice, from among the vast numbers of soldiers who were languishing under it in the marshes of Lombardy. It would seem that no poison taken in small and diluted doses is immediately hurtful, and the same thing may be said of other agents. The tap of a fan, for instance, is a blow, and so is the stroke of a club; but the one gives an agreeable sensation, and the other falls the recipient to the ground. In like manner the analogy holds good between the distribution of a blow over a comparatively large portion of the surface of the body and the dilution or distribution of the particles of a poison. A smart thrust upon the breast, for instance, with a foil does no injury; but if the button is removed, and the same momentum thus thrown to a point, the instrument enters the structures, and perhaps causes death.

But the misfortune is, that poisons swallowed for the sake of the agreeable sensations they occasion owe this effect to their action upon the nervous system; and the action must be kept up by a constantly increasing dose till the constitution is irremediably injured. In the case of arsenic, as we have seen, so long as the excitement is undiminished all is apparently well; but the point is at length reached when to proceed or to turn back is alike death. The moment the dose is diminished or entirely withdrawn, symptoms of poison appear, and the victim perishes because he has shrunk from killing himself. It is just so when the stimulant is alcohol. The morning experience of the drinker prophesies, on every succeeding occasion, of the fate that awaits him. It may be pleasant to get intoxicated, but to get sober is horror. The time comes, however, when the pleasure is at an end, and the horror alone remains. When the habitual stimulus reaches its highest, and the undermined constitution can stand

* Arsenic produces an increased salivation.

no more, then comes the reaction. If the excitement could go on *ad infinitum*, the prognosis would be different; but the poison-symptoms appear as soon as the dose can no longer be increased without producing instant death, and the drunkard dies of the want of drink! Many persons, it cannot be denied, reach a tolerable age under this stimulus; but they do so only by taking warning in time—perhaps from some frightful illness—and carefully proportioning the dose to the sinking constitution. 'I cannot drink now as formerly,' is a common remark—sometimes elevated into the boast, 'I do not drink now as formerly.' But the relaxation of the habit is compulsory; and by a thousand other tokens, as well as the inability to indulge in intoxication, the *ci-devant* drinker is reminded of a madness which even in youth produced more misery than enjoyment, and now adds a host of discomforts to the ordinary fragility of age. As for arsenic-eating, we trust it will never be added to the madnesses of our own country. Think of a man deliberately condemning himself to devour this horrible poison, on an increasing scale, during his whole life, with the certainty that if at any time, through accident, necessity, or other cause, he holds his hand, he must die the most agonising of all deaths! In so much horror do we hold the idea, that we would have refrained from mentioning the subject at all if we had not observed a paragraph making the round of the papers, and describing the agreeable phases of the practice without mentioning its shocking results.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOK.*

MUCH of the charm which surrounded the Great Exhibition may be attributed to the entirely unprecedented character of the undertaking. The building and its contents, wondrous as they were, owed a great part of their popularity to the fact, that all was new. An original and great idea had been successfully developed; and a wondrous show was presented to the English mind such as the world had never witnessed before. This great affair has at last passed away: the building indeed stands—for the present; but its glory is gone with its contents, and its interior, once as populous as a city, and palatial in its decorations, is now a cold, empty, and deserted glass-house. The great conception has reached its accomplishment, so far as it had a local connection with the Palace of Glass, and for its results we shall no longer seek in Hyde Park, but in the commercial and productive annals of our nation.

The Great Exhibition has but one literary offspring, though many claim its parentage. This offspring is the Official Catalogue, the career of which, by what perhaps will seem a natural law, fairly commenced only with the decease of its parent. This great book, gleaming in blue and gold, and swelling to three portly volumes, has a curious history, and, equally with the Exhibition itself, may lay claim to a degree of novelty in its conception and production which must long clothe it with a peculiar attraction; and this even if its contents were little better than those of an ordinary catalogue. If it was a matter of wonder to one who once put the question—how a literary partnership in the production of a book of poetry was carried on: whether one author was top, and the other bottom sawyer; whether one furnished one line and the other its fellow—what would be his

surprise to hear of a book to which some 15,000 pens have contributed, and in every page of which some ten or twenty writers have had a hand! Here five-and-twenty Frenchmen tell their tale at page 1207, while at page 765 more than half that number of our own countrymen tell theirs. At all events, such a book is a phenomenon absolutely new in the literary world; and apart from every consideration of its relation with the Exhibition, and also of its scientific character and commercial value, we propose giving an outline of its history, regarding it—for the present—merely in the light of a literary curiosity.

As this is a task which may occupy our attention for some little space, it may be as well, on setting out, to give the reader, what is perhaps much needed, a clear and definite conception of what the work professes to be, and of its relation to the smaller book, sold at one-shilling, and for a long time in everybody's hands in the streets of London. That little fat book, in its drab cover, with its densely-printed pages, looking about as interesting as *Walker's Dictionary*, and scarcely half as intelligible, which—though from no fault of its own—few could understand, and scarcely anybody read: that book was merely an index to the present work, though it appeared first, and thus inverted the ordinary rule. The small official catalogue, in fact, is a highly-condensed summary of the larger work, generally dealing only with names, places, and things exhibited, without any descriptive detail. This may perhaps be best illustrated by a specimen from each work, which we here append from Class 17, United Kingdom:—

'174. MUIR, R., *Dunlop St., Glasgow*, Inv.—Electro-stereotype plate for letterpress-printing, from a mould of gutta-percha, taken from a page of diamond type in a screw-press.' Now contrast this with the same article in the larger catalogue:—

'174. MUIR, ROBERT, 4 *Dunlop Street, Glasgow*—Inventor.

'Electro-stereotype plate for letterpress-printing. This specimen is from a mould of gutta-percha, taken from a page of diamond types in a screw-press. The gutta-percha was laid on warm, the pressure applied immediately, and left on for fifteen minutes. When the mould was taken off it was brushed over with plumbago, and copper deposited upon it by the known process. When the copper deposit is backed up, with gutta-percha, it is ready for press.

'The advantage of electro-stereotype over stereotype is—that it will last much longer, and work much cleaner. The exhibitor has worked one of each together, and when the stereotype was completely worn, the electro-stereotype was as good as at first.

'Gutta-percha plate to be used in letterpress-printing. Plates made of gutta-percha from woodcuts will work a large impression with letterpress; advantageous when woodcuts are expensive, as the originals might be saved. Gutta-percha plates can be made in a short time at a trifling cost; and when two, four, or six are worked together, it will greatly facilitate the work and lessen expense.

'Make a mould from a woodcut by the method above described; brush it over with plumbago; lay it on the press, face up, and put warm gutta-percha into it; apply the pressure as before. Several plates may be got from the same mould.'

Every step in the history of this book has its interest, and we shall therefore commence our narrative with its legitimate origin. It is publicly known that the Royal Commissioners advertised for an Official Catalogue by contract. The general terms of that contract were to the effect—that a volume should be printed on good paper, with new type, extending to the length of 820 pages, small 4to, giving a succinct account of every article in the Great Exhibition, and sold at the price of one shilling, out of which

* Official, Descriptive, and Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition. 3 vols. London: Spicer Brothers, and W. Clowes and Sons.

twopence was to be deducted, and surrendered to the Royal Commissioners, for the general fund. In other words, a volume of 320 pages was to be produced, and sold at tenpence per copy, and a fine of £.50 per diem was to be incurred if it made not its appearance punctually on 1st May, with 10,000 copies ready for sale. In addition to this work, authority was given for the publication of a larger one, to contain illustrations and detailed descriptions of the goods exhibited—in short, a Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue. No limit was affixed to the price of this work. Advertisements might be inserted in either. For the privilege of publishing the small catalogue at a price only just removed from a positive loss for every copy sold, and for that of bringing out the present costly work, a large purchase-money was expected—and obtained. It appears from published accounts that the sum of £.3200 was paid for the copyright of these volumes! This part of the business settled, the task of arranging the preliminaries for the collection of the manuscripts of the 15,000 authors, and the plan of proceeding when the contributions were received, formed the next part of the history of the books.

The production of the plan of the present volumes, and the idea of attaching elucidatory notes to the descriptions of exhibitors, formed, as the preface assures us, the task of the literary and scientific editor. On receipt of the manuscripts of exhibitors, they were to undergo a rude sort of preparation, intended merely to divest them of obviously superfluous matter, and to throw the manuscript into the conventional form intelligible to the compositor. This effected, and the copy set up in type, the whole was sent in the form known as 'slip' to the editor, whose duty was the digestion, classification, distribution, correction, reconstruction of the raw material thus laid before him.

But we are going too fast. The manuscript had first to be written. For this purpose, rules intended for the guidance of the exhibitors—the authors—were issued by the Executive Committee. These rules were instructive and valuable in a high degree; and, had they reached a full development, the work before us would have assumed the very highest position in science and literature. These rules were put into circulation all over the United Kingdom and on the continent—indeed wherever the post could carry them in time. With them were circulated blank forms of four kinds—blue, red, black, and yellow, appropriated to the four sections—Raw Materials, Machinery, Manufactures, and Fine Arts. On these the exhibitor-authors had to write the accounts of their articles; and thus was produced the manuscript forming the crude material of the present volumes. What heaps of manuscript must have been thus produced—what bushels or barrow-loads of written paper—for to measure this by folio and sheet is insanity—can be told only by those to whom the mass was in due course consigned—the unfortunate printers.

With this material in type commence the next phase and the most formidable of the difficulties attendant on the production of the catalogue. The material had passed from the compilers to the compositors, and from the latter we now trace it to the editorial study. But who was to edit this heap of incongruous material?—a conglomerate of scraps dealing with every art and science. Evidently no single individual was equal to the performance of a duty at once so immense in its character and so varied in its nature. This difficulty had been foreseen: long prior to the receipt of the first line of the work an army of scientific and practical men had been mustered, the roll including some of the highest names in natural and mechanical science. To the separate care of each member of this corps the dismembered fragments of the catalogue, systematically cut to pieces, were duly forwarded. Now arose a fresh difficulty—how were these pieces to be joined together

once more, and that in precisely the same order as at first? For example, fragment No. 1 was off to the continent; its next-door neighbour, No. 2, to the north of Ireland; and No. 3 to Birmingham—each piece being on the average not more than half-a-dozen lines in length. No. 1 would be a week ere it returned, No. 2 four or five days, and No. 3 at least three. Meanwhile hundreds of fresh fragments were being sent out, and the daily post brought hundreds back in return. The precise manner in which this formidable difficulty was subdued, and the double end attained of ensuring a competent and accurate revision and correction, and the preservation of the sequential order of the matter, has not been divulged. The editor merely states that a simple plan was adopted which accomplished all; and that, moreover, a precise register of every fragment was kept of its destination, the period of its transmission by post, and of its return; and so accurately did this plan work, that the accidental detention of a little piece only three lines long was immediately discovered, and every particular of its history fully known! A polite request for its immediate return apprised the annotator of the vigilant care which watched over these little scraps of paper—in themselves so worthless—yet each telling its industrial tale.

Let us suppose the material thus purified from most of its scientific and technical inaccuracies, a vast amount of literary labour remained to be accomplished. Let the reader conceive the infinite variety of style, literary construction, and expression inevitably resulting from the very nature of the material and its origin. Mr A., who exhibited an amazing species of blacking, would—may we say, did?—dilate in strains comparable to, though at a little interval behind, those of a famous poet of metropolitan celebrity. Yet Mr A.'s blacking was a good article, a capital industrial product, and on no account to be despised because it was something attached to everyday life: quite the contrary. It was not fair to omit everything Mr A. said the blacking would accomplish, yet what it would really effect was so enveloped in figures of speech as scarcely to admit of disentanglement. This must, however, be done, and it was done. Mr A.'s rhetoric on blacking was only a type of Mr B.'s on boots, or Mr C.'s on soap. Indeed it is very probable that the hairdressers, bootmakers, and others who 'exhibited,' contributed more in the matter of literary composition than any other class of exhibition authors. It can scarcely, however, be deemed a matter of regret that there is little trace of this in the work before us, where all those exhibitors speak in very staid and demure terms of their several products. Thus far for the puffery.

The variety of literary style and expression formed a far more intractable feature of this undertaking. It proved a remarkable fact in the history of the preparation of the work, that in a large number of instances those exhibitors who were the producers of the most meritorious objects, were precisely those who said least about them. To such an extent was this the case, that it became actually necessary to invite such exhibitors to send further details for the due balancing of a work which at one time threatened to be overwhelmed with commonplace. This seems to have proved effectual; and few cases can now be pointed out of insufficient description attached to deserving objects. When from various causes, which it is easy to conjecture, the descriptions sent still proved inadequate, they were extended, or received the addition of an explanatory note. The formation of sentences, the right selection of terms, and all the other things to be attended to in literary composition, had all to be done here; and an endeavour has been made, with a moderate degree of success, to reduce to a harmonious whole this anomalous and incongruous heap of literary material. Just as varies the handwriting of every

individual, so, though in a lesser degree, will be found to vary what is well understood as the 'style' of every writer. Let it be also remembered that a considerable amount of the manuscript was forwarded by that large and meritorious class of exhibitors—artisans, and in its grammatical and orthographical construction was consequently full of internal evidence of its humble origin.

These difficulties, great as they must have proved, were trifling in comparison with one which still remains to be adverted to—the queer literary productions of the foreign exhibitors. This will be best understood by considering the difficulty of translating technical terms into their English equivalents. As an example, something of the following description might have to be dealt with:—'This lamp is at present time in the public domain. The simpleness of its Mechanism got over a noted preference upon the — lamp, the name of which will ever be *illustrious*. It produces the same result exactly than that latter, but it affords not so much difficulties as so its Cleansing and repairing. Its immense success already occupies several important manufactures, but which are rather more inclined so sell a very low prices than having a good manufacturing. With that respect, M. —, the first and unequalled french lamp Manufacturer, may be ever highly commended for the rightly-acquired fame of his products!!'

Or, again, what would the reader make out of a gilding-fluid which might be described as 'allying very well with reserved parts to imitate wood?' Or how should such a statement as the following be dealt with:—'Creator of my manufactory — in 1830, being by myself a —, I have always worked in a line of amelioration and of improvement, all the models of my productions, united in my warehouses, are established conscientiously; and of the best quality my only desire, being to arrive to an honourable result.'

The grammatical entanglement of a foreigner's translation of his description of a piece of machinery—a mule for cotton-spinning, for example, or an agricultural implement—can perhaps scarcely be conceived. It is easy to imagine the multitude of ludicrous mistakes which would thus arise, and the appearance of which in the work would have destroyed its value and character. Even were all correct, the foreign idiom must have been invariably preserved, and an extensive transposition of words in every second or third sentence would become necessary.

However, after alterations and corrections to an alarming extent, the book was actually got to press, part by part; and having struggled through every difficulty, it now appears complete in a handsome form. Its delay is explained in the preface as the result of an accumulation of corrections and alterations of various kinds, many of which were made by a few out of the 15,000 who sat down to write the work. The smaller catalogue was rapidly made up from the corrected sheets of the larger one; and while the latter were obliged to lie inactive for awhile—if undergoing a dreadful process of docking can be so called—the smaller book was seen in every nook and alley of the Great Exhibition.

The career of the smaller work ended just prior to the close of the Exhibition, when the present, perfect in all its parts, appeared. A wide and honourable field of scientific and commercial utility appears likely to be occupied by this great work. We have often been struck with the fact, that commercial men in but few instances have perceived the relation of science to commerce. In this work it is shewn in a manner not likely to be soon forgotten.

The merchant may here learn the locality, the probable supply, and, in many instances, the scientific synonymes of those substances in the sale of which he is so deeply concerned; and the philosopher may learn

also the vulgar and common terms of many of those things which have hitherto been familiar to him in the dignified though less expressive designations of science.

On another occasion we may again advert to these volumes, and present a few extracts from their contents. For the present we have adhered to our original intention, and considered the work merely in its interesting character as one of the curiosities of literature. It would be unfair to conclude without stating, since the fact is not mentioned in the title, that the editor-in-chief is Mr Robert Ellis of Sloane Street.

• CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

Not least extraordinary among the results of the gold-discovery in California is the new social relationship or intermixture of races which, already commenced, will doubtless go on to some interesting developments. We were aware that the immense and crowded population of China had, under the present dynasty, begun fairly to overflow its bounds, and that already colonies of Celestials had planted themselves in the Indian Archipelago. We were not prepared, however, to hear of new tribes of emigrants from the same country floating across the North Pacific; and yet such is the fact, as appears by an account just received from a writer in San Francisco. 'The Chinese,' he says, 'are destined to exercise an important influence in this country. For the last six months they have supplied a larger number of immigrants than any other nation—not excepting the Atlantic section of the Union. Scarcely a week elapses without the arrival of 150 or 200 Celestials. Very few of them forsake the country; they appear to shape their course for permanent residence. The greater number equip themselves for mining, and set off in quest of gold; but many have settled down in trade or business in this city. The various grades of society are well represented; many of them are labourers and rustics, while some appear to be educated and polished. They all hail from Canton: it would not be creditable to come from any other place.

It is a curious fact that, although there are from 10,000 to 20,000 of these people in California, very few of them are females. The women do not come: I know of but two or three Chinese women in this city. One of them is the noted Miss Atoy—a distinguished character, who has no pretensions to beauty, though she is not homely. She lives in a very public place, and shews herself at the door—always in regular national costume—with Chinese pantaloons of pure white or highly-wrought satin.

You cannot look into the streets but you see troops of Chinese—here a dozen marching in single file, irregularly, and making a tour of observation, noting with curiosity everything around them. Yonder is another troop, twenty or thirty more, laden with tin pans, boots, and various preparations for the mines. Still larger bodies may be seen with sacks of sugar and rice on their backs, carrying them to their storehouses after the manner of ants; or if the load be too heavy for one, two of them tug it on a pole. There is a chap with a huge basket of clothing, at the heels of an odd-looking genius who wears odd-looking spectacles, and who reads his book as he goes to find the proper stopping-places. Occasionally you behold fifty or a hundred in one gang, just arrived, and staring with amazement at everything, getting along about as fast as children going to school on a parade-day.

The Chinese are slow in assuming the American costume. Their clumsy shoes first come off, and are replaced by boots, often much too large. They are fond of big boots, and will seldom submit to a good fit if they can get a pair of greater capacity for the same money. Their feet are generally small. A friend of mine had a stock of small boots that he did not know

want to do with: a Chinaman, attracted by their cheapness, bought a pair, and soon returned with swarms of his countrymen, who exhausted the supply before night.

'After sticking their nether extremities into leathern boots, the revolution attacks the head. The black woollen skull-cap, or the big cane umbrella-flat, heavy as Charlemagne's crown, gives place to the California slouch. Further than this the Chinaman seldom advances: about one in fifty takes the next step, which is to don the entire American costume; but the mass continue to exhibit their wiry, elliptic shanks enveloped in tight flannel or nankeen, or each one sticking through a petticoat which ventures scarcely below the knee.

'When employed as cooks and servants the Chinese find it convenient to assume an American name; but under other circumstances they make no change. A cook who had some outlandish Chinese name made choice of Thomas Tuck as his English synonyme. A card lately published in our papers, recommending a certain ship in which the authors had arrived, was signed *San Man, Chung Yee, Pew Chung, Lee Chin, and Long Fun*. Their signs are becoming quite numerous on our streets. We have Laundry Establishment, by *Pow Cheong*; *Ton Woo*, Chinese Goods; *Ying Ho*, Canton Wash-house; *Wang Shing*, Chinese Silk-Store; *On Chong*, Washing and Ironing.

'One of their grand depôts is at the head of Clay Street, where they have erected a very handsome storeroom. The sign is painted in their own tongue, though the characters are placed horizontally, and not in perpendicular columns, as is their custom. The house is crammed, like their other quartering-places, with hundreds of trunks and bundles, and with various kinds of merchandise. The merchants mostly remain in their stores, waiting for the visits of customers. Some small traders hawk their wares from door to door. They are equal to the Yankees in driving a bargain, and their economy is undoubted. It is said that they can out-trick the Yankees in trade, in proof of which specimens of tea made of dead wood are exhibited. It is even said that they can transform linen shirts into excellent calico ones in the process of washing and ironing. When a customer calls they exhibit wonderful expertness in comprehending his wants and arranging a bargain; but the tax-collector avers that he cannot by any possible means make them understand the object of his visit.

'They are very temperate, and a Chinaman is scarcely ever known to be drunk or noisy in the streets. In their houses they make merry with music and dancing. They are fond of smoking cigaritos, and are growing in civilisation fast enough to smoke in the streets.

'On a Sabbath morning lately I entered their establishment in Clay Street, and found some twenty of them sitting on the boxes, quietly occupied in sewing bags of buckskin for gold-dust. They were evidently unskilled in the art. One of the party wore a thimble, and others had a rag tied on the finger instead. I was shewing one of them how to do his work better, when another stepped up to shew me his work, which was neatly done. He was highly gratified with my approbation.

'Their ironing is done with a smooth-bottomed skillet filled with live coals, which is moved over the fabric by means of the handle in the same way that a warming-pan is used. One of them found a vest that he was ironing to be too dry; whereupon, filling his mouth with water, he sputtered it over the garment with wonderful dexterity. Each ironing-table is supplied with a bowl of water for this purpose.'

The writer then hazards a conjecture, that after the men have established a home they will send for their wives; but this betrays an ignorance of the Chinese law, which prohibits women from being taken out of

the country—a prohibition not the less stringently enforced, that the superabundance of the sex leads to the practice of infanticide. When we consider, however, the heterogeneous population of the auriferous state—French, Irish, Scotch, English, Americans, Spaniards, Mexicans, Sandwich Islanders, Indians, and many others—we assent to his observation, that 'events of great moment in the history of the world are destined to grow out of the rapid colonisation of the Pacific shore, and the opening of new channels of commerce and social intercourse. The past half of the present century is full of the miracles of science and art: the current half will not be wanting. Who can imagine what the year 1901 will bring forth? China, Japan, India, the Islands of the sea, will not be as they now are. A turning and an overturning are at hand. The Chinese emigration to California is one link in the chain.'

It appears that the more the diggings are extended, the more of the precious metal is discovered: the value of the quantity collected and to be collected within the present year, is estimated at 100,000,000 of dollars—or £20,000,000 sterling. The mines of Russia have hitherto been the most productive; but their yield of £4,000,000 annually is now exceeded fivefold by that of California. Unexpected returns have been obtained from several mills lately set up to crush the quartz rock by water-power; one of them is said to give 'a net profit of 100 dollars per hour.' It is calculated that the auriferous deposits cannot be exhausted in 1000 years.

Owing to the fact, that gold is not used in China as currency in any form, or in the payment of dues or taxes, none of the metal can be sent to that country without incurring a positive loss. On the other hand, at New York gold is worth 18 dollars an ounce, while in California it is not worth more than 16 dollars; consequently a large profit is realised by the mere sending of it from one side of the American continent to the other. The prices of vegetables at San Francisco and the diggings are, as reported, almost fabulous: potatoes, 16 dollars a bushel; turnips and onions, 25 to 62½ cents each; eggs, from 10 to 12 dollars a dozen. Wood is so scarce that coal is burnt, which costs from 60 to 100 dollars per ton; and it is supposed that a good trade may be established for the coal of Vancouver's Island and our Australian colonies. Pine boards and timber, locally termed 'lumber,' sold at one time at from 300 to 600 dollars per 1000 feet; but the price is now 85 dollars, and, with wages at 15 dollars a day, it cannot be produced in the country for less. The lumber-merchants of the eastern states consequently hope to do a good trade in this commodity: they can supply the wood at 16 dollars per 1000 feet, and the freight will be 24 dollars, making the cost less than half that of the Californian pine. The demand for lumber for several years to come is estimated at 20,000,000 feet annually. When all the arrangements are complete, it is intended that the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific ports shall not occupy more than 20 days—thus, New York to Chagres, 7 days; the Isthmus, 3 days; Panama to San Francisco, 10 days. Meantime sailing-vessels have made the voyage by way of Cape Horn in from 90 to 100 days: the route recommended is to stand broad off from the Horn, so as to get beyond the currents and baffling airs near the land, and within the influence of the south-east and north-west trade-winds. By this means the voyage from the Cape to San Francisco may often be performed in less time than from Panama to the same place.

It appears further, that California is remarkable for some other natural phenomena besides gold. Many singular petrifications have been met with on different parts of the coast; and in the Bay of San Francisco there are standing petrified trees, to which boats are

not unfrequently made fast at low-water—all indicating a volcanic origin. The same cause is still at work in what are called the 'Pluton Geysers'—that is, the hot springs of the Valley of the Pluton. These have lately been visited and examined by Mr Shepherd, professor of geology in Ohio, who relates that after exploring the Napa Valley for a distance of 80 miles, he came with his party to a group of 20 springs, varying in temperature from 98 to 169 degrees, although lying within a space of half a mile square. What is more remarkable, the temperature of individual springs changes considerably in the course of a few weeks, becoming cold or intensely hot. The professor felt desirous to find the spot where the intensity of this action would be greatest, and pursued his exploration. To quote his own words:

'We travelled north-westerly from the head of Napa Valley, and after encamping one or two nights in the rain, and wandering through almost impenetrable thickets, reached the summit of a high peak on the morning of the fourth day. On the west we saw the vast Pacific; on the east, the lofty range of the Sierra Nevada; while on the north, almost immediately at our feet, there opened an immense chasm, apparently formed by the rending of the mountains in a direction from west to east. The sun's rays had already penetrated into the narrow valley, and so lighted up the deep defile that from a distance of four or five miles we distinctly saw clouds and dense columns of steam rapidly rising from the banks of the little river Pluton. It was now the 8th of February: the mountain-peaks in the distance were covered with snow, while the valley at our feet wore the verdant garb of summer. It was with difficulty we could persuade ourselves that we were not looking down upon some manufacturing city, such as Pittsburg or Wheeling, until by a tortuous descent we arrived at the spot where at once the secrets of the inner world opened upon our astonished senses. In the space of half a mile square we discovered from 100 to 200 openings through which the steam issued with violence, sending up dense columns to a height of nearly 200 feet, like our largest ocean-steamers, and gradually diminishing to engines of one or two horse-power. The roar of the larger tubes could be heard for a mile or more.'

Some of these jets work 'spasmodically,' and when least expected, drench the incautious traveller with scalding water. The mineral and earthy matters held in suspension have formed cones over some of the orifices, the interior of which 'appears to be immense boiling caldrons, and you hear the lashing and foaming gyrations beneath your feet as you approach them. It is then a moment of intense interest. Curiosity impels you forward—fear holds you back; and while you hesitate, the thin crust under your feet gives way, and you find yourself sinking into the fiery maelstrom below.'

Here also the quality and temperature of the springs close together vary greatly—from boiling-point down to icy cold—and furnishing an abundant variety of mineral waters, with 'every natural facility for vapour, shower, or plunge baths. Where the heated sulphuretted hydrogen gas is evolved, water appears to be suddenly formed, beautiful crystals of sulphur deposited, and more or less sulphuric acid generated. In some places the acid was found so strong as to turn black-kid-gloves almost immediately to a deep red. . . . Notwithstanding that the rocks and earth in many places are so hot as to burn your feet through the soles of your boots, there is yet no appearance of a volcano in this extraordinary spot. Were the action to cease, it would be difficult after a few years to persuade men that it ever existed. The rocks around you are rapidly dissolving under the powerful metamorphic action going on. Porphyry and jasper are transformed into a kind of potter's clay; granite is rendered so soft that you may crush it between your fingers and

cut it as easily as bread unbaked; and feldspar appears to be converted partly into alum.'

The action of heat on wood was also strikingly exhibited, in stumps of trees silicified, and others converted into lignite or brown coal. This fact perhaps may help to explain the occurrence of silicified wood in Van Diemen's Land, which has often proved a puzzle to geologists. There were also 'some drops of a very dense and highly refractive fluid;' and Professor Shepherd 'was led to believe that pure carbon might, under such circumstances, crystallise and form the diamond.' Unfortunately he lost the specimen in his attempt to secure it.

The effect produced on living vegetation is thus described:— 'A green tree cut down and obliquely inserted in one of the conical mounds was so changed in thirty-six hours that its species would not have been recognised except from the portion projecting outside, around which beautiful crystals of sulphur had already formed.'

The heated and sulphurous vapours have no injurious effect on the vegetation of the locality, for large forest-trees flourish within fifty feet of the boiling springs, animals abound in the thickets, and birds sing in the branches.

Professor Shepherd thus concludes: 'I have now traced the influence of this thermal action from 200 to 300 miles on the Pacific coast to California, but only in this place have I been permitted to witness its astonishing intensity. The metamorphic action going on is at this moment effecting important changes in the structure and conformation of the rocky strata. It is not stationary, but apparently moving slowly eastward in the Pluton Valley.' He considers that if the cause of action be carefully studied, the result will be to throw light on many geological phenomena at present inexplicable.

RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF WILD-FLOWERS.

DECEMBER.

'And after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember—
His Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad.
Upon a shaggy-bearded goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jovo in tender years,
They say, was nourisht by the Idean Mayd;
And in his hand a broad, deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks a health to all his peers.'

—SPENSER.

But 'great bonfires' and 'merry feasting,' however much indulged in in Devonshire, are not needed to the end that one should 'not the cold remember,' for winter on England's sweet south-western coast is not like that season in other places. In South Devon, tender shrubs, which in most counties are stripped of their leaves in October, remain verdant till late in the winter. I have seen the new spring-leaves spreading their tender green, and flower-buds formed on the branches of the rose-tree, whilst those of the former year still retained their green as they hung unshaken on their stalks. Fuchsias, geraniums, and the cecre-mocarpus, whose delicate leaves are so soon touched by frost, continue to bloom till long after Christmas, and in very mild winters even as late as March; whilst many exotics, which in other counties would not survive December without the protection of a greenhouse, will stand winter after winter in the open ground without even the protection of matting, and attain size and strength unknown to the inhabitants of a greenhouse. When, therefore, I speak of finding flowers in the field after their usual season is past, do not let it be considered as a myth, but look on it—as it is of a truth—rather as a result of that sweet, genial climate with which it has pleased God to endow our southern coast,

making it thereby so comfortable and beneficial a retreat for those poor consumptive beings who would be unable to bear the cold blasts of winter in a less favourable position, and whereby so many lives have been prolonged and so much suffering mitigated.

But now, as I mean to take a long round through the lanes, and to bring home such wealth of berries as never was seen, I really must have George and the donkey: the former to climb the hedges and collect the spoil, and the latter to help to bring it home when collected. The flower-fancier who lives by the sea-shore has several great advantages over one who lives in an inland situation, because there are many plants which love saline particles, and flourish within their influence, but do not exist where those particles are not to be found; yet he has one marked disadvantage: the person who lives in an inland position forms the centre of a circle of as many miles of land as he can traverse, and therefore has about twice as much field for his observation as the sea-shore collector, inasmuch as the circle of the latter is half composed of sea, an element on which he can find no food for his fancy. Remember, I do not say the botanist, but the flower-collector; for of course he who studies the marine plants does not come under my remark. Now this circumstance must account for my so often leading my friends at the outset of our walk or ride in the same direction: at Budleigh Salterton there are but two roads by which you may quit the village—one leading to Sidmouth, and the other to Exmouth; and though these soon branch off into other roads and lanes, so as to provide an abundant variety of walks, there is necessarily a little monotony in the commencement of our rambles.

Mounted on Jack, and with George, my trusty knight, by my side, we therefore set off once more up the village, along by the blacksmith's glowing shop, and so over the heath to the Exmouth road, because there grow the finest hollies of all in that holly-decked neighbourhood; and as Christmas is drawing near, I propose getting a rare stock of its bright berries, as well as those of other kinds, for the decoration of my rooms: not for the reason assigned by Brand, for decking houses with evergreens in December—'that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain untripped by frost and cold winds until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes,' but because I love old customs—at least all harmless ones—and because I love and would cultivate cheerfulness; and though living now alone, I see not why my house should not look as bright, and I be as happy, as my neighbours: indeed, the house of the solitary needs the help of such external influences to enliven it, even more than that of the family where there are bright young faces all beaming with Christmas joy, and all sorts of social greetings between old and young and middle-aged, to cheer a family circle. And so I set forward, resolved that my house should be very gay, and that in berries at any rate I would outvie my neighbours.

There was no frost, no snow; the leaves still lingered on the hedges, a few here and there tinged with those deepest shades of red and purple and bronze which precede their final departure; but many more than remain on the branches lie in heaps under the hedge and on the bank; and as you pass along, hundreds of small birds spring up from their feast of hips and hawthorn-berries—startling you with their sudden flight as they mount—and then alight on some bush a little farther, on to resume their chirping and their food. And then on some twig close to you, and in full sight, sweet Robin sits and sings, wholly unscared by the sight of human beings, his bright orange-red breast having attained its full winter richness, and looking almost as brilliant as the holly-berries on the neighbouring tree, and his song possessing more power and sweetness than at any other time of the year.

And now we have entered on the scene of our gatherings, and there are trees refulgent with berries, and of a size not often surpassed. At first they appear only here and there, but about a mile from the village the hedge on the right hand is chiefly formed of holly, and large trees of it, some twenty feet or more in height, stand out at intervals in all the pride of beauty. For how many long years has the holly been the theme of song and praise! How many years has it been in repute as a Christmas ornament! Certainly it had attained this pre-eminence before the English language arrived at its present orthography, for there exists an old carol or ballad in the Harleian collection at the British Museum which curiously contrasts it with the ivy, putting the latter into a most lamentable position. Nevertheless, the much-despised ivy shall have its 'honour due,' both in our houses and in my botanical record.

The common ivy (*Hedera helix*) is of the natural order *Capprifoliacea*—the name is supposed to be derived from the Celtic *hedra*, a cord. Incredible as it may seem to the ordinary observer, there is but one species of this tribe indigenous in England; and indeed the whole genus boasts but two species, unless we consider the Irish ivy (*Hedera helix vegeta*), which is a native of Madeira, as one. In appearance, however, there are two English species: one which runs over walls, trees, and ruins, sending out large branches crowned with blossoms and berries, and forming woody stems as thick or thicker than the wrist, with leaves egg-shaped and sharply pointed, of one clear green; and another not half the size of the former, the leaves of which are five-lobed, and veined with white, their colour varied with purple, bronze, and even yellow and red: it grows close to the wall, or trunk of the tree on which it spreads, and produces neither blossoms nor berries. But these are merely varieties of the same species, the apparent differences proceeding from the accidents of soil and situation; and this may be proved by taking a bit of the root of the larger sort, and placing it close to a wall or tree, where you will soon see it assume the growth and appearance of the smaller sort, and continue to maintain it until it rises to a height where there is no substance on which it can fix the numerous fibres thrown out from the stems: it will then begin to alter its character, become woody and branched, and throw out blossoms; the leaves will also assume the undivided form and the uniform green which marks the larger sort.

The ivy blossom appears in October or November. It is formed with five stamens, one pistil, and five small oblong petals. The flowers are in umbels, and produce one-celled berries, which when ripe, and that is about April, are black and very handsome. I am not aware that it has any medicinal properties, neither is it good for the food of man; yet in it we may remark a gracious provision for the benefit of some of the lower animals. When the hawthorn and other berries which have supplied the blackbirds and other feathered denizens of the wild with food during the winter are nearly exhausted, and the summer fruits are not yet ripened, there comes in an abundant crop of ivy berries; and this is not all, for at the close of the flower season, when the 'sodulous bees' can find but little to supply their wants, the sweet blossoms of the ivy expand, and then around every ivy-crowned bridge and wall you may hear the air all vocal with the busy hum of these pretty honey-gatherers, who cluster among the blossoms by hundreds. Pigeons, blackbirds, thrushes, and other birds rejoice in the berries, and the stumps of ivy form a favourite building-place for blackbirds and some other kinds. Sheep are also very fond of its leaves; therefore ivy shall not 'stand without the doreful sore acold.'

But now for the holly, for we are come to the very best trees, with myriads of the brightest berries, the

leaves glittering in the sunshine, and the 'birdies' glancing about among them between the branches. But the finest bunches are too high, and far above my reach. What shall I do?—for I had set my mind on gathering for myself. Why I must remount Jack, and perhaps by getting him in close under the tree, and it may be a little way up the bank, I may succeed in reaching those splendid branches. So Jack was pushed, and pulled, and pommelled about, until he had at last assumed the position required; and then up I got, but, alas! I had miscalculated, for my head was not very much higher than before, and all the most glowing branches preserved their beauties *intatto*!

'I can climb up easy, ma'am,' said George; and before I could reply with consent or denial, George was crasling through the branches and dry leaves on the top of the hedge.

'Not that tree, George,' cried I, seeing him begin to ascend one whose berries were not of so brilliant a red as its neighbour—for be it known that there is great diversity in their hue, some trees bearing much duller berries than others—'Not that; the next;' and George, obedient though ardent, was presently aloft in the one indicated, lopping off such branches, all one glow of scarlet, that soon there lay at my feet enough to clothe Jack in a bristly paupery from head to foot. And now my purveyor having descended from the tree—not wholly unscathed though, for it is ill climbing in a holly-bush—we jog on through Knowle, and as we go, we may amuse ourselves with talking over the holly, its structure and properties. Be it known, then, that though China, Carolina, Madeira, and other countries boast of numerous species of this plant, which is of the natural order *Celastrineæ*, in Britain there is only one indigenous to the land, and that is the common holly (*Ilex aquifolium*), although there have been several varieties produced by culture from this species. The main characteristics of all, however, are alike. The bark is grayish; the leaves alternate, shining, and of a deep green, remaining verdant throughout the year: they are spiny, the lower leaves more so than the upper, the margin of the former being waved, and forming many acute points, whilst those of the latter are in general smooth, excepting one sharp spine at the extremity of the leaf. The flowers spring from the axils of the leaves, and are white and somewhat umbellate. Blooming early in the year, their germens continue to increase, become globular, and as they ripen, assume a scarlet hue, more or less brilliant—a difference proceeding, I imagine, from soil or other adventitious circumstance. This berry contains four cells, in each of which is one oblong, pointed seed, which when it falls to the ground, vegetates freely among the fallen leaves, from whence the young plants may be transplanted in early spring or autumn by the hundred. Every part of this plant is useful: as fences, the prickly leaves render it invaluable, although its slow growth is a disadvantage; the wood is much in repute with turners, as it is very hard, white, and close-grained, presenting a beautiful surface. It is much used in mosaic or inlaying work, and is also put under thin plates of ivory, to render the latter more brilliant. Birdlime is made of the bark, its berries are the food of multitudes of birds, and its blossoms the delight of bees and of many other insects. Evelyn states that the superior leaves, dried to a fine powder, and drunk in white wine, are good for one complaint, and the most pointed, mixed and boiled with other matters, for several others; and also that a dozen of the ripe berries being swallowed would disperse phlegm without danger; but these, I suspect, were some of the notions of an age less advanced in medical knowledge than the present, for Woodville in his *Medical Botany* takes no notice of the holly. Evelyn was an enthusiast in holly, and had a most noble hedge of it in his garden at Deptford, on which he thus expatiates:

'Is there under heaven a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind than an impenetrable fence of near three hundred foot in length, nine foot high, and five in diameter, which I can shew in my poor garden, at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves? the taller standards at orderly distances blushing with their natural coral. It mocks at the rudest assaults of the weather, beasts, or hedge-breakers, "et illum nemo impune lacescit."'

He then proceeds to give many important directions for the growth and culture of hollies, and adds: 'This rare hedge—the boast of my villa—was planted upon a burning gravel exposed to the meridian sun.' But there seems to have been a hedge in the grounds of Sir M. Decker, at Richmond, which even surpassed Evelyn's in grandeur. This plant—which never looks more beautiful than when its brilliant green foliage and coral-berries are breaking through a mantle of lustrous snow—presents many cultivated varieties: one with yellow berries, and another with a silvery edging to its leaves, but none of them equal in beauty to the common red prickly holly, a sprig of which is the badge of the clan Drummond. It is called in Gaelic *Croil Thiom*.

'And now, George,' said I, as we worked our way through Knowle, 'where can we get some butcher's broom?'

'O there's plenties, maam, at Haye's 'ood, but I doant know for any handier nor that,' was George's reply.

'And how far is Haye's Wood from hence?' asked I. 'They do call 't about a mile and half here from,' answered George in his broad Devonshire dialect, wherein we have almost continental pronunciation of some vowels, and wonderful clipping of others, with such strange inversions of personal and possessive pronouns as are, I believe, unknown in other lands.

'Then you must get me some to-morrow, George. was my decision; for another 'mile and half' on a donkey, and two miles and a half back, was more than my philosophy could contemplate—'and we will go round the lanes by the mill, and look for some iris-berries, and so home by Kersbrook;' and George, well pleased with the prospect of some pence for his to-morrow's excursion, gave Jack a thump, and seizing him by the bridle, dashed through the brook which crosses the road, all regardless of the water reaching above his ankles; and off we trotted at double-quick time through most tortuous lanes, still beautiful in their sequestered shelter, and overhung with ivy and holly, and hips and haws, the banks here and there displaying a few bright blossoms of ragwort, or scabious, or St John's wort, and occasionally a pink campion rather pinched in truth, yet still pretty and bright. Soon we fell in with the iris-berries in profuse abundance, and highly ornamental they are to the country all through the autumn and winter; they are the fruit of the *Iris fatidissima*, one of the only two species which are indigenous in our own land; for though there are so many gorgeous varieties which add to the decoration of our gardens, they are all imports from other countries—the common yellow-flag or fleur-de-lis (*Iris pseudo-acorus*), and that whose berries I was seeking, but whose name I am sorry to write, because, though most appropriate, it is so inelegant—the stinking iris (*I. fatidissima*), being our only two native kinds. They belong to the natural order *Iridææ*. The very name of iris denotes beauty, being bestowed by the ancients from the variety of its colours. Loudon says: 'According to Plutarch, the word iris signified, in the ancient Egyptian tongue, eye—the eye of heaven;' and iris is the name of the rainbow. One of the foreign species (*Iris germanica*), a native of Germany, produces that sweet, violet-scented article the orris-root—a corruption of iris-root—

which is sold in shops as a dentifrice, and for other uses; but one of our English kinds (*J. pseudo-acorus*) seems to have more valuable properties than any other I find reported. The root of this is said to be good for toothache, besides having other medical uses, and being also used in the Hebrides to dye black. The leaves make excellent thatch and chair-bottoms; and Dr George Johnstone says that the berries roasted are an admirable substitute for coffee. It is common in marshy places and wet fields in June.

The form of the blossom is like that of all irises, with six divisions, the three inner much shorter than the three outer: this, the yellow-flag, grows from two, to four feet in height, throwing up from a fine group of dark-green sword-shaped leaves its long flower-stalks, each with three blossoms, which expand one after the other, and are of a bright yellow. The other species (*Iris fetidissima*) is less common than the former: it is found most abundantly in all the south-western counties of England, but is rare elsewhere, and not met with at all in Scotland. Hooker says, and most truly, 'in Devonshire it is so frequent that you can hardly avoid walking among it when herborising, and being annoyed by the smell; and Withering tells us that it has a smell 'like rancid bacon.' Decidedly the odour which exhales from any cut or bruised part is most offensive, and almost enough to deter one from venturing to assail it; but, luckily, it does not continue long; and after it has once subsided it does not return unless you macerate it anew, so that the flower or capsule may be used in the decoration of a room with impunity. It is in form like all the rest of its tribe; the colour of the blossom which appears in June is a dull grayish purple; in growth it is smaller and lower than the yellow-flag; it prefers dry soil, and is abundant on the limestone hills near Torquay, where it looks very brilliant—rising in tufts among the great boulders of limestone, which crop up between the short thymy turf on those beautiful heights. Its great beauty, however, lies in its abundant fruit, which, forming about July, lies closed up in its large three-lobed calyx of deep green till towards winter, when the segments of the calyx begin to divide, and display at each of the three openings a double row of round yellow berries, very smooth, and as large as a pea, shewing that each capsule encloses six rows of seeds with about six or seven in each row: as they mature the sepals open wider, and the berries deepen in colour until they attain a bright orange-red; so that during November and December they present a very beautiful appearance. Three or four of these masses of berries hang on each stalk, depressing it by their weight into a graceful curve; as winter advances the calyx becomes stiff and brown, and turns back towards the stem, contrasting well with the bright coral-seeds which it thus discloses more fully; so that till quite spring they continue to be singular and attractive objects, and greatly enliven the wintry colouring of the hedge or hillside.

Laden with spoils, we now passed along through lanes lovely even at this season of the year; my donkey from time to time stopping unreprieved to crop the herbage by the roadside, or to browse on some of the few plants in the hedge which Dame Winter had spared. I like donkeys in spite of their proverbial dulness and stubbornness; for which faults of character, by the by, I often think man is more blamable than the poor maligned beast. Why should not the breed be improvable by proper care as well as that of the noble Andalusian and Egyptian animals, which are, I believe, of the same race as our own? Donkeys are picturesque objects in a landscape; and a nice group of shaggy animals, with a fine foal or two, has not unfrequently formed a subject, and a pleasing one, for the painter, while even poets have not left the tribe wholly untouched in their songs.

And now we turn into a pretty sort of terrace-lane—

if lane that may be called which has a hedge only on one side, the other being formed by a sudden fall of some feet—to a sweet, green meadow, at the end of which is a pretty overshot rustic mill. Beyond it lie orchards beautiful in spring, when carpeted with primroses and hyacinths, and overhung with rosy apple-blossoms; through these orchards and the meadow flows the clear little stream which works the mill, and speedily joins our path, by the side of which it courses along till we reach Kersbrook. Soon we find ourselves descending the steep, steep hill which leads from the Sidmouth road into the village, and from the top of which we seem to look down into the chimneys of the houses, so abrupt is its descent. But then the wide view of the sea which it commands is so entrancing that, watching the blue waters, we forget the hill, and suddenly find that we are close to the terrace and almost at home.

And here, for the present, I close my rambling observations on wild-flowers.

FRENCH COTTAGE COOKERY.*

MADAME MIAU often expressed her astonishment that we English, who are so fond of having everything good, and spare neither pains nor expense in improvements, had never yet penetrated into the mystery of fattening fowls. 'Not but that they are sometimes white, and good, and fat, although small; but to have them so, *sacristie!* what a price you pay! and, after all, look at the difference between a fine French *poularde* and one of the best of your "leetl' beasts."'

'And in what consists the mystery?' I asked.

'No mystery at all: darkness, cleanliness, buck-wheat, and new milk—*voilà tout*. If the milk is many hours milked, so as to be the least idea sour, give it to your children, but not to your capons: let the place they are confined in be perfectly dark, and let it be thoroughly cleaned once if not twice a day: the buck-wheat must not be in the slightest degree damaged: feed them yourself four times in the twenty-four hours with a paste of flour and new milk, just stiff enough to roll into the thickness of a worm, and in a fortnight or three weeks you will have *tout ce qu'il y a de mieux*. If you choose to cram them, you come on quicker.'

'But how cruel not to let them drink!'

'Ah, bah! they don't mind that; but I can't think, however, a little fresh-drawn milk by itself sometimes will hinder their fattening: they must positively, however, have nothing else.'

'I thought,' observed I, 'that the geese in France were as inferior to ours as the fowls were the contrary.'

'Then you never were at Cherbourg *le jour des rois*?'

'No.'

'I was once, and the geese live still in my memory: so white, so smooth, so fat—like English babies; and when you touched them with a fork in roasting, ah, the lovely sea of grease that flowed!'

'Disgusting! What can you do with it?'

Mme Mian stared, and it was evident that to her the well-fed fleshy goose, stuffed with onions and sage, so dear to the inhabitants of Durham, was unknown; so I begged her to proceed with the cookery of her goose, which she did as follows:—'Never baste your goose, but when the dripping-pan fills, empty it; continuing to do so again and again till it has run all out, and the animal is roasted: then, while still hot, detach

the legs and wings; wait until they are cold, or better, till next day, when you must carefully place them one above the other, and a laurel leaf upon each, in a stone jar, till it is quite full; remelt the grease, and pour it over all. The bodies are only fit to *fricassée* for the poor.

'And how do you eat the legs and wings?'

'In various ways: grill and serve with sauce *à la moutarde*, or make a *haricot*, or stew them with *bouillon*, butter, turnips, and seasoning—in fine, what you will.'

The following dish also seemed to me new, and as there is no accounting for tastes, it may possibly be liked by those fond of traditions, as it is recorded that St Hubert ate the hares he killed, cooked according to this very jovial *recépé*.

Hare à la St Hubert.—Skin it while quite warm, and cut it up as quickly as possible; put it into a copper, with all the blood you can save; four ounces of bacon fat, leeks, parsley, a bay leaf, and whatever herbs you can most quickly procure, made into a bundle; add a sufficiency of salt, a very little pepper, and lastly, a pint-and-a-half of good, strong, spirituous red wine. Hook the copper on the pot-hanger—in France, as in Scotland, there is always a hook hung in the chimney to fasten the *marmite* to, high above the fire; I suppose the hob answers the purpose, or might do so, in England—and set fire to the wine; while it is flaming, roll six ounces of butter in some flour, and when it ceases to burn add it to your stew; half an hour will be enough; when you may eat it, and bless the memory of the good saint.

I have no doubt that it is an excellent dish, and worthy the attention of sportsmen; but what will they say to the following, which the good woman gave me, as something equally economical and excellent, and more attainable? I shall call it, what in fact it is, a

Recipe to dress Robin Redbreasts, Jenny Wrens, and sic like.—When they are fat, snare them; empty, roll in slices of bacon fat, and roast a little more perhaps than ten minutes. When quite cold, you cut off and put aside the wings and breasts; the remainder you chop up with four shallots and two large glasses of any kind of white wine, salt, pepper, a clove of garlic, and some olive-oil. Simmer this mess twenty minutes, and strain it; then put into the sauce the reserved pieces, and warm by degrees till hot: serve with fried bread. It makes almost as good a *salmi* as woodcocks, and as it may be tried upon sparrows, without shocking our British feelings, I give *Mme Miau's* recipe.

Skate, flounders, plaice, and similar fish, taste much better *au beurre noir*; and as I know the worthy dame, although she likes *recherché* dishes, contrives to make them more economically than any one else, I have learned from her how she proceeds.

'Add to the water into which you put them an onion, a clove of garlic, a crushed clove, a bouquet *garni*, and half a tumbler of vinegar; when it boils add the liver, and let it make just nine more bubbles. Take off the pan, skim it carefully, and place it by the side of the fire. Then put some butter into a frying-pan, and when it boils crisp your parsley for garnishing. Take that out, and add to the butter a glass of vinegar, which must boil only one minute, when it is in a proper state to pour upon the fish, which is sent up covered with crisped parsley. Frogs,' pursued madame, 'although a very expensive dish at Paris, are to be had in some places very reasonable, and the common frog makes as good broth as any; but dressed as *mon pauvre cher M. Miau* loved, nothing can possibly be better.'

'O pray tell me!'

'Well; cut fifty fat young frogs just a little below the fore-legs, and skin the hinder ones; throw them

for five minutes into boiling water, with vinegar and a little salt to blanch. In the meantime, put three ounces of butter and a small spoonful of flour into a stew-pan, and melt slowly, turning all the time, and adding by degrees water, salt, pepper, and a bouquet *garni*. Then pop in your frogs, and let them boil twenty minutes. Take them out, and arrange them tastefully on a dish; and lifting the stew-pan from the fire (having first removed the bouquet), add the beaten yolks of three eggs to the sauce, turning one way until thick and smooth; pour it over your frogs, and serve hot. They are likewise very good fried in butter after blanching, and when cold, dipped in butter and fried again a golden brown: you must always garnish with crisped parsley, and serve them very hot, for cold frogs are not good.'

Artichokes *Mme Miau* was very fond of; and I have frequently eaten them, as she generally prepared them for herself. When nearly boiled enough, she removed the choke and filled the hollow with parsley and chives cut small, with salt, pepper, two mushrooms chopped, and bread crumbs made into a paste with a little butter. They were then placed on a tin with a little olive-oil or oiled butter and gravy, and a few minutes in the oven was sufficient to make them crisp and capital; but you may also fill the hollow with anything you like better—such as equal parts of underdone veal, oysters, and bread crumbs, which are very nice. The bottoms and tender portions of the leaves minced up and fried in butter is one of many other modes of eating artichokes; they are, however, all good. I beg to bring into notice the following excellent sweet dish, which is, however, an Italian, not a French recipe.

Soubaglione.—For as many persons as you expect put as many yolks of eggs, as many glasses of sweet Malaga or Frontignan or any sweet wine—raisin-wine will do very well—and half as many table-spoonfuls of powdered loaf-sugar into a large bowl or chocolate-pot, which you place upon a hot plate or gentle fire, and turn with a whisk (*moussoir*) until it becomes the consistence of whipt cream. Pour into glasses. This is an exquisite dish.

The mustard, as sold in pots, is a very simple affair: I constantly make my own as follows:—One ounce mustard, two pinches of salt, and a large wine-glass of boiling water are mixed and allowed to stand twenty-four hours. Then pound in a mortar one clove of garlic, a small handful of tarragon, another of garden-cress, and add to the mustard, putting vinegar according to taste. The great art is to make common things taste uncommonly well. Brussels sprouts, for instance, are sent up to me merely boiled and drained: I put them in a pan with a little bit of butter, pepper, and salt; shake them about, and they are then a nice dish; and so on with almost every vegetable—even new potatoes. Old ones, when cold, are delicious, cut into very small pieces, and put into a sauce composed of a little milk, flour, butter, pepper, salt, and minced parsley, and shaken about till the potatoes are hot: the sauce must boil first. And how nice does the following *roux* make almost everything: Butter and flour browned, and a minced onion, pepper and salt, with a little water added, and all turned round on the fire one way till the onions are melted into nothing, and you taste only the flavour: you may heat up thin slices of cold meat in this. And here I may observe, that when a hash is tough from having boiled too long, the only way to make it tender is to let it stew gently for an hour more—a secret worth knowing; but the best plan is only to warm it in the gravy—merely warm it. Any one with a good cookery-book and no stint may prepare a nice dish if he is acquainted with the principles of cookery; but what is wanted in this country is the art of making common things good at little cost and with little trouble—and that we do not, and some will not understand.

NATIONAL ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES.

The 'Royal Preacher,' Dr James Hamilton, gives the following account of our national advantages:—Behold us here in Britain, in the heart of the nineteenth century, surrounded with the broadest zone of peace and material comfort to be found in all the map of history. Looking at our temporal lot, we of this generation and this country stand on the very pinnacle of outward advantage; in all our lives never once affrighted by the rumour of invasion; exempt from all the horrors of impressment and conscription; ignorant of martyrdoms, religious and political—free, self-governed, independent. Who knows it? Who remembers it? Who in these matters adverts to his own happiness? As she presses to her bosom her little boy, or parts on his open brow the darkening hair, amidst all her maternal pride, where is the mother who praises God for her young Britain's privilege? How many hearts remember to swell with the joyful recollection—Thank God, he may leave me if he pleases; but he can never be dragged from me against his will! He may become a More among lawyers, a Latimer among preachers, a Sidney among statesmen, and need dread neither stake nor scaffold. He may become the victim of false accusation and malignant persecution; but he will not languish without trial slow years in the dungeon, nor by the rack be frenzied into a false witness against himself. He may turn out unwise, he may turn out unhappy; but, thank God, the son of a British sire can never feel the tyrant's torture in his limbs, nor the brand of slavery on his brow!

Every word of it true; but the preacher, to be quite fair, should have gone a step farther, and given the smallest possible sketch of our disadvantages—the few ingredients employed to imbitter the sweet cup of life. For example, at any moment we may be dragged into a law or Chancery suit, by which, at a cost of thousands of pounds, a delay of half a life-time, and troubles and anxieties that are terrible to think of, we may at last find ourselves ruined by the decision of a matter which any two intelligent men could have settled in a single hour! Surely the whole of law and Chancery procedure is a thing eminently deserving consideration and amendment.

MOONLIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

There is something exceedingly romantic in the nights of the tropics. It is pleasant to sit on the landing-place at the top of the flight of steps in front of Bluefields House, after night has spread her 'purple wings' over the sky, or even to lie at full length on the smooth stones; it is a hard bed, but not a cold one, for the thick flags, exposed to the burning sun during the day, become thoroughly heated, and retain a considerable degree of warmth till morning nearly comes again. The warmth of the flat stones is particularly pleasant, as the cool night-breezes play over the face. The scene is favourable for meditation: the moon 'walking in brightness,' gradually climbing up to the very centre of the deep-blue sky, sheds on the grassy sward, the benches, lying down here and there, the fruit-trees, the surrounding forest, and the glistening sea spread out in front, a soft but brilliant radiance unknown to the duller regions of the north. The babbling of the little rivulet, winning its seaward way over the rocks and pebbles, comes like distant music upon the ear, of which the bass is supplied by the roll of the surf falling on the sea-beach at measured intervals—a low hollow roar, protracted until it dies away along the sinuous shore, the memorial of a fierce but transitory sea-breeze. But there are sweeter sounds than these. The mocking-bird takes his seat on the highest twig of the orange-tree at my feet, and pours forth his rich and solemn gushes of melody, with such an earnestness as if his soul were in his song. A rival from a neighbouring tree commences a similar strain, and now the two birds exert all their powers, each striving his utmost to outstrip the other, until the silence of the lonely night rings with bursts and swells, and tender cadences of melodious song. Here and there, over

the pasture, the intermittent green spark of the fire-fly flits along, and at the edges of the bounding woods scores of twinkling lights are seen, appearing and disappearing in the most puzzling manner. Three or four bats are silently winging along through the air; now passing over the face of the vertical moon like tiny black specks, now darting through the narrow arch beneath the steps, and now fitting so close over head that one is tempted to essay their capture with an insect net. The light of the moon, however, though clearly revealing their course, is not powerful or precise enough for this, and the little nimble leather wings pursue their giddy play in security.—*Gosse's Naturalist's Sojourn.*

THE ROCK IN THE ATLANTIC.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBOURNE LYONS, LL.D.

In the sleepless Atlantic, remote and alone,
Is a rock which the wild waves all wrathfully bent;
Its echoing bulwarks with sea-drift are strewn,
And dark are the waters that roll at its feet.
Let the shrill winds of ocean go forth as they may,
It wars with the surges, and knows not of rest;
Its pinnacles drip with the fast-falling spray,
And billows are breaking in foam on its breast.

But though breakers and whirlwinds around it may sweep,
That hermit of ocean lives conquering on,
And the mariner sees it still fronting the deep,
As it flung back the surf in the years that are gone:
All worn but unshaken that desolate rock,
Fast rooted where islands and earthquakes are born,
Looks fearlessly down on the breaker's rude shock,
And laughs the vain force of the tempest to scorn.

O thou who revearest a Master above!
And sighest for glories immortal and high,
Be strong in believing, and steadfast in love,
When passion is loud and the temper is high:
When infidels bid thee be false to thy Lord,
When they laugh at the Faith that ennobleth and saves,
When they scoff at His people, and rail at His word,
Be thou to their wildness that rock in the waves.

Ay! stand like that sea-cliff, nor ask thou to shun
The work of obedience, the cares, or the cost;
There are treasures of infinite price to be won,
There are treasures of infinite price to be lost.
With the wiles of the tempter, his vengeance or mirth,
Strive thou as the bold and the faithful have striven,
And the sorrows and toils of thy warfare on earth
Shall be paid in the peace and the raptures of heaven.

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WHAT BECOMES OF THE RIND?

OF all the occupations that exercise the ordinary energies of human beings, the most abstracting is that of sucking an orange. It seems to employ the whole faculties for the time being. Here is an earnestness of purpose in the individual employed—an impassioned determination to accomplish what he has undertaken—that creates a kindred excitement in the bystanders. His air is thoughtful; his eye severe, not to say relentless; and although his mouth is full of inarticulate sounds, conversation is out of the question. But the mind is busy although the tongue is silent, and when the deed is accomplished, the collapsed spirit seems to swell anew with the ideas to which the exercise had given birth. One of these ideas we shall catch and fix, for occurring as it did to ourselves, it is our own property: it was contained in the question that rose suddenly in our mind as we looked at the ruin we had made—What becomes of the rind?

And this is no light question; no unimportant or merely curious pastime for a vacant moment. In our case it became more and more serious; it clung and grappled, till it hung upon our meditations like the albatross round the neck of the Ancient Mariner. Only consider what a subject it embraces. The orange, it is true, and its congener the lemon, are Celestial fruits, owing their origin to the central flowery land; but thanks to the Portuguese, they are now domesticated in Europe, and placed within the reach of such northern countries as ours, where the cold prohibits their growth. Some of us no doubt force them in an artificial climate at the expense of perhaps half a guinea a piece; but the bulk of the nation are content to receive them from other regions at little more than the cost of apples. Now the quantity we thus import every year from the Azores, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Malta, and other places, is about 300,000 chests, and each of these chests contains about 650 oranges, all wrapped separately in paper. But besides these we are in the habit of purchasing a large quantity, entered at the custom-house by number, and several thousand pounds' worth, entered at value; so that the whole number of oranges and lemons we consume in this country may be reckoned modestly at some 220,000,000! Surely, then, it is not surprising that while engaged in the meditative employment alluded to we should demand with a feeling of strong interest—What becomes of the rind?

Everybody knows that Scotch marmalade uses up the rinds of a great many Seville oranges, as well as an unknown quantity of turnip skins and stalks of the

bore-cole, the latter known to the Caledonian manipulators of the preserve as 'kail-custocks.' Everybody understands also, that not a few of the rinds of edible oranges take up a position on the pavement, where their mission is to bring about the downfall of sundry passers-by, thus accomplishing the fracture of a not inconsiderable number—taking one month with another throughout the season—of arms, legs, and occiputs. It is likewise sufficiently public that a variety of drinks are assisted by the hot, pungent rinds of oranges and lemons as well as by the juice; but notwithstanding all these deductions, together with that of the great quantity thrown away as absolute refuse, we shall find a number of rinds unaccounted for large enough to puzzle by its magnitude the Statistical Society. This mystery, however, we have succeeded in penetrating, and although hardly hoping to carry the faith of the reader along with us, we proceed to unfold it: it is contained in the single monosyllable, *peel*.

Orange-peel, lemon-peel, citron-peel—these are the explanation: the last-mentioned fruit—imported from Sicily, Madeira, and the Canary Islands—being hardly distinguishable from a lemon except by its somewhat less acid pulp and more pungent rind. Even a very careless observer can hardly fail to be struck at this season by the heaps of those candied rinds displayed in the grocers' windows; but the wildest imagination could not guess at anything so extravagant as the quantity of the fruit thus used; and even when we learn that upwards of 600 tons of peel are manufactured in the year, it is a hopeless task to attempt to separate that prodigious bulk into its constituent parts. Six hundred tons of candied peel! of a condiment employed chiefly, if not wholly, in small quantities in the composition of puddings and cakes. Six hundred tons—12,000 hundredweights—1,344,000 pounds—21,504,000 ounces! But having once got possession of the fact, see how suggestive it is. Let us lump the puddings and cakes in one; let us call them all puddings—plum-puddings of four pounds' weight. We find, on consulting the best authorities—for we would not presume to dogmatise on such a subject—that the quantity of peel used in the composition of such a work is two ounces; and thus we are led to the conclusion that we Britishers devour in the course of a year 10,752,000 full-sized, respectable plum-puddings, irrespective of all such articles as are not adorned and enriched with candied peel.

Citrons intended for peel are imported in brine, but oranges and lemons in boxes. All are ripe in December, January, and February; but as it would be inconvenient to preserve so vast a quantity at the same time, the juice is squeezed out, and the collapsed fruit packed in pipes, with salt and water, till wanted. When the

time for preserving comes, it is taken from the pipes, and boiled till soft enough to admit of the pulp being scooped out; then the rind is laid in tubs or cisterns, and melted sugar poured over it. Here it lies for three or four weeks; and then the sugar is drained away, and the rind placed on trays in a room constructed for the purpose. It now assumes the name of 'dried peel,' and is stored away in the original orange and lemon boxes, till wanted for candying.

The other constituents of a plum-pudding add but little testimony on the subject of number. We cannot even guess the proportion of the 170,000 lbs. of nutmegs we receive from the Moluccas, and our own possessions in the Malay Straits, which may be thus employed; nor how much cinnamon Ceylon sends us for the purpose in her annual remittance of about 16,000 lbs.;* nor what quantity of almonds is abstracted, with a similar view, from the 9000 cwts. we retain for our own consumption from the importations from Spain and Northern Africa. Currants are more to our purpose—for that small Corinth grape, the produce of the islands of Zante, Cephalonia, and Ithaca, and of the Morea, which comes to us so thickly coated with dust that we might seem to import vineyard and all—belongs, like the candied peel, almost exclusively to cakes and puddings. Of this fruit we devour in the year about 180,000 cwts. Raisins, being in more general use—at the dessert, for instance, and in making sweet wine—are in still greater demand: we cannot do with less than 240,000 cwts. of them. They are named from the place where they grow—such as Smyrna or Valencia; or from the grape—such as muscatel, bloom, or sultana; but the quality depends, we believe, chiefly on the mode of cure. The best are called raisins of the sun, and are preserved by cutting half through the stalks of the branches when nearly ripe, and leaving them to dry and candy in the genial rays. The next quality is gathered when completely ripe, dipped in a lye of the ashes of the burned tendrils, and spread out to bake in the sun. The inferior is dried in an oven. The black Smyrna grape is the cheapest; and the muscatels of Málaga are the dearest.

With flour, sugar, brandy, &c. we do not propose to interfere; for although the quantities of these articles thus consumed are immense, they bear but a small proportion to the whole importations. Eggs, however, are in a different category. Eggs are essential to the whole pudding race; and without having our minds opened, as they now are, to the full greatness of the plum-pudding, it would be difficult for us to discover the rationale of the vast trade we carry on in eggs. In our youthful days, when as yet plum-puddingism was with us in its early, empirical state, we used to consider 'egg-merchant' a term of ridicule, resembling the term 'timber-merchant' as applied to a vender of matches. But we now look with respect upon an egg-merchant, as an individual who manages an important part of the trade of this country with France and Belgium; not to mention its internal traffic in the same commodity. It strikes us, however, that on this subject the Frenchman and Belgian are wiser in their generation than ourselves. We could produce our own eggs easily enough if we would take the trouble; but rather than do this we hire them to do it for us, at an expense of several scores of thousands sterling in the year. They of course are very much obliged to us, though a little amused no doubt at the eccentricity of John Bull; and with the utmost alacrity supply us annually with about 90,000,000 eggs. John eats his foreign pudding, however—he is partial to foreign things—with great gravity, and only unbends into a smile when he sees his few chickens hopping about the

farmyard, the amusement of his children, or the little perquisite, perhaps, of his wife. He occasionally eats a newly-laid egg, the date of its birth being carefully registered upon the shell; thinks it a very clever thing in him to provide his own luxuries; and is decidedly of opinion that an English egg is worth two of the mounseers'. His neglect of this branch of rural economy, however, does not prevent his wondering sometimes how these fellows contrive to make the two ends of the year meet, when he himself finds it so difficult a matter to get plums to his pudding.

What becomes of the rind? We have shewn what becomes of the rind. We have shewn what apparently inconsiderable matters swell up the commerce of a great country. A plum-pudding is no joke. It assembles within itself the contributions of the whole world, and gives a fillip to industry among the most distant tribes and nations. But it is important likewise in other respects. Morally and socially considered, its influence is immense. At this season of the year, more especially; it is a bond of family union, and a symbol of friendly hospitality. We would not give a straw for that man, woman, or child, in the frank, cordial circles of Old English life, who does not hail its appearance on the table with a smile and a word of welcome. Look at its round, brown, honest, unctuous face, dotted with almonds and fragrant peel, surmounted with a sprig of holly, and radiant amid the flames of burning brandy! Who is for plum-pudding? We are, to be sure. What a rich perfume as it breaks on the plate! And this fragrant peel, so distinguishable amid the exhalations!—ha! Delaeious!—that's what becomes of the rind!

A WORD ON CANADA.

LITTLE has been of late heard in Canada, either as a field of emigration or otherwise. It has, however, been going on in a satisfactory course of improvement: its population and resources are rapidly increasing, and in certain social arrangements, more particularly that relating to education, it may be said to be taking the lead of the mother-country. Some one recently made the observation, that as regards improvements of one kind or other, he believed more was now done in Canada than in any equal portion of the United States; but that while the States let everybody hear what they were about, Canada held its tongue. This was perhaps a view of affairs more jocular than real; but it is gratifying to have good authority for the fact, that Canada, taken all in all, is becoming a well-settled, intelligent, and highly prosperous country.

This state of things appears to have been gradually brought about within the last few years, and just in proportion as the colonists have been freed from the impracticable rule of the colonial office, and left to manage their own affairs: not that there is not something to complain of—yet when did Englishmen not grumble?—but in comparison with past times the present is assuredly a golden age of municipal freedom.

The rapid rise of Canada, and its present and prospective condition, form the subject of much interesting detail in a work of little pretension, but of genuine merit, by Mr James B. Brown, a person who resided in the colony for several years, and who, from his mercantile pursuits, enjoyed a tolerably good opportunity of acquiring useful information.*

We do not propose to go into a regular critique of Mr Brown's lucid production. Our readers would not thank us for doing so. All we intend is to present from it such an array of facts as will illustrate the general progress of Canadian affairs, and so give intending emigrants something to which they may look forward with a degree of confidence.

In 1791, the population of Upper Canada amounted

* This is from M'Culloch; but the home-consumption duty was lowered in 1842 from 6d. to 3d. per lb., and the consumption is now in all probability much greater.

* Views of Canada and the Colonists. Second Edition. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. London: Longmans. 1851.

to 50,000; in 1842, it had reached 486,000; and in 1848, it had mounted up to 723,000—an increase in six years of 237,000. The whole colony, upper and lower, has now a population exceeding the half of that of Scotland, while its cultivated land already exceeds that of all Scotland. The ratio of increase of cultivation to increase in the number of people is startling. In England, during the first quarter of the present century, 37 acres were brought into cultivation for every 100 of increase of the population; but in Canada the increase of every 100 inhabitants adds 265 acres to the amount of cultivated land. The multiplication of cattle, horses, and other stock, is on a similarly large ratio. A very agreeable view of the increasing comforts of life is afforded in the fact, that the colony lately owned 4680 carriages for pleasure, whereas the number of these carriages in 1842 was only 980. All who saw the late Exhibition in London can bear witness to the elegance of workmanship in Canadian sleighs, and various articles of domestic use. The recent increase in the number of carriages, we are told by Mr Brown, is very much caused by an improvement in the roads. The great thoroughfares are now laid with planks, and these plank-roads have proved of great advantage to the country. It is to be regretted, however, that tolls have been introduced for the support of these improved thoroughfares. Toll-bars are the simple and rude expedient of a semi-barbarous people, and are in any view a costly apparatus to the public, for one-half the money levied goes to the keepers of the bars. We should be glad to see our Canadian brethren give us a lesson in dismissing toll-bars, and setting an example of a rational method of maintaining the public roads out of public resources.

Canada is one of the best customers of England; but it is under strong temptations to deal with the United States in preference—that is, to smuggle instead of paying custom-house duties. For example, the duty on tea imported into Canada is 2½d. currency per lb.; but tea imported into the United States is free; consequently, in every pound-weight coming contraband across the frontier there is so much saved. Thus the statistics of the regular trade cannot present an accurate view of the entire commerce. Latterly, the export-trade from Canada to the States has been rising into importance. Of all things entering into a trade of this kind, the last we should have expected is timber; for of this article it is commonly believed that the States are afflicted with a redundancy. But strange to say, timber is getting scarce in the more settled parts of the Union, and we shall not be surprised to hear of encouragement being given to the planting of trees! Meanwhile, the Canadians are driving a great trade in supplying the produce of the forest to the States, and this in its turn gives corresponding employment to lumberers and saw-mills. If this trade materially increase in England, it may soon affect the prices of Canadian timber. At all events, as matters stand, it is consolatory to think that the Canadian timber-trade is not quite ruined by the reduction of duties on Baltic timber in Great Britain. How true the old saying: 'As one door shuts another opens!'

Canada is rich in mineral resources, and these have lately come into operation. We do not hear of gold being found for the gathering; but the author before us speaks of extensive copper-mining along the shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, and informs us that the joint-stock associations engaged in this species of enterprise are successful. 'In 1848, 1000 tons of copper were procured from one mine alone.' After referring to the fisheries, Mr Brown goes on to explain that Canada has not been dead to railway enterprise. 'There are at present four lines of railway in the country worked by steam-power. The earliest introduced into Canada was the Champlain and St Lawrence Railway—connecting the navigation of Lake Champlain, at the town of St Johns, with the south bank of

the St Lawrence, at the village of Laprairie, nearly opposite Montreal. The distance is fourteen miles; and the same company possesses the privileges of the ferry across the river to Montreal—a distance of nine miles—on which they employ two steam-boats. The stock of this company is understood to be one of the best, if not the best, in the colony. The Montreal and Lachine Railway, which was finished about three years ago, is over a distance of nine miles, between the city of Montreal and the village of Lachine, situated towards the upper end of the island of Montreal. . . . The third of the railways in operation in Canada is the St Lawrence and Atlantic Railway, connecting the St Lawrence, a little below Montreal on the opposite shore, with the Atlantic Ocean at the town of Portland, state of Maine. The distance is about 280 miles, of which 130 miles are on the Canada side and 150 on the American. A considerable portion on the Canada side is understood to be now in operation. A continuation of this line from Portland to Halifax is contemplated. In connection with the Atlantic steam-ships landing at Halifax, speedier communication with Europe will thus be effected, both for Canada, and much of the other British-American provinces, and for the United States.' Other railways are contemplated, chiefly in the western part of the province; and there is a universal inclination among proprietors of land to promote this improved kind of communication. It is only in our own country that there has been manifested a disposition to obstruct railway undertakings, and rob the projectors of these great national works.

We pass on to Mr Brown's exposition of the state of crime. The statistics presented on this subject seem to shew that Canada possesses a population much less prone to crime than we can boast of in either England or Scotland. As usual, the bulk of the crime committed may be traced to the agency of intoxicating drinks; yet, cheap as these liquors are in Canada, it is satisfactory to learn that the use of them is 'greatly on the decrease.' A curious fact this, and well deserving the notice of those who imagine that indulgence in drink is in proportion to its accessibility. We are informed that imprisonment for one or more years in a penitentiary is the Canadian method of repressing crime; and it is stated that the district of Huron, with a population of upwards of 20,000, had in a series of six years sent only one inmate to this place of confinement! With all our parade of civilisation, no district of Great Britain could match this fact.

The remarkable paucity of crime which the above and some other statistics would seem to indicate, is doubtless owing in a great degree to the wide scope for personal enterprise in a right direction. In our own old country, much of the misconduct of the criminal class arises from the restrictions under which they labour. Men who would make good backwoodsmen take to poaching and other furtive outlets of an adventurous spirit. The half-idle, dawdling, hopeless existence that many men are doomed to with us must likewise dispose to crime. Canada, with its boundless resources, its scope for all sorts of intractable natures, its room for individual effort untrammelled by refined conventionalities, presents, therefore, opportunities of well-doing of which there is little experience in England. But here comes another important ally of social order. In this comparatively young colony a liberal provision has been made for education. In 1841, the provincial legislature set aside £50,000 currency per annum as a common school fund—a sum considerably greater than is expended on the parish schools of Scotland; and so late as January 1850, 'one million of acres of land have also been set aside for the support of public education.' Elementary schools are everywhere established, and supported partly by these grants and partly by local rates. Their management is in the

hands of district municipalities, and a general inspector, answerable to the governor, aids materially in their establishment and in preserving uniformity of procedure. The number of schools in Upper Canada in 1849 was 2871, and the total amount of annual salaries of teachers was £107,713 currency. Canada, as is well known, possesses a population belonging to various religious denominations; and one is naturally curious to know how they come to an agreement on the subject of school instruction. We shall leave Mr Brown to explain how this delicate matter is managed.

Those warring grounds, which mostly in every country are found to throw impediments in the way of almost every conceivable system of popular instruction—the religious scruples of the various sects—are thus disposed of here:—Whenever the inhabitants of any township or parish, professing a religious faith different from that of the majority of the inhabitants, shall dissent from the arrangement of the commissioners, with reference to any school, the dissentients signifying such to the district council, with names of persons elected by them as trustees, such trustees, conforming to the duties of commissioners, are allowed to establish and maintain schools, and to receive a share of the general funds. The value of a provision of this kind is no less liberal than important in a country inhabited, as Canada is, by people from many various countries, and professing every variety of creed; indeed, it is not possible to expect a system of public instruction to be successfully carried on without liberal concessions to opinion and creeds, provided always that the leading objects and design of education recognised by all be steadily kept in view. Besides the commissioners and trustees for the country, there are, for incorporated towns and cities, from six to fourteen persons appointed by the governor as Boards of Examiners, who shall exercise a check upon the powers of the local incorporations in the election of teachers. These boards consist of an equal number of Catholics and Protestants; and dividing themselves into two departments, one over the schools attended by Catholic children, the other over the Protestant schools, they exercise the privileges of regulating the schools and courses of study in the same manner as the commissioners and trustees do in the country schools.

The means thus described, by which the interests of different religious denominations are preserved, do not appear to differ materially from those adopted by the Committee of Privy-Council on Education, which, in point of fact, will extend pecuniary aid to the schools of any religious body; and as this is exclaimed against as an invasion of principle by a very numerous and powerful party, we are unpleasantly reminded that the munificent policy which educates the entire juvenile population of Upper Canada, could not be applied on a scale of national importance to Great Britain. How distressing to think that the warring pretensions, jealousies, and fears—possibly misunderstandings—of large sections of well-meaning and piously-disposed people, should in effect, as regards elementary instruction, keep this great country behind her own colonies!

With respect to the prospects of agricultural settlers in Upper Canada, the work before us abounds in the most interesting details. Notwithstanding that the winters are severe (though not unpleasant), and that snow suspends field operations for several months, farmers with a fair share of industry and but a moderate capital are almost sure to do well, and to possess, after a few years, a considerable amount of property. Among instances of enterprise being thus rewarded, Mr Brown refers to the case of Mr Ferguson of Woodville, a gentleman who emigrated from Scotland to Upper Canada in 1833; giving up all the elegances of life in an old country for the chances of the bush. In a pleasant and fertile part of Upper Canada, on the banks of the Grand River, Mr Ferguson purchased

about 8000 acres of land. His village of Fergus, on the pleasant slope of a branch of that fine stream, 'is now,' says Mr Brown, 'one of the most smiling and prosperous spots of Canada. He has made an independent and comfortable provision for his family; and the extent of his personal influence, and his example, as one of the most enterprising farmers of the colony, unite to make his position, in the eyes of honourable ambition, one highly desirable. How soon might the whole of Canada be changed into one smiling farm, were Mr Ferguson's enterprising example extensively followed by others in his station of society, who are now spending comparatively unprofitable years in the overcrowded avenues of ambition in the parent country! Canada, however, is fast becoming the prosperous and smiling farm anticipated, chiefly without such honourable assistance. The day-labourers, mechanics, and small farmers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, have already accomplished much in performance of such a task in this magnificent colony, and are rewarded by becoming the independent and comfortable proprietors of the lands whose forests their enterprise and industry have so conspicuously and profitably subdued.'

The rapid manner in which populous townships spring into existence is a curious feature of the Canadian wilderness. We are accustomed, in the old country, to see provincial towns in a state of languid existence—just living, and that is all—population almost at a stand; a few tradesmen and shopkeepers struggling to make both ends meet, and so dependent on the neighbouring squirearchy that they dare not utter an independent sentiment; with a horde of unhappy beings still more depressed, decayed labourers, paupers, and nondescripts, whose means of livelihood are a mystery. In such places there is little visible change on the face of property. The same amount of land in tillage; the same number of houses; the same institutions; and from generation to generation the same body of traditional recollections. The most dismal thing in places of this kind, is the hopelessness of situation. There is no scope for enterprise; the cleverest person is bound down to a monotonous routine of petty duties, without any prospect of improving his circumstances. A family is seen to be growing up, but what to do with them is a puzzle. There are no openings for the sons; the daughters are not likely to be married. With what avidity are small appointments sought for—cringed for! How melancholy to see able and intelligent individuals—men up to anything—doomed to throw themselves away in these forlorn, antiquated places, when they might be up and doing, with a wide world before them where to choose! Turning our eyes from this picture of physical and moral decay, how different does everything appear in the United States of America and in Upper Canada, where towns start into life, and become the seats of a busy population within a few years! Forests levelled; lands brought under tillage; new roads opened; fresh institutions got up; on all sides the tokens of a vigorous social economy; and so wide a scope for investment and enterprise, that the difficulty consists in the very choice. Mr Brown presents some striking examples of this progression; and we select that of London, a township situated in the fertile peninsula between Lake Erie and Lake Huron. This township was all a forest, without an inhabitant, until 1817, when two families settled in it. The population may now be stated to be about 10,000, possessed of above 100,000 acres of land, of which 20,000 are cultivated. The first regular settlement commenced in 1818 under Mr Talbot, a gentleman from Ireland, accompanied by several of his countrymen, for whom he obtained from government free grants of land and a free passage to Montreal. A son of the founder, writing in 1834, gave this account of the colonists who emigrated to the township of London with his father: "Scarcely an individual

who accompanied Mr Talbot to this country was possessed of more than L.100, and many on their arrival in the township had not more than L.50; yet of all those persons there is scarcely one that is not now wholly independent, in the possession of fine farms, of abundance of stock, and in the enjoyment of all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life." The town of London, the first house of which was built in 1827, now contains a population of upwards of 5000, and sends a member to the provincial parliament.

A gentleman, at a public meeting in this part of Canada in 1843, took occasion to express sentiments suggested by the prosperous appearance of the settlement; and with these we shall conclude. 'The time is not far distant,' said this acute observer, 'when this country will be better known than it now is—the time is at hand when our people at home will not consider that coming to Canada is coming to the backwoods of a wilderness. They will find, as I have found to my great astonishment, good roads, good modes of conveyance, and as good towns as in Europe, with shops well stored, not only with the necessaries but the luxuries of life. They will learn that this town, which now consists of handsome buildings—the one in which we are now assembled, the Mechanics' Institute, giving a stamp of respectability, intelligence, and a taste for the fine arts, of which you may be justly proud—contained but four cottages fourteen years ago. These facts will speak trumpet-tongued, and render this noble country, under British dominion and your unanimity, the noblest appendage to Her Majesty's dominions. It is the natural and the fittest outlet for the superabundant capital, people, and enterprise of the mother-country, presenting as it does an opening for the investment not only of thousands, but of millions of capital, abounding in all the elements of wealth—navigable rivers, a luxuriant soil, and a congenial climate, and undoubted security on real estate at high rates of interest, and to an unlimited extent.'

Is not all this very much like saying to the half-idle sojourners in our old provincial towns: Get thee gone out of the country; cast thyself loose from localities where no good is to be done, and betake thee to lands in which a kind Providence offers to thee a rich inheritance!

THE UGLY GOVERNESS.

'I HAVE a new *institutrice*, who comes for three hours every day; and do you know, *ma petite tan-tante*, mamma says she is so ugly!'

'And do you not think her so, Lolotte?'

'O yes, to be sure I do; but mamma never allows us to call any one ugly—only when she saw M^{lle} Hélie she forgot, and could not help saying it herself. But although she is so very, very ugly, she is kind and gentle; and you know, *ma tante*, goodness is better than beauty, because mamma says goodness will take us to Heaven and beauty wont, though we shall find it there; and all, even M^{lle} Hélie, become as beautiful as angels.'

About a fortnight after this conversation we went to a fête at Versailles. A bright morning broke, and as we were a family party determined upon enjoyment, there was nothing to prevent its being a happy day. The road from Paris there was alive with equestrian, pedestrian, and carriage company, as was the river with boats gliding along, bands of music, and as many gaily-dressed people as could find standing-room on board—all proceeding to the same destination. Every rank was there—the middle and lower, however, predominating; but high or low, all looked unaffectedly happy, and seemed resolved to keep up good-humour and merriment.

We arrived in time to breakfast, that we might have a walk before the waters began to play, and see the

place so interesting to every reader of French memoirs. The town had a deserted, mournful look. Large splendid mansions standing in the neglected gardens, once elaborately laid out and expensively decorated, were tenantless, and had evidently long been so: everything shewed that the fashion of the town had passed by, and that even the bourgeoisie disliked the dulness too truly to profit by the magnificent houses which they might have occupied for a very small rent. It was with strange feelings we gazed at that splendid palace, and recalled the luxury, the prodigality, the gallantry, the taste, the talent, the grace that had formerly rendered it and all connected with it so famous; and felt that it was all over—all gone, and the remembrance remaining but to

'Point a moral and adorn a tale;'

for even most of the names once so celebrated have disappeared entirely, or are at least only surviving in poverty and obscurity, far from the scene of their former triumph. We retraced its history from the commencement on to that sad night when poor Marie Antoinette was driven from her warm bed never more to return, and on through the Reign of Terror till the present time: our steps echoed in the now still courts where once there had been such perpetual clatter and bustle; all the hustlers, and petitioners, and intriguers in the grave, and as much forgotten as the petty intrigues that had occupied their frivolous minds. Versailles was now the property of the nation, of the people it had trampled on and despised. Much did we moralise, and very melancholy did our moralising make us, until some one remarking that if we did not make haste we should not get good places to see the waters play, we quickened our pace, recovered our spirits, and in a few minutes added another group to the many assembled in expectation of what is certainly well worth beholding once.

We waited a considerable time; and to make it pass more pleasantly, I entertained myself by scrutinising the various little parties immediately in our vicinity, busying myself with conjecturing who they were, whence they came, and in short composing little domestic histories for each and all in my imagination. Nearly opposite to us were seated as it appeared three old ladies, an old gentleman, a young man, and a girl. Two of the ladies bore the impress of former beauty, the other was plain; but the young girl was lively and lovely; and I soon could perceive that the youth was evidently more ardent in his attentions and admiration than the most affectionate brother. I therefore sagaciously set him down for a lover of the little lady's, and such, in fact, he proved to be. The third elderly female, I also perceived, upon a more attentive inspection, was, after all, not old, only most particularly plain—large, lumpy features, unshaded by her hair, which was braided or brushed so far back that at first sight she did not appear to have any; and very small, black, bead-like eyes did not certainly set off to much advantage a great expanse of muddy white face, which was neither hidden nor helped by the small straw-bonnet of the form then fashionable. There was no expression to redeem these homely features: she neither looked good-natured nor ill-natured, intelligent nor stupid, while her tall, angular, thin, high-shouldered, square, ungainly figure, contrasted most forcibly and unfavourably with the plump, gracefully-turned little form of '*ma cousine Clélie*,' as I heard her name the little beauty; the more so as they both wore the same dress, cut after the same fashion. Clélie, to be sure, had added a few flowers to her bonnet, and a brooch, bracelet, and watch; but saving these slight differences, both dresses were alike—only they hung so differently upon the two!

'That is M^{lle} Hélie,' whispered Lolotté; and I assuredly no longer wondered at *maman* having

forgot herself so far as to call the poor *institutrice* ugly; she was, I thought, perfectly frightful. A respectable-looking woman whom I had observed conversing with M^{me} Hélie seated herself beside me shortly after, and I, as is usual in France, soon scraped acquaintance with her, and led the way I wished her to follow—namely, to the Hélies and their history.

'They were once,' said she, 'very well off, but are now so nearly destitute, that, were it not for Henriette, who goes out teaching, I don't know how they could manage to live. Ah, what a pity she is so plain! for her heart is as good as an angel's, and she is as clever as a *membre de l'Académie*. She rises early, gives her parents their breakfast, and cleans out their room: she then sets out upon her pilgrimage, and never returns until late at night, when she dines or sups; after which she has much to do to prepare for the next day's lessons, and to put her poor wardrobe in order. She will wear herself to death, but that she says she does not mind, so that she only lives long enough to lay her parents in the grave. There,' pointing to Clélie and her mother, 'are her aunt and cousin, the Clairvilles. They have a much better income, and might indeed be very comfortable did Clélie spend less on her dress; but her mother spoils her so: *enfin*, it don't much signify. M. Mervale is rich, and has proposed; and if they can only push on the marriage before the love-fit is burnt out and he begins to see clearly, she will be a much more fortunate girl than she deserves to be.'

Clélie was, I must admit, very pretty, although beyond eyes, teeth, and hair, none of her features were quite faultless—her little nose was not very classically formed, and her mouth was positively wide; but pretty every one felt her to be, and M. Mervale above all seemed under the influence of an enchantment: he looked at no other person, listened to no other voice; while she, completely secure, as she thought, of her conquest, gave herself very little trouble to attend to him, and kept staring in a coquettish manner about her, as if she wished to attract the notice of others. Poor M. de Mervale sighed, and gazed, and turned away one minute, as if lost in thought, and then roused himself up again to watch the motions of the frivolous, but too fascinating little flutterer. Presently a group of gay young men came and stood near us, all in high spirits, laughing, jesting, whispering, and quizzing. M^{lle} Clélie was evidently the subject of their remarks, but I could only hear a word here and there. 'C'est l'épouseur?' 'Il en a bien l'air.' 'Pauvre diable!' 'Mais.' Then the grim cousin was likened to a box of carpenter's tools all angles. 'But,' said one, 'were my evil genius to force me to make either my wife, I would rather risk my future with *la laide*.'

In the evening we encountered the group again, Clélie dancing with one of the party of young men I had remarked in the morning, whom all his companions now seemed agreed in calling 'Marquis,' although before I often heard them address him, and invariably name him Hyppolite. One of the old ladies looked on approvingly, but the Hélies seemed vexed, and poor M. Mervale in a pitiable state. M^{lle} Hélie was, as it appeared, exerting herself to comfort him, and take off his attention, but he paid little heed to her observations.

'Silly, silly girl! you are throwing away your happiness and your future prospects; and it is plain these young men are either encouraging your folly, to open M. Mervale's eyes, or to amuse themselves for the passing hour, careless of the misery they may occasion'—were my reflections as I looked at Clélie, who was rolling about her pretty eyes à la Française, thinking herself the admired of all observers, as well as of M. Mervale. But the evening drew in, and I was prevented from moralising any more, as we returned home, leaving M^{lle} Clairville in the midst of a polka with Hyppolyte, displaying ten thousand airs and graces,

and plainly shewing to all lookers-on her admiration of him whom she evidently never doubted was her noble partner and admiring lover. But although this attracted my attention at the time, I very soon forgot all about it, even though I pursued my acquaintance with M^{me} Mauviette, the lady who had related to me the history of the Hélies and Clairvilles, inasmuch as madame herself was a character worth studying. This good dame, with a husband, two children, and a very moderate income, chose to be considered at one and the same time an economist and a woman of fashion and refinement; and if you took her from her own representation, she was either of these characters according to the way in which she chose you to consider her. She loved show, could not give without excitement or amusement, but knew that if some of her husband's relations thought her extravagant, she would lose their help towards enabling her to make the figure she wished to assume in the eyes of others; and the clash of the two necessities was most amusing, and must have cost her a world of trouble. She boasted that she kept but one servant, and denounced the extravagance of her sister-in-law, who, with the same family and no more fortune, had two; forgetting all the while that these two did all that was required, needlework included, while M^{me} Mauviette's dashing Lucile—what with her high wages, washing, wine, coffee and sugar à discrétion, presents and perquisites—took from her as much as the other lady divided between her cook and unpretending housemaid. M^{me} Mauviette also said nothing of the *femme de journée* she had for three or four days every week; nor of the sewing-girl she employed for five of six every month; nor of the man who came every Wednesday to wax and brush her floors. She received every Thursday *en cérémonie*: had friends in the morning, friends at dinner, friends in the evening; and the remaining six days were occupied in returning the visits she that Thursday received. And yet she said she lived quite out of the world, in privation and solitude, saw none but intimate friends, and went to no parties—that is, none where diamonds and continual new dresses were indispensable, for these were beyond her powers; and to hear her complain you would imagine that they alone were what was worth living for. With such a person the Hélies and Clairvilles when out of sight were out of mind: they could be of no use, except when they furnished conversation by accident, as they had happened to do at Versailles. A year nearly therefore elapsed without my ever once thinking of Clélie and her coquetries, when my niece Lolotte ran in one morning breathless, her rosy face radiant with satisfaction.

'Do you know, *ma tante*, that M^{lle} Hélie is going to be married? She herself told mamma, who at first thought she must be raving, but 'tis quite true: upon the 16th she will be Madame Mervale! Everybody is so surprised, and all as glad; for you know she is so good and so poor, and *le futur* so rich and good-natured. I alone am sorry, for I must have a new governess, and she may perhaps be cross—at anyrate I am sure I can never love her so well as M^{lle} Hélie.'

The news was quite true. Clélie, thinking she had made a noble conquest, behaved so very foolishly, that M. Mervale's eyes at last opened; and, as a necessary consequence, his heart shut. He now saw her the frivolous being she in fact always was; and taking advantage of her willingness to give up an engagement he at last perceived could bring him nothing but misery, the affair was broken off to the infinite relief of both; for Clélie thought she was secure of the 'marquis'—so little did she or her weak mother know of the world. This was not all: the virtues, sweet temper, high principle, and good sense of her cousin had long been known to M. Mervale; and now he had in some degree become accustomed to her extreme plainness, he asked himself why, as he had made up his mind to marry, he should not marry her? Her surprise was great when he pro-

posed, and his still greater when she refused him. She 'could not and would not leave her poor old parents,' she said: so after thinking the matter over, her present conduct only raised her higher in his esteem, and he consented, nay, insisted upon the old couple occupying rooms in his house. The whole town talked of course, and every one rejoiced except Clélie; for her new lover—who turned out to be a silk-merchant, not a marquis—after dancing attendance for a few weeks, danced off and married another lady.

About a year after these events, I was one hot day sitting under the trees near Ranelagh, and eating an ice, while watching the gay Parisians going to the Thursday's ball there, when my niece whispered: 'Do you see that *bonne* in a Norman cap sitting on the grass there with a baby?'

'Yes.'

'Well, that is Madame Mervale's baby, and I am looking to see her come for it; she went to take a drive farther in the *bois*.'

The baby in question was a fine healthy boy; and while we were playing with and caressing it, the carriage stopped, and a lady alighted. At first sight I could scarcely believe it was the *ci-devant* Mlle Henriette Hélie, so much was she altered for the better. Her skin, although pale, was now clear; her teeth—thanks to Georges Fattet, that capital dentist—good, white, and even; her huge bones were covered; curls softened her large features; and the smile of affection and newly-awakened domestic feelings lightened and gave expression to her former impassive countenance. She was richly, tastefully, and fashionably dressed, by the joint exertions of a first-rate *modiste* and her *femme-de-chambre*; and the knowledge that she now filled a certain position gave her motions and manners more ease, and consequently more grace. I am told she and her husband are perfectly happy, and that *la cousine* Clélie is still unmarried and still unwise.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

'The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.'

'Who made Christmas?' was a question that arose last year in a Christmas party. The querist, with legitimate curiosity, looked round for a reply; but for a time no one spoke. At length some said one thing, some another, yet far short of what was required to constitute a satisfactory reply: every one was surprised to find how little was really known on a subject which promised to be interesting; and ultimately it was arranged that one of the party should prepare what learned folk call a 'paper' which should answer the question, and be read at their next meeting—in the present year 1851.

Following this paper, we proceed to state that festivities at the close of the year are of much older date than Christianity. The use of evergreens, and the veneration for the mistletoe, are traceable in the history of ancient nations, both of the south and north of Europe; and the Roman Saturnalia are known to every classical student. 'It was,' we are told, 'towards the close of December that all the town was in an unusual motion, and the children everywhere invoking Saturn; nothing now to be seen but tables spread out for feasting, and nothing heard but shouts of merriment; all business was dismissed, and none at work but cooks and confectioners; no account of expenses was to be kept, and it appears that one-tenth part of a man's income was to be appropriated to this jollity. All exertion of body and mind was forbidden, except for the purpose of recreation; nothing to be read or recited which did not provoke mirth, adapted

to the season and the place. The slaves were allowed the utmost freedom of railery and truth with their masters; sitting with them at table, dressed in their clothes, playing all sorts of tricks, and telling them of their faults to their faces, while they smuted them. No one was allowed to be angry, and he who was played on, if he loved his own comfort, would be the first to laugh.' This licentious folly—*libertas Decembri*—lasted for a week, during which the holly branches were sent round on their friendly errand.

The early Christians seem to have very soon begun to celebrate the day of the Nativity at the time of the Saturnalia; probably finding it the most convenient season for the purpose, and perhaps seeking to turn an old-established custom to a superior use. It appears that in the first century Clement said: 'Brethren, keep diligently feast-days, and truly in the first place the day of Christ's birth;' and in the following century it was further ordained, 'that in the holy night of the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour, they do celebrate public church-services, and in them solemnly sing the Angel's Hymn, because also the same night He was declared unto the shepherds by an angel, as the truth itself doth witness.' Worshippers were enjoined to eschew rigidly the spirit of paganism; but in spite of the endeavours to impart a serious tone to the festival, it continued to be chiefly a scene of noisy revelry.

After the Saxons and Danes came the Normans, bringing with them additions and variations of the Christmas observances, in the rudiments of mysteries and miracle-plays, and of mummeries, maskings, and pageants. These last were first exhibited in the reign of Henry II., and kept up by his Lion-hearted successor, as appears in the old romance:

'Christmas is a time full honest;
Kyng Richard it honoured with gret feste,
All his clerks and barouns
Were set in their parylouns,
And served with gret plenté
Of mete and drink, and each dainté.'

From the custom of singing masses on the eve of the Nativity we derive the name of Christmass, or Christmas, for the sacred festival; and from the permission accorded to servants and poor people to go round with their boxes and collect money to pay for the masses recited by the priests for their deceased or distant friends we get our term—and its attendant practice—Christmas-box, one so much abused that its entire disuse is greatly to be desired. But to return to the miracle-plays: they speedily grew into favour, and were made use of by the clergy as a means of diverting the minds of the people from some of the gross habits endeared to them by long custom. But if any good impressions were made, they were soon effaced by the licence of the Christmas mummeries, at which so much power was given to the Lord of Misrule. The English in general were so strongly attached to their customary pastimes, that when at the siege of Orleans, the lords 'requested of the French commanders that they might have a night of minstrelsy, with trumpets and clarions;' which request, the chronicler tells us, 'was granted, and the horrors of war were suspended by melodies that were felt to be delightful.' It was a strange celebration of peace amid the terrors of war.

Christmas proceedings gradually became so riotous, that Henry VIII. passed several statutes, charging all serving-men and journeymen artificers not to play their games except in the Christmas holidays, and then only on their masters' premises. At times, during this reign, there was competition between the king and his minister Wolsey, as to who should celebrate Christmas in the most stately manner. On one occasion when, on account of a great mortality in London, the monarch kept himself quiet at Eltham, the car-

dinal 'laye at the manor of Richmond, and there kept open householde, to lordes, ladies, and all other that would come, with plaies and disguising in most royall manner.' The king, however, made up for his abstinence in subsequent years, and lavished enormous sums on Christmas festivities.

We who are accustomed to associate gravity with law, find it difficult to believe in the pranks and buffooneries which the gentlemen of the Inns of Court began to indulge in about this time, by way of celebrating Christmas. 'They held for that season everything in mockery: they had a mock parliament, a Prince of *Sophie* or Wisdom, an honourable order of Pegasus, a high constable, marshal, a master of, the game, a ranger of the forest, lieutenant of the Tower, which was a temporary prison for Christmas delinquents—all the paraphernalia of a court. During the games a huntsman came into the hall with nine or ten couple of hounds, bearing on the end of his staff a purse-net which held a fox and a cat; these were let loose and hunted by the hounds, and killed beneath the fire.' All of this, and much more of the same sort, was but the prelude to the feasting, when roast and boiled smoked on the table, and wine and ale went round in copious draughts, and pastime ended in debauchery. Evelyn says in his *Diary*: 'I went to see the revells at the Middle Temple, which is an old, but riotous custom, and has no relation to virtue or policy'—a proof how little decorum, to say nothing of religion, pervaded the celebration of Christmas by the long robe. The *High Jinks* of the Scottish bar in a later time were refinement in comparison.

Great power was always delegated to the Lord of Misrule—or, as we should say, the Master of the Ceremonies—for the time being. At the Christmas holidays in 1634 the Right Worshipful Richard Evelyn, Esq.—father of the author of the *Diary*—High Sheriff and Deputy-Lieutenant of Surrey and Sussex, drew up 'articles' regulating the functions and appointment of a Lord of Misrule over his estate at Wotton. 'Imprimis,' he writes, 'I give free leave to Owen Flood, my trumpeter, gent., to be Lord of Misrule of all good orders during the twelve days. And also I give free leave to the said Owen Flood to command all and every person or persons whatsoever, as well servants as others, to be at his command whensoever he shall sound his trumpet or music, and to do him good service as though I were present myself, at their perils.' Then after requiring that all persons shall assemble at prayers in the morning, and imposing fines for swearing, he proceeds: 'If any man shall come into the hall, and sit at dinner or supper more than once, he shall endure punishment at his lordship's pleasure.

'If any man shall be drunk, or drink more than is fit, or offer to sleep during the time abovesaid, or do not drink up his bowl of beer, but flings away his snuff—that is to say, the seconde draught—he shall drink two, and afterwards be excluded.'

No one was to be allowed to enter the kitchen to annoy the cook; and 'if any man shall kiss any maid, widow, or wife, except to bid welcome or farewell, without his lordship's consent, he shall have punishment as his lordship shall think convenient.'

And last: 'I give full power and authority to his lordship to break up all locks, bolts, bars, doors, and latches, and to fling up all doors out of hinges to come at those who presume to disobey his lordship's commands.—God save the king!'

Such liberty being permitted in a well-regulated household, we may easily imagine that in others but little restraint would be exercised; and so attractive were the revels to country gentlemen, that many of them passed their Christmas in London for the purpose of attending them; but in 1589 they received orders to depart forthwith to their respective counties, and thereby maintain the ancient customs which had fallen

into disuse, and encourage the poor by their hospitality. Old Tusser's quatrain prescribed their duties—

'At Christmas be mery, and thanke God of all;
And feast thy poore neighbours, the great with the small.
Yea al the yere long have an eie to the poore:
And God shall sende luck, to kepe open thy doore.'

But when the Commonwealth came, Christmas festivities and holidays were forbidden as irreverent and pernicious: conscientious people, among whom Bunyan is mentioned, scrupled to eat mince-pies because of the superstitious character popularly attached to them. To many the enforcement of the scruples was a sore grievance. One writer thus laments:—

'Gone are those golden days of yore,
'When Christmass was a high day:
Whose sports we now shall see no more;
'Tis turned into Good-Friday.'

Later in the same century a chaplain on board one of the ships of war describes the manner in which the holiday was observed at sea: 'Crismas day,' he writes in his diary, 'we keepe thus: at 4 in the morning our trumpeters all floc flatt their trumpetts, and begin at our captain's cabin, and thence to all the officers' and gentlemen's cabins; playing a levite at each cabin door, and bidding a good-morrow, wishing a merry Crismas. After they goe to their station—namely, on the poepe, and sound three levitts in honour of the morning. At 10 wee goe to prayers and sermon; text, Zech. ix. 9. Our captaine had all his officers and gentlemen to dinner with him, where wee had excellent good fayre: a ribb of beife, plum-puddings, minc-pyes, &c. and plenty of good wines of severall sorts; dranke healths to the king, to our wives and friends, and ended the day with much civill myrth.'

The singing of carols dates from the very earliest period of Christmas celebration, when songs of gladness were considered as appropriate to the occasion. The song of the angels was among the first set to music:—

'When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlem, in that fayre cyte,
Angells songen with mirth and glee,
In excelsis gloria.'

This subject was one of the most popular, as is indicated by the great number of carols of which it forms the theme: such as—

'Sweet Jhesus is cum to us
This good tym of Crystmas;
Wherfor with prayrs syng we always,
Welcum our Messyas.'

And another beginning

'Of M.A.R.I. syng I wyll a new song.'

Or

'Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell!
To Mary thus spake Gabriell.'

Nowell, or with the French Noël, the name by which Christmas is known in France, was a cry expressive of great satisfaction or joy, and is supposed to be a contraction of *Emmanuel*—God with us. Among the carols formerly sung in that country there is one of curious character, which is said to have been chanted to a 'merry tune.' The first verse runs—

'Quand Dieu naquit a Noël
Dedans la Judée,
On vit ce jour solemnel
La joie inondée;
Il n'étoit ni petit ni grand
Qui n'apportât son présent,
Et n'o, n'o, n'o, n'o,
Et n'offrit, frit, frit,
Et n'o, n'o, et n'offrit,
Et n'offrit sans cesse Toute sa richesse.'

Sometimes every member of the festive party was expected to sing a carol, or to pay a fine in case of failure—the fine being rigidly enforced: a practical exemplification of *No Song, no Supper*; in other instances the caroling was performed by a single voice. As Southey writes—

'In his lord's castle dwelt, for many a year,
A well-beloved servant: he could sing
Carols for Shrovetide, or for Candlemas,
Songs for the wassel, and when the boar's head
Crowned with gay garlands, and with rosemary,
Smoked on the Christmas board.'

Old writers seem never to have tired of praising hospitality. One who wrote more than two centuries ago shews how much power of happiness lay in the hands of a generous householder: 'Suppose Christmas now approaching, the evergreen ivy trimming and adorning the portals and porticoes of so frequented a building; the usual carols to observe antiquitie, cheerfully sounding; and that which is the complement of his inferior comforts—his neighbours, whom he tenders as members of his own family, joyne with him in this consort of mirth and melody'—then we may presume he had won their respect and gratitude for at least another year. Old George Wither sings with gladsome spirit—

'Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lye;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.'

What the Christmas pie was may be understood from the description of one published in a Newcastle paper at the beginning of January 1770. 'Monday last was brought from Howick to Berwick, to be shipped for London, for Sir Hen. Grey, Bart., a pie, the contents whereof are as follow—namely, 2 bushels of flour, 20 lbs. of butter, 4 geese, 2 turkeys, 2 rabbits, 4 wild ducks, 2 woodcocks, 6 snipes, and 4 partridges; 2 neats' tongues, 2 curlews, 7 blackbirds, and 6 pigeons: it is supposed a very great curiosity; was made by Mrs Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Howick. It was near nine feet in circumference at bottom, weighs about twelve stones, will take two men to present it to table. It is neatly fitted with a case, and four small wheels to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at table.'

But times have changed. There is but little noisy jollity in Christmas as at present celebrated: people go no longer to see the Glastonbury thorn blow on the 25th of December, either Old or New Style; nor visit cattle-lairs at midnight of Christmas-Eve, to see the oxen fall on their knees, as they are said to have done at the time of the Nativity in the stable at Bethlehem—a superstition which one would hardly expect to find reproduced in Canada, where an Indian was detected stealing out 'to see the deer kneel;' for, as he replied to his questioner, 'It was Christmas night, when all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up.' Neither do they consider that the multiplied ingredients of mince-pies are symbolical of the various offerings brought by the Wise men; or that it is necessary to make them of a long and narrow shape to represent a manger; or that eating them is a proof of orthodoxy; or that for each variety of pie so eaten so many happy days are in store for the eater. Neither do they believe that the weather of the twelve days of Christmas is prognosticative of that of the twelve months in the following year; nor drink spiced ale, or eat roasted apples before breakfast; nor wassail the trees, that they may bear

'Full many a plum, and many a pear,'

as Herrick says: neither is the singing of carols so well honoured in the observance as formerly.

For our parts, we should be glad to see a revival of carol-singing—that is, in a properly decorous spirit. There is something solemn and touching even now in listening to the chant of the street-minstrels—the *waits*—as it rises through the silence of the night, making one feel that peace and goodwill may become something more than sound. And so, with a passage from Shakspeare which embodies a few bygone superstitions, we conclude our illustrations of Christmas in the Olden Time:

'Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.'

THE UNDER-SEA TELEGRAPH.

WE have of late been so much accustomed to great achievements in science and art, that the establishment of a telegraphic communication across the Channel is regarded almost as a matter of course, calling for no very special remark. But to be placed *en rapport* with the continent, while preserving the integrity of our insular position, is a triumph of ingenuity on which a little attention may be worthily bestowed; and we propose to trace a brief outline of the leading features of its history.

It will be remembered that the first attempt was made in August 1850, when a copper-wire, twenty-five miles in length, coated with gutta-percha, and weighted with leaden clamps, was sunk in the Channel from Dover to Cape Gris-nez on the French coast. During the process of sinking from the deck of the *Goliath* steamer, and after the whole line was laid, the transmission of electro-galvanic signals demonstrated the perfect feasibility and success of the undertaking. The wire, however, had been laid but a few days when it was broken by chaffing against the rocks on the shore, or some other equally fatal accident; and the communication being thus suddenly broken off, we were still dependent on the usual modes of forwarding intelligence—the mail-boats and the clipper steamer kept for very special occasions, which inquisitive travellers may have seen lying trimly equipped in Calais Harbour.

It was not likely that so important an enterprise would be lightly abandoned. The Submarine Telegraph Company was formed; and in July last, Mr Crampton undertook to supply an efficient telegraphic communication by the end of September, and in accordance with the conditions imposed by the French and English governments. The plans were carried into execution at the company's works at Wapping; first, by twisting together, by the aid of powerful steam machinery, four copper-wires coated with gutta-percha, and twenty-four miles in length. This core, as it may be called, was next thickly covered with hempen strands twisted spirally, and thoroughly saturated with a preparation of pitch and tallow, and these in turn were 'served' with similarly-prepared strands passing transversely round them. The core, on which everything depends, was thus protected by a double covering closely compressed, and the whole was then enveloped with ten strands of galvanised iron-wire, each about a quarter-inch thick, twisting round and perfectly enclosing it, the object being to prevent the action of the sea-water upon the interior. When finished, the cable presented a remarkably bright and polished appearance from the effects of the galvanising. Its construction occupied three weeks, and the total weight—sufficient to find its way to the bottom without additional loading—was said to be 200 tons. As the

huge mass lay coiled up on the wharf previous to shipment, the integrity of the core was tested by sending an electric spark, and firing a fusee, through the whole length of twenty-four miles.

By the 24th September the cable was safely coiled in the hold of the *Blazer*, a steamer placed at the service of the company by government, and towed down to the South Foreland—the point of communication for the English side. Here one end of the cable was landed, and hauled up the beach some distance beyond high-water-mark to a spot near the lighthouse, where a shaft, pierced perpendicularly from the top of the cliff, receives the wires which are connected with the telegraph at Dover. The necessary attachments having been made, the *Blazer*, towed by two steam-tugs, started for the opposite shore, notwithstanding the blustrous weather; for, according to the terms of agreement with the French government, the cable was to be sunk into its place by the 1st of October. The point selected for communication on the French side was Sangatte, a small village standing on the dreary dunes between three and four miles from Calais, said to have been the spot whence Cæsar embarked for the invasion of Britain. The beach at that part of the coast is a fine smooth sand, eminently favourable for the proposed object, and distant from the Foreland twenty-one miles.

The *Fearless* steamer started a little in advance of the *Blazer*, to shew the route to be followed. As the latter went onwards the cable was slowly uncoiled, and after passing through a series of brakes, intended to prevent too rapid a movement, it was 'payed out' over the stern. Owing to an accident which tore away about eighteen yards of one of the outer wires, the speed was reduced from five to two knots an hour; and when six miles were laid down in this way, an attempt was made to transmit a signal to the party on shore; and after some delay, arising from the telegraphic instrument not having been attached, it succeeded perfectly. This was encouraging, and all promised well for a successful termination, when the tow-rope unfortunately broke, and the *Blazer* drifted a mile and a half out of her course before the accident could be repaired. She arrived, however, off Sangatte about six in the evening of the 25th, having occupied ten hours in the passage across; and the weather being stormy, she anchored for the night two miles from the shore. The next day a gale blew from the west, interfering seriously with the prosecution of the work; but the *Blazer* was towed to within a mile of the French coast, and the remainder of the cable cast overboard there, with a buoy attached to mark its position, and all the vessels returned to the British side. The gale was still blowing on Saturday the 26th, when Captain Bullock went with the *Fearless*, and carried the end of the cable some hundred yards nearer the shore. On the 27th the weather moderated. 'Accordingly,' to quote from the *Times*, 'the engineers and managers of the Gutta-Percha Company took on board the *Fearless* a large coil of gutta-percha roping, and after hauling up the end of the telegraph-cable, the first wires were carefully attached, and at half-past five in the afternoon a boat landed them on the beach at Sangatte. The moment chosen for landing was low-water, and the coil of gutta-percha ropes was immediately buried in the beach by a gang of men in attendance, up to low-water-mark, and even a short distance beyond it. Thence to where the cable was moored did not much exceed a quarter of a mile.'

'The telegraphs were instantly attached to the submarine wires, and all the instruments responded to the batteries from the opposite shores. At six o'clock messages were printed at Sangatte from the South Foreland, specimens of which Captain Bullock took over to Dover the same evening for the Queen and the Duke of Wellington.

'On Monday morning the wires at Sangatte were joined to those already laid down to Calais, and two of the instruments used by the French government having been sent to the South Foreland, Paris was placed in immediate communication with the English court.'

It is intended to replace the wires now carried across the Sangatte beach by an additional length of cable which will be spliced on to the main portion, and thus make it of equal strength and durability throughout. The possibility of electro-telegraphic communication was, however, once more demonstrated, and shortly afterwards the company announced themselves ready to transmit messages in either direction across the Channel. By that time, Nov. 13, the communication between the Foreland and the offices at Dover was completed, and instruments by Cooke and Wheatstone, and Brett and Henley, were ready for work. 'After some little delay,' to quote again from the *Times*, 'consequent on the rapidity with which the arrangements were made, the wires were finally connected, and it became a moment of intense anxiety when signals were about to be passed. The instrument was set in motion, signals were interchanged with Calais, and the complete success of the undertaking was manifest. Very few communications had passed when a mounted messenger arrived with a dispatch from the telegraph office of the South-Eastern Railway Company. It proved to be a message containing the prices of the funds on the London Exchange, which were to be immediately sent on by the submarine telegraph to Paris. From this time dispatches were continually passing between the Dover telegraph offices and London and Paris. A message from London was sent to Paris, and an answer received and forwarded to London, within one hour, in which time is included the journey of a mile from the station to the office and back again, and to this must be added the loss of time consequent on the message having to be sent from the Paris office to the Paris Bourse, and for the return of the reply.

'It was a happy coincidence that the day chosen for the opening of the telegraph was that on which the Duke of Wellington attended in person to close the Harbour Sessions; and it was resolved by the promoters that His Grace on leaving Dover by the two o'clock train for London should be saluted by a gun fired by the transmission of a current from Calais. It was arranged with Calais that as the clock struck two, a signal was immediately to be passed, and, punctual to the moment, a loud report reverberated on the water, and shook the ground with some force. It was then ascertained that a thirty-two pounder, loaded with ten pounds of powder, had been fired by the current. The report had scarcely ceased ere it was taken up from the heights, the military, as usual, saluting the departure of the Duke with a round of artillery. Guns were then fired successively on both coasts, Calais firing the gun at Dover, and Dover returning the compliment to Calais.'

Thursday the 13th November may thus be considered as a memorable day. Henceforward winds may blow, and billows roll, and delay the mails as long as they will; but while the surface of the sea is agitated, the swift intelligence will be flying along the metallic wires lying undisturbed at the bottom. The social and political advantages to grow out of instantaneous communication with all parts of the continent are as yet only foreseen, and to be judged of by the result. Hitherto the prices of public funds have been the principal subjects of transmission. The *Times*, referring to the Thursday in question, stated—'The one o'clock opening prices at the Paris Bourse to-day were received through the submarine telegraph, and posted in the Stock Exchange, by Mr T. Uzielli, at twenty minutes to three. The two o'clock prices were also received before the close of business, and during the afternoon a transaction of some amount was effected in Russian stock in consequence of an order transmitted in the

same manner.' Again, on Friday 14th, there appeared in the same paper a brief sentence, headed: 'By SUBMARINE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH—Paris, Thursday, 7 o'clock P.M.—The Assembly has rejected the Electoral law by a majority of 855 against 844.' a striking illustration of what may be done in the transmission of news. Since, then messages have been repeatedly sent from Liverpool as well as London to France, Italy, and Germany, 'and in one instance a communication was forwarded to Cracow, to be despatched thence by mail to Odessa.' Ordinary modes of communication will now be greatly in arrear, seeing that we can get the pith of all that is desirable to be known from any quarter at a few minutes' notice and at any hour—from Marseilles, Venice, St Petersburg, Pesth, Prague, or Vienna. Governments will now be able to talk to one another without long official delays, and save something in ambassadors. It will be necessary, however, to have some universal language which all may understand without the necessity of translation, and to extend over the whole of Europe the telegraphic union which has been formed for part of Germany.

Mr Wheatstone first conceived the possibility of an under-sea telegraph in 1837, and had half a mile of wire covered with an insulating envelope prepared for the experiment; but not being used, this wire was afterwards employed for some of the earliest telegraphic trials on the Birmingham Railway. In 1840, Mr Wheatstone demonstrated the possibility by plans and drawings to the governments of France, England, and Belgium, and measures were taken for a practical application of the principle, but without pushing them to a conclusion, as the authorities were too much engaged with other matters. Not so the present endeavour: its success is no longer a question; and in time, as the rhymers says, the electric impulse will be speeding

'Over—under—lands or seas,
To the far antipodes.
Now o'er cities thronged with men,
Forest now or lonely glen;
Now where busy Commerce broods,
Now in wildest solitudes;
Now where Christian temples stand,
Now afar in pagan land.
Here again as soon as gone,
Making all the earth as one.
Moscow speaks at twelve o'clock,
London reads ere noon the shock;
Seems it not a feat sublime,
Intellect hath conquered Time!'

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

ONE dimly foggy and rainy afternoon in November last, when the streets, clothed in a viscid garment of thick and slippery mud, were passable only at a snail's pace, because every step forward sent you half a step back again—when no one whom fate, or equally inexorable business, did not drive forth, ventured to brave the misty atmosphere fraught with catarrh and influenza—I heard the sound of a fiddle outside my window. The strain was a melancholy attempt at a Scotch reel; and the incongruity of the spectacle it conjured up to my imagination compared with the actual scene before my eyes had just awaked me to the perception of the comic, when the music ceased on a sudden in the middle of the second stave, and I heard the sound of a fall; and a faint ejaculation, half-sigh, half-groan, which immediately followed, brought me to the door to see what was the matter.

It was already getting dark, independently of the fog, and I could but dimly discern a dusky mass lying by the garden gate; but I could hear the plaintive moans that proceeded from it, and soon, with the help of

Betty, whom I had summoned to my assistance, got the wretched bundle of humanity into a chair in front of the glowing kitchen fire. A few spoonfuls of diluted brandy soon brought life and animation into a weather-beaten face, and produced from livid lips the eager, almost savage request: 'For God's sake, give me a bit of vittles!'

'When did you eat last?'

'Not since yesterday morning. I had a bit of bread yesterday morning.'

'Oh!' said Betty, 'aint that horrid, and he a blind man—as blind as a stone?' Giving the necessary directions, I left Betty to manage her blind patient in her own way, and in about an hour afterwards went down to see what improvement she had effected.

The poor fellow, having satisfied the demands of nature, and supplied his own wants, had immediately began to attend to those of his inseparable companion—his cracked, patched, and dilapidated fiddle. I found him airing it tenderly before the fire; then, having borrowed a cloth from Betty, he employed himself in cleansing the crazy instrument from the moist breath of the fog, and from the contaminations it had picked up through his fall. This accomplished, he began feeling it all over as cautiously as a surgeon does the body of a patient in search of a fracture. Fortunately there was no serious mischief done, and the poor fellow laughed cheerfully when he discovered that the only friend he had in the world had escaped unhurt.

'Well, my man,' said I, 'how do you get on? Not hungry now, I hope?'

'Bless 'ee, sir, no! I'm righter than a trivet now, sir. I ha'n't had sich a feed I can't tell 'ee when, sir. I'm very much obleeged to you, sir, surely. I wor altogether done up, and that's a fact.'

'Well, then, perhaps you have no objection to return the favour we have done you by telling me how you came to be a blind fiddler, what you get by it, how you manage to live, and all about it!'

'Not a bit of objection in the world, sir, if you likes to hear it. There aint much fun in what I got to tell though, cos I ha'n't had much luck in my time: but if you wish to hear it, of course you shall, and I'll begin at the beginning. I'm quite agreeable, sir.'

With that, laying his fiddle to rest in an old black bag which he drew from the crown of a crushed hat, and settling his arms on the elbows of the chair, so as to rest his whole frame in a state of unaccustomed luxury, he delivered himself literally, with the exception of certain circumlocutions which I have thought fit to digest into something like order and consecutiveness, pretty much to the following effect:—

'I aint but a youngish man, sir, though they do tell me that I looks a reg'lar old file. What might you suppose my age, sir?'

'From forty-eight to fifty, or thereabouts.'

'There 'tis agin. Everybody says I'm fifty, when I'm not forty yet. I was born in 1811, sir, in Swan Alley, not far from the Artillery Ground. My father war a shoemaker—perhaps I ought to say a cobbler, for he didn't make many shoes: good reason why, he was always a mendin' on 'em. When I was a very little un, I rek'lect partik'lar they was a-makin' the Regent's Canal as runs under the City Road, and I used to get out afore I was big enough to wear trousers, and make mud-pies out of the clay as was turned up. That was the best fun I ever knowed, that was; but didn't I get the strap when my father catched me at it? Ah, I knows what strap-sauce is well enough! He wanted to teach me—cos I was the biggest boy—to make wax-ends, and I wanted to make mud-pies; and many's the lickin' I got along o' that there canal a-diggin'. I never passes the bridge now without thinkin' on it. Then, you know, I could see—had as good use of 'my eyes as anybody. Hal' well! 'tain't no use grievin'.

'Mother died, and left four on us when I was about five years old, and then we got more strap and less vittles, I can tell 'ee. Father got savage, an' took to drinkin', and we never dared to have a bit o' lark 'cept when he was out o' doors. One night, when he was gone to the public-house, we was all a-playin' and larkin' in the room, and my brother, out o' fun, pushed me right over the kit into the fire. I fell with my face slap in the middle of the hot coals, and was so frightened that I couldn't make no attempt to get out, cos my legs was up in the air again' the kit. My two brothers and sister sung out a good tun, and a ooman as lived up-stairs came down and picked me out. I was took off to the hospital, where I laid for seven months, and a'most died wi' brain-fever. Then I was sent home again, stone-blind, and father give me a hidid' for tumblin' into the fire, as if I hadn't had punishment enough. But I didn't care much for that. I had friends in the court, among the women and the gals, and I got a deal more vittles and kindness than I did afore.

'When I was old enough, I was sent to the Blind Asylum, where I learned to make baskets and mats. I can make clothes-baskets and hampers, and that sort of work, well enough; but the trade is so much cut up by the shops that it aint worth doin'. If I makes a basket for a washerwoman for three shillins, it costs me half-a-crown for the willows. It aint much better with the mats—the rope costs almost the money they fetch. I left the asylum when I was sixteen, and lived along with another blind man as made hampers for the wine-merchants. He had a pretty good trade, and I might ha' done well along of him if I could ha' carr'd home the goods; but it aint no go for a blind man to get about the streets o' London wi' five or six hampers on his head. I tried it once or twice, and got shoved head-foremost into a butcher's shop by some chaps as wanted a lark; so he couldn't send me out no more, and he couldn't go hisself. I had two years of that there hamper-work, and got the rheumatiz dreadful through workin' in a damp cellar all day long; and I was obliged to give it up—to go into the hospital again.

'When I came out I didn't know where to go, and what I was to do. My father had moved away somewhere, and my two brothers had gone to sea. So I went to my parish, and had a go of the workhouse for matter of a year. There was a blind man in there as played the fiddle uncommon well, and the overseer made him shew me a bit, and paid a goodish bit o' money for teachin' of me. I scraped away whenever they would let me, for I wanted to get out of the workhouse, and I picked up a tidy lot of tunes in four or five months. By the time I'd a been at it a year, I thought I might manage to pick up a livin', and I turned out one mornin', when the summer was a-comin' on, and began fiddlin' in the streets. I didn't get much the first day—not quite sixpence I think 'twas—but I wouldn't go back upon the parish. I could lodge for a shillin' a week, and I could get a bit of broken vittles at times when folks wouldn't give me no money. I liked my liberty too well, after the confinement—first of the damp cellar, then of the hospital, and then in the workhouse—and I made up my mind to get my own livin' without bein' beholden to nobody. So I've a-fiddled pretty well ever since.

'When I were two-and-twenty, I took it into my head uncommon as how I should like to learn to read; so I went and applied at the Blind School in Red Lion Square, and used to go there and learn to read two or three nights of a week. There was a good many there, and some on 'em learned to read very well, and some couldn't learn nohow. I got on tolerablah. I went to the school more nor a year. We didn't pay nothin' for teachin'—but for the books. The books is very dear; the letter-books up, and we feels 'em with our fingers. I shillins for Isayer. I can read all on it,

and John's Gospel too. That's all I got. I can't afford to buy no more.

'At the Blind School I fell in with a young ooman as was learnin' to read. I kep company with her for five year, and then I married her. We've a been married nigh upon twelve year. She was born blind—never had no eyes in her head, not at all. She can do everything in a house as well a'most as them as can see: she can cook a meal's vittles beautiful, when we got it to be cooked. She sews with her needle, and mends my clothes, and does the washin' and ironin'. We are often very bad off, partik'lar at this time of the year. People don't care much about fiddlin' and music in cold and wet weather: they walks away to keep theirselves warm; and forgits to give a fellar a copper.

'I knows London all over 'cept some of the new streets, and I knows them when I been through 'em once. I goes from Islington, where I lives, to the City, three times a week. When I come to a street where a customer of mine lives, I begins and numbers the houses with my stick, and then I strikes up when I comes to the house, and plays till I gets my penny or my bread and cheese. I always eats a piece of bread in the mornin' afore I goes out: if I don't, I gits the stomach-ache. Sometimes I don't git no more all the day; but I gits bread and cheese at a house in Clerkenwell every Tuesday, and a good pint o' tea and a poun' a'most o' bread every Friday in Little Saint Thomas Apostle. You see I can't fiddle very well, cos my right arm is shrivelled up wi' the fire, and I can't draw the bow rightly level with the bridge athout I sits down; and in course I can't sit down while I am walkin' about the streets; so it aint many coppers I gits from change customers. My reg'lar customers mostly gives me a penny a week: when they moves, I follers 'em wherever they goes: I can't afford to lose 'em; they brings me in, all on 'em, about three-and-sixpence a week, besides the vittles. 'Taint much vittles I eats at home, save on Sundays, and a bit o' bread for breakfast afore I starts out of a mornin'.

'There's lots o' blind men in London as gets a livin' without earnin' of it. I knows one as sits all day in the City Road a-readin' the Bible wi' his finger, and people thinks it's wonderful clever, and gives him a sight o' money. A poun' a week aint nothin' to him. But that there's a imposition; there aint nothin' in it. I can read as well as he every bit; but people hadn't ought to get their bread by readin' the Bible and doin' of nothin': it aint respectable. I gives the people music: if they don't think it worth nothin', they gives me nothin' for it; if they do, they gives me a copper, and very glad to git it. There's some blind men as keeps standins in the street, and sells sticks, and braces, and padlocks, and key-rings; some on 'em drives a good trade. I knows one as got a family brought up quite respectable—the boys is 'prentices, and the gals goes to service. I should like to keep a standin' myself if I had a few poun's to begin with; but, Lord! I never had but one sovereign in my hand in my life, and that wasn't mine. There's lots o' blind men goes about wi' dogs tied to a string: them's the beggars. When a blind man drives a dog, he've a made up his mind to be a gentleman. A dog aint of no real use to a blind man in London—not a bit in the world. A dog is a blind beggar's sign; and when the dog carries a tray in his mouth to catch the coppers, then there's two beggars instead o' one. There's a sight o' blind men in London as can see as well as you can. They starts out when 'tis dark wi' great patches over their eyes, and goes with a boy—a young thief—to lead 'em, among the crowds and in the markets of a Saturday night. When they gets into the thick of it they sings out: "Good Christians! for the love of Heaven bestow your charity upon the poor blind—and God preserve your precious eyesight." That's their chant. They gits a lot o' money from the people, partik'lar on Saturday nights, when the

small change is flyin' about: them's robbers, an' nothin' else. There's some poor fellows as I knows as can't do nothin' for a livin'. Blind men is often weak in the head—a bit silly-like. They mostly lives in work-houses; sometimes they tries it on w' lucifer-matches: they likes to get out in the sun in summer-time and fine weather: I pities them, poor fellows! 'tis hard luck they've got.

'I'm always cheerful-minded 'cept when I'm very hungry and got nothin' to take home to my wife. We don't want much—'tis very little as keeps her; but I don't like to go home without nothin' in my pocket: then I sometimes thinks 'tis too bad, and gets low-spirited; but I soon goes to sleep and forgits it, cos I'm so tired when I goes home. My wife earns somethin' most weeks; sometimes she looks arter little children when their mothers goes out a-chafin'. She haves threepence a day for a child: when we got two babies for a week that makes eightpence, and pays the rent. A good thing that would be if we could do it always. She's very fond o' little babies, and knows how to do for 'em as well as a mother a'most, though she never had none of her own.

'Saturday's my best day. My customers knows I can't play the fiddle of a Sunday, and so I gits a good allowance of vittles, and fills my bag. Thus a butcher not far off as gives me a reg'lar good stew o' bones an' cuttin's every Saturday night. That's my Sunday's dinner, and a famous dinner my wife makes on it. There's a policeman out here as collars me reg'lar whenever my bag's a bit full, and turns it all out, and axes me where I stole it. I says: "I'll answer that these question at the station-house, if you likes to take me there;" but he never takes me up. That's a nuisance, that is.

'I never buys no clothes; I git as much as I want gave me. The boots is the worst. In course I never gits them till they're worn out; and as I can't afford to have 'em mended, when it rains my feet is always in the wet; but I'm pretty well used it—that's one good thing. 'This time o' the year 'tis very bad: there is so much bad weather, and so few people about, a blind fiddler might as well stay at home. There's been nothin' but rain all the week. I only earned twopence yesterday, and that just made up the rent as was overdue: there was nothin' for supper, though I'd had nothin' all day but a bit o' bread in the mornin', and to-day there was none for me to have, so I come away without any. My wife have had her vittles to-day, that's one comfort: she went out afore I did to go a-washin'; she'll earn sixpence besides her vittles—and we shall have a good supper to-night, thank God!

'I've had a good many accidents in my time. There is so many omnibuses now, that a blind man can't venture off the pavement. It takes me half an hour sometimes to get across from the "Angel" into the City Road. I've been knocked down by cabs and omnibuses six or seven times; I never got much hurt myself, but my fiddle have been broke all to pieces several times. I always mend it myself, but it's a deal o' trouble and loss of time while the glue's a-dryin'. Drunken men is worse than omnibuses. I've been beat about by drunken men many's the time, cos I couldn't play the tunes they wanted. I never goes into a public-house now: I had so many tricks put upon me, that I finds it better to keep away. I was a'most killed once by a lot o' Irishmen: they knocked me about dreadful, and filled my fiddle full o' beer, and then made me play upon it, and cut the strings while I was a-playin'. They done that cos I'm a very little fellow, and got no strength. That's too bad! Sometimes gentlefolks is none too civil. Just afore I come to your gate, I tried at a house a little way down the road: a gentleman come a-rushin' out, catches me by the throat, and twistis me roun' and roun', and shoves me over the steps, a-swearin' as how he'd got two scrapers at his

door a'ready, and didn't want another. That aint civil, seein' I fiddles as well as I can, and he got no call to pay for it if he ha'n't a mind to.

'I don't know as I can tell you anythin' more, sir. You see I don't know much of the world. All days is pretty much alike to me: wet or dry, hot or cold, is all the difference between one day and another. We does the best we can. When the sun shines, and people walks about and enjoys theirselves, I gits a little money, and my wife and I is cheerful and contented. When the bad wintry weather comes down upon us, we do feel what it is to be hungry and poor; but we can't help it, and it aint no use frettin'. We might git into the workhouse in the winter if we liked, but then we must sell up all our sticks, and I should lose all my customers where I plays reg'lar, and have to begin the world agin when we come out in the summer. It wouldn't do, that wouldn't.

'My wife's a merry little ooman, and can go without a dinner and never grumble: many's the day she gits no vittles, no more than myself. When there aint no vittles in the cupboard, and no means of earnin' any, I tells her not to git up, and so she lies abed all day, cos 'tis easier fastin' in bed than when you are up and about. If I brings home anythin', then she gits up and cooks it, and then we're all right. We always hopes for better times, and if we don't live to see 'em, why then we shan't grieve for the want of 'em. I plays the song, *There's a good time comin', boys*, and my wife sings it. There's no harm in hopin' that we may all live to see it. That's all I've got to say, sir.'

With that this uncomplaining heir of adverse fortune rose from his seat, placed his fiddle under his arm, and thanking me warmly for all favours, groped his way up the kitchen stairs and took his departure. I have given his history as he detailed it: it has had no colouring and requires no comment at my hands. It is just one of those revelations of the mysteries of common life which are only remarkable because the world in general has not chosen to make them object of remark. But verily it has a use and a signification which discontented respectability, cushioned in its easy-chair, may do well to ponder.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

December 1851.

As usual, the approach of the winter solstice wakes us up from the inactivity produced by autumnal holidays, and law, physic, and philosophy, to say nothing of pleasure, are girding up their loins for what is to happen next. Michaelmas term having come and gone, clients are wondering whether Hilary, which is close at hand, will prove propitious—and so there is excitement of some kind for all parties. Our societies, philosophical, scientific, and otherwise, are bestirring themselves, have opened their sessions with more or less of *éclat*, and stretched out their plan of action for the next six months, which in most instances differs but little from the accustomed routine. The Royal Society have held their anniversary, on which occasion Lord Rosse, the president, delivered his annual address to the Fellows—being a *résumé* of scientific memorabilia, with obituary notices of deceased savans—and presented the Copley Medal to Professor Owen for his zoological researches; one of the Royal Medals to Mr Newport for his investigations into the subject of the reproduction of animal life by impregnation as exemplified in amphibia—said to be by competent judges one of the most remarkable and important contributions to microscopic anatomy that has of late made its appearance. The second Royal Medal had been awarded to Lord Rosse himself for his astronomical labours, chiefly with reference to Observations on the Nebulæ—those extraordinary stellar bodies of which the monster telescope has already rendered

some account, and will yet render more—the golden testimonial was consequently handed to him by the vice-president. Then followed the election of the new council, and the English bond of brotherhood—a banner. Besides all this the Royal Society have had another paper from Faraday, still further extending and confirming the discoveries in electricity and magnetism, which have so long engaged the attention of that distinguished philosopher. Mr Wheatstone, too, has given them some additional instances of his inventive genius in his paper on the phenomena of what is called binocular vision, as illustrated by that astonishing instrument, the *stereoscope*. You look through two eye-pieces at two pictures precisely alike placed in a dark chamber, when the effect is such that the two appear as one only, but in full and most striking relief: in spite of yourself you are obliged to believe that the figures and objects are raised, standing out round even to the minutest details, while the background seems to have receded to a considerable distance. Still more marvellous is the *pseudoscope*—an instrument similar in principle, but playing such pranks with the phenomena of vision, that all ordinary notions of the subject resolve themselves into amazement, and ordinary words are inadequate to express the combinations. Things which are farthest off appear: the nearest, a globe is no longer a globe but a basin, convex is concave, and solid is hollow! After this, who shall aver that seeing is believing? There will be something else to say on this matter before long. Meantime I may tell you that the first of the twelve Prince-Albert-authorized lectures has been delivered at the Society of Arts by the Master of Trinity, Dr Whewell; the others will follow forthwith; and as they will doubtless be published, students who cannot come to town will have an opportunity of reading them.

Among a select few, certain new combinations and applications in electro-telegraphy are talked about, which greatly excel all that has yet been accomplished in that wondrous science. If all go well with the inventor, we are to see the results next year. Enterprise is still busy with that which is accomplished: an additional cable, similar to the one sunk across the Channel, has been advertised for—ingenious brains are at work trying to devise a system of universal symbols which may be used and understood by all nations alike in their telegraphic communications; and, more than all, Steinheil is reported to have discovered a means for sending a concentrated shock or flash to any distance along the wires without the necessity of repeating it at intermediate stations. Thus, as Tennyson says, we are ever waking upon 'science grown to more.'

There are so many things talked about at our scientific gatherings that it would be hopeless to attempt to report one-half of them: we can only deal with the most important. Among these Mr Mercer's patent process for 'contracting the fibres of calico, and of obtaining on the calico thus prepared colours of much brilliancy,' is still regarded by chemists as likely to lead to valuable results. This was brought forward at the last meeting of the British Association, and described as the discovery that 'a solution of cold but caustic soda acts peculiarly on cotton fibre, immediately causing it to contract; and although the soda can be readily washed out, yet the fibre has undergone a change. Thus, taking a coarse cotton fabric, and acting upon it by the proper solution of caustic soda, this could be made much finer in appearance; and if the finest calico made in England—known as 180 picks to the web—be thus acted on, it immediately appears as fine as 260 picks. Stockings of open weaving assume a much finer texture by the condensation process; but the effect of the alteration is most strikingly shewn by colours: the tint of pink cotton velvet becomes deepened to an intense degree; and printed calicoes, especially with colours hitherto applied with little

satisfaction—such as lilac—come out with strength and brilliancy, besides producing fabrics cheaply, finer than can be possibly woven by hand.' The strength, too, is increased by this process; for a string of calico which breaks with a weight of thirteen ounces when not soaked, will bear twenty ounces when half condensed by the caustic soda.

Our neighbours across the Channel have not been idle, as you would believe could you see the numerous communications submitted to the French Académie. M. A. Dumont has sent one entitled 'Experiments on the application of electro-magnetism as a motive power,' in the description of which he states, that 'if in the production of great power the electro-magnetic force is inferior to that of steam, it becomes equal to it, and perhaps superior in the production of small power, which may be subdivided, varied, and introduced into employments or trades requiring but little capital, and where the absolute value of the mechanical power is less essential than the facility of producing instantaneously and at pleasure the power itself.' In this point of view electro-magnetic power comes to complete, not to supersede, that of steam.

In connection with these results I may tell you of those obtained by M. Baumgartner in another part of the continent. With respect to the effects of atmospheric electricity on telegraph wires, he says that the deflections produced are of two kinds—small and great, and that the law of the former is discoverable. 'The observations made at Vienna and at Grätz appear to shew that during the same day the electric currents move from those two places to Sömmering, which is more elevated. During the night the direction is reversed, and the change takes place after the rising and setting of the sun. The regular current, too, is less disturbed by the irregular currents when the air is dry and the sky serene, than when the weather is rainy.'

While the northern line from Vienna was being fixed, 'the workmen frequently complained of a kind of spasms which they felt in handling the wires,' but which 'ceased as soon as they took the precaution not to touch the wires with naked hands. These spasms were most frequent and intense in Styria, the highest region of the line. Thus, near Kranichfeld, a workman received a shock sufficiently violent to throw him down and paralyse his right arm.'

On the 17th August 1849, a storm which had broken out at Olmütz extended to Frielitz, a distance of ten miles. A workman employed at this latter station, while fixing the wires, was also thrown down by a sudden shock, and those parts of his fingers which had touched the wires appeared as if burnt. At this time the sky was perfectly serene at Frielitz.'

You will perhaps exclaim here: 'Enough of magnetism for the present;' had the facts, however, been less important than they are acknowledged to be, I should not have dwelt so long on them. Now, to return to the Académie. M. Lewy has brought from New Granada the *Arracacha*, an esculent which he hopes may be introduced into France, as a resource in case of future potato disease. It possesses many valuable properties, but does not transplant easily. We are told that a M. Goudot lost his life in 1847 in his attempt to enrich his country with 'this precious alimentary root.' Other academicians are discussing the subject of cedron (*Sinaba cedron*), which I mentioned a short time since as a newly-discovered remedy against serpent-bites and intermittent fever. It has been subjected to chemical analysis, and the active principle shewn to be cedrine, more persistent and intensely bitter than strychnine. A further quantity of the seeds has been received, and if they possess a real therapeutic value, the medical world will soon be instructed of the fact.

M. J. Durocher states that he has succeeded in

making artificial dolomite, by exposing porous limestone to the action of magnesian vapours inside a gun-barrel, subjected for three hours to a red heat. The result is a dolomite very similar to that which exists in such great abundance in the Alps; and the experimentalist considers that 'limestone rocks have passed into the state of dolomite under the influence of magnesian vapours rising from the depths of the earth.' The fact is curious, and is in favour of the theory which derives all matter from one single primary element. Apropos of this artificial geology, there is a rumour from Lodi—for which, by the way, I do not vouch—that Professor Gobini produces all the phenomena of mountain formations and stratifications on a small scale, by the cooling of a heated mass of mineral and earthy substances. * If true, this may give us some insight into the *modus operandi* of nature in the phenomena of geology: at all events, out of such experiments as the two here mentioned a practical benefit sometimes proceeds, as chemical discovery did out of alchemy; and perhaps they may have a bearing on the prize-question proposed by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin: 100 ducats will be given 'for the best work on the nature and mode of action, and resulting constitution, of hydraulic mortar, including the constitution of zeolites generally, but especially of those produced in the solidification of mortar.' The essays may be written in French, German, or Latin, at the pleasure of the author: they are to be sent in by March 1854, and the prize will be awarded in the following month of July. Now that subaqueous and subterranean structures are becoming more and more a necessity, this question is the more important.

* Next to touch on physiology: M. Plouviez finds that in cases of suspended animation from the use of chloroform, 95 per cent. of the cases may be saved by insufflation, and 75 per cent. by alternate pressure of the breast and abdomen. He shews also that asphyxia, or suspended animation from drowning, is a more serious matter, because in addition to the chill there is the constant introduction of water into the terminal bronchi—a fact, as he says, not sufficiently regarded, but one which effectually prevents the due penetration of air, as is shewn by the dissection of animals which have perished by drowning. He states further, that three minutes' submersion produces the most complete signs of death, when, 'if the animal be taken out and laid on a table, the beatings of the heart can be no longer felt; but if an acupuncture needle be plunged into this organ it oscillates strongly until the ninth or tenth minute, and sometimes a little longer. Never,' he continues, 'have I seen the oscillations cease at the end of two or three minutes except the stay in the water has been prolonged beyond five minutes.' At times not the least drop of blood would follow incisions made on different parts of the body; but as soon as animation began to revive the wounds began to bleed, 'proving that the capillary circulation had been momentarily destroyed notwithstanding the oscillations of the needle, which clearly indicated a movement in the heart, but not sufficient to force the blood into the remoter branches of the circulatory system.' It has thus never once happened to me to be able to restore an animal to life in which the needle had ceased to vibrate, while cerebral life has often been seen to return when the capillary circulation had ceased.

M. Plouviez concludes his remarks with a few practical suggestions, and shews that the water which may have lodged in the air-passages near the throat may be made to escape by a conformable position of the body, and that it cannot be removed, as is supposed, by means of a pump. 'Place the body,' he says, 'out of the reach of cold; let the head incline downwards, and open the mouth to let the water flow out; all of which will not occupy more than twenty seconds.

'Employ insufflation alternately with pressure of the breast and abdomen, suspending the pressure during inspiration—the nose of the bellows to be introduced into one of the nostrils, the other to be left free.

'Promote the absorption of water from the bronchial vessels, which can only be local. In asphyxia the venous system is always gorged; hence bleeding is one of the most powerful means for this purpose; and last: 'The application of heat, under all forms and to all parts of the body, is a useful agent not to be neglected.' This is rather a long account, but I send it you as our medical men say that it embodies some new views on the philosophy of drowning.

M. Letillois announces the discovery of a colourless liquid, which 'will fix in a durable manner on white paper all the colours of the prism,' but he has not yet made it public; and this reminds me of an analogous result lately obtained in America.

Mr Hill of New York has succeeded in fixing colours by photography, and produces what he calls Hillotypes. He says: 'I have forty-five specimens, all of which present the several colours, true to a tint, and with a degree of brilliancy never seen in the richest Daguerreotype; and this is true also of the whites and blacks. The pictures have much the appearance of enamelling, and I believe are equally durable; for it is very difficult to efface them by scouring, and, as far as I can judge, they are not acted upon by light. My success in quickening the plates has been equally gratifying; and I have but little doubt of being able to operate in diffusing light instantaneously, having already reduced the time of sitting to much less than that required for Daguerreotyping. I have never yet made a partial failure. The folds of the linen are always well defined. Blue or solarised linen is unknown in my process, and there is always a strength and clearness in the whites unattainable by mercury. During the last winter I have several times taken a view, in which there is a deep-red house, while the ground was covered with snow. For experiment, I exposed the plate so long as to reduce the bright red of the house to a very light red, while at the same time the white snow was developed with a beautiful whiteness.' After this, seeing that Becquerel is working at the same subject, and that prizes are offered for improvements in photography, we may expect to see something excellent.

Our meteorologists are much interested by a report recently published by Dr Buist, of the observatory at Bombay, on the rainy season of 1849, the most remarkable which has occurred in India during the present century. Extreme drought prevailed for a time most partially and capriciously. From the 22d to the 24th of June an extraordinary and violent atmospheric commotion took place over the whole region, from Calcutta to Aden, a distance of three thousand miles, and the barometer fell almost unprecedentedly low. Hurricane storms followed. At Bombay sixteen inches of rain fell in three days, and from that time there were continual falls in different parts of the country. The disturbance was not confined to tropical latitudes, for, as many persons will remember, one of the most furious rain and hail storms on record broke out in the south of England on the 26th July. The disturbance was accompanied, too, by anomalous conditions. At Madras the air was dry, although rain fell heavily; while at Aden it was precisely the reverse. At Mahabaleshwar hail fell without interruption from the 27th to the 29th of July; and yet in some places rain was so scarce that famine seemed imminent, and the plantations of sugarcane were pulled up to keep the cattle alive. Then in August, the rivers of the Punjab, owing to the heavy fall in the mountains of the north-western frontier, devastated the country on either side, and the Jhyllum, fed with water from the hills of Cashmere, came down with overwhelming fury. At Shahpore, the government salt-stores were washed away; as also the

cantonments of the British troops, who were forced to a hasty retreat of five miles. The river burst through all its barriers, and flooded the country for hundreds of leagues. As the report states, 'the bastions, outworks, and other works of Mooltan, which a year before had for four months defied all the efforts of our artillery, melted into the flood. On the 16th three magnificent domes fell, and at seven on the morning of the 17th the enormous cupola of the Bahawal Huk came thundering to the ground with a noise like the explosion of a tremendous mine. The whole structures were built of unburnt bricks.' Such a flood, it is said, has never yet been known in India. It went all down the course of the Indus. At Hyderabad, also, in Southern India, the Godavery burst into the city, levelling all the buildings in its way, and rose until the highest parts of the town were three feet under water. Such, in brief, is the substance of Dr Buist's report, the most comprehensive, perhaps, which has ever appeared on the meteorological phenomena of India.

You will remember my telling you of Dr Knobelecher's Nile discoveries. They have excited the most lively interest in our Geographical Society, and serve as a counterpoise to the enthusiasm got up for Lieutenant Pim, who is to go to the shores of Siberia—if the Emperor Nicholas will let him—to look for Sir John Franklin: a forlorn-hope. But to come back to the Nile: it is now supposed that further researches will tend to confirm the statements made by Ptolemy so many centuries ago. 'The discovery of the mysterious sources of the giant stream of the African continent, the largest river of the Old World, perhaps even of the entire globe, remains,' we are now told, 'the greatest problem of geography.' These sources, it is believed, will be found not far from Kenia, some 370 geographical miles beyond the farthest point yet reached by Knobelecher. Lake Tchad, too, is being explored by an English boat, so that some day we may expect Africa will cease to be a 'problem.' Meantime the interior of Australia is a problem, and people are beginning to inquire after the missing Leichardt as well as the missing Franklin. And after all, there still remains that undiscovered Kafiristan, somewhere to the north-west of India, which, though long termed the opprobrium of British geography, is yet a problem.

A little item from St Petersburg, and I close. M. Bonniakowsky has presented to the Imperial Academy of Sciences a paper on a 'curious application of the law of probabilities to the approximate determination of the limits of the real loss of men experienced by a troop during battle.' The object is to give mathematical formulae, whereby the proposed results may be arrived at any time during an engagement, as well as after it. It is a question, however, whether captains and colonels will be willing to stop in the middle of the strife to work a sum. You will perhaps say, what few will care to gainsay, that M. Bonniakowsky might devote his calculations to a more peaceful purpose. And so I close this year's gossip by wishing you a Merry Christmas.

'GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.'

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

OH! sweep the loud harp's tuneful strings,
Break forth like song-birds after showers,
To tell how He—the King of kings—
Came to this ruined world of ours.
If angels beamed on Judah's hills,
And bid those watchers then rejoice,
Shall we, whose ears that message fills,
Mock with cold hearts the sacred voice!

When He—the Son of God—was born,
We walked in darkness far astray;
But, fair as Greenland's arctic morn,
He chased our long, drear night away.
His head that manger cradle pressed—
He toiled and suffered many a year,
To give the fainting nations rest,
To dry the mourner's bitter tear.

Who, who that ever breathed on earth—
Bard, prophet, hero, saint, or sage—
Gave cause like *this* for righteous mirth
To men of every clime and age?
Oh! it were shameful and unwise
Before those waning lights to fall,
Yet look with cold and careless eyes
On HIM—THE CENTRAL SUN OF ALL.

Go, tell the trembling slave of guilt,
Whose breast is sad, whose eye is dim,
The Just One's sacred blood was spilt,
To win back Heaven's lost smile for him.
All, all may join His glorious bands
In that far world of light and bliss,
Who keep His pure and high commands
With meek and faithful hearts in this!

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